

## GIRLS.

"The proper study of mankind is man."  
The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman.  
The subtlest study that the mind can scan,  
Of all deep problems, heavenly or human."  
—*Narr.*

Perhaps the poet is right from an aesthetic point of view, but the problem of the hour in relation to the sex, is of a more practical character than the one he hints at. It may be simply expressed in the formula, what shall we do with?

Girls are growing up to womanhood, and womanhood is filling its spheres, illy or fitly, in this old young country of ours, on too haphazard a plan to long please the thoughtful. As we grow richer, we grow more idle; and idleness is even more of a curse to the weaker than to the stronger sex. Purposeless, aimless educations are making *emmi*-stricken, vacuous women: surface glittering sometimes, "fast" too often useful seldom. Indeed, the woman who fills the best ends of her existence, who does the best work her life can be made to afford, most often accomplishes it against circumstances, surroundings and prejudices, under spurring of relentless necessity or the scourging of sorrow.

For the idle and aimless, for those who have no other conception of life than a day-to-day getting through it, the suggestion of a purpose to their existence would be met with a vacant stare, or laughed at as a joke, or answered with a hopeless, helpless sigh. Her sister of the fast school has an object in life. She steepers her days in follies, and drinks the decoction for pleasure. The draught is not of unmixed sweet, however, and as it palls on and wearies the palate, it turns to bitterness and gall. So we might name a hundred types of womanhood, more or less removed from the highest, and all the rank outgrowth of false convictions, false ideas and viciously erroneous theories of life.

Self-indulgence and laziness degenerates man or woman, and when to the girl, the maiden, the woman, the nearest object known to life is the getting of a husband, and remotely dim dreams of a family and domestic life, what wonder that everything else is lost sight of and forgotten! Health, mental, moral and physical, is broken in the victims of a superficial one-idea education, and when we see a robust, earnest, healthy-minded, stout-hearted, self-helpful woman, battling *manfully* against the world, we stare in delightful wonder. Fathers forget that riches have wings; that misfortune may beat down wealth's broadest barriers, and poverty come in at the gap. A "settlement," no matter how ample, is not proof against pauperism. Fire may consume it, the waves swallow it; spendthrift husbands, visionary trustees, dishonest executors may scatter it. Add to these, and a thousand like ills, "the proverbial helplessness of woman," and the sum total of fears, is enough to make a prudent parent tremble when Providence sends him a daughter.

The lesson is patent, the warning clear to all, that the education of the female mind and body should contemplate the contingencies and exigencies of life, and secure provision for a healthful exercise of the faculties with which nature has endowed her and intended her to use. Teach them that labor is honorable for its own sake, and improving, useful—nay, necessary—aside from motives of gain, or the

honorable striving after independence. Yellow-covered romance, and newspaper stories of real life, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Fortune does not always step in at an interesting moment to rescue a victim from the task that Necessity would set her, and the sooner the spoiled pet of the millionaire and the novel-warped daughter of the mechanic shall learn that fact, the better for their happiness in this world and the world to come. They need much discipline, and unlearning and learning in this respect, but not more than the parents, to whom are primarily due the false, foolish and wicked notions concerning the "impropriety" of work and its debasement of caste."—*Human Appeal.*

A WIFE'S POWER.—The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Without one, home must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man when the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind, and especially if he is an intelligent man, he needs his whole moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and trouble of life. If at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, jealousy and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many, who, it might seem, have no conflicts or trials of life, for such is the wife's power.

Wild oats are the only crop that grows by gas-light.

People learn wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.

"HAVE you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simmons, "but I have broken three or four wagons."

A DELAWARE doctor gave it as his written opinion that a patient of his was afflicted with "biceps fever." The bad spell killed him—the patient, not the doctor.

"Get up and give an account of yourself," said a policeman to a prostrate drunkard. "How can I give an account when I have lost my 'balance,'" was the reply.

"God and the doctor, we alike adore  
When we are sick, but not before.  
The sickness o'er, both are alike required,  
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted."

Two men were quarrelling about a cemetery. One said, "I won't be buried there as long as I live." To which the other replied with warmth, "Well, I will, if God spares my life."

## THE SHEPHERD.

What do we read in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke? There is a shepherd bringing home his sheep into the fold. As they pass in he stands and numbers them. I can see him counting one, two, three, up to ninety-nine. "But," says he, "I ought to have a hundred. I must have made a mistake;" and he counts them over again. "There are only ninety-nine here; I must have lost one." He does not say, "I will let him find his own way back." No! He takes the place of the seeker; he goes out into the mountain, and hunts until he finds the lost one, and then he lays it on his shoulder, and brings it home. Is it the sheep that finds the shepherd? No, it is the shepherd that finds and brings back the sheep. He rejoiced to find it. Undoubtedly, the sheep was very glad to get back to the fold, but it was the shepherd who rejoiced, and who called his friends and said, "Rejoice with me."—H. W. BEECHER.

## HALF-HEARTEDNESS.

I am tired and sick of half-heartedness. You don't like a half-hearted man; you don't care for any one to love you with a half-heart, and the Lord won't have it. If we are going to seek for Him and find Him, we must do it with all our heart. I believe the reason why so few people find Christ is because they do not search for Him with all their heart; they are not *terribly* in earnest about their soul's salvation. God is in earnest; everything God has done proves that He is in earnest about the salvation of men's souls. He has proved it by giving His only Son to die for us. The Son of God was in earnest when He died. What is Calvary but a proof of that? And the Lord wants us to be in earnest when it comes to this great question of the soul's salvation. I never saw men seeking Him with all their hearts but they soon found Him.

## LOUISE KING ASSOCIATION.

The Georgia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is named after its founder the late Miss Louise W. King, whom the report says was a noble Christian lady ever ready to sacrifice herself in the cause of benevolence.

Although this Society was only organized in Sept., 1878, it has done a good work. It was their present energetic and zealous Secretary, Mr. Nathan K. Platshek, who first started the Society. This gentleman is only nineteen years old and is claimed to be the youngest active worker in the cause in the world. "The officers of the Association have diligently and daily trod the pathways and by-ways of our city, watching and examining the condition of the numberless animals that pass and are met with in their rounds, rebuking the inconsiderate and giving counsel to the ignorant."

They have purchased and put up a drinking fountain—a necessity which has been painfully brought before our minds here in Halifax during the past summer and which we hope soon to see supplied.

This young Society has also had under consideration 254 cases of cruelty during the year, none of which we are pleased to find were of a bad character.