

**Notches on  
The Stick**

At a meeting of the Alumni of Mount Holyoke college, held recently at Manchester N. H., an address was delivered by Dr. B. W. Lockhart, of the Franklin street Congregational church on Mary Lyon and her Work, which is so apt and eloquent an exposition of its subject and so noble a plea for the higher education of women, that we have reproduced it:—

MARY LYON.  
One hundred years ago, in a hill town of Massachusetts,—Buckland, in Franklin county—was born the woman chosen by Providence to be the greatest name in the world, among names memorable in this century in the story of the education of women. She was born in the year in which Washington retired to Mount Vernon, after having by pre-eminent statesmanship established the nation which he had created by war. This was the epoch when Napoleon was rising to his zenith; when Burke and Pitt were waging relentless war against him, when England was completing her conquest of India. In this epoch, whose strife was indeed the birth-throe of our modern age, came into this world a pure, strong soul, who by inaugurating the greatest spiritual movement of the last half of the 19th century, the higher education of women, has won for herself everlasting remembrance. The educated womanhood of the world for ages to come will not forget the woman who first established a school to do for them what Oxford and Harvard were doing for men. She was a Puritan in her greatness and her limitations. Born in a beautiful and romantic solitude, in a little farmhouse under a hill, one of seven children, of a pious father and heroic mother, she grew up like the maiden in Wordsworth's poem:

The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

Nature gave her much and grace gave her more. God touched her and consecrated her to religion. She became a Christian in a high, heroic sense; a consecration full of power and radiance, without softness; a devotion to duty equal to the noblest Puritan ideal; but to duty lifted above the sense of compulsion into joy; a certain mysticism, too, as of one who had learned the secret of meeting God face to face, and listening to His voice speaking in the silence to her alone. With this spiritual nature and experience went an extraordinary intellectual sanity which led her to construct an ideal of the utmost nobility, an ideal which at time seemed quixotic indeed, but which today has become realized nearly everywhere among civilized nations,—the ideal of an education in which there should be neither male or female, but only minds and souls, with their inalienable equal right to grow, to develop the gifts in them, to attain their perfect stature in the knowledge and joy of all truth. In pursuance of this ideal she set her heart on a college for women, and never rested till she saw it built. She collected or superintended the collection of the \$60,000 which went into that historic pile, now destroyed by fire. She dedicated ten years of her life to the new institution, and then God took her. But Mt. Holyoke college will remain we trust as long as our nation endures, to commemorate its founder and to give to women the kind of education which Mary Lyon believed in,—an education of the mind for the sake of the soul, of women as a daughter of God:

That mind and heart according well  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster.

The greatest changes in human ideals are not those which make most noise. The spiritual temple goes up without sound of hammers. The last half century has witnessed great changes. We have seen the ideal of universal emancipation realized in the thunder of battle. We have seen the fourth estate, the proletariat, move forward out of Aeonian dusk, out of uncounted millenniums of obscurity, and with brawny hands take the ballot and undertake to share the government of states. We have seen the industrial and social life of man revolutionized by the invention of machinery and the utilization of steam and electricity. And there is a movement which has run parallel with these; it has moved quietly and unnoticed by the majority; it has cost no tears and no blood. Yet it is no less revolutionary, no less, perhaps more, far-reaching in its meaning and consequences than the others. I refer to the movement for the higher education of women. And just as those first-mentioned movements have some great names identified with them, some great ones whose

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Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

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insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

lives are bound up with them, who will live in history through that connection; a Lincoln, e. g., with the onward sweep of democracy and liberty, so there is one name bound up with this last mentioned movement; one greatest name—the name of Mary Lyon. America is proud to have produced the greatest political leader of the 18th century and the greatest political person of the 19th century,—Washington and Lincoln. May she be no less proud to have produced the greatest educational leader in the ranks of womanhood in her day. Not from the old civilizations, rich with the intellectual traditions of centuries, but from a young nation, a republic; not twenty-five years old; from a Massachusetts farmhouse, sprang the woman whose vision was most prophetic, whose faith was most profound, whose energy was most effective in the building of that highway of culture along which we already hear the sound of many footsteps. Although built so lately, this highway seems to be as old and indestructible as the ancient Roman roads; nor can we conceive (except through a recrudescence of barbarism) a future generation closing it to any who wish to walk thereon. As one looks on the picture of modern civilization, not all that he sees is pleasing. There are frescos as grim as Angelo ever painted. But one vision is full of hope,—the vision of our daughters achieving intellectual womanhood on equal terms with our sons the libraries and laboratories of the world thrown open to them. Can any one see a menace in this picture? It must be such menace as is inseparable from light and the discovery of the soul.

It is possible for us today by an effort of the historic imagination to realize a condition of society in which as in ancient Athens a woman had to be common property in order to exist as an intelligence? When to be a wife and mother was to be a man's private property, doomed to absorption in household duties, and not counted at all as heir of the culture of the nation? Had the famous Aspasia not belonged to the class of Hetairai she never could have met Pericles on equal terms and discussed with him a play of Sophocles. Do we need to go to Athens? In the day of Horace Walpole only great beauty excused great intelligence or learning in a woman. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu translated Epictetus at the age of nineteen, and apologized to her friend the Lord Bishop of Salisbury for doing what society regarded as work unfit for a woman. In that day certain ladies, weary of endless card parties, instituted a kind of intellectual symposium after the manner of the French salon, where men and woman could meet and talk of things of intellectual interest.

Sam Johnson was a great figure in these gatherings and poured forth his wit and wisdom as genially as he was wont to do in his famous club at the Mitre tavern. A bishop named Stillington dubbed these women "blue stockings,"—a term of contempt which endures to this day. It took courage in those days for a woman to own that she had any aspirations above a little gossip at a game of whist. How times are changed! Our cities now have numerous clubs where women meet to discuss the gravest questions and to read papers which have cost them months of research. Three centuries ago Europe was almost as benighted in regard to the education of women as ancient Athens. Mademoiselle de Saintonge, a French woman, was examined by four physicians at the instance of her father, who thought she was possessed by devils because she wished to establish a school for girls. About fifty years after the Pilgrim Fathers established the common school at Plymouth, which girls were permitted to attend two hours out of the day. At a later period they were allowed to attend all day in summer. In 1826, after a discussion of three years, the city of Boston established a high school for girls, but so many young women clamored at its gates for admission that, after a trial of eighteen months, the school was closed. We have made some advance in high schools since then.

Such was the humble beginning. How far have we come? Out of 389 colleges in the United States 237 permit co-education. Of these are all the state universities and nearly all the colleges under Protestant patronage. Our four largest colleges for women—Smith, Wellesley, Vassar and

Bryn Mawr—have an endowment of six millions of dollars. It seems wonderful that Mt. Holyoke, the pioneer, should have been left to comparative neglect. In England, Holland, and in fact most of the Christian countries of Europe, except Germany, the colleges and universities have been thrown open to women. In the number and perfection of educational facilities for women the United States is far ahead of all competitors. And it ought to be so. For democracy, republican institutions, is an appeal to the intelligence of the whole people. The intelligence of the whole people must therefore be educated. Half the population are women. Half if not more of what children receive from ancestors by the law of heredity comes through mothers. A policy that would condemn women to ignorance, triviality, mere mechanical drudgery, that would shut out from her the ideals, the discipline, the dignity of the intellectual life, would thereby dwarf the race of men. It is highly probable that a race of educated women with uneducated husbands would produce a finer generation of children than would ignorant mothers with educated husbands. It was in view of tremendous probability that Mary Lyon said that it was more important to educate the mothers than the fathers. In the decay of ancient civilizations account has been taken of the institution of slavery, which degraded labor and concentrated wealth and power into the hands of the slave owner, while it reduced the poor freeman to actual pauperism. But who has estimated, who can estimate, the influence of the banishment of women from the intellectual life, upon the decadence of Greece and Rome? After the humiliation of France by Germany, in the early seventies, the French government became convinced that only through the elevation of women could the whole people be elevated. When Camille See proposed in 1880 that the government maintain lycées for women, a motion adopted without delay, he said: "Our law is a moral as well as a social and political law. It concerns the future and security of France, for upon the women depends the greatness or decay of the nation."

That the education, the freedom, the elevation of woman to her rightful place as a spiritual person, complementary rather than inferior to man, is necessary to the life and greatness of the nation, is a quite recent discovery. That it is necessary to a true realization of true marriage, and the spiritual development of the race, is also a modern discovery, both greater than any discovery in the realm of thought since Christ proclaimed the fatherhood of God. How many ages has the world waited for its poets to write of man and woman as Tennyson wrote in "The Princess."

And so these train upon the skirts of time  
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the seed to be;  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities;  
But like each other 'ere as those who love;  
Then comes the staller Eden back to men;  
Then reign the world's great brides, chaste and calm;  
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

It seems as if mankind, having at last attained to the height of this thought, could never go back from it in the future. It may be that the working out of this ideal of an educated womanhood may save modern peoples from that process of degeneration which destroyed the civilization of the ancient world.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Editor of Zion's Herald Boston, has been resting for a few days in "Beautiful Nova Scotia," which he is visiting for the second time. He has written an article, expressive of his appreciation of Yarmouth and its vicinity, which appeared in its latest issue of the Herald. He delights in restful Acadia, its lovely scenery, its steady-going people, its literature and traditions, and of its cordial spirit discourses with pleasing volubility. His article was the more interesting, being illustrated.

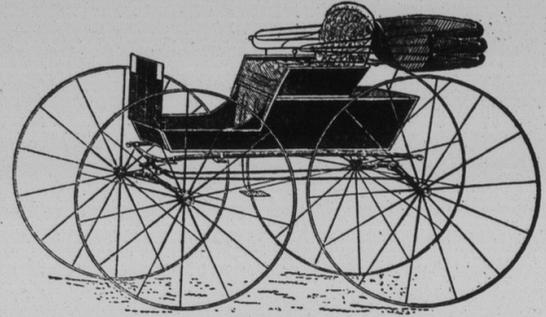
As a practical method of advertising the Maritime Provinces, The Dominion Atlantic Railway Company, have issued a catalogue of books kept in stock, which were written by Canadian authors, and which illustrate the sea-washed lands of Acadia. The following is a partial list: The Forge in The Forest; Roberts; Sam Slick, Haliburton; From Blomidon To Smoky, Bolles; Through Evangeline's Country, Grant; Tales of Evangeline's Land, McLeod; The St. John River, Bailey; Appleton's Canadian Guide Book, Roberts; Over The Border, Chase; History of Canada, Roberts; History of Acadia, Hannay; Low Tide on Grand Pre, Carman; Earth's Engines, Roberts;

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The approach of hot weather is regarded with dread by many a weary mother who understands the increased perils which surround the life of her little one at that time of the year, especially if it is so unfortunate as to be found "nursing the bottle."

In summer the child's nervous system, always easily influenced, is so much at the mercy of the heat that any deviation from the natural order of things is sure to result unfavorably.

The cause of many a serious digestive disturbance will be found to lie outside of any suspected change in the character of the milk. The milk may be sterilized and mixed with various ingredients to render it more easily digested, according to the best known formulae, and it still remains to modify it to suit the immediate wants of the individual case.

If the milk is too rich, that is to say, if it has too much fat in it, the little stomach will be unable to digest it fully. This failure will cause a looseness of the bowels and if the case, although so simple, is misunderstood and therefore improperly treated, exhaustion and even collapse may eventually be the result—literal instance of "starving in the midst of plenty". The superfluous fat keeps the bowels in a continual state of irritation.

On the other hand, if too much sugar is present in the milk, the opposite effect is produced and the child suffers nearly as much from the retention in the system of matter which should have been eliminated. The child usually becomes excessively nervous and fussy, and no treatment is of avail until the bowels are regulated.

As might be expected, it is possible to "play off" these two facts one against the other. And this is what is meant by modified milk. If it is suspected that there is too much fat in the milk it may not only be diluted until the desired proportion is reached, but more sugar may be added to

insure the speedy recovery of the little patient.

In the same way the milk may be made richer, if occasion seems to require it, by the addition of a little cream.

It is only by watching the child carefully and striving to appreciate the changes which are taking place in its sensitive organism that the attempt to forestall serious disturbance of the alimentary canal will be made successful.

It is needless to say that the giving of modified milk is only one of the many measures which are employed in successful nursing.

**He Meant Well.**

The story is told in a New Hampshire town of a half-demented boy who one Sunday escaped from the poor-farm and in the course of his wanderings entered the orthodox church.

The day was hot, and the sermon long; the congregation drowsed in their seats, or sleepily fanned themselves and wished the minister would draw his remarks to a close. Suddenly the half-witted boy entered at the rear of the church, with his arms loaded with apples.

He threw one of them at the right hand wall, where it hit with a squashing sound, and spattered down upon the head of a slumbering deacon, who gave a sudden start and sat up very straight.

The minister paused, and addressed the sexton, who had also suddenly awakened from a nap.

"Remove that disturber at once," he said, with some severity.

"Don't you mind me, parson," answered the half-wit, as he aimed another apple; "you go right along with what you were saying, and I'll keep 'em awake for you as long as you say."

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