

will effectively vitiate the woman vote in another direction. Wives must obey their husbands in questions appertaining to the franchise as in all other matters. Hence the woman vote will simply be an echo of the male vote, and will effect nothing for moral reform. I can, in fancy, see the scornful smile that is curling your lips as you try to think of a woman who would obey her husband in the old scriptural style. "Rot," you say, "such old-fashioned ideas are out of date." That may be, but for all that it is the direct command of God, the Eternal; and surely we, in our work for temperance and right, should be the last to advance our cause by the violation of Biblical commandments. It is much more out of date to do evil than good may come. God will not honor that kind of work.

In this day of Biblical study it is not necessary to prove that the whole trend of the Word, from Genesis to Revelation, is in perfect harmony with the passages quoted. God created man and woman to be as the complement of each other and apportioned to each a distinct sphere. Through His inspired writers He very clearly indicated the boundaries of these spheres, and urged with loving authority that they be not crossed. It is very cheap to do this plan "old-fashioned" and "behind the age"; and in fact, it does seem as if God in His grand simplicity had fallen very far behind this rapid age of ours. We no longer drink the juice of the grape but a distillation of acids. Truth is "stupid," humor is voted a rustic solecism and honesty as something only fit for babes and to adorn a sermon. Rectitude is woefully out of taste and all the grand virtues of our forefathers are the laughing stock of this "smart" and clever generation. Loyalty and patriotism have become obsolete and the martyrs and U. E. Loyallists of the past are "troublesome cranks."

But in spite of this wonderful elevation of ourselves, God rules, and his plans have never yet come to naught. And it behooves us in our efforts to bring the world nearer to truth and right, to accept the plans of the All-wise and work in harmonious union with the Omnipotent. We may fancy from our little knoll of a few years that we see a strategic move that would rout the enemy, but the orders, of the Great General who views the wide battle-field of the centuries from the lofty peak of eternity, say "no." And, like true soldiers, we must obey.

PORT DOVER, ONT.

"FOR FUN."

BY ARCHIE MAOR.

"I only did it for fun!" The dancing blue eyes and mischievous, eager face looked frankly up, as the words were uttered. The slight, girlish figure, replete with grace and willfulness, stood on the defensive, the half-pouting lips repeating, "I only did it for fun!"

Poor child, for she was scarcely more than a child, she had been flirting so much as to draw down a reprimand for her conduct. And yet she simply uttered the truth when she said it was only done in fun, not meaning harm to any one, pure, thoughtless misdeeds had actuated every act of the previous day; and, ah, how dearly some pay for their fun! The fact that it was unpremeditated does not make the matter one degree less serious. It does not take the sting and the bitter pang of after years, when it comes to the conscience when it is inflicted on some innocent, and all for the "fun" of a

Ah, girls, why do you not pause and think ere you grasp the "fun" for one evening, and the misery for months to come, to say nothing of a lifetime. Do you not know that every flirtation helps to rub the bloom from fresh young lives, leaves its impress on your character as surely as there is a heaven above you, transforms you into a hardened, cynical creature, young in years but old in the ways of the world, weary and heart-tired ere life has fairly opened to your gaze?

And, girls, there is one other point worthy of notice. The more you flirt the less likelihood there is of you ever inspiring a real affection, for anyone who is continually playing a false part in the great drama of life is certain to be judged as incapable of acting a true one. Now, I do not wish to be understood as advocating a certain line of conduct with the intention of "catching a husband," but I do appeal to the better judgment and heart of every girl, to refrain from the "fun" that lowers the standard of ideal womanhood, and causes the young girls of to-day to be spoken about and thought off in anything but a flattering way. And yet, I firmly believe the girls of to-day are as true-hearted and worthy of the highest affection as girls ever were, only this execrable habit is dimming their lustre and overshadowing their future as they go thoughtlessly on and on, dipping deeper and deeper into the maelstrom that every revolution makes a madder whirl, till at last they are swallowed up and irretrievably lost, or rather, I should say, their happiness is, and they are cast a helpless, hopeless wreck on the shore, within sight and sound of what was once to them "fun," but now is the moaning knell of lost peace and happiness.

Were you, my dear girls, to go into a rose garden to pluck a bud or flower, would you, I ask, would you choose the one that is soiled and jagged on the edges, which, though still a rose, has lost its purity and first bloom? No, a thousand times no! Nothing but the perfect flower in all its sweetness and purity would satisfy you, the least soil on its delicate leaves would utterly bar it from your shelves, and yet, fair maidens, (the buds and flowers of God's earthly gardens) will soil and wilt their purity and sweetness by acting a falsehood, by acting a passion that when real is a gift from the Divine, but when otherwise is one of the many arts used by the arch-deceiver to lure weak human-kind to destruction.

In conclusion, I would merely say, let every girl's highest ambition be to be a lady, nay, rather a woman, in thought word and deed; by so doing she will help to stamp out one of the great evils of the day, and will raise herself in the estimation of every right thinking person; her own conscience will uphold her, and firm and devoted friends be her reward, a reward which will never follow an early life spent in flirting, whether or "fun" or otherwise.

A FLOWER TALK.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

The earliest flowers have bloomed and died. Snowdrop and crocus, hyacinth and narcissus, are of the past, and earlier shrubs are now making the air strong with their perfume. The yellow bell or forsythia is a golden beauty, and the mahonia or American holly is also covered with sprays of yellow blossoms. Shrubs are so easily propagated, and so little trouble that I wonder they are not more planted in door yards and gardens, for they will endure any manner of ill treatment.

The lilacs are beginning to give their

lovely shading and delicious perfume—one never tires of the restful color of their beautiful racemes, and there is a sentiment about this old-fashioned flower that none of the newer shrubs possess. Did we not gather it in childhood? Was it not amid its perfumed shrubbery that we first listened to "Love's young dream"? For, in the language of flowers, the sentiment is "awakening love," because perhaps it blossoms in spring time, and is such a favorite.

The Persian lilac has hanging clusters, and smaller foliage and flowers, but is not really so beautiful as the shrubby variety. The native place of this plant is Hungary, and its Latin name of "Syringa" is the name of a reed or rustic flute that can be hollowed out of the wood. The shepherds used to improvise upon this simple instrument, as they rested with their flocks, or wandered from one old to another, for the branches are, at this season of the year, full of pith, that can be removed by running a stout wire through.

The lily of the valley "Convallaria Majalis," is now coming into bloom. It should be found in every garden, but grows in the woods in crowns of perfect white flowers. In one part of England many acres of ground are covered with this plant, and the place where it grows is called "Via Gallia." The sentiment is "return of happiness." The Vinca or Periwinkle has passed away; its blue flowers alone the heart of the creeping vine are very pretty. The meaning of the word is from "vincio" I bind. The sentiment is Friendship. The Major is of larger and stronger growth, with variegated leaves.

"Friendship, our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,
Secure against fortune and the world."

CHATEAUGUAY, QUE.

INFLUENCE.

BY MINNEHAWA COPWAY.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we never shall see them more,
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or beautiful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to float,
We count them never past,
Is the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

Influence is something which we all possess to a greater or less degree. The influence of some, (more gifted than others), seems almost infinite, while that exerted by others is not so great, but none are entirely without it. The great question is "Is it exerted for good or evil?" If our influence is for good, not only for the present will we have a clear conscience, but in all years we may look back and see that by living an up-right life we have lured others to enter the path of rectitude and perseverance therein. If, on the other hand, our influence is a worldly one, (by worldly we mean degrading,) the probable result is a fearful contemplation. Let us pause and trace it out, if we can, to the bitter end. If only those with whom we come directly and personally in contact with were affected, the thought would be formidable enough, but its use may tempt others to a downward career, and these still others; and so the evil goes on, seeming never to cease, though very slight at first. Every step of our lives we are sowing seed on our way, and they come and grow up just like the seed we sow. In this world we sow and the next we reap. We are either pushing men toward perdition, or helping them upward in that shining path, which will

brighten their old age and eventually bring them to the ineffable glory of the World of Light. Every day we live leaves indelible impressions, not upon our own characters only, but upon those of others. "What manner of persons, then, ought we to be in all manner of conversation?" Not rash in our actions, but continually keeping in view the fact that we are sowing seed which will bear fruit an hundred fold in this world and the world to come. Merely glancing at the daily effect, and never stopping to ponder, we often think and say that our influence is not worthy of mention, but upon closer examination, more than one may be found who imitate our example. Let us see whether this example is for good or evil. Giving a casual glance, we say, "I certainly do not try to lead others into evil." But look at the other side, and sum up the amount of good done, and there is reason to fear the result would not be satisfactory. The confession in nine cases out of ten would be, "I do not exert my powers very much to produce a beneficial effect." Then should we not pause and while trying to follow in fancy the awful future of those who may be led astray by our example, ask the guidance of One who is "mighty to save" to direct our steps. True, the effect of our lives upon the world for good or evil is small compared with that of some. If men of high position would throw the might of their word and example upon the side of truth and right, as persistently as the majority use it to entice young men to billiard and gaming tables, and other haunts of vice and iniquity, a great reformation would soon be effected in society. Still what influence we do possess ought to be used for the principles of religion and virtue, and will one day be required at our hands. Keeping this thought in mind, we should "live circumspectly," not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time,—that our lives may be one long rebuke to sin and defence of the right.

PORT DOVER, ONT.

She Required no Further Explanation.

At a rent dinner on one of their estates the Duke and Duchess of M—happened to be present, when a son of the soil appeared in a state of great excitement. The duchess, inquiring the cause of his distress, was told that, having come a long distance, he had lost the rent on the way, but if agreeable to them he would go back and look for it. A few days after he appeared with the lost money. The duchess asked him where he found it, and was answered in the following rather singular manner:

"Well, you see, on my way I stopped at the Banrigh stables to speak to a friend. I took out my pocketbook to give him a letter and must have dropped the money, for this is how I found it. Supposing his grace was the stable and your grace the manure an' I was the rent. Well, you see—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted her grace, quickly; "that will do. I perfectly understand the whole affair."

Hopkinson's Hat and Wig.

Old Hopkinson was walking in a London street when a man suddenly approached, snatched off his hat, and bolted with it. Hopkinson gave chase, and another man, who had observed the outrage, joined him. Away they both ran. At last old Hopkinson stopped, being completely out of breath, but the man who had joined him encouraged him to go on. "Run a little longer, sir," said he. "No," gasped old Hopkinson, "I can't." "Can't you run a step further, sir?" "No, not a step." "Then," said the unforgiving rascal, "I'll have your wig," and he twitched off poor Hopkinson's wig and disappeared.

"There's no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heard added, "I'm glad there isn't."