

motives which induced their foolish detractors to rush in. Some have never found their other selves, or circumstances prevented the junction of these selves. And which is more honorable, a life of loneliness or a loveless marriage? There are others who have laid down their hopes of wedded bliss for the sake of accomplishing some good work, or for the sake of a father, mother, sister, or brother. In such cases celibacy is an honorable, and maybe a praiseworthy, state.

Most girls have not been trained, like their brothers, to useful work, and have always have been told that woman's first, best occupation is—to be a wife. To which it may be answered—

"Most true; but to make a mere business of marriage,
To call it a 'living,' 'vocation,' 'career,'
Is but to pervert, degrade, and disparage
A contract of all the most sacred and dear."

Many a girl looks on marriage as a vocation, who has never thought of the duties it involves; and I think for a woman to fail to make and keep a happy home is to be a "failure" in a truer sense than to have failed to catch a husband.

To make "old maid" a term of reproach has mischievous results, and causes many an ill-assorted marriage. Girls have been hurried into marriage by the dread of being so stigmatised, who have repented the step to their dying day. The sacredness of marriage, and the serious responsibilities it brings, are either ignored altogether, or but lightly considered, when marriage is represented as the only profession for women. There is no truth in Brigham Young's doctrine that only a woman *sealed* to a man in marriage can possibly be saved.

Let mothers teach their daughters that although a well-assorted marriage, based upon mutual love and esteem, may be the happiest calling for a woman, yet that marriage brings its peculiar trials as well as special joys, and that it is quite possible for a woman to be both useful and happy, although youth be fled, and the crowning joys of life—wife and motherhood—have passed her by or been voluntarily surrendered.

Who does not know "old maids" who are the light and the stay of homes darkened by sorrow and tottering by the strokes of affliction? "Auntie" is respected and beloved by her nephews and nieces, for she has ceased to think of her own happiness, and is always planning for the good of others. She is not soured by celibacy, but sheds upon all who come in her way the sweetness of good temper and the light of practical wisdom. She has not a home of her own, but, as Wesley did, she takes the world for her parish, and becomes the neighbor of every one who needs her help. Can a life be anything but beautiful which is lived—as are the lives of many unmarried women—in the spirit of these lines?—

"Question not, but live and labor,
Till your goal be won;
Helping every feeble neighbor,
Seeking help from none.
Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

The lives of many unmarried people are unhappy because they have failed to find an object in life; but when they are more fortunate, their love and powers may be drawn out quite as much as those of the married, by interesting work. They are married to some art or utility, or instead of loving one, they love all. When this last is the case, they go down into the haunts of evil, seek out the wretched, and spare neither themselves nor their money in their praiseworthy en-

thusiasm for humanity. Employment is a "perennial fire-proof joy" that will always make people happy, though single. If celibacy be an evil, remember what Jean Paul says of evil, that it is "like a nightmare: the instant you begin to stir yourself it is already gone."

No doubt it is difficult to find the work we like, but then the work we like is seldom the best for us. Those who prefer an honest work to no work need never be idle. The "spinster's sweet arts" are unselfishness, good temper, tact, and taste. Live for others. You have no idea of the value of kindness. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you feel it, and pleasure which you give by a little kindness of manner returns to you with compound interest. It is related in the life of a mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable-looking country-woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. *Always treat your husband with a smile.*" The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a curtsey, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

If it is necessary for a married woman to smile away unhappiness, it is much more so in the case of the unmarried. They must treat their friends with the smile of good humor. If old maids sometimes feel *de trop* in the world, and not much wanted by their acquaintances, it must be because they have not tact to please. You may not be able to leap into the favor of others, as the Duke of Grammont did, but you may get a hint which can be applied in other ways from the following anecdote:—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses, and retired. But the Duke entered briskly, and cried out, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence!" And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterwards was Marshal of France.

Unmarried people who are so unfortunate that they have not to earn their daily bread should cultivate a taste for art and science. Nothing drives away *ennui* like a good hobby. On the wedding-day of the celebrated M. Pasteur, who made such extraordinary discoveries about germs, the hour appointed for the ceremony had arrived, but the bridegroom was not there. Some friends rushed off to the laboratory, and found him very busy, with his apron on. He was excessively cross at being disturbed, and declared that marriage might wait, but his experiments could not do so. The unmarried could wait more patiently for marriage, and be more happy should they never marry at all, if they would acquire a taste for art, science, and literature generally.—[Cassell's Magazine.

Minnie May's Dep't.

MY DEAR NIECES,—In the press and hurry of seeding, the garden is generally delegated to the women, and why not? I know of no more healthy or pleasant occupation. There is very little pleasure or profit, however, in digging and hand weeding a few beds, and I am sure many of you have arrived at the same conclusion. Allow your Aunt Minnie to assist you in planning a new garden this spring—but first, we must get the boys interested, as their hearty co-operation will go far toward making it a success. Don't be afraid of the undertaking as too hard; just imagine a garden containing an acre, planted, and kept in order by the women of the family (I know such a garden); but much less than that will answer our purpose provided it is large enough to be worked by a horse. Have a suitable plot manured, plowed, well harrowed and some drills made by the plow for early planting. We will have a good many rows planted with strawberries, so that by and by we may have an abundance of this delicious fruit (although not expecting a return this year); by keeping them clean and the runners pinched off, we have taken a decided step in that direction. Gooseberry and currant bushes, or slips of last year's growth, should be planted in rows far enough apart to admit of plowing and harrowing the strips of ground between. Rake the drills down fine and a little flat; plant onion sets and sow lettuce and onion seed, cress, etc., crosswise on the drill, in rows about nine inches apart, to admit of hoeing. If in the autumn our onions from the seed are only "thick necks," never mind, we will pull them, on a fine day let them wilt, tie them in bunches and hang up in a dry airy place; as sets next year they will attain full size; beets and other roots, in single rows and thinned out like a field crop. The remaining ground may be freshly drilled up, and corn and beans planted in hills on the drill, and when far enough through the ground, earth up with the hoe; put manure in the trench between two drills; rake the earth from both sides well over it. This bed may run the whole length of the garden, and be planted with cucumbers, melons, etc. By the time the vines are long enough to interfere with the "scuffler," little more weeding will be necessary; we must have cabbage, cauliflowers and tomatoes. The better way will be to raise our own plants, in order to have plenty to fill up vacancies, and it will be best to procure all our garden seeds from a reliable seedsman. And now we must subdue the weeds, not allowing them a breathing spell. The scuffler can be used between the drills, and a strip of grass may be left along each end of the garden for the horses to turn on; this may be cut green and fed to the cows. If we can't have our plot properly fenced just now, I think we will go on with the work all the same, trusting that this important matter will be attended to when the hurry is over. We hope that "our garden" may not be merely a dream of the imagination, but a pleasant reality.

MINNIE MAY.

For stains on white goods, dissolve one ounce of pure pearlash in a pint of soft water, and to this solution add a lemon peeled and cut in small slices; keep the mixture in a warm place for two days, then strain it, and bottle the clear liquid for use. A little of this poured on the stains will remove them; as soon as they disappear the cloth should be washed.