

Influential Lives.

Josephine Butler's Work.

"We are come to ask that thou shouldst . . . give us a message for our brother man, that he might understand."

God said, "Go, take the message down to him."

I said, "But what is the message?"

God said, "Upon your heart it is written; take it down to him."

We turned to go. The angels went with us to the door. One said, "Al, but their dresses are beautiful."

Another said, "See, they are golden."

Another said, "Hush, it is the light from their faces!"

And we went down to him.

—Olive Schreiner.

The name of Josephine Butler stands in the foremost rank of the women of to-day as one who has fought a good fight in the cause of her fellow women, and whose name will act as a trumpet call, should need for similar action again arise. When that may be, who can say? The foe she fought, though vanquished, is not dead, and may yet rise his ugly head in the midst of us, if we cease our watchfulness for one hour.

Josephine Butler comes of that mixed Saxon and Celtic race from which the world has received some of its brightest ornaments.

Her mother was descended from a Huguenot family, who fled to England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Her father, John Grey, of Dilston, was of old Northumbrian stock, an ardent reformer and lover of freedom. Both parents had known what it meant to struggle for liberty of conscience, and they brought up their children to love liberty and truth, and to detest all arbitrary power.

When quite young she married the Rev. George Butler, who was successively lecturer at Oxford, vice-principal of Cheltenham College, principal of Liverpool College, and canon of Winchester. They had four children, three sons and a daughter. It was the terribly tragic death of the latter which seems to have been the means of leading Mrs. Butler to take up her life's work. Her tenderly loved and cherished daughter was dead, but there were other women's daughters, not tenderly loved, and with no one to cherish them—hopeless—helpless—forsaken—and her hungry mother's heart turned to them with the pitying love they so needed, recognizing the common bond of womanhood between them, recognizing, too, that they were often less to blame for their terrible fall than many a more happy woman is for the errors which sit so lightly on her conscience. In all her dealings with the fallen, Josephine Butler has been animated by a strong and divine love of the sinners, and by a passionate desire to develop the latent possibilities for good in them, however overgrown and hidden by ignorance and vice; acting always in that spirit which said: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

From what the writer knows of Mrs. Butler she believes her to possess three of the strongest elements of character necessary to the effectual fulfillment of such a work as hers: Honor and reverence for womanhood; trust in the people; and a deep-rooted love of justice. It is to the first of these she owes her success in rescue work, and the power she had of inspiring to purer lives those she rescued. The woman's soul is there still, even in the fallen body of the grossest sinner. Mrs. Butler perceived this, and therefore she has ever striven to awaken the latent womanhood into active life. To this end she approached the sinful ones always as a fellow-woman with true love and sympathy, not from afar as something quite distinct in nature from themselves, but as a woman who can feel for them. It was this passionate reverence for womanhood which made her resent so strongly and struggle so nobly against the famous C. D. Acts, which struck at the very root of womanly dignity.

Then again, Mrs. Butler has absolute trust in the people and a strong dislike of officialism. Brought up among the hardy and independent Northumbrian folk, those sturdy descendants of the old Borderers, and imbibing her politics from her father, who was far ahead of most men of his day, it was but natural, nay, it was inevitable, that she should see in the people the force which was to regenerate the country and that she should place confidence in them. But the master passion of her soul—that round which all the others center—is love of justice. Neither for the English workingman nor for the Irish peasant and patriot, does Mrs. Butler crave honors at the hands of the State; she asks for simple justice and fair play, that no exceptional laws shall be made for one nor for the other, but that all may have a fair field, and that liberty which is the common right of every citizen of whatever sex or condition. Hence it is that Mrs. Butler is an ardent suffragist and also a strong Home Ruler. To all in authority she would say: "Be just and fear not."

It is not with politics properly called that Mrs. Butler's name will be long associated, or in connection with which her noblest work was done. The evil double standard of morality which obtains in every civilized country had in 1869 culminated in the intro-

duction into this country from the continent, of a series of acts which placed the unfortunate women of all garrison towns practically at the mercy of the police, nay, rather, which placed the liberty and good name of every woman of the working classes of these towns in their hands. These acts were the very climax of injustice to women, for they alone were attacked, and of injustice to the people since it was only the women of the people who were affected by them.

This roused Mrs. Butler to action, and with her co-operated many of the foremost of the women of England, among them Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter, and Harriet Martineau. This was above all a women's question, and the women took up the burden right heroically. It fell to Mrs. Butler's lot to be the leader of the struggle, and for seventeen years, until the acts were repealed, she waged unceasing warfare against the evil thing. It was a new thing in those days for a woman to speak in public, but she felt forced to testify against the unspeakable wrong which was being done. It was a horrible subject to attack, but it was necessary that it should be attacked, and that without hesitation or fear. The plague spot was in our midst—to ignore it was to let it grow until the whole of our national life became corrupted; to save the nation's life, to save the women of the nation, it must be laid bare and eradicated. So Mrs. Butler and her band of heroic fellow-workers came forward, forgetful of themselves, and did battle in the cause of the saddest and most suffering of their sisters. Space fails me to tell of the long and fierce struggle, when the hosts of darkness gathered thick around, when it seemed as if the dawn would never come. Still she fought on, gaining strength from the thought that "God and one woman make a majority." Through all this terrible time she realized that the work was God's work; and though friends fell off and acquaintances turned their backs upon her, she held on her way confident that victory must come in the end. All through this trial she had, too, the great happiness of knowing that her dearly-loved husband was with her heart and soul; thus was given to her what so many leaders have lacked—the faith of her own household.

Not in England only is her name known, her work has spread all over the continent. During the early part of the struggle she went abroad to inquire into the working of the infamous "moral police" system and to collect facts for the campaign in England. These visits have resulted in drawing around her the enemies of the acts in all nations and in the formation of a powerful federation which works for the abolition of State-regulated vice in all countries. It has done good work, and among other things it has called attention to the fact that young girls are systematically trapped into houses of ill-fame abroad, and thus are as utterly lost to their friends as if they were sunk in the depths of the earth. These girls are respectable girls who go ignorantly to their doom, and are of all classes, who have to earn their own living; they are attracted by tempting advertisements to find themselves sold into the most horrible of all slavery.

Besides her work in the cause of social purity Mrs. Butler is a writer of no mean capacity she has written innumerable pamphlets of which perhaps the most useful are: "The Hour Before the Dawn," and "Government by Police." Among her larger works are: "The Life of John Grey, of Dilston," "Catherine of Siena," a life of Canon Butler, and a very valuable little book entitled "The Constitution Violated," which shows that the acts against which the great campaign was waged are, besides being evil in themselves, utterly at variance with the constitutional government of this country.

For the past few years the life of Mrs. Butler has been overshadowed by the illness and death of her husband. Her own health, too, failed under the strain, and friends of the cause have anxiously watched fearing that when the call to arms came once more she might not be able to take part.

The call has come; the old light has to be fought again. The ever watchful enemy has opened the attack in India, for in spite of the resolution of the House of Commons that India should be freed from State-regulated vice, workers in the cause have long had reason to believe, and now they have proof, that the whole infamous system is in full swing in our Indian Empire; but Josephine Butler, weak and worn, is with us once more, an inspiration and a leader, both to the veterans who fought in the last campaign, and to the band of fresh workers whom the necessity of the times will be certain to call to their aid. —NORA BROWNLOW.

Willingness, which is really love of God, has no color of its own, only at every call it is ready to will whatever God wills. —[FERRIS.]

Think of the Children.

Have we no pity for the poor miserable children? Is there no voice strong enough to plead "like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of their taking off" of these children who, in the language of Southey, are not so much born into the world as damned into the world, damned, predestined as it were, to lives of disease and degradation, because of the drink in the midst of which they are brought up and of which they have the hereditary taint in their very veins.—[Canon Farrar.]

Quiet Moments.

Parliament of Religions.

Some of our contemporaries in denouncing the Parliament of Religions are going too far. There is a basis upon which all religions stand. It is stated in the first commandment of the decalogue—love to God and to man. When these are left out, or either of them, there is nothing left that can be called religion. It was well thus to find, or at least to assume, a common platform for the whole race. These doctrines are the elementary principles, and do our contemporaries imagine that it would be no gain to Christianity to have them everywhere accepted? It is easy to show to a mind which accepts them that Jesus Christ was the highest representative of both. If we can bring the thoughts of men to him, by any means, we shall win them.—[Chicago Interior.]

Selected Definitions.

Agnosticism: Half chaff and half chaffing.—[Joseph Cook.]

Character: Consolidated habit.—[J. Baldwin Brown.]

Character: The stamp on our souls of the free choice of good or evil we have made through life.—[G. K. Chesterton.]

Church: A society for making men like Christ and earth like heaven.—[Dr. Arnold.]

Jesus: The human side of the mind of God.—[Robertson.]

Money: That which can procure admission everywhere except to heaven, and buy all things except happiness.—[Pope.]

Policy: Seeing God in such a manner as not to offend the devil.—[Thos. Fuller.]

Progress: The stride of God.—[Victor Hugo.]

Religion: The way back to the Father.—[George MacDonald.]

Self-Love: Keeping the private "I" too much in the public eye.—[Horace Smith.]

Spirit: Sun of eternity fettered in time.—[Longfellow.]

Success: Doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.—[Longfellow.]

Teaching the Lepers.

The last meeting of the Methodist conference in Cincinnati was remarkable for the reading of a letter which ought to be preserved so long as there is anybody left to preserve it. It was written to the members of that assembly by Miss Mary Reed, an Ohio girl, who went out to India to teach lepers in a leper colony in that country the consolation of religion and to do what she could to alleviate their sufferings. Her self-afflicted with that loathsome disease since, she wrote in the most cheerful style of her work, calling the victims of the malady "my people" and thanking God that she was able to be there. Nor was she satisfied with this proof of her disinterestedness. The news of destitution in this country had reached her in some manner, and she added that she could not conclude her letter without asking the conference to deduct \$50 from her salary and distribute it to the most needy persons to be found. Hundreds of messages from the field of battle in the handwriting of even the bravest men did not contain any more heroic sentiment than that sent by Mary Reed.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

High Ideals.

The lack of high ideals in the conduct of the common business of the world is the great want of our time. It is impossible to define the point at which just competition ends and oppressive competition begins, and a code of moral laws which would perfectly prescribe the duty of a just merchant in his many and complicated relations to society, to the public he serves, to the servants who serve him, to himself as an integral part of that society, would be oppressive in its complexity and almost impossible of observance. But "love is the fulfilling of the law." Once let a man realize that, as a physician who regards his profession merely as a means to wealth and honor is a creature too despicable to think of, so a merchant or tradesman's purpose in life is to serve society—then there will be no difficulty in distinguishing between "good business" and covetousness. The moment the right view-point is obtained the distorted lines of right and wrong will straighten themselves into the proper perspective, and a glimpse will be obtained of that eternal justice whose coming and reign the world has been groaning and traveling until now.

Half the Business.

Lord Chesterfield had compassed the whole field of politeness, and thus wrote to his son: "A genteel manner prepossesses people in your favor, bends them towards you, and makes them wish to be like you." Transfer that to politeness in religion and it means the same thing exactly. It is always a recommendation of the great principles one professes when he shows a consideration for others. Others are insensibly and irresistibly drawn to him, but since he acts for Christ and like Christ, he is drawing them to Christ. Once more the same authority writes: "Upon my word I do not say too much when I say that superior good breeding, insinuating manners, and genteel address are half your business." Nor is it too much to

say that kindness, consideration, acts of thoughtfulness for others are half the Christian's business. We can not be too careful of our demeanor. There is no possibility of one being too kind as long as he is sensible. Nor can this be too strongly emphasized. Prayers and penances have to do with God, and the opportunity to do remarkable good for men comes but seldom. But Christian courtesy costs little, and there are chances for it all the while. No matter what one has or has not he can treat all with a civility that is more than the ordinary civility of the world, and makes itself felt as a very different and superior thing.

Gems of Thought.

The highest friendship must always lead us to the highest pleasure.—[Fielding.]

You, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a snob.—[Thackeray.]

Charity and good nature give a sanction to the most common actions; and pride and ill-nature make our best virtues despicable.—[Wycherley.]

Gentle words, quiet words, are, after all, the most powerful words. They are more convincing, more compelling, more prevailing.—[Washington Gladstone.]

Woman is the highest, holiest, most precious gift to man. Her mission and throne is the family, and if anything is withheld that would make her more efficient, useful or happy in that sphere she is wronged and has not her rights.—[John Todd.]

Cookery Hints.

For bread and pastry have an oven that will in five minutes turn a piece of paper dark brown.

Butter put into clean pots and well surrounded with charcoal will keep good for twelve months.

In baking bread or rolls put a saucepan of boiling water into the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender.

Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven door being banged when closed. Close the door as gently as possible. Nearly every one opens it gently enough.

For frying always put a pound or two of fat in the pan. This is no waste, as the same fat can be used over and over by pouring it through a strainer into a crock kept for that purpose.

One of the things commonly done wrong is the mixing of a flour and a liquid when a thin batter of paste is desired. Here is a rule that, if followed, will always make the mixture smooth and free of lumps. Measure the flour and add to it an equal measure of liquid. Stir together until smooth, then gradually add a part of the liquid until the mixture is thin enough. In making a thickening for soups or sauces there should be four or five times as much liquid as there is flour.

EGG SANDWICHES.—Cut the bread very thin and spread lightly with mayonnaise dressing. Rub to a paste the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs with two tablespoonsful of melted butter. Season to taste with salt and white pepper. Spread on the bread and place the slices together.

PLAIN RICE PUDDING.—One coffee-cup of rice, two quarts of milk, eight tablespoonsful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, butter the size of an egg, melted; nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. Wash and pick over the rice, and soak in one pint of the milk two hours. Then add the rest of the milk, the sugar, salt, butter and spice. Bake two hours and eat cold.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM.—To prepare Devonshire cream, put a pan of milk in a cool place for 24 hours. At the end of that time place the pan on the back of the range and heat the milk slowly to the boiling point, being careful not to let it boil. Put the pan again in a cool place for six to twelve hours. At the end of that time skim off the cream, which will be found firm, and of a peculiarly sweet flavor. This cream is eaten on mush, fruit, blanc-mange and toast.

DOUGHNUTS IN RHYME: One cup of sugar, one cup of milk; Two eggs beaten fine as silk. Salt and nutmeg (lemon'll do); Of baking powder, teaspoons two. Lightly stir the flour in; Roll on pie board not too thin; Cut in diamonds, twists or rings. Drop with care the doughy things Into fat that briskly swells. Evenly the spongy cells. Watch with care the time for turning; Fry them brown—just short of burning. Roll in sugar; serve when cool. Price—a quarter for this rule.

CHICKEN STRIPS.—If you have half a roast chicken left from yesterday you may make a nice dish for to-day's lunch by carefully skinning it and cutting the meat into neat strips. Salt and pepper these. Cream a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour together, put in a saucepan, and when they begin to bubble add a cup of cream into which you have dropped a pinch of soda. Stir until sauce boils, and then lay carefully into it, one by one, your chicken strips. As soon as they are thoroughly coated lay them on a platter, and set the platter right on the ice. When they are cold and stiff garnish the strips with parsley and send to the table. They are a pleasant accompaniment to lettuce salad.

With the Poets.

Towards a Star.

Whoever with an earnest soul
Strives for some end from this lone
world afar,
Still upward travels though he miss
the goal,
And strays—but towards a star.

A Song of the Future.

Sail fast, sail fast
Ark of my hopes, ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drowned past
Fly glittering through the sun's strange
beams;
Sail fast, sail fast.

Breaths of new birds from off some
drying leaf
With news about the future scent
the sea:
My brain is beating like the heart of
Hate;
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present
waste.

Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long;
Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing
is love.

Ah Poverty, Windings, and Sulky Retreats.

Ah poverty, windings, and sulky retreats!
Ah you foes that in conflict have over-
come me!

(For what is my life, or any man's life,
but a conflict with foes—the
old, the incessant war?)

You degradations—you tussle with
passions and appetites;
You smarts from dissatisfied friend-
ships (ah wounds, the sharpest
of all);

You toll of painful and choked articula-
tions—you meannesses;
You shallow tongue-talks at tables (my
tongue the shallowest of any);

You broken resolutions, you racking
angers, you smothered ennuis;
Ah think not you finally triumph—my
real self has yet to come forth;

It shall yet march forth o'er-mastering,
till all lies beneath me;
It shall yet stand up the soldier of un-
questioned victory.

The Nun and Harp.

What memory fired her pallid face?
What passion stirred her blood?
What tide of sorrow and desire
Poured its forgotten flood
Upon a heart that ceased to beat,
Long since, with thought that life
was sweet,
When nights were rich with starry dusk
And the rose burst its bud.

Had not the western glow then
Stolen through the latticed room,
Her funeral raiment would have shed
A more heart-breaking glow?
Had not a dimpled convent maid
Hung in the doorway, half afraid,
And left the melancholy place
Bright with her blush and bloom.

Beside the gilded harp she stood,
And through the singing strings
Wound those wan hands of folded
prayer

In murmurous preludings.
Then like a voice the harp rang high
Its melody, as climb the sky,
Melting against the melting blue
Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why of all the songs that grow for-
ever tender,
Chose she that passionate refrain
where lovers, 'mid the stir
Of wassailers that round them pass
Hide their sweet secret? now, alas,
In her nun's habit coiled and veiled
What meant that song to her?

Slowly the western ray forsook the
statue in its shrine,
A sense of tears thrilled all the air
along that purpling line;
Earth seemed a place of graves that
rang

To hollow footsteps, while she sang:
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."
—H. P. Spofford.

Song.

L. E. LONDON.
Oh, never another dream can be
Like that early dream of ours,
When the fairy Hope lay down to sleep
Like a child among the flowers.

But Hope has wakened since and wept,
Like a rainbow, itself away;
And the flowers have faded and fallen
around—
We have none for a wreath to-day.

Now wisdom wakes in the place of
hope,
And our hearts are like winter hours;
Ah! after life has been little worth
That early dream of ours.

An Archbishop's Opinion.

Sobriety and temperance are neces-
sary qualifications for us to possess in
order to wage successful warfare against
the enemies of salvation. A drunkard
is a self-made wretch a self-degraded
being. No matter what his talents
may have been, he has lowered himself
into the mire of vice. If any Catholic
priest in the city was to keep a record
of every drunkard's deathbed he had
attended, and would publish it, it
would be the most appalling revelation
conceivable.—[Archbishop Walsh.]

Furniture and Decoration.

A Hint in House Build.

In a newspaper paragraph was a
very attractive suggestion for a for-
tunate builder of his own home. It
was that, in putting in the wscot-
ing in the hall, a cabinet panel should
be placed that would have the effect
of a Dutch clock, the works a dial
to be placed inside; or an old-day
clock, with a dial to fit the opening
in the panel, to be placed on a shelf
the proper height. Antique cloche have
gone beyond the reach of the bidder
who must consult economy in calls,
and this artistic suggestion was
appreciated.

How to Make Floor-Cushion.

Floor cushions, where the floor are
waxed and rugs are used, are as popu-
lar as they are useful and pretty. To
make them, take two 24 inch squares
of burlap, and in the center of one of
these squares sew securely an up-
holster's spring with twine and an
upholster's needle. In addition to
this, sew four springs a size smaller
than the one already used, one near
each corner, about ten inches from the
one in the center. Then pack curled
hair around these springs until they
are all covered, and lay on the extra
piece of burlap and sew the edges to-
gether. Over each side place a thin
layer of cotton and cover with strong,
unbleached muslin. The cushion is
then ready for the fancy outer cover-
ing; which should always be of some
serviceable material. Finish the edges
with a cord.

For a Corner.

Triangular divans, made to go in a
corner are very fashionable, and when
made by an upholsterer and covered
with satin brocade and richly covered
pillows are very expensive, costing
\$100 or more, but as we have stated
in these columns before, a very pretty
one may be made by using a triangular
wooden bench, or two benches fitted
exactly to the corner. Narrow mat-
resses are laid on these, and fastened
securely. The mattresses are covered
with a suitable material tufted with
button molds covered with the same,
and a box-plated valance is nailed to
the edge of the bench or benches.
Four or more pillows are then covered
with pretty India silks of different
colorings, and placed in the divan
against the walls. When finished it is
an effective as well as a pretty piece of
furniture. A little tea table standing
near a set of hanging book-shelves and
a certain hanging on an adjustable
pole, fastened to the wall, and which
swings out like a crane, make of such a
corner a delightful little retreat, luxu-
rious and rest-inviting. A reading stand
with a lamp and a screen for the
fourth side might be added to the
nook.

Brat was once a son. Several devo-
tional and sermon writers speak of
"Abraham's brats in the same way we
would say Abraham's descendants."

Bombast was once the cotton plant,
then the cotton padding with which
garments were filled out, then any
padding or stuffing, lastly idle brag-
ging.

Scamp once meant travel, but 300
or 400 years ago nobody traveled ex-
cept when he was obliged to, so the
word gradually acquired an unfavorable
meaning.

Termagant, scold, jade, hag and a
few other words were formerly applied
to men as well as to women, and their
exclusive application is no compliment
to masculine gallantry.

Blackguard was formerly a scullion.
When a nobleman moved from place
to place he was accompanied by all his
household, and the procession ended
with the cooks, waiters and scullions
—the black guard—black from hand-
ling the pots and pans. Not being
very choice in their language, the name
was easily transferred to a person who
spoke the same as they did.

Neal Dow's Birthday.

In her biennial address to the
World's Women's Christian Temper-
ance Union, which was read by
Lady Henry Somerset in Chicago,
Oct. 16, Miss Willard proposed that
March 20, 1894, the 90th birthday of
General Neal Dow, "Father of Pro-
hibition," should be observed by the
temperance forces everywhere, not only
in congratulation of a total abstinence
who has attained so great an age and
retained his mental and physical vigor
but that he is able to speak and travel
in the interest of the movement, but
for the purpose of securing the "arrest
of thought," in as many brains as pos-
sible concerning the practicability and
value of prohibition. The British
Women's Temperance Association's
Conference in Cardiff heartily indorsed
this plan, and it is believed the United
Kingdom Alliance will do the same.
The resolution will be sent to the lead-
ing temperance societies everywhere,
and what Americans call "arouse-
ment" is sure to take place on the date
named.

Gladstone on Revenue.

Gentlemen, you need not give your-
selves any trouble about the revenue.
The question of revenue must never
stand in the way of need reforms.
Besides, with a sober population, not
wasting their earnings, I shall know
where to obtain the revenue.—[W. E.
Gladstone.]