

that her friends may find a pleasure in subjects a little above bonnets, though I think it a weakness if she cannot manage time and place for these as well. As beauty is also one of God's gifts, it behoves us, if we want to do the weightier matters of the law justice, not to forget the mint and anise and cummin—not to disgrace our higher culture by worrying all those with whom we come in contact, by untidy or unbecoming dress, by neglect of forms, by want of order, neatness, and propriety, a lack of which always to my mind conveys a lack of some mental capacity; for surely a well-balanced mind will not root up the flowers of life, and only leave the useful, but will try to finish each trivial task, as the blossom in the field, so perfect in itself, that when we think of either we may feel fully satisfied.

But all women are not polished corners of a home. Well, the temple is more than the private house—it is the national home, in which I would have them polished stones, filling fitly, firmly, faithfully, the sphere in which they perform their work.

I hold that a woman has *no* right to look for support from *any* but a father or a husband. No relation, no brother even, ought to be forced to support such a burden, and, as property is apparently a very uncertain standby, each ought to have, besides the cultivation necessary to secure for her social respect, some definite dependence, some one gift or taste, trained to professional and marketable value. I do not believe that the average woman is naturally a duplicate in everything of the average man; and I am quite sure that the average woman, such as the present nineteenth century makes her, is below the average man of to-day in capacity for sustained mental labour and perseverance. I do believe that the picked woman is above the average man; but with the

picked specimens of humanity I have not to do—they will prove their superiority by their success. It is the average woman in whom I am interested; and in what lines shall her capabilities be developed?

For the lower classes, necessity settled the question long ago. No labourer, thank God! ever dreams of bringing his girls up to an idle life. The needle, the mill, the shop, and domestic service, sweep off the young women of that class as fast, or faster, than they grow up, and as the great laws of supply and demand govern them: they are out of our province.

As we have no privileged, no aristocratic class in Canada, the great middle class is the one to which most of us belong. In this rank nearly every father, to quote Mr. Trollope, hopes to see his son making his way in life, and his daughter safely sheltered in his own home or in that of her husband. If it is in that of her husband, well and good; there is no higher lot for a woman than the primal, God-given one of wife and mother. Let her do her work worthily there, and it will tax all her powers of body and mind to fulfil her ideal.

But in her father's house, has any man a right to condemn his girls to spend their time in that pale, colourless existence, without definite aim or clear plan, which merely passes on from day to day, a routine without duties?—for I will never acknowledge that to get up in the morning, dress prettily, and dawdle through the forenoon with the help of some self-imposed task of needlework, and spend the afternoon in an aimless walk, will make any woman contented. You can see it in the energy with which they pursue any object, no matter to what their attention is directed for a time.

I know that a man feels himself lowered in his own eyes if he cannot