

tified this blighted earth as the pious mothers and wives, daughters and sisters, who have spread their mantles of love and purity over the cradles of our childhood and over the struggles and sorrows of our manhood. No woman is truly beautiful without religion. Whatever her fascinations, an impious woman is an anomaly and a monster; and her every grace of nature and culture pales or blackens without the grace of God. The greatest women the world ever knew were the Marys and the Marthas, and somehow we always associate the beautiful and the good with their names. They are household titles, and there are more Marys and Marthas in the world than any other names. Rachel and Rebecca, Ruth and Esther, Phœbe and Doreas have become more celebrated than Elizabeth or Josephine or Joan of Arc. Religion was their crown and glory, and the beauty of their history and of their lives sweetens the centuries with an imperishable perfume. Mary was not so great as Jesus, but superstition reverences her, even to-day, as the mother and queen of heaven.

Finally, young ladies, I leave my subject with you. Beauty is a duty. Cultivate it as a power for good. Without it, in its essential senses and forms, you are powerless for any of the objects of a good and glorious life. You cannot assume any characteristic or office of man and have the power of a woman. Men do not love men. Hence you can be and do nothing without being womanly, and you can wield no influence without womanly beauty. Lost to beauty, you are lost to that sympathy, admiration, and love essential to your usefulness and happiness. Nothing but beauty in woman can evoke love, and nothing but love can make you blessed or yield to your supremacy.