

**The Ideal Woman.**

BY NANCY MINOR BOWLES.

In the halls of far-famed pictures, where true artist minds  
have soared,  
Sweetest, holiest of the paintings is the "Mother of our  
Lord,"  
shown in many different guises, but one thing we always  
see—  
That the tender face is bending to the infant at her knee.  
Most sacred of a woman's trusts, to train the untried soul  
And to point the immortal spirit to the God which is its  
goal.  
As the sunflower to the sunrise, so her face is turned to  
God,  
Thanking him for all his mercies, blessing him his chastening  
rod.  
Turning often from the children to the children older  
grown,  
For a tender bit of counsel, or to reap the seeds long  
sown;  
And her daughters come to question of their interests,  
grave and gay,  
While her sons find her still ready for the questions of the  
day.  
Will a mind grown broad with study of a scientific lore,  
Be down-trampled by the commonplace that chatters at  
the door?  
Can a brain made rich and fertile by the deeds of history's  
men,  
Give a place to idle gossip of the few within her ken?  
With a form grown strong and robust from a race of sober  
sires;  
With the noble face that speaketh of a train of high  
desires;  
Standing firm against the evil, ready with the larger  
thought—  
'Tis a woman, wife and mother, by a century's honour  
wrought.  
Speak, then, Voice of all the ages, thundering down the  
aisle of Time!  
Ring out, tones of all ye poets, finding endless life in  
rhyme!  
Give to us this ideal woman that the world may turn and  
see  
Something up among the works of God from out his  
majesty.  
Sweeping onward comes the answer like the flood-tide to  
the sea,  
Roaring onward, sound of voices in a wave-like majesty.  
Voices there of men of learning, voices there of bards of  
old;  
Children, women, and among them shines the armour of the  
bold.  
Lo! the name that swelleth upward, each the same, though  
yet another,  
Is unanimously chosen, blessed, idealised—"My Mother."

**A HERO OF TO-DAY.**

THE little island of Molokai, one of the smallest  
and most inaccessible of the twelve islands which  
form the Hawaiian group, has recently been the  
scene of a heroic martyrdom. This island was  
selected twenty-five years ago by the Hawaiian  
Government as a site for the establishment of a  
colony of lepers. The terrible disease was then  
widely prevalent in the Sandwich Islands, and,  
although exceedingly contagious in character, no  
steps were taken to circumscribe its spread among  
the natives. The lepers lived in the houses of their  
friends, "eating from the same dish, smoking the  
same pipe, sleeping on the same mat;" even the  
clothing of the sick and the well was interchanged.  
Under this state of things the spread of the disease  
was so rapid that in 1865 an Act was passed by the  
Hawaiian Legislature ordering the transference of  
all lepers from the other islands to Molokai; and  
between 1866 and 1885 more than 3,000 of these  
unhappy victims of a terrible disease were trans-  
ported to Molokai, 2,000 and more having died  
within the same period. There was no distinction  
in the operation of this terrible but necessary law;  
even the royal family were not exempt; nor were

Europeans who showed a taint of the disease.  
Those who were removed were frequently in the  
early stages, and were compelled, while still able  
to pursue the avocations of life and to enjoy its  
pleasures, to bid eternal farewell to friends, home,  
and occupation, and become the companions of in-  
curable lepers. On the sunny, fertile slope of  
about 6,000 acres which stretch along the northern  
shore of the Island of Molokai, separated by an  
impassable wall of crags from the southern part of  
the island, stand the two villages built by the  
lepers. Thirteen years ago these villages were the  
homes of indescribable misery. The Government  
had adopted the barbarous theory that the lepers  
could sustain themselves, and had left them to their  
own resources. They were wretchedly housed,  
wretchedly clothed, without physicians, medicine,  
religion, or even sufficient food. The physical  
misery had blunted the moral sense, and drunken-  
ness and every other form of the lowest debauchery  
had become a sort of refuge of despair for these  
miserable outcasts.

There was at Honolulu at this time, among the  
Roman Catholic missionaries, a young priest from  
Belgium, Father Damien, a man of fine education  
and of marked abilities, for whom his superiors  
anticipated a brilliant future. During his stay of  
nine years as a Catholic missionary in Hawaii he  
had become acquainted with the condition of the  
lepers, and in 1873 he volunteered to join the  
colony at Molokai, understanding perfectly that in  
so doing he renounced the world as completely as  
if he were entering the strictest religious order, and  
condemned himself to the society of lepers until  
death. In a perfectly simple and modest way  
Father Damien has told the story of his work at  
Molokai—a story which ought to be translated into  
every language and read throughout the length  
and breadth of Christendom, not only as a shining  
illustration of the Christian spirit, but as an  
illustration of what a priest or minister ought to  
be in the range, the thoroughness, and the efficiency  
of his contact with the life of the people. At thirty-  
three years of age, in perfect health, Father Damien  
began his work in Molokai, and for eleven years  
was left untouched by the plague about him. At  
the time of his settlement on the island there were  
eight hundred lepers living in miserable grass huts,  
without distinction of age or sex, passing their time  
in drunkenness and riot. Father Damien took up  
first the question of sufficient food, and as a result  
of his importunities the Hawaiian Government  
arranged that food supplies should be sent at  
regular intervals to the island, and that the food  
should be suitable to the condition of the exiles.  
From that day until the hour of his death this de-  
voted priest never failed on every possible occasion  
to bring the needs of his parishioners before the  
Government and people at Hawaii. At the time  
of his appearance among them the lepers were  
living in small, damp huts, entirely insufficient to  
protect them from the elements, and so lacking in  
every appliance and means of health that the  
devoted priest was frequently obliged to rush out  
of them in order to avoid being stifled. Through  
his representations, and under his personal direc-  
tion, the Government has comfortably housed the  
colony, Father Damien himself having built many  
of the houses. In the same manner better clothing  
was obtained, a hospital established with proper  
appliances, a dispensary opened, and a resident  
physician secured. Nor did Father Damien's work  
stop with this care of the material life of his peo-  
ple, though he very properly made this the basis of  
his entire work. He opened schools for the boys  
and girls, he built two churches, and secured proper  
arrangements for burial of the dead. By thus

removing the physical miseries of the people he  
attacked at the foundation their moral and spiritual  
miseries, and as a result he transformed the char-  
acter of the communities. The miserable huts,  
huddled together, filled with wretchedness and  
debauchery, which greeted him when he landed in  
1873, have now been supplanted by groups of neat  
cottages, surrounded by pasture lands and gardens.  
The expatriated colonists are comfortably cared for,  
their children are educated, and they have become  
moral, orderly communities.

It was not until 1884 that the noble man who  
had achieved these results began to show signs of  
leprosy; a year later they were unmistakable.  
Writing to a friend in 1886, he said: "Having no  
doubt of the real character of my disease, I feel  
calm, resigned, and happier among my people.  
Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctifi-  
cation, and with that conviction I say daily, Thy  
will be done." On the 10th of April the leper  
priest died. Last week in these columns we drew  
a lesson from the heroism of Livingstone, a Scotch  
Protestant; this week we leave this noble story of  
a Roman Catholic priest to impress its own lesson.  
Men like Livingstone and Father Damien belong  
to the Church Universal.—*Christian Union.*

**"TOO MUCHEE BY-AND-BY."**

"WHAT is your complaint against this young  
man, John?" said the magistrate to the Chinese  
laundryman who had summoned a young gentle-  
man whose laundry bill was in arrears.

"He too muchee by-and-by," was the answer of  
the aggrieved celestial, who evidently knew what  
ailed the young man, if he could not express his  
views in the most classical English.

There are other youngsters who are troubled  
with the same complaint—"too muchee by-and-by."  
The boy who has to be called four times in the  
morning, and then is late to breakfast; the boy  
who says, "In a minute" when his mother calls  
him to do chores or run errands; the young gentle-  
man who forgets his promise to bring wood or  
draw water; the young lady who always "meant  
to" do things and have them in order, but who  
never, never carried out her intentions; the legions  
of folks who always have to be waited for—all  
these have "too muchee by-and-by."

People are likely to sing themselves into per-  
dition with "the sweet by-and-by." What they  
need is the sweet *now*, which is the accepted time  
and the day of salvation.—*Little Christian.*

**EVERY DAY A LITTLE.**

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a  
day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten  
years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and  
fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is  
difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do  
three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it  
shall have been repeated. What power of self-  
mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for  
grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he  
prays for.

Every day a little happiness. We live for the  
good of others, if our living be in any sense true  
living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only  
that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of  
kindness" repeated every day we find true happi-  
ness. At home, at school, in the street, in the  
neighbour's house, in the playground we shall find  
opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One  
chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible know-  
ledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a  
verse committed to memory. What a volume in  
twenty-five years!