

household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself covering of tapestry ; her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant." What have we done in all these thousands of years with this bright art of Greek maid and Christian matron? Six thousand years of weaving and have we learned to weave? Might not every naked wall have been purple with tapestry, and every feeble breast fenced with sweet colors from the cold? What have we done? Our fingers are too few, it seems, to twist together some poor covering for our bodies. We set our streams to work for us and choke the air with fire to turn our spinning-wheels ; and *are we yet clothed ?* Are not the streets of the capitals of Europe foul with the sale of cast clouts and rotten rags? Is not the beauty of your sweet children left in wretchedness of disgrace, while with better honor Nature clothes the brood of the bird in its nest, and the suckling of the wolf in her den? And does not every winter's snow robe what you have not robed, and shroud what you have not shrouded ; and every winter's wind bear up to heaven its wasted souls, to witness against you hereafter by the voice of their Christ, "I was naked, and ye clothed me not" ?