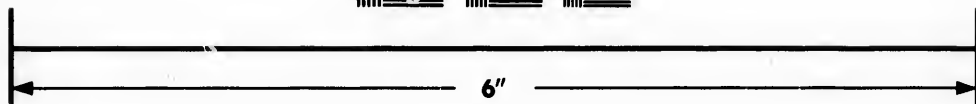
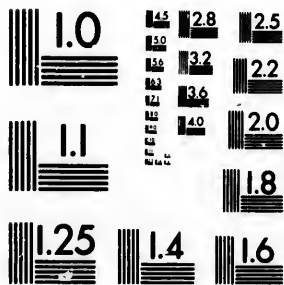


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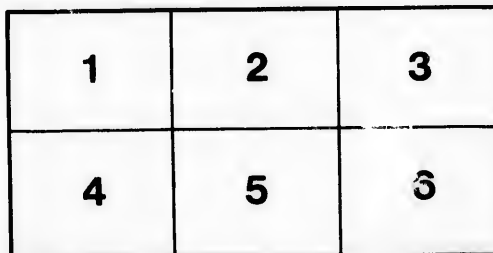
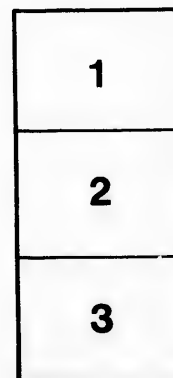
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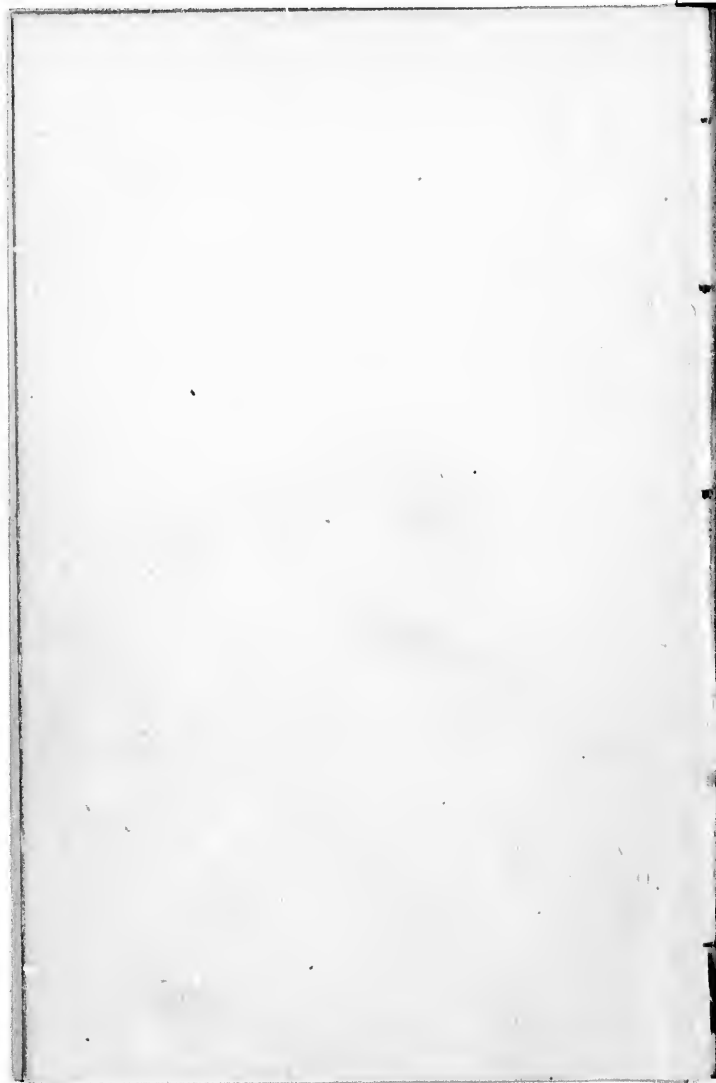
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THE POTENTIAL WOMAN.

A BOOK FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Handwritten: "Handwritten" and "H.W."
By J. F. WILLING,

AUTHOR OF "FROM FIFTEEN TO TWENTY-FIVE," "DIAMOND DUST,"
"THE ONLY WAY OUT," ETC., ETC.

Handwritten: "27" over "5577a"

"Both young men and maidens, let them praise the name of
the Lord." — BIBLE.



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THE POTENTIAL WOMAN.

CHAPTER I.

TETE-A-TETE.

My twenty thousand young men "from fifteen to twenty-five" have bowed themselves out, the last one waving me a merry "Good-bye," which I love to turn back into its native Saxon, "God be with you." There is a little restful silence in my study. It has not had time to become loneliness, however, for there is a rustle just outside the door. Young feet touch the threshold, and my girls come trooping in, their bright faces aglow with gladness. They settle down about me like a flock of doves, and look up with a mischievous shyness, as if they half expected a lecture on their shortcomings. Not a bit of it, girls! I am quite too glad to see you; and I

enjoy quite too heartily your fresh, exuberant spirits, to try to tone you down too suddenly or prematurely, to the sober realities. I want to talk to you a little while, *con amore*; and I trust that He who stands "in our midst," will make what I say helpful in preparing you for the earnest work that lies in the path of each, a little further on.

My audience is larger this time. We keep our girls more carefully than we do our boys; and we can generally get at them with earnest talk. We would be dreadfully shocked to see them lounging on street corners, or in railroad stations, going to base-ball parks, circuses, and race-courses, looking in at saloons, and billiard halls, "just to see what is going on."

We let the poor boys stray wherever their curiosity takes them. Untold numbers of them are snared by Satan, and we fail to take the warning. We give them twenty times the liberty to run at their own foolish will: and twenty times more men than women are sent to the State's prison.

Heathen and Mohanmedan men thank the gods daily that they were not born women. Until we become more careful of the morals of our sons, I am not sure but women ought to use the obverse of this thanksgiving.

The Potential Woman. Does the title call up a school-room nightmare? How like Victor Hugo's devil-fish did that awful potential mood seize the wee, weak brain! How the nervous little fingers twisted the apron-strings, while the small memory staggered under the conjugation of a dreadful verb, with an interminable tangle of auxiliaries switching and snapping about! The call, "Second class in grammar!" boomed over our heads like an alarm gun, startling us out of our mischief, and plunging us into the terrible mnemonic wrestle with those mights, coulds, woulds, and shoulds, dos, bes, haves, and loves. How our cheeks burned, our eyes rolled, and our hearts thumped! If we took a running jump and rattled off the auxiliaries, we were sure to catch the toe, and stumble upon the wrong principal. If we crept along, syllable

by syllable, we lost our point of compass, and rushed wildly about the verbal jungle, while the terrific "Next!" sounded over our heads.

We came at last to know that the potential mood implied "liberty, necessity, power, will, and obligation."

In talking to you about the potential woman, I may speak of what she may, can, must, might, could, would, and should be and do.

Each woman is a responsible, human soul. There are millions who do not believe that simple truth, especially in India, China, and Mormonism. In fact, nowhere in this wide, sad world, is there heart or hope for woman, except where the sentiment of the Lord Jesus Christ is wrought into the social structure about her. The Son of Mary was, and is, the best Friend she ever had, or ever can have. None but an apostle of His would have dared write, "There is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

The Creator alone has authority to limit "the sphere" of the attainment or activity of any

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TETE-A-TETE.

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human being. To His bar alone, all may appeal. "Whom the Son maketh free, is free indeed." That is the measure of the woman's liberty.

When it comes to the question of her ability, there is a fearful jangle of voices. An East Indian gentleman said to a missionary, "We would be glad to teach our women as you do yours, treating them as equals, and giving them a chance in the world; but we cannot, because they are fools." An absurdity, as we see it; for the child follows the condition of the mother: and where men have brain, their mothers cannot have been idiots.

God respects the mental capability of women. He trusts them with the most delicate and precious material, putting into their hands the best work He has in this world, the care of the little children.

If the motto on Gambetta's ring be true, "*Vouloir c'est pouvoir*," the woman can hardly be called "weak and feeble," for it is generally understood that

"When she will, she will,
And you may depend on't."

Women furnish their full share of the world's conscience. Indeed, there are many who, with their heartstrings tangled about feet that wander to the world's end, live only, as kings are said to rule, "by the grace of God."

They perform the larger part of the public service of the Lord. Often at night it is unsafe for them to go unguarded on account of the wickedness of men; yet they fill the churches, and it is generally conceded that they are the most devout worshippers. So largely do they preponderate in numbers in the church that our enemies sneer at our faith, and call it, "fit only for women." Do you not see, in all this, increased obligation to do good, strong work, in the world? Every point of power conceded adds to responsibility.

Women ought to be faithful to the Lord, for all that they have that is worth the having comes to them through Christ. The Bible is the woman's *Magna Charta*. Though it is busy

upon the tremendous problems of existence, the genesis of all things, and the origin of moral differences; yet it turns aside to record events that shaped the lives of women. This is the greater marvel, because the nations all about the Bible lands made wives, sisters, and daughters, mere items of bargain and sale.

To illustrate great things by small, these pauses in the mighty march of the great Book, remind one of the story of one of Garibaldi's night journeys over the mountains of Northern Italy. He was at the head of his immortal "Thousand," among the cliffs at midnight, when the song of the nightingale struck his ear. He called a halt, and those storm-bronzed, battle-scarred veterans stood with bared heads, listening to the music of the bird, their hearts back in their beautiful southern homes. This wonderful Book stops in its grand movement to tell the pretty story of the loves and hopes of women, and that of their loyalty and faith. It mattered not that the hard, bad world outside, intent on its coarse jangling, did not believe

them worth mentioning, — the sweet little episodes went upon the Record.

Sarah, the empress-like wife of Prince Abraham, towers like a desert palm above the women of the tribes about her. The finding of Rebecca for Isaac reads like a sacred idyl, illuminated with the high coloring of the tropics.

Rachel shines like a star in the dim distance of those far-off lands and days. Her life was so beautiful it stood the test of a seven-years courtship; and "it seemed to Jacob but a few days, for the love he had for her." To the last she held the heart of her husband; and after she had passed out of this life, his deathless love made her sons the dearer.

Moses' mother was "not afraid of the king's commandment." She set the world's lawgiver adrift upon the Nile in his papyrus basket, knowing that God had him in care. In response to her loving faith, her boy was laid back in her arms within a few hours. In the palace of the Pharaohs, the shuttle of her thought played back and forth through the child's soul, weav-

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ing a pattern of wondrous grace and beauty. She sung beside his cradle in that marvelously vital Hebrew tongue, hymns of praise to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. She taught him the superiority of the pure, clean, simple worship of Jehovah, to the ornate, corrupt, sensual idolatry of Egypt. He grew up as an Egyptian prince-philosopher, but, at heart, he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. From his mother, he had learned of the Deliverer who was to lift from the world the curse of the broken law. She had taught him to esteem even the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

That old story, so sweet and tender in its pathos, yet mighty in result, has illustrated, for three thousand years, the power of the mother over human destiny.

The Book tells of Jael, the patriot and woman of courage, who delivered her nation by killing its arch enemy; of Deborah, who commanded its armies, and administered its laws; and of Esther, the beautiful diplomate, whose self-

sacrifice and faith were able to countervail even the unalterable laws of the Medes and Persians.

Solomon has sketched, in Rembrandt strokes, God's model woman. She is industrious: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant ships: she bringeth her food from afar. She layeth her hands to the spindle; and her hands hold the distaff."

She is a good housekeeper: "She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." You see there is no snobbishness, no lily-handed nonsense and dawdling about her.

She understands the laws that underlie the rise and fall of real estate: "She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hand, she planteth a vineyard."

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 chant."

She keeps herself in good condition: "She
 girdeth her loins with strength, and strengthen-
 eth her arms. She maketh herself coverings of
 tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple."

She can manage benevolent enterprises:
 "She stretcheth out her hands to the poor;
 yea, she stretcheth forth her hands to the
 needy."

She has dignity of character: "Strength and
 honor are her clothing."

She is not afraid of growing old: "She shall
 rejoice in time to come." She has no fear of
 the spoiling of her personal beauty by the
 years; she knows that they will bring more po-
 tent charms than they bear away.

She is happy in her domestic life: "The
 heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so
 that he shall have no need of spoil. She will
 do him good, and not evil, all the days of her

life. Her husband is known in the gates, where he sitteth among the elders of the land. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her."

She is wise and thoughtful, able and ready to give instruction: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

The spirit of inspiration commands that her ability be recognized publicly, as well as privately: "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates." This command is obeyed in just so far as the Bible is made the suprema rule of faith and practice. All who work for the elevation of woman, will advance her interests most surely and rapidly by spreading true Biblical light everywhere, and intensifying its brightness to the utmost. And every woman must remember that the crowning glory of feminine character is faithfulness to God. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

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This writing will not be in vain, if my hundred thousand girls determine to bring their lives as near as possible to God's ideal of womanhood.

CHAPTER II.

WOMEN MUST HAVE HEALTH.

THIS crooked and perverse world has been slow to understand that women need firm health and vigorous muscle, as certainly as do men. It has had queer notions about refinement and delicacy, as if nothing were too coarse or common for men, while women were either of a higher grade of beings, to whom only the finer and better things were appropriate, or they were of too fragile material to endure rough contact and heavy wear. At the same time, with strange inconsistency, it has smoothed the path of the favored few among women, keeping them so delicately that they could not develop physical strength, while it has laid upon the many burdens most grievous to be borne. Left to itself, it makes the woman either a toy or a drudge. Under this incon-

sistent treatment, she can hardly help having an ambition to get into the favored caste, if possible. At the door of that ambition lies the foolish pride, that interferes so seriously with her muscular development, and her success in the remunerative industries. It is the old Chinese story with Occidental modifications. In China, the woman's only chance for any but the coarsest, hardest life, is to have her feet brought down, as near as possible, to a two-inch measure. The agonizing process is begun in babyhood, and she must be kept under opiates, lest her screams drive every one out of the house. She cannot hope to marry well, which means to be supported in idleness, unless she has "celestial feet." Crippling and helplessness are the badge of ladyhood. To move about with vigor and ability to take care of one's self, means to be "strong-minded"; and in all heathen society, only the "feeble minded" have any chance to get rich husbands: that is, to live delicately, and be honored as remote reflectors of marital glory.

When a missionary can unbind a Chinese girl's feet, and teach her good, honest work, by which she can eat independent bread, and command the respect of her household, a great deal has been done to help her out of the horrible pit of miry clay into which she has been thrust by heathen superstitions.

When we can make "our girls" understand that physical and mental strength is not incompatible with genuine delicacy and refinement, we shall lift the entire civilization to a better plane.

Women must have health. According to the Declaration of Independence, "the pursuit of happiness" is an inalienable, human right. In order to be happy, one must have firm muscle, sound nerves, and good animal spirits.

Some seem to think that it is not at all important for a woman to have physical vigor. They say that in the natural order man is the bread-winner. She is only the conservator of the home. He brings in, and she cares for the material out of which domestic comfort is

made. In that joint product her part requires deftness and delicacy; but she has small need of muscular development.

That may be the case in the ideal home; but the majority of living places are not after the ideal pattern. Tens of thousands of women have to win their own bread. They have to make their own homes, if they have any at all. Great numbers of men are killed off by frontier exposure, shipwrecks, war, tobacco, strong drink and crimes.

When a thousand men are in state prison, a thousand women have to take care of themselves. When ten thousand men are in mining-camps and on frontier ranches, ten thousand women have to win their own bread. When a hundred thousand men are at the front in war time, a hundred thousand women have to take care of their families. When a half million of sots stagger into the drunkards' graves, a half million of women are left to bear their own burdens, and those of the disabled and incompetent. Orphans, "old maids" and

widows, are found in every community, between whom and starvation there stands no breadwinner. In the uncertain condition of ordinary finance, no woman, be her home ever so guarded and sheltered, can tell just how soon she may be thrown upon her own resources.

The old Hebrews had a proverb to the effect that he who neglects to give his son a trade, teaches him to steal. When girls are kept in delicate helplessness, they are subjected to an infinitely worse risk. Of the tens of thousands who perish every year in our great cities, trampled in mire under the feet of the beastly, the majority might have been saved, if they had been trained to earn their bread honestly, independently. They were kept delicately, with the expectation that some man, — father, brother, or husband, — would, for love of them, carry the burden of their support. When that staff gave way, there was a desperate, incompetent clutching after something to do, and then the sure sliding down into the abyss.

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money with which to support them, I would give each a trade, profession, or business by which she could earn her living if the wealth took wings.

When the woman goes into the market with her productive skill and energy, she has a quickness and fineness of perception, and a delicacy of touch, that few men can emulate; yet she is often without the evenness and balance that only the healthful can hope for; so her best qualities are unreliable. It is oftener than otherwise a question of muscle whether she shall succeed or fail. "Clerking in a store," she must stand by the hour with nerves impervious to wear. Teaching in a dubiously-ventilated room, packed with restless, mischievous young Americans, she needs muscle of whale-bone, and nerves of steel. Sitting, hour after hour, at a type-writer or sewing-machine, she must know how to take in a good store of health and strength, in her scant intermissions, or a break-down is inevitable.

However we might choose to have it, the

fact holds that millions of women have to earn their own living, and at a disadvantage; for they are paid less than men are for the same amount of work, as well done, though merchants, grocers, physicians, boarding-house keepers, make no reduction of prices for their benefit. To meet this bread-winning strain, they need the very best health. If they are fortunate enough to be spared that burden, they must take another, even more important. The children are the future of the house, as well as of the church, the country, the world. In the old slavery days the child followed the condition of the mother. That was simply the expression of an immutable law. They who raise fine stock for the market, look well to the condition of the dam. How infinitely more important it is that the mothers of human beings should transmit sound constitutions and robust vigor.

In the present faulty system of things, the father of the family is usually in such haste to be rich, that he leaves the burden of the care of

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WOMEN MUST HAVE HEALTH. 27

the children upon the mother. If he is a "successful" business man, he hardly knows his children when he meets them on the street. Their mental and spiritual life is to him a *terra incognita*. That best and noblest work — character building — is left on the mother's hands. Does she not need prime physical energy for such a herculean task?

The home should be a place where galled shoulders rest from heavy burdens, and weary hearts lay off care, getting new courage for the tug and strain; where confidence and love reign supreme, and where the bliss of Heaven is ante-dated in the sweet fellowship of kindred souls "whom God hath joined together," and no man may "put asunder." It should be brimming with sweetness and rest, gladness and love. Who is equal to the tremendous task of making such a home in this out-of-joint world, if the mother — the priestess, the presiding genius, the queen — is laid aside half the time by ill health, and is never able to bring to her great, blessed work, the

gentle, self-controlled, all-conquering energy that it demands?

In these days, and in this generous, gracious America, great opportunities are opened to women for benevolent work. The last quarter of a century has demonstrated their ability to attend carefully to all the business details, and aggressive plans of great Christian enterprises, accomplishing what their less skilled brothers had pronounced impracticable. There is hardly a masculinely managed institution that has not its feminine counterpart.

Doors of usefulness are standing wide open on every hand, inviting women to use their strength on the Lord's work.

Synods, conferences, councils, never decree an onward movement. They simply legislate into line what the people have already projected. The people are giving women the largest opportunity to use their talent. They feel the sore need of help, and they say, "Whosoever can, let her lend a hand."

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rare health and vigor to enable her to care for her own growth and culture, attend well to her children, keep her home full of comfort, and do the benevolent work that the world, the church, and God, claim at her hands

CHAPTER III.

WOMEN CAN HAVE HEALTH.

MULTITUDES believe that women are predestined to physical frailty, infirmity and illness. They look upon the vigorous, healthful woman, as abnormal and exceptional. In their minds there is a sort of indefinite, illogical connection between woman's physical disabilities and the fact that Eve was first in the transgression. They look upon her nervous and muscular inferiority as the result of a curse from God, and so, altogether inevitable. They understand and interpret Scripture bearing on that point as the defenders of slavery used to do before the Lord struck the shackles from our bond-people. They who saw the evils of the "peculiar institution," and yet found it an exceedingly convenient arrangement for themselves, shirked the responsibility upon Providence, pointing

always to the "cursed be Canaan" of the Noachian prophecy, the sending back of Hagar to her mistress, and the Apostle Paul remanding to servitude one of his converts.

These superficial, easy-going interpretations of Scripture, have gone down before the logic of events. The theory that throws upon the Lord the responsibility of having pre-doomed to physical suffering one half of His children, the half that is generally conceded to be the more loyal, obedient, and trustful, will fare no better in the clearer shining of the Divine light.

If all women are born under a curse, how do the savages manage to escape it? They do all the drudgery, and bear all the heaviest burdens, and yet they are exempt from physical limitations; and so, also, are women who do hard, out-door work, in Europe and America. If ill health were an inherited mark of Divine displeasure on account of Eve's sin, they who obey and trust the Lord ought to have a better chance of escape than heathen women have.

I think those old Scriptural words on this subject are simply a prophecy; as if God had said: "Because you have disobeyed me, sin and suffering have come into the world. As a result of the new order, or disorder, selfishness and sensuality will keep you delicately for your personal charms, shutting you up in seraglios, zenanas, harems, and the like, causing muscular deterioration, making you undersized, and inferior in strength; and so, 'in sorrow' shall your crippled, dwarfed life, be lived and reproduced."

Christianity has added fifteen years to the average life of the race. In nothing is its power more beneficently felt than in its giving women freedom for that physical culture that is necessary to health.

It demands only that in the broader opportunity they be gentle and amiable, true to their home-making instincts, and loyal ever to the Lord, who has ransomed them from the galling servitude. Only in the liberty wherewith Christ makes free, can they hope to come to their best.

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CHAPTER IV.

HYGIENIC HINTS.

I WILL venture a few suggestions in regard to health; though this, like most vital problems, must be wrought out by each individual adapting herself to the conditions in which she finds herself, and mastering them by force of will and faith.

You must believe that you can be well, and set about finding the laws of health for yourself. If your digestion is impaired, do not force your stomach to dispose of great quantities of greasy, "heavy," doughy compounds that are spiced and sweetened to tempt the appetite, after you have already eaten all that is necessary. Beware of "the surplus," as I heard the dessert called the other day. It is usually planned in the interests of dyspepsia; and many physical and domestic ills lie at its door.

There are certain simple rules that one can learn from observation, that can be obeyed by a little rigid self-denial, and that will save from many a sick headache, and keep one fit for active life days and weeks that would otherwise have to be spent in invalidism with its doses and dreariness.

It is said of one of our enormous brain-workers that he is also a good eater, taking plenty of simple, nourishing food. His rule is to tax his digestive apparatus only three times a day. He gives his stomach regular work, and no extras; and always, a half hour before eating, he stops study, so as to give the vitality a chance to leave the brain, and be ready to attend to taking care of supplies. After eating, he takes a similar rest. Probably students fail more frequently at this point than at any other. In the nervous, restless activity of crowding the mind to required effort, they crave and devour quantities of indigestible trash, -- I cannot call it food. The stomach of an ostrich would rebel against being obliged to convert it into nutritive

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matter, especially if the vital force were on duty in the cranium. A grain or so of common sense, in regard to the quantity and quality of what is swallowed, and the time of its being taken into the stomach, will save from the horrors of dyspepsia, those whose digestive apparatus is not hopelessly diseased.

I remember reading of a student who was obliged to leave college on account of inability to digest his food. While he was away, he was cured. When he came back, he offered to help the many others who were in similar trouble. He concluded that they would think more of a prescription that cost them something; besides, in the usual school impecuniousness, money would not come amiss; so he charged each five dollars, with the condition of secrecy. To their chagrin, they found that all there was of it was to knead the stomach and abdomen with their fists when there were symptoms of indigestion. If they had but known it, it was well worth the five dollars to understand that this little mechanical aid to enfeebled digestion, will save one from a deal of suffering.

Regular exercise in the open air is probably a better preventive, and even remedy; but when people are in the haste that characterizes young folks, it is almost impossible to get them to take their "constitutional" regularly; and when they do, they usually fall into a listless, die-away movement. Their thought, lounging about in the vicinity of their work, gets very little actual rest.

I suppose, to be in health, one ought every day to take exercise that will set the blood scouring through the veins, clearing them out, and making every cell of the lungs stretch itself to get its quota of oxygen. Girls are sometimes cheated out of their vitality by the proprieties that keep them on short rations of fresh air and vigorous exercise.

This mischief usually begins back near the cradle; and it strikes root in a mistaken understanding of the purpose of the child's life. The boy is trained to do, and his sister to be looked at. Everything is done to develop in him strong, energetic, independent individuality;

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and in her, softness and roundness, airiness and fluffiness, self-consciousness and vanity. He is dressed in blue or gray flannel, that can stand tumbling and dirt; and every time he gets on a little, in a muscular way, he is applauded and encouraged. She must wear a flimsy, white muslin, that is kept presentable only by starch and caution. It has three frills and a bow, and its "doing up" costs no end of work,—very pretty for exhibition, to be kept on a lay figure, or under glass; but not the thing at all in which an active, growing, little human, can exercise arms and legs; so as to develop strength. Mother, nurse, or somebody, must follow the child about, perpetually swinging, over the poor little head, the switch of warning, "Be careful, now; you'll soil your dress, and then you'll look like a fright!"

Talk about women being vain, and fond of dress! It is the Alpha and Omega of their training in their most susceptible years, unless a specially wise mother, or what is known as "hard circumstances," interfere to

give them a chance to come up simply and naturally.

In heathen countries the matter is not glossed over at all. It comes out in its bald ugliness. The girl is the property of her father or brother; her personal charms constitute her chief value; they must be preserved and enhanced at all costs, whether by the foot-torturing process, as in China, the shutting her up to greasy edibles for fattening, as in North Africa, or the cramping of her mind to the verge of inanity, as in India. She is brought up simply for the market. A worldly type of Christianity, that teaches a girl from her babyhood that there is nothing for her but to be sweet and pretty, so that she can get a good husband, is not many degrees above paganism. In the light from an open Bible, it is far more reprehensible. Sweet? To be sure you ought to be sweet; and so ought your brothers. There is no sex in moral qualities. Sweetness and gentleness are not incompatible with strength. On the contrary, one can afford to

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be sweet and gentle always, who knows that she has the ability to "hold her own." The scolding, fretting woman, whose file of a tongue would drive the wise man to live on the housetop, is often made what she is by her inability to cope with difficult circumstances.

Xantippe has always had my sympathy. Socrates married her, no doubt, from an intuition that she had the strength that would make her a fit mate for a man of thought; but he fell into his queer, inconsiderate, impracticable ways, and left her to take care of the family, while he was as indifferent as a bird of the air, whether or not there was an obolus to pay the bread bill. His heathenish opinion of a woman crops out in that wonderful death scene that Plato gives in *Phædo*. Socrates dismisses the women summarily, because he wants to die in peace. After making due allowance for Greek domestic wrong-doing, we can but conclude that a woman who was sent away from her husband's death-bed in that heartless way, had had enough to put up with during his life. If

she had had something to do by which she could easily have supported the household, very likely she would have left him undisturbed in his wool-gathering, and, no doubt, she would have come down to us as a most notably useful wife.

But to come back to our American girls. The daintiest of them have to breathe, as certainly as do pugilists and oxen; and usually, in each case, the amount of vigor depends upon the depth of the breathing. Vocal trainers have come to understand that; they have learned that "a good voice" is not a special endowment to which one is born, like the color of his eyes, and the lack of which he cannot hope to make up, any more than he can change the tint of the iris. Voice has been found to be a result of the action of so much well-fed, well-drilled muscle; and if one would keep it in strength, he must not only attend to his general health, and have every muscle at its best, but he must plan systematically for the taking in of large quantities of oxygen, to be used in the manufacture of vitality. A star

which she could hold, very likely disturbed in his she would have ably useful wife. American girls. breathe, as certain; and usually, vigor depends g. Vocal training. that; they have is not a special n, like the color which he cannot n he can change s been found to much well-fed, e would keep it y attend to his y muscle at its atically for the f oxygen, to be itality. A star

actor who expects to turn the heads of theatre-goers with the utterance of one sentence, prepares himself by daily gymnastic drill, giving as much time to the exercise of his feet and knees as if he expected to declaim with them. When he sent forth that cry of anguish that rang in the memory of the thousands who heard it, as an embodiment of human agony, every muscle in his body was called into exercise. It represented weeks of athletic drill. If one muscle had been flabby and unreliable, by just so much the effort would have been a failure.

Vocal trainers are coming to lay larger stress on the development and management of the muscles with which we breathe. Learn to breathe well, and you will have strength for what you need to do. I am not sure but the art of breathing will come yet to have a place in the curriculum of every school.

How shall you breathe? Fill your lungs. Lungs take room. You crowd them at your peril. They are easily compressed; and they

clog and decay easily, also. But slender waists are admired, and we must be slender, if we die for it, since being admired is the *summum bonum*. Never mind the lungs. What if you do make your life a perpetual weariness? You can brace up against that. What if Mother Earth does have to turn back her green coverlet, and let you creep into a grave years before you were meant to wear out? You must be slender and delicate, at all costs.

No, no! Make up your mind to give your lungs plenty of room. Get your shoulders out of the way. Hold your vertebral column perpendicular, and then use, in your breathing, the muscles just below the diaphragm. If your shoulders are moved up and down with each breath, you may be sure you are not breathing aright. The motion of each inspiration and expiration should be below the pit of the stomach. Every deep, full, sustained breath, adds just so much to your power to endure the strain of hard work that is necessary to excellence in whatever you undertake,

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HYGIENIC HINTS.

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and that is sure to come to you sooner or later, if you amount to anything in any line.

In this work of keeping one's self in health, perhaps we can give no better advice than that of Dr. Abernethy, an old English court physician of great skill and influence. After his death, there was found among his effects a tin box, that was supposed to hold the most valuable part of his bequests. It was opened with great care. It contained only a scrap of paper, on which was written: "Head cool, feet warm, digestion clear, starve the doctors." In order to keep the "head cool," it is necessary for the blood to circulate properly. It must be in the veins and arterics, about its business, keeping the scavenger work well done, and due vitality distributed to every part, rather than rushing into the brain, to endanger the blood-vessels there, drive the nerves wild, and bewilder the mind.

Suitable exercise is a great help toward keeping the blood where it belongs. I remember the horrible sensations that came over me the

first time I found myself fairly out upon the long Atlantic swells. My head seemed to be turning into a ball of fire, my feet into lumps of ice, and my stomach, — my pen draws back from an attempt at description. I fastened my eyes upon my book, as one by one the passengers fled below, some of them not to appear again for days. The more susceptible could not even get down-stairs, but were stretched here and there in their steamer-chairs, in all stages of the indescribable agony. The impulse of self-preservation roused my will to its utmost tension, and riveted my eyes upon the book. I read one page twenty times, more or less, without having the most remote idea of what the author was driving at. Just as I was about to succumb, and give up the battle as lost, I noticed a merry, little cricket of a girl, who was skipping about as unconcerned as one of Mother Carey's chickens. I touched her arm, as she flitted by with a glass of ice-water for one of the tormented. "Tell me, please," I moaned, huskily, "how you manage to keep

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up."—"Oh, I don't know. I just keep in motion, and don't think about it." I caught her little secret. A few rousing turns on the promenade deck, and the blood was out of my head, and back in my feet, and wherever else it belonged.

Why is not this a good remedy for faulty circulation on land as well as at sea.—suitable motion, and a proper management of the thinking?

I have heard of a Jesuit college where the rule is for every student to stop work once in two hours, and swing his chair around his head a given number of times.

Every movement of a muscle destroys a certain amount of tissue, and the blood has to rush to the rescue with new material, making good the waste. Exercise keeps it busy, so that it cannot clog and loiter, leaving worn-out matter to poison this or that vital organ.

Every one whose habits are sedentary, ought to go through a set of gymnastics every morning, after taking the bath and using the flesh-

brush,—exercise that will set the blood at work in earnest. It is easy enough. You need not lumber your bedroom with gymnasium apparatus, unless you choose to do so. You can raise yourself on your toes, a given number of times, and bend your knees, and twist your body this way and that, and swing your arms. Any hand-book of gymnastics will tell you how to be regular and systematic about it. It takes but little time. You will lose as much in one attack of sick headache as you need for your house gymnastics in two months.

During the day, when your feet and hands are beginning to grow cold, and your brain dull and muddy, it will freshen you, and you will get on enough faster to pay for the trouble, if you will stop and go through five minutes of exercise. Of course you will find that you cannot compress your chest after the wasp-waist pattern, nor hang your clothing in masses upon your hips, if you are to follow this regimen. Your garments must be so made and suspended

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that when you raise your shoulders the whole weight is lifted. You do not need much physiological knowledge to know that that style of dress is absolutely necessary to health. When it comes to a choice between a fine, strong, robust, vigorous *physique*, making it a joy to be alive, and dainty, delicate, and clinging helplessness, making you a burden to yourself and your friends, your common sense ought to settle the matter.

Some one has intimated that tight lacing is a public benefaction, because it kills off the silly women, and leaves the sensible ones for the work of life; but the worst of it is, it does not kill them outright. It dooms them to a living death; and leaves them on somebody's hands for support. If there could be an elegant, well-appointed funeral, that would end the misery, it would not be so serious a matter as it is.

In Greek lands, and in the time in which Paul wrote, the woman was under heathenish disabilities, that made her the "weaker vessel."

Christianity could not emancipate her from them all at once, any more than it could set free the slaves, or abolish the drinking customs. Eighteen Christian centuries have brought us a great way from the barbarisms of the polished Greeks. Let not women professing godliness lean backward toward those paganish days, by choosing delicacy, instead of strength. Extraordinaries excepted, you may have good health, if you will live by hygienic law. As most women dress, if they have even passable health, it is owing to a miracle of endurance. The animal has not yet been made that could be well, if its breathing apparatus were compressed into the smallest possible compass by boards of whalebone and steel lashed down with ropes, while heavy masses of woollen and cotton goods were hung upon that part of the body that was least able to carry the weight.

In heeding our old doctor's advice, you must not neglect the clothing of your feet. The feet have been called a gateway through which diseases enter. Men do not trust their feet on

the damp ground without a good half-inch of sole-leather between them and danger. But a sylph-like tread is a prime feminine charm, and calf-skin bootees are quite incompatible with fairy footsteps; so you decide in favor of paper soles, sore throats, and elegant tombstones.

The development and strength of your muscle and nerve are as certainly according to law as are those of your brother. If you live as simply and as naturally as he does, you may be well and strong, as surely as he. Harriet Hosmer, our American sculptress, is an illustration in point. Her father, a New-England physician, had lost, by consumption, all his family but this one daughter. He detected pulmonary disease in her before she was nine years old. He determined to save her, if possible; so he taught her to run and row, to climb and swim, to fish and hunt, and to do all the other things by which boys make muscle. He developed in her strength for hard study, and nerve to overcome the difficulties that lay in her way.

In those dark days, medical colleges were shut against women. She went from one to another to get admission to the lectures on anatomy, that were necessary to her success in sculpture. At last she was admitted to a St. Louis college; but the students, in their coarse selfishness, determined to drive her away. She went to a shooting-gallery and practiced till she became a dead shot. Then, with her pistol in her belt, she went back to her lectures; and the chivalrous young gentlemen concluded to let her alone. Not altogether Christian, possibly, this method of self-defence, yet it proved effectual. Her father's training not only saved her life, but it gave her courage for the unusual *role* she had chosen. During her early years in Rome, brigands were plentiful and desperate upon the Campagna; and yet, in spite of the protests of the American Minister, she used to take her health-gallops outside the walls without guard or escort.

Galen called occupation "a prime remedy." I believe nothing is more certainly conducive to

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health than to have something to do that is worth the doing.

Among the mild magazine stories over which I wasted my time in childhood, I remember one about a rich young widow, who was not called to anything in particular, and who had neither the common sense nor the grace to make for herself an avocation, and who, consequently, was dying by inches of *ennui*. It seems she went to her cousin, a wise old doctor, for a prescription, and he ordered a certain root that grew in his garden, but which he had not time then to hunt up. Could not John find it? Indeed not; it would never do to turn John loose in that choice corner of the garden. There was a description of it in that Botany. She might go out and hunt for it; but no one else could be trusted there. That fallacy, with an occasional variation, was kept up till she found that digging in the ground in the fresh air was the real root of healing, for which he was making her hunt.

While many women become invalids, and die

from faulty dressing or overwork, there are not a few who sink into valetudinarianism because, like Fanny Dombey, they will not "make an effort."

If you want to be well and strong, it will help you more than you can now understand, to decide to do something worth the doing; prepare yourself to do it well, and then do it "heartily as unto the Lord." He did not mean you to be simply an ornamental appendage of the family or community to which you belong,—a sort of sentient, lay figure, on which to hang pretty looks, graceful manners, and fine clothing, for a few years, and then to fade into the background out of the way of other similar lay figures that "must have their day." He has grand, noble work for you to do, that no other can touch, and that must remain unwrought forever, unless you take it in hand. He has not laid you under a six-thousand-year-old curse, pre-dooming you to physical incompetency. He wants you to enjoy and grow, to work and succeed. Consecrate your body to

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Him, all its powers to be used not in pleasing the world, yourself, or your friends, but the Lord who bought you, and to get this sorrowful race back into His sunlight. Take the best care of it for His sake, and then trust Him to do the best possible by that which you have committed to Him. Thus may you have free, glad, abounding health, for He says, "I am the Lord that healeth thee."

CHAPTER V.

IN BOOKS.

LIKE the peri outside the gates of Paradise, woman has long stood before the blessed, beautiful book-world, hedged from its glories, forbidden to sip its ambrosia, or take deep draughts of its soul-strengthening waters. The wisest and most thoughtful have believed her born under ban, prenatally doomed to a subject life, and they have feared lest mental culture would unfit her for the duties of her lowly, limited sphere, or make her discontented with her lot.

As late as the sixteenth century, Françoise de Saintoigne attempted to establish girls' schools in France; and she was hooted at in the streets. Her father called in four doctors, learned in the law, to investigate her case, and decide whether or not she was possessed by demons that moved her to such a hopeless and impious task as trying to teach girls to read!

About a century ago, Dean Swift published "A Letter to a Young Lady on her Marriage." It was received without dissent, as nearly as I can find. Indeed, I think it was looked upon as an excellent bit of advice to a young gentleman. It certainly was in harmony with the spirit of the times. He says: "It is hard that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue; but it is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can they attain to it in their whole lives. I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness. But there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider that after all the pains you may be at, you never can rise, in point of learning, to the perfection of a school-boy. Your sex give more thought and application to be fools, than to be wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a certain sort of species, hardly a de-

gree above a monkey, who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might, in time, be a tolerable critic of velvet and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them."

It was not because parents were unjust and cynical, that they held their daughters back from education. The majority, like the father of Mary Somerville, believed it dangerous to permit the scraggy, mathematical quantities to enter the soft convolutions of a woman's brain. That good man forbade the servants to let Miss Mary have candles in the evening, by which she could see to read her text-books, because he was sure that, if so indulged, she would study herself into insanity.

The friends of Lydia Maria Child were so afraid that she would disgrace them, by acquiring coarse, masculine airs, if permitted to become bookish, that they obliged her to write over a *non de plume*. The notoriety of having her name appear in the public prints, as the author of books, would certainly rob her, they

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Every girl who reads this ought to stop just
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blessed evangel is scattering this darkness.
The wise and thoughtful are coming to know
that God has given women mental powers that
demand opportunity and scope, and that are
needed in His service.

If the premise had been true, that education
would make women disagreeable, rough, and self-
asserting, the conclusion at which those earlier
good people arrived, might have been correct, and
their caution necessary. When French think-
ers, under the new *regime*, proposed to do some-
thing towards giving girls a better knowledge
of books, Romish priests and bishops protested
energetically. "If you fill the heads of the
women with history, literature, and philosophy,
there will be an end of religion. They are now
our main dependence in church services. Men

never go to the confessional. We must keep the women where we can manage them, or our churches will be empty." Their plan seems to have been to have the girls sent to convent schools, where they would be given a smattering of some polite language, a little music, a few petty accomplishments, and graceful manners, and where their hearts would be kept whole and safe for the matrimonial market; then, when they were "finished," and sent out with the "society" trade-mark on them, they might go to the highest bidder, who would give them all but the one thing a true woman must have,—genuine respect and love. The priests, meanwhile, would manipulate the affairs of rich, dominant families, instituted in that way, through the weakness and superstition of women held loyal to the confessional. No wonder they raised an outcry against the liberal education of girls. The men of India put the same thing more baldly when they say, "It is all we can do to live with our wives, and horsewhip them once a week. If they were taught to

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read, they would be so puffed up, they would drive us out of the house."

The shadow of heathenism still hangs over some Christian homes, where the daughters are made to pass through the fire to the Moloch of fashion, where "strong-mindedness," which is supposed to come from familiarity with books, is dreaded far more than incompetency, or sin, because, forsooth, it is incompatible with the glosses of "society."

The only remedy for this is found in Christ's love and light. Let parents and daughters, teachers and pupils, become imbued with a sense of the world's need, and learn that womanly strength and tact are needed for the amelioration of its sorrows. Let all bring their choicest treasures, and lay them at Christ's feet, and they will soon come to see that they must make the most of each, man or woman, for His sake, and to help on His cause.

I know a woman who, in her childhood, hungered for books, as few persons ever do. I remember seeing her, in her backwoods home,

lugging about a small turkey, while she "watched the gap," through which her father drove his wagon-load of sheaves during the harvest. Some books of natural history, of such sterile Latinity that I doubt if they ever had place in any curriculum, had drifted into the cabin, and this wee starveling moused through them till she could string the scientific terms all over her turkey, faneying that, by that "analysis," she was learning something. Then she would lay the "big Bible" on a chair, and wonder her way through the Levitical law. In an old volume from John Wesley's pen, she would study how to make an earthquake, or she would hide away from the other children to dream over the old *Spectator*, with its queer gossip about the beaux and belles of Queen Anne's day. Very little effort was made to educate her. "Oh, she'll pick up enough to do her!" they said. "We must give the bcys a chance; they'll make their mark in the world yet. There may be a United States senator, or a president among them; nobody knows." So

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the little maid was trained to do only what would "help the boys." She wrought their "sums," and wrote their "compositions," while they studied mischief. She never dreamed that there was any injustice in this adjustment; but she had one little, pet fancy, that was never told. She was going to die some day; and she prayed often that it might be soon; and then she would know all the wonderful things that the boys were going to learn when they went to college, and that were not for girls to study in this world.

Her brothers went to their professional studies, and she took the pleasant task of helping "another girl's brother," with similar work. As the kind Father would have it, her husband proved to be clear-eyed, large-souled, and unselfish; and he set about inspiring her with courage for herself, trying to make her understand that God had given her mental powers, and she owed it to Him to make the most of them for His work. A wearisome task had he in straightening out the "casto" notions into which her

mind had been warped. It was a basal belief with her that the work of a woman for the world's bettering could be done only through father, brother, husband, or son. Not till she gave herself fully to the Lord, and He had made her "free, indeed," did she allow herself to think that she could utter or write a word that could directly be of service. Since then, she has done what she could; but she will suffer a lifelong loss from the lack of systematic drill and careful training.

Perhaps on the back porch of a city home, or under the trees in the country, some young girl, whose life has been begun like that of my friend, may read this; and I want to entreat her, for the dear Christ's love, to begin at once to make the most of herself, by systematic drill, for His work.

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CHAPTER VI.

WOMEN MUST STUDY.

AT last it is conceded, in Protestant christendom, that women have the ability to learn. The woman who thinks, is no longer looked upon as a *lusus naturæ*. "She claims her license in her work."

In spite of the disabilities of the selfish centuries, there have been women who were strong enough to crowd through the thorny hedges of prejudice and ostracism, and achieve excellence. George Eliot and Mrs. Stowe, in fiction; Madame de Stael, in philosophy; Mrs. Somerville, in mathematics; Mrs. Browning, in poetry; and since the dawn of the better era, instead of here and there a Susannah Wesley, or Elizabeth Fry, we have had a host of philanthropists and reformers, who stand forth in the light of the Coming Day they are helping to bring in.

The thoughtful are saying, "If women could govern empires at second-hand, as did those who ruled French kings, what could they not do when permitted to wield an honorable, acknowledged sceptre?" A response is found in the fact that the three periods of brilliancy in English thought were the reigns of the three queens, Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria.

God uses the talent of women. They do nine-tenths of the public school-teaching; and, recently, they have been given an opportunity to try their hand at "higher education." In many colleges and universities they have a place in the faculty. They do their full share of work as religious teachers, though comparatively few are salaried pastors. They do three-fourths of the Sunday-school teaching, a large part of the preaching among the Friends, beside filling many other Protestant pulpits. Among Romanists, though held closely to the service of their church, they wield immense influence; and they are permitted to hold and manage the finance of their establishments.

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women. They do school-teaching; and, even an opportunity for education." In cities they have a do their full share, though compara- s. They do three- teaching, a large g the Friends, be- protestant pulpits. held closely to the y wield immense mitted to hold and r establishments.

WOMEN MUST STUDY.

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They also administer the sacraments in extreme cases.

As the priestess at the home shrine, as mother, wife, sister or daughter, the woman has measureless power. By her advice "conscience cases" are settled, that turn strong feet this way or that. The creed of most men is simply an amplification of "my mother said so." The architect who built the light-house of Pharos, put the name of his king upon the wonderful structure. The first generation read it, but it was only in stucco. It crumbled off, and left cut in stone, to be read through the ages, the name of the architect, Sostratos of Cuydus, son of Dexiphanes. The mother writes her thought upon the child's soul; and though other hands may bury it with their scrawls, it will come out at last and remain throughout eternity.

Phidias cut his name on the buckle of the girdle of his statue of Minerva so skillfully, that to remove the name would destroy the statue. The mother's inwrought thought

abides; and happy is the child in whose spirit the tracing is by a steady, though gentle hand, and under the dictation of God.

The home is the conservator of the civilization, and the condition of its women the indicator of its progress. Where women are honored the home is noble, and the civilization safe and strong. Under that exquisite Greek cultus, a woman who aspired to any thought above her distaff and gossip, did so at the risk of an Aspasian fame. The city of Minerva became a splendid ruin, and the descendants of the followers of Plato, serfs and pirates. Rome went down only when her matrons became ignorant, weak, and vain. The religion of the Cross struck root upon the Seven Hills only when Paula and her noble friends cut loose from their "society" entanglements, and joined with Jerome in studying the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Have you read Bishop Thomson's description of the Taj Mahal, the tomb of an Indian empress? Madame de Staël calls architecture

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"frozen music." The Taj seems to be the crystallized dream of a poet. The flowers that ornament the interior of the dome are inlaid precious stones; but oh, the human misery which this miracle of beauty commemorates! For seventeen years, twenty thousand poor men were forced to work upon it without pay, their rations so cut down by rapacious officials that multitudes of them died of starvation. And now, even at its base, little children in their play utter such impure things as may not enter a Christian's most unguarded thought!

An empire of two hundred millions held in subjection by a few of the soldiers of a Christian queen! Nothing can save India from sinking beneath the pitchy waves of her own corruption, but to have her women taught the self-respect and dignity that come only from the religion of Jesus.

With all that is upon their hands, women need to be trained to sure, steady, reliable thinking. Niebuhr prays to be delivered from

the "stupid good people." Much of the harm and loss from which Christ's cause suffers, comes from the ill-advised efforts of well-meaning saints. They think a little way into an important matter; their thought strikes a prejudice, and is turned out of its course. They act upon the conclusion, however, as energetically as if they had gone straight through the matter. Upon no question has there been such prejudiced action on the part of truly conscientious people as upon this.

If women are to teach, they must learn the truth. They must know the way over which they guide others. They must be able to work through a difficult problem, whether it be the management of a child, or a nation's finance. They cannot shirk the responsibility. God has given them the future. They cannot do strong, straight thinking, without being trained in thought. Every one who helps shape a home, by laying her hand on the lives of others, must use the ordinary processes of education in developing in herself clearness, vigor, reliability,

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—making herself strong for whatever the Lord
calls her to do. Let Euclid and Virgil train
her to thoroughness and steadiness. Then can
she “look well to the ways of her household”;
she can “take the laboring oar” in any of the
great philanthropies of the day; “strength and
honor shall be her clothing,” and God’s “Well
done,” her crown.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW?

ACCORDING to the old proverb, "Where there's a will, there's a way." If a girl makes up her mind that she must have college training, or its equivalent, in order to do the work the Lord has for her, she will generally find a way to secure that opportunity.

I know it is a great deal harder for girls to "work their way" than it is for boys. There are fewer things for them to do. They can hardly go about shovelling snow and sawing wood. Anna Dickinson, at the front as a lecturer, might refer with pride to the fact that she swept Philadelphia cross-walks to get money to buy a book; but mediocre women would not care to speak of having performed such menial service.

If your parents are rich, unless they are unusually wise, you have greater obstacles to

overcome in securing a liberal education, than you would have if they were poor. "Society" claims you before you are out of your cradle; and she is a harder mistress than poverty.

To acquire an education, is like becoming a Christian; the work begins with a thrusting out of self. One who is born in affluence has usually everything to pamper self. Much is said, *pro* and *con*, about "self-made people"; and some one has attempted to clinch the argument in favor of college training by the weak witticism that to be self-made means to be badly made; while, in fact, if one is educated, it is always by his own efforts;—self-made, if made at all. Professors, libraries, and other school helps, are most serviceable, but they are mere helps. One has to master, by will and faith, the inherent indolence, the propensity to dawdle, and the desire for cheap admiration. Otherwise, all the college courses in christendom, with all their prizes and parchments, fail to educate.

The woman who is designed for "society,"

like the devotee of the confessional, must not be liberally educated, lest she be spoiled for the narrow, pretty *role* she is to play. So, in this matter, the girl who is poor has an advantage over one who is rich.

Make up your mind that, if it please God, you will have university training. If your parents are well-to-do, you can bring them to see this need, if you go about it in the quiet, sweet fashion, girls have of getting what they want. When you go home, for vacations, let them see such improvement in you that they will not repent, and change their course.

If you are poor, lay aside your pride and sensitiveness. Nothing that is honest is dishonorable, no matter what the world says. Be sensible and economical in dress, amusements, associations, and the like. Have faith in God, and you will find the "great iron gates" swinging open before you of their own accord.

Let me cite an instance: A young woman, a widow, without property, made up her mind to give her two daughters classical education.

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She, herself, supervised their primary instruction. Then, as they grew toward womanhood, she placed the older, who had musical talent, under the best teachers; though, to do so, made it necessary that mother and daughters should economize so carefully as seldom to have more than one presentable dress, and no finery. At sixteen, the young lady began to teach music. She taught her way through college, and helped her sister, also, through a classical course; and they both graduated without debt.

I remember the first "girl graduate" in medicine whom I ever met. I had been told that she learned to work in a silver-plating establishment, and saved her wages to pay college bills. I looked at her somewhat inquisitively, for a girl who could do so much, must have grown rough, and masculine, withal; but a sweeter, more delicate soul, was nowhere to be found.

In a Western college, one of the lady professors, whom all love and honor, is not at all ashamed to let it be known that she "worked her way," in other people's kitchens, while she

took a university course of study, serving for her board during term time, and for wages through vacations.

Plan to do the best possible work for our Lord. Make the most thorough preparation; and trust Him to open the way for this when your own energies and resources fail.

In spite of earnest purpose, and severest self-denial, poverty, your duty to others, or ill health, may hopelessly hedge your way. Then, what? Keep in the sunlight of assured confidence that God knows, and cares, and He will surely help you, since He has given you this desire to fit yourself for strong work. Get a catalogue of the college you would most like to enter. Begin with the preparatory course, and plod patiently through the text-books, one by one, even though you have to be your own teacher. There is a great deal that is helpful in the professor's influence, and in the surroundings of college life; yet I have found, in examining students, that those who were obliged to teach themselves, had learned most thoroughly

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their lessons. They had not had recitation-room hints, prompting or suggesting teachers to help them over hard places. They had been obliged to know what they did know in a thoroughly reliable manner.

But how can you get time for study? By saving the minutes from the interminable confidential talks to which young people are addicted ; by simplicity in dress ; and by self-denial in amusements, you can go through a college course, though it will probably take more years than are usually given to that work.

If you were in school, the main point for you to make would be to acquire a habit of conquering obstacles. When you have disciplined yourself to meet difficulties with a patient courage, confident that by brave, steady plodding, you can get through them, the work is really done, whether or not you ever hear a college bell.

Take, for instance, the mastering of a language. You open a Spanish reader, and every word has a strange, perplexing look. You feel

as if you had been carried, blindfold, into the heart of a wood where you had never been before, and when the bandage was removed from your eyes, you could not even tell the points of the compass. The natural impulse is to give up, and wait for a guide. You must have a teacher, or you can never learn Spanish. But you cannot have a teacher, and you must learn Spanish. You get a grammar, and begin with the alphabet. "A has the sound of a in father." Simple enough. "B has the same sound as in English, except where it is softened into v." You commit to memory the exceptions, and so you creep along, inch by inch, till you are able to repeat the principles that underlie the structure and use of the language.

Obstacles mastered develop strength. A mountaineer springs fearlessly from cliff to cliff. Every danger, met and conquered, has steadied his courage and strengthened his muscle, till his step has become as sure as that of the rock-goat. Many go through college, using the canes and crutches for such cases made and pro-

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vided. The few do the work that develops a mental vigor which is of untold value in the labor of life.

When college training is quite beyond reach, there is yet, in this generous land, enough of other helps to enable one to work through the necessary self-discipline, even though the obstacles are mountains high.

Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," supported his family at the anvil, while he studied Latin and Greek. Mary Somerville, with few teachers, or text-books, became a mathematician of the first order. Frederic Douglass, though born a slave, has reached a commanding position.

But some of you sit with your eyes fastened on the ground as if you had little heart or hope for anything. You say you have no special talent, in any direction. You have failed where others have succeeded. There are unbreakable fetters that hold you back from excellence; some forged by your own carelessness and folly; others by the sins of those to whom you

are bound. It is too late for you to attempt to accomplish anything. The "might-have-beens" are stranded craft that ought to warn every young sailor to do his best while he has opportunity, and yet there may be hope for you. Let us see. You may not regain what you have lost.

"The tender grace of a day that is dead
May never come back" —

to you; yet God lets you live for some good purpose.

Consecrate at once to our Lord what is left of opportunity, and trust Him to make all He can of it, in any service for which He may see it available. Remember that it will matter little what He bids you to do. Anything for Him is honor enough for anybody. Then set about developing your powers for His sake, "whose you are, and whom you serve." Determine to be all you can for Him. Plan a course of reading. Cut off all time-wasting habits. Study your Bible a half hour every day. Read some solid, strong author, a half hour each day; and as soon

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Learn to study while you are at work. Much
of your daily toil can become mechanical, leav-
ing your mind free for other service. You can
repeat *amo, amas, amat*, while you are drawing
the thread through the cloth, or working at the
ironing-board.

Take, as your motto, the passwords by which
the Waldensians recognized each other when
they were hiding from their persecutors, "For
love of Christ," and "In His name." With His
blessing, you cannot fail to secure the training
that will fit you to do your best in the Master's
service.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GIFTS.

A YOUNG minister wrote to an older one, complaining of the smallness of his congregation. The other wrote in reply: "I think you will find in the Day of Judgment, that you have had quite as many to speak to as you will care to answer for."

Many, like the man with one talent in the parable, fancy that they would do something in the world if they had been better endowed; but, as it is, it is hardly worth while to try; so they drift with the years, and fail utterly of the good they might have done.

In human lives the difference in outcome is not so much from difference in original endowment, as in a diligent use or neglect of natural gifts.

There were thousands of women in England as gifted as Florence Nightingale; but they

neglected their chance to "help just a little," while she made the most of hers. She wrote to a friend, who asked for something of her life to publish: "There is little to be said about me. God has permitted a woman of very ordinary ability to do a little for Himself. He has done it all; I, nothing. The only thing is, I never denied Him anything."

If one is in business, it is wiser for him to know the amount of his capital, invest it carefully, and, by sure and quick returns, to make it amount to the most, rather than to invest heedlessly, so that a little monetary gale will wreck his craft. It is better for each of us to know what gifts we have, and then make all we can of them.

Talents grow by exercise. Witness the blacksmith's arm, and the singer's voice. Parepa Rosa received thousands a night for her singing. Firm and strong as were the muscles of her throat, she did not trust them before the public without daily practice of the scales.

VIII.

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As we mean to be and do all we can for the sake of Him to whom we belong, let us not strain after gifts that He did not see fit to give us, but let us develop those we have by careful constant exercise. The Bible rule is, he that is faithful in little shall be trusted with much; and to him that hath, shall more be given. You may spend a lifetime in self-scrutiny, trying to determine whether or not you have this or that gift, and thus lose the chance of using the talent that is yours beyond question.

There are a few things for the use of which you know you must give account. See to it that you make the most of them. Foremost among them is time.

The time of the daughter of a well-to-do family is not regarded as of much account. It has little monetary value. You and your brother have come home from school. He is set at business, or to secure professional standing. He gets up in the morning with the air of one of the "producers" upon whom somebody is going to depend. He draws on his overcoat,

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and sets his hat down on his head, as if he expected to be of some use, and steps off down street with a brisk, business-like movement, as if it would make some difference with affairs if he were not in his place "on time." You get up when you please, spend as much time on your "frizzes" and "bangs" as you like, read as many wishy-washy stories as you choose, gossip idly with others who have nothing in particular to do, make and receive as many interminable visits as happen to be convenient, tangle and untangle silks and worsteds *ad infinitum*. Your muscle grows flaccid. Your mind deteriorates. *Ennui* seizes you. You flirt with some weak-brained carpet knight, simply for the sake of a sensation. Your soul is starved. You have a sense of general good-for-nothingness. When you marry, they say you have thrown yourself away; though for the time you are grateful to anybody who will take you off your own hands, and, by giving you a house to keep, will help you find a "vocation." Then, ten chances to one, your troubles begin

in good earnest. Incompetent servants, ill health, nervousness, financial reverses, and the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to, come in troops. Your hands are full of duties that demand the steadiest nerve, clearest brain, and strongest faith.

Aurora Leigh says:—

“The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary. . . .
Or else, at best, a cushion, where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be, for your sake. Alas, alas!
This hurts most, this, that after all we're paid
The worth of our work, perhaps.”

Your accomplishments, as they are called,—the making of slippers, cushions, and the like, in a pretty, tasteful fashion,—are not to be frowned down. No Barebones Parliament, nor Blue Laws Congress, can legislate out of a woman's nature the love for artistic combinations of form and color; yet the real value of knick-knacks of that sort is, that they give

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one's home a sweet, bright, cheery look, an air that welcomes the outside workers at evening, and charms away their weariness, like the tea-kettle song and the hearth-cricket in Dickens' little story. They are worth their weight in diamonds, when love and tenderness are wrought into every stitch. But oh, the folly of putting up such things for sale, to pay for the parsonage, or cushion the church! One might as well attempt to sell bird-songs, dewdrops, and rainbows.

The girls want to do something to help along! Poor things! They cannot earn anything to give. Their time is regarded valueless. So they are required to

"Sew, sew, prick their fingers, dull their sight,"

and the net profits on their products are less than the earnings of one day in a good, paying avocation.

Talk about women never producing masterpieces of art! Many a one has frittered away enough taste upon chenille, arasine, and

"crazy" work, to have made her a Tintoretto, if she had given the time to the study of art, and had had opportunity and scope for the exercise of her talent.

The world is coarse, rough and hard, in its politics, its philanthropies, its worship. It needs everywhere the Christly gentleness, the tender patience, that women learn beside cradles and dying beds. The woman's aspirations, sweet and holy, should be wrought into epic and statue, picture and cathedral. Holmes said: "No wonder Balzac wrote good novels. He dug them out of a woman's heart." Out of the woman's heart must come the sweetness that shall heal the bitter waters of this world's misery.

The charities have been growing strong and practical during the last quarter of a century, because the King's daughters have been giving their strength to them, instead of to the pettiness in which they were held during the un-Christ-like ages. Industrial schools for poor little waifs, who will surely slip into the quick-

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MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GIFTS. 87

sands unless they are taught by some one to
earn their bread honestly; flower missions, car-
rying brightness to "the least of those" who
are shut away from the sunshine; and the
blessed sisterhood of the White Cross, reaching
down to save those for whom nobody has
cared,—oh, how much there is for us to do, if
we will only "find time" for it!

For His sake who watches the humblest of
His workers, let us hold each minute as too
precious to waste on trifles, "redeeming the
time, for the days are evil."

CHAPTER IX.

BREAD-WINNING.

PROBABLY the majority of the young ladies who read this book, earn their own living. But one says, "I am living at home. My father and brothers support me." You do not mean to say you live in idleness, do you?

"No, indeed. I am up as early, and work as late, and as hard as anybody about the house. But I don't call that earning my own living."

It seems that you work for nothing, and call your board and clothing a gift. How is it with your brothers? Do they think they earn their own living?

"Well, I fancy it wouldn't be quite the thing to hint that anybody else supports them. But then, it is different with boys, you know."

Why should it be different? There is nothing gained by calling things by the wrong name. If they earn their living, you earn

yours. In our country, both boys and girls become responsible for their own acts at twenty-one.

“But we ought to help our parents”

To be sure, boys and girls alike, owe parents a debt that they can never repay. On the other hand, parents owe it to their children to train them so that they can take care of themselves. In order to that, they must develop in them those most important elements of character, self-respect and self-reliance. If you are in service for which you receive nothing, and in the attitude of a recipient of bounty, you can hardly help being deficient in those same elements of character.

Wise parents make their daughters, as well as their sons, equal to self-support. But it is not “according to the customs,” as the Chinese say. I have read that the Duke of Argyle apprenticed a son to a tea merchant. I doubt if even he were brave enough to apprentice his daughter to a milliner.

Perhaps your parents and brothers delight so

in having you in the home, and in giving you expressions of love and tenderness, it never enters their minds that you can need to be developed in ability to support yourself. In view of the fact that you are liable any day, by their death or impoverishment, to be thrown upon your own resources, you ought to think and plan for yourself. Allow me to add that you must be sweet and gentle, with all your independent thinking, or you will lose more than you gain. There is little to fear, however, in a well directed, candid facing of this question, or from its result. I have observed that they who most respect themselves, and are surest of their own standing, are most just, generous, and self-controlled. It is the incompetent, and those who are conscious of being kept out of their own, who do the fretting and scolding.

As a true Christian woman, you cannot do otherwise than always treat your parents with reverence and love. Yet you need not shut your eyes to the fact that if you do a servant's work, you really earn a servant's wages,—

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BREAD-WINNING.

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your board, and two, three, or four dollars a week. As a permanent and interested member of the household, your service is worth double that of the best servant. You save, as well as earn, and the proverb is, "A penny saved is two pence earned." It is in your power to fill the home with order, economy, comfort, and good cheer; and they are beyond price, even in their influence upon the more conspicuous bread-winners.

It is to be hoped that you will have a home of your own some day,—a home so affluent and full of unselfish love, that this common, mercenary question will never dare intrude. After the favor and service of God, that is His best gift, and most to be desired. Monetary, political, or literary success, is poverty-stricken failure, without this heart's rest. Aurora Leigh says:—

"My Father, Thou hast knowledge, only Thou,
How dreary 't is for women to sit still
On wintry nights, by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off.

Too far! Ay, praising our quick sense of love,
Our very heart of passionate womanhood,
Which could not beat so in the verse without
Being present also in the unkissed lips,
And eyes undried because there's none to ask
The reason they grow moist.'

The opposite of that dreary life is the pretty dream that floats ever, sweet and airy, through a young girl's fancy. How often is it scattered like morning frost-work in the plain daylight of hard facts! Think of the sad-faced, wrinkled, heavy-hearted women about you. They all dreamed that same dream. One was widowed before marriage; another, soon after; while a third saw the fine, handsome fellow on whose arm she leaned so proudly that wedding morning, go down under the black waves of intemperance. A fourth has had a world of trouble with her children; and the worst of it is, her conscience lays the blame at the door of her own incompetency.

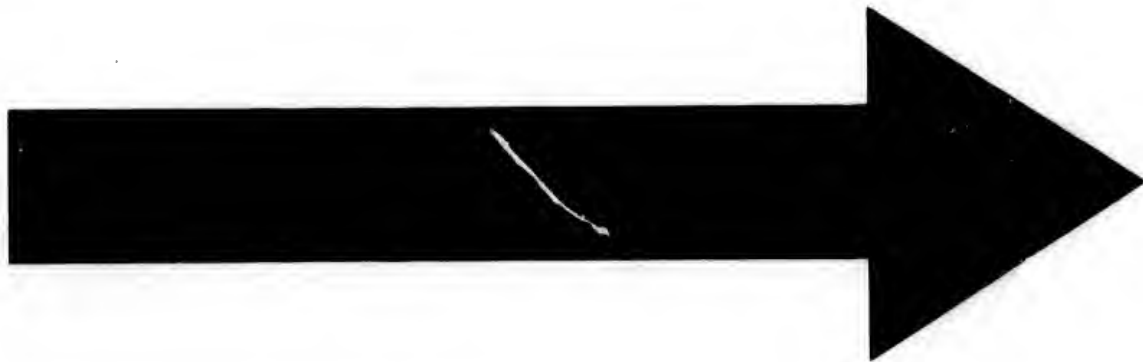
Your hopefulness paints the future in azure and gold. God grant that your dreams be real.

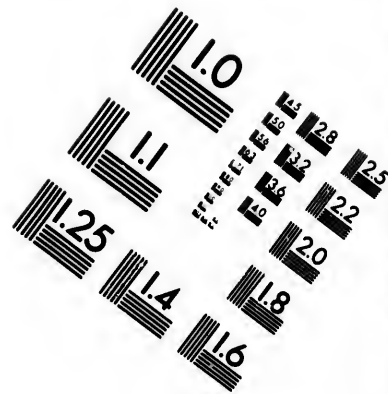
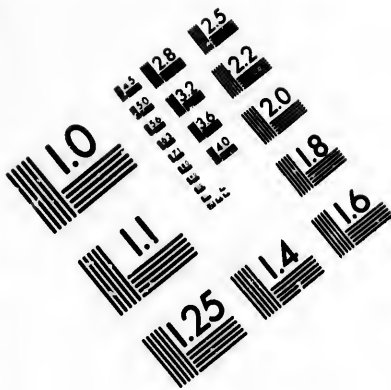
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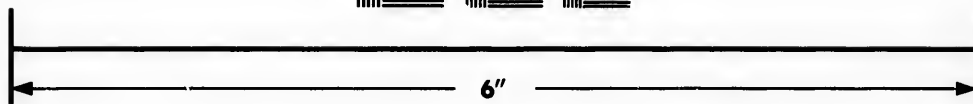
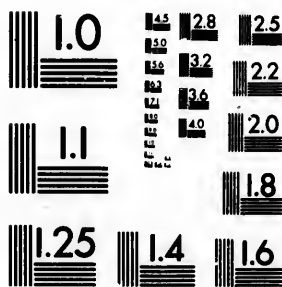
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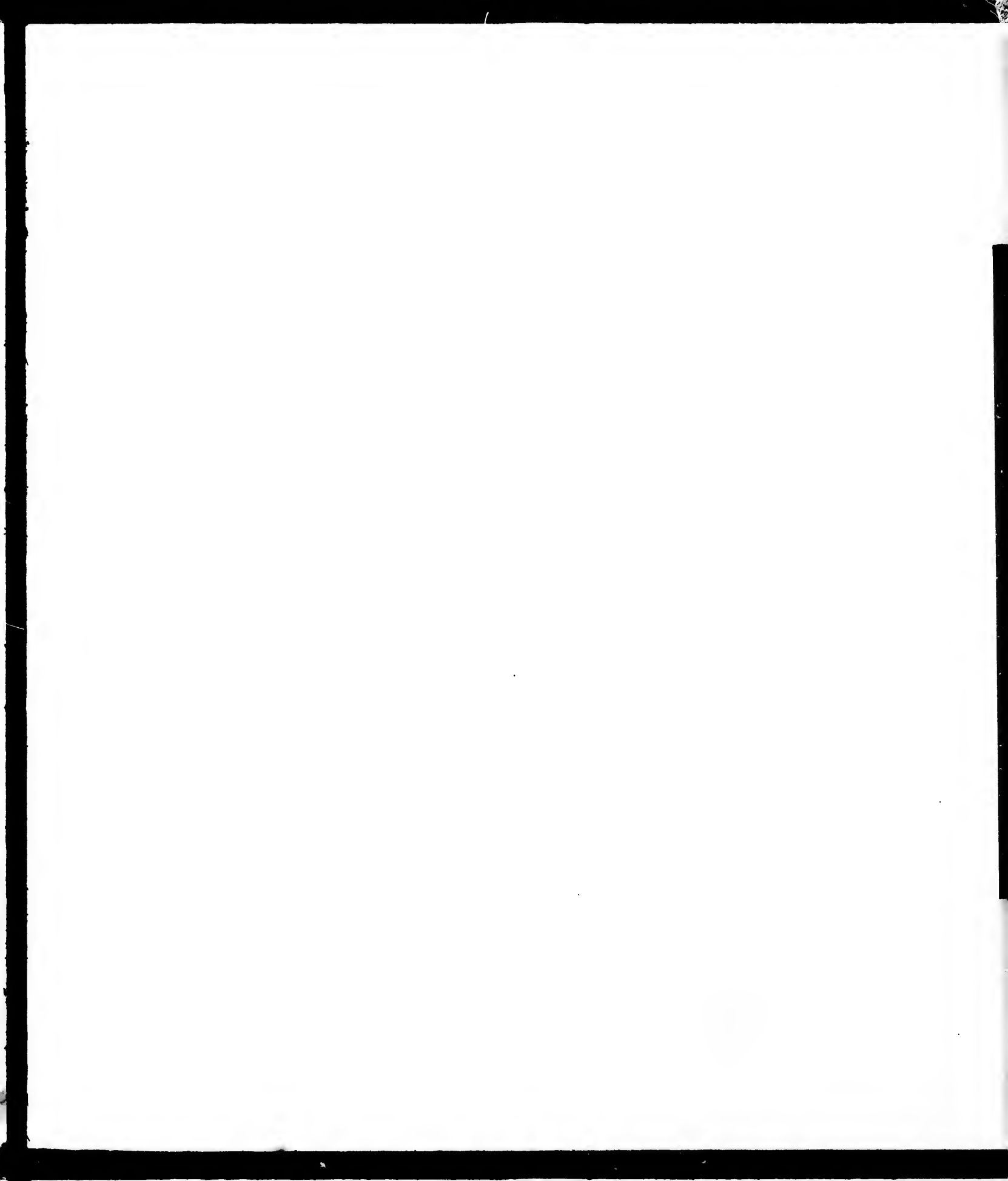
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ized. There is so great a preponderance of probability that they will fail, it is wise to prepare for failure. You will find yourself thereby the better fitted to enjoy success. Suppose the man who "was meant" for you does not die, nor marry anybody else, nor lose his way in finding you, and you really settle to the beautiful, blessed business of making a home, you will find that, for even the material side of your work, you need most thorough preparation.

Every girl ought to be carefully trained in housekeeping, even if she is never to marry. She ought to know, for herself, how a living-place can be made comfortable and delightful. Every woman ought to have "a home of her own," husband or no husband. It adds to her dignity to have a house, over which she presides, where she dispenses hospitality and charity, bearing her part, as a responsible member of the community, and church.

If a young lady is properly trained in domestic economy, she can begin with her husband at

the foot of the financial ladder and work upward. I know of no happier bit of temporality than the adding of item after item of comfort and refinement to a small, new home, — seeing it grow into symmetry and elegance under two pairs of loving hands.

Many a young lady who has been brought up in indolent helplessness has had to reject the man who had captured her heart, because she knew she would be only a showy burden. Marrying for a home, she has been guilty of what blunt old Dr. Clark calls "legalized adultery." In her empty-hearted luxury, she knows that she has made shipwreck of the best that this world could give.

While a girl is under the care of her mother, who is usually the best and most unselfish instructor, she need not be half a lifetime learning the simple details of housework.

Some are years in learning to read their own language. They blunder along, stumbling over the hard word, unable to render plainly a single paragraph. No trouble is, they do not fix their attention on what they are doing.

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For the same reason, girls are sometimes a great while in learning to keep house, and never do learn it thoroughly.

Suppose you make up your mind to be a good housekeeper, and say to yourself: “I am going to learn to make a bed as well as my mother does.” Your mother will be glad to teach you so that you can learn it in one morning. On the other hand, if you underrate the importance of this knowledge, and fancy that you can pick it up in some way, going on carelessly and indifferently with your work, you will never acquire a habit of keeping your house tidy, comfortable, and with economy.

Some women are meanly and selfishly extravagant, — not of set purpose, but because they did not take pains to learn a better way when they ought to have done so. No wonder men have a light opinion of wives who have so little knowledge of monetary values that they cannot lift an ounce of the “business” burdens; and who, in their ignorance, seem not to care at all that their husbands grow coarse, and old, in

their dingy, dismal dens of trade, to "make the money" for them to spend in showy dress, and gossipy indolence. You cannot respect yourself unless you know that you do thoroughly, and well, the work for which you are rightfully held responsible.

Miss Fisk tells us that she was one day trying to teach a company of silly, chattering Persian women, whom she could not keep quiet. At last she rebuked them sharply; and one of them looked up into her face with, "Why, don't you know we're only women?" "That," adds Miss Fisk, "was equivalent to saying, 'We are donkeys.'" Poor things! From mother to daughter, they had never been given anything as their legitimate work, which they could learn to do honestly, and well, and so command the respect of themselves, or anybody else. As Christians, we ought to know better, for "what our hands find to do," we are to do "heartily, as unto the Lord."

Occasionally we go into a simple home where a plain woman presides, — one who does what

she can with the means at hand. We feel the refinement as soon as we cross the threshold. We are conscious that we are in the court of a queen. From such homes, and from under the hand of such mothers, have come the men and women who have done most to lift the world up into God's sunlight.

But you may not have the chance to grow unselfish and lovely in a lowly home. You may marry a rich man who can "set up house-keeping" for you, "with all the modern improvements." Even then, you need a thorough knowledge of housework, or you will not be able to manage your servants, and you will find yourself in a labyrinth of domestic disorder. A house without a competent woman to manage its affairs, may be compared to an army without a commander. There is no end to the loss of opportunity and resource. Upholsterers may furnish with an elegantly stiff and unusable air. Trained servants may bring on the meals in proper time and order, yet the atmosphere that makes a palace of a cabin is altogether lacking.

There are a thousand and one points that need the touch of a woman of refined taste and culture ; and without it, the charm of completeness is wanting.

And then, in this republic where there are no entailed estates, the rich of to-day are poor to-morrow. You do not know how soon you may be obliged to do with your own hands the work necessary to the comfort of the household.

Just here I catch a glimpse of a dragon that destroys the peace of many a family, and wrecks many a young life. If I point him out, I wonder if some brave knight of the "new chivalry" will not ride into his fens, and dispatch him for our safety. Robbie Burns turned a Gatling gun upon him, but he failed to give him the *coup de grace*.

He saw the meanness of contempt of plain, honest, hard work, and wrote, as best he could, to make that contempt contemptible: —

" Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp —
 The man's the gowd, for a' that.

“What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddl'n grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man 's a man, for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men, for a' that.”

“Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will, for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 When man to man, the wide world o'er,
 Will brothers be, and a' that.”

Loyal Americans set their faces as a flint against European aristocracy; yet it is more consistent than that of our own land. Its dignity is shared by the whole household who happen to have inherited its honors. The husband

is not obliged to grind up his chances for refined, cultivated life, to get the means to support his family in elegance.

I once heard a lady who seemed to have good sense about other matters, give it as her opinion that an aristocracy is necessary to the completeness of society; and, as we in America have no titled estates, she thought our best substitute is to have women kept daintily and delicately as an aristocratic order. Faugh! What republicanism! What could a woman think of herself to take that *role*, while the man whose life is a part of her own, is lashed out of all comeliness and beauty to support her pretence of superiority!

Though this wrong social bent is the bane of married life, yet it is often the result of mistaken tenderness. The young business man wants to hedge his wife in from all the perplexities and drudgery of business. He puts her in a pleasant house, and brings about her all the sweet, refining things within his reach, and bends to the laboring oar, fancying that she, at

least, is happy and safe. He does not seem to understand that his comfort is as much to her as hers is to him. How would he enjoy dainty seclusion while she was out alone, buffeting business breakers, her brain reeling under the weight of care. A true, unselfish woman is never more contented than when she knows that her work amounts to something in lightening the burdens of those who are her life's life. If a man sells goods, it may greatly strengthen the firm for his wife to be in partnership with him. Her quick sense, and habit of observation, may help him in the purchase of stock, and her tender conscience may hold him to the line of right when he is tempted to be lax in business morals. Many a house would have been saved from bankruptcy if the wives of the partners had had a voice in the management of affairs. If a man practices law, or medicine, it might be greatly to the interest of all concerned if his wife shared his studies and work. The danger of their growing away from each other—a most deadly peril in the domestic life of

enterprising people — would be avoided; the woman's tact and skill would be given full scope, and the joint interest would be helped on by the new and peculiar strength she would bring into the concern.

“But,” you ask, “what about society claims?”

As I understand it, they are largely factitious, and they may always be waived when occasion requires. There is a great deal in them that is at war with domestic happiness. Few society people, or successful business men, are happy in their families. Sooner or later, it comes out that they have met the heavy demands of society and business at the expense of their domestic life. Let the man and woman “whom God hath joined together,” stand side by side in work, and in social life, and we shall have fewer of those abominable divorce and scandal cases that do most abound among society people, and those who aspire to that position.

Instead of the wife spending her husband's

hard earnings in show and nonsense, let her share the labor of producing, thus saving both from temptations to moral delinquencies.

If she brings trained business brain to her domestic affairs, she will get through them ten times more easily than if she lives in the usual, light, careless way. She will be willing to pay well for domestic service, securing brain for her sewing-room and kitchen, instead of only hands and feet. In lieu of lounging about with her familiars, and bemoaning the short-comings of her servants, or petulantly "carrying the war into Africa," or Ireland, as the case may be, she will get good girls, and show them how her house is to be kept, treat them properly, and have from them reliable service.

"But what about the children? Will they not suffer loss when the mother is in business?" If she shares her husband's work, he can find time to teach the children, and to be taught by them the sweet lessons he needs to learn. She will have better health when she is conscious of helpful ability,—a genuine bit of mind-cure

that would drive peevishness, scolding, and nervousness, out of many a household. She would be in condition to give them the best of care when that duty came to hand. Best of all, she would know how to keep them in a well-ordered, Christian home. Instead of being pushed aside by a father who has come to know nothing but his ledger and prices current, they would have the noble companionship of one who had taken time to turn carefully the delicate leaves of their shy, half-written thought, and a mother who was capable of controlling herself and them; and whose strong, loving hand would lead them grandly upward to the better things.

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to man,
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

Girls ought to be trained to the practical work of bread-winning, whether they are to marry poor men, or rich men, or if they do not marry at all.

It is a shame to our common sense if we

shrink from having it known that we work for wages. How much better are we than our fathers, brothers, or husbands? They make and sell hats, or wagons, shoes, books or lectures. What if we make or sell bonnets or dresses? I fail to discern the difference in the shades of respectability.

It is certainly a shame to us, if we are Christians. Our Master was the foster son of a carpenter. His apostles were working men. One day He girt himself with a towel, and washed their feet. That was the work of the lowest menial,—about like our boot-blackening. He said, "What I do, ye know not now; but ye shall know hereafter." His glance swept the centuries. He saw the time when contempt of plain, hard work would be the bane of the civilization. Under a false social system, to be obliged to earn one's own living, would be considered a hard necessity; and exemption from work, good fortune. He did His best to save us from that false view of life: and when we get our souls filled with His thought, and our

lives in harmony with His purpose, we find ourselves lifted to His nobler plane.

Bishop Taylor says a great deal about the strength of missions being increased by the heroism of self-support. Be his theories correct or faulty, we know that every individual, man or woman, has to choose between being a producer or a consumer, — between self-support and parasitism. Every student of human development echoes Carlyle's injunction: "Be no longer a chaos, but a world — even a world-kin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifulest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name!"

Have you read Drummond's description of the degeneration of the Nauplius into the Sacculina. It sets out in life with the outfit of a respectable crustacean; but "the taint of parasitism is in its blood." It fastens upon the hermit crab, and "boards entirely at the expense of its host, who supplies it liberally with food and shelter, and everything else it wants. Its swimming feet drop off, and the animal set-

bles down for the rest of its life as a parasite." It was punished by Nature for "its disregard of evolution," and "its evasion of the great law of work. Instead of being an independent organism, high in structure, original in action, vital with energy, it deteriorated into a torpid, and all but amorphous sac, confined to perpetual imprisonment, and doomed to a living death. Two main causes," continues Drummond, "are known to the biologist, as tending to induce the parasitic habit. These are: first, the temptation to secure safety without the vital exercise of faculties; and, second, the disposition to find food without earning it."

Are there not multitudes of women who permit the caste restrictions of society to crowd them into "the parasitic habit," and who pay the fearful penalty of loss of vital ability in consequence?

Worse even than that,—there are great numbers who, when the arm on which they leaned for support gives way, sink in their helplessness in the quicksands of sin. Tens of

thousands perish every year in the streets of our great cities who might have been saved to purity, happiness and heaven, if they had been given the means of independent support. Left suddenly in their helpless respectability, with only untrained hands with which to fight the wolf from the door, and with devils clutching at the weak, trembling fingers every hour! Duchalet says: "Of three thousand lost women, only thirty had an occupation that could support them. Fourteen hundred had been driven into that horrid life by destitution." Death or dishonor! Starvation or hell! What a choice!

It would be well if the noble White Cross Army, in its grand rescue work, would labor to prevent the terrible wrongs it is set to right by inducing all young women to pledge themselves against dependence and parasitism; and all for His dear sake who gave them capabilities for high endeavor and achievement.

Among the charities of women for women, there are none more worthy of aid than those that aim, by industrial training, to give girls the means of self-support.

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BREAD-WINNING.

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Every woman ought to be able to take care of herself. Every one ought to be so conscious of the dignity of her life in its union with the Lord Jesus Christ, that she will be above the petty snobbishness that looks down upon honest, hard work. Each should have the mind of Him who "took upon Himself the form of a servant," and who, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich." Each should seek wealth of thought, affluence of soul, the imperishable riches that will abide after the stars have faded, and the heavens have been rolled together as a scroll.

CHAPTER X.

TALKING.

PHILOLOGISTS may wrangle as they will, yet it is generally believed that articulate speech is a gift of God. Like thought, or musical ability, it is given in rudimentary form; its recipient must develop it, and bring it to proper dignity and strength.

There are differences of linguistic endowment, as there are differences in musical talent. One may become a fine talker with less effort than another; yet no one can talk to good purpose, unless he stirs up the gift that is within him. There are people who have left off trying to learn to talk, before acquiring even a respectable skill in the expression of thought. Grant was so slow of speech that he tells us with the utmost *naivete*, how he suffered on a public occasion when a congratulatory address was made to him, to which he feared he would

have to reply; and how the torture was relieved when the people began to shake hands, thus making it unnecessary for him to say anything. He thought out the campaigns that saved the Union and spoke in the victories of Vicksburg and Richmond. We would wish, more earnestly that he had learned to talk, if he had not used those last, death-smitten months in giving the world the great, honest, generous thought that filled his silent soul. Many, of gracious, richly-freighted spirits have been held in dumbness through the dolorous centuries, because their speech was timid and gentle. When such are taught and encouraged to speak, we shall see the dawn of a Better Day.

The gift of speech has been bestowed alike upon men and women; but women have not been permitted the scope of theme, nor the practice that men have reserved to themselves. It has not been thought safe for them to discuss politics, philosophy, literature or science, lest they become "strong minded." On account of this restriction, they may sometimes say, with

all the more persistent fluency, what is allowed them. If a set of musical people were kept forever at a few little jingles, they might come to rattle them off with uncomfortable celerity. Men not unfrequently make painfully apparent the fact that women are restricted to few subjects of conversation, by dropping into "small talk" when they address them, as if speaking to children or minors.

Women, like all who have not had a fair field, have fallen into diplomacy, carrying by favor points that they are not permitted to win by direct argument. They understand that nothing pleases an egotist more than to have one listen well to his talk. So they say, "Yes," and "No," and keep up a gentle jingle of the small bells of assent and applause, hoping to gain by pleasing what they are not allowed honorably to claim; their hearts, meanwhile, hungering for the mental food of excellent, ennobling speech. Consequently their talk often has merely the flash and gleam, the shimmer and ripple of the shallows, lacking

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A bad man sneers at a woman's tongue, because he has never known the sweet and serious words of a sister, the tender counsel of a mother, the whispered confidences of a wife who has surrendered all for the love of him. The men of the nobler Christian chivalry are above such paltriness.

The wonder is that women talk as well as they do, since they are not allowed their full share of practice. They do hardly a thousandth part of the public speaking. It is not they who talk against time at national expense, settling public affairs, as Lowell says of the black-birds, "in windy congresses." It is not they who turn the exchange into the veriest Babel by their unearthly howls and shrieks. They are rarely called upon for speech-making on occasions of special interest. They do but little preaching or college lecturing. They are obliged to keep silence in most of the churches. It is not their voices that are heard at a dinner

party, or above the rattle of the cars. Where they have been permitted to create a social order that has made fine talk possible to them, as in the palmy days of the French *salon*, they have reigned as queens of society; and under their rule, conversation has become one of the fine arts, making the free interchange of exalted thought a most delightful pleasure.

Women can talk, and they ought to learn to talk well. They train the children, and make the home, the most important of all enterprises, demanding the clearest, steadiest thinking. Clear talking is usually necessary to clear thought. If one talks by jerks and hitches, starting out with a sentence that rattles off like an empty wagon, but that has to be drawn up and started back a half dozen times for a forgotten part of the load, you may be sure his thinking is quite as uncertain as his speech.

It costs thousands of dollars to teach young ladies music; yet it would be an infinitely finer and more useful accomplishment for them to

...speak well their own vernacular. If you can render skillfully one of Chopin's intricate polonaises, or Beethoven's grand symphonies, your effort may be understood by a few cultured people; but you need clear thought, simply and directly expressed, that you may be understood by yourself and your friends. You cannot be reliably truthful unless you state things plainly to yourself. If we have careless and inaccurate habits of speech, we may play rhetorical tricks upon ourselves, even in our approaches to God, and so our piety may rest upon an unsound basis. The love of friends must be short-lived, unless there is among them a free and honest interchange of thought.

To speak well, one must know the meaning and grammatical relations of words; and in these days of many books and cheap education, he is surely to blame who does not learn to use his own language correctly. It would save a world of misunderstandings, if we would always say just what we mean, and not something else. We must speak so as to give sensi-

ble people pleasure. I need not warn you against mannerisms, loudness, coarseness of voice or words, the giggling habit, the Auducia Dang-er-eyes style, as set forth by Mrs. Stowe, offending good taste by its lack of modesty; the simpering and affected, the slangy, the haughty, the ostentatious; your own common-sense protests against all these faults. If it has not done so, it may take severe discipline to bring you up where you can see that by them you hedge up your own way.

A woman ought to talk, as a real lady always dresses, simply, neatly, and with refined taste; her tones should be quiet, even, sure and steady. So much for the mechanical part. Now for the matter: she must "read much," as Seneca says, "but few books." Few and the best, wasting no time on that which is shallow and trashy,—only so can she gather material for intelligent conversation. Going through a good book is like walking in a garden of flowers; even if you bring away not one blossom, you will carry its fragrance on your garments.

But in that garden of spices, — a noble volume, — you must use pencil and commonplace book, so as to enrich your own thought with that which was planted for that very purpose.

After all, in talking, as in everything else, the motive is the mainspring of character. To talk well, it is necessary that the motive prompting our speech be right and pure; and we can be sure of that only as it is cleansed by the blood of Christ. Only when we know that it is whiter than snow through faith in Him, can we be sure that we use this gift of His simply for His glory. We must consecrate it to Him, determining never again to try to impress people with our own good qualities or attainments; never another word shall pass our lips to cause any one a throb of unnecessary pain; never a syllable will we utter in violation of that love described by Paul in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. We will be "swift to hear, and slow to speak"; always gentle, always kind. If we will say: "Never a word of gossip or enmity shall ever pass my lips, noth-

ing to give a needless pang to any human soul, but rather that which is kind and helpful," we may talk to some purpose, and to God's glory.

The Pentecostal tongues of fire were an object lesson, showing that the world is to be conquered for Christ through Divine truth, uttered by human lips, that have been touched by hallowed flame.

There were women in that upper room, and the Record says of the Baptism of Power: "It sat upon *all of them*; and they were *all* filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Peter said: "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel, 'I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons *and your daughters shall prophesy*. On my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy.'"

Philip, the evangelist, had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy.

On account of the corruptness of the Corin

thians, and the fear that even converted men among them had not lost all memory of the abominable slums of licentiousness out of which Christianity had fished them, Paul directed that women among them who prayed and prophesied should cover their heads. In the same Epistle he defines prophesying as speaking "unto men to edification, exhortation, and comfort."

When the Great Apostle ordered women to "keep silence in the churches," adding that it was "a shame for them to speak in the church," he gave them an injunction applicable only to their land and time. As our Lord said about the old, easy divorce laws of the Hebrews, — enactments the best that could be made for people in their low grade of civilization, they were given on account of the hardness of the people's hearts. He could no more teach them the higher truth, than a professor of mathematics could give arithmetic scholars the formulæ of trigonometry. He could lay down general principles, that could be developed into the higher teaching, as soon as they were able to

receive it, like that saying of Paul: "There is neither male nor female, but ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

Christianity could not at once overturn social customs. Neither Christ nor His apostles gave one clear, definite utterance against slavery. The slavery of their time was of the most cruel and barbarous type. For example: Epictetus was the slave of a Roman. He was a man of genius, and taught his master the Stoical philosophy. To test the power of his theories, his master had both legs of his slave teacher broken. This incident illustrates the brutal, irresponsible character of the servitude of that day; yet the apostles felt the uselessness of an attempt at emancipation, and held their peace. Paul was often quoted in defense of our own Southern slavery, because he sent Onesimus back to his master, and enjoined upon slaves generally the duty of faithful obedience.

The bulk of the world's teaching is done before children are ten years old; and, of ne-

cessity, by women. Yet when women began to teach in public schools, the "stupid good people" were alarmed, lest it was in violation of the Pauline injunction: "I suffer not a woman to teach."

If other Scriptures had been wrested out of their natural interpretation, and taught in their bald, false literalism, as have been those on the Christian use of a woman's tongue, ministers would all have had to give up drinking water, and take only wine. For does not Paul, in his letter to Timothy, the typical pastor, say: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine, for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities"? And, indeed, the enemies of total abstinence are not slow to avail themselves of this apostolic advice, as well as of the silence of the Book on the theme that they oppose.

But shall women preach? Certainly, if God calls them to preach. He cannot make a mistake. He is not the author of confusion. But will it not subvert the existing social order? If the existing social order is not in

harmony with the Divine plan, it will have to be subverted. Will it not make havoc with domestic relations and duties? It did not seem to do so in the case of Susannah Wesley, whom the learned Adam Clarke pronounced "an able divine," and yet who held her *nineteen* children to a regimen as firm as that of West Point, though so gentle and tender that the same wise man writes of them: "They had the reputation of being the most loving family in the County of Lincoln."

Catherine Booth has solved the same problem. Hardly Spurgeon himself is a better preacher, or has a wider influence than she; yet her nine children are so loyal to her and her work, they seem to think there is only one thing in the world worth the doing: that is, to get everybody to Christ as soon as possible.

"I am sorry I can't hear your mother preach to-morrow," I said to her son, as handsome and manly a young Englishman as ever a mother was proud of.

"Indeed, I regret it," he replied, as he

handed me to my ear. "It is a rare privilege to hear her preach the Gospel."

Quaker women have never found the question a difficult one. They have always been free to obey "the Inner Voice"; and there are no lovelier women on the planet, than those same gentle Friends, with their free step and well-poised heads.

If one believes herself called of God to public work, she must "wait on the Lord" till He speaks clearly and distinctly. Then she must set about the matter with no question of its propriety. God could not possibly lead one to do an improper thing. If the call is genuine, she will, no doubt, have a high ideal of the service she ought to render, and a humility that will make her deeply distrustful of her own ability. She will have to steer her little, tilting boat, between Scylla and Charybdis. Without the self-distrust, she will fail through coarseness and a lack of reliance on God. With it, she will run great risk of utter discouragement. She need not hope to convince others of her call. "*Vox*

Dei " will not be "*vox populi*." Through false Biblical interpretation the prejudices of the majority of the Lord's servants will bristle in her path like an *abatis*; and she will soon learn that she cannot argue down a prejudice. She may as well take the advice of good, wise old Sojourner Truth: "What's de use o' makin' such a fuss about yer rights? Why dun ye jes' go 'long an' take em?"

Aurora Leigh says:--

"And woman,—if another sat in sight,
I'd whisper: 'Soft, my sister, not a word!
By speaking, we prove only we can speak,
Which he, the man there, never doubted; what
He doubts is, whether we can do the thing
With decent grace we've not yet done at all.
Now do it. Bring your statue. You have room.

There is no need to speak.

The universe shall henceforth speak for you,
And witness, she who did this thing was born
To do it,—claims her license in her work.'"

Like Moses in Midian, God's best ministers have had to put forth the hand upon the mount of testing, and take by the tail the terrible ser-

pent of certain failure. They have cried to the Lord: "O, my Lord! I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant; for I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." They have held back from the work till they have heard the Lord say: "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Sometimes, as in the case of D. L. Moody, the officary of the church have informed them that they are mistaken. God could not have blundered so egregiously as to set them at such work. The only way for them, in that Golgotha of crosses, is to make it a simple question between God and the soul, and follow where Christ leads, though they go as Esther went before the king, saying, "If I perish, I perish."

Having settled the matter of the call, you need prayerfully to consider the preparation for service. You must not depend upon the novelty of a woman's public speaking to hold the attention of the people. Indeed, so many women are speaking now, that is quite worn off.

Nor upon emotional appeals to the sensibilities; people cannot live and grow robust on custards and whipped cream. You must study to show yourself approved workmen, that need not be ashamed. The mines of thought are as free to women as to men. They must learn to delve. One trouble with women in the past has been, they have had to use so much strength in breaking through the hedges with which prejudice has fenced them in, that they have had but little heart or leisure left for the digging out of thought with which to instruct and help their hearers. There is no excellence without labor. In these days, and in this land of many books and schools, they who will not work mentally, must work physically, among the scattered and starving on the frontier.

God saves souls by the foolishness of preaching, but the very best is foolish enough. There is one book which you must study most carefully and constantly. You must get out of the Bible the bulk of what you say to people for their soul's help. Daniel Webster, who was no

saint, only a statesman, is said to have read it through once a year for mental stimulus. You must go to it as soldiers go to an arsenal, for weapons and ammunition. You can claim God's blessing upon its use, as you cannot hope to do upon the utterance of your own opinions. The Lord says: "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please; and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

God, who has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty, will use the simple utterances of any sincere, Spirit-taught soul. In the State of Maine, a few years ago, he brought a whole village to Himself through the word of an idiot who could only rap at each door and ask: "What will you do when Eternity comes?" If we are moved by a fervent desire to save souls from eternal death, we may be used of God mightily, and we need not lack the very best furnishing for that service while we can read God's Word, and commit it to memory.

CHAPTER XI.

ECONOMY.

YOU have often heard that old English proverb: "A penny saved is twopence earned," and that one that has buzzed over the braes of bonny Scotland, making her cold, rocky, parsimonious soil bud and blossom as the rose, "Mony a little makes a mickle."

In Africa, though the land bears by handfuls, and bread grows on trees, the people are impoverished because they are wasteful. In stern, hard New England, they grow thrifty and rich by economy.

The first few steps of the upward climbing are the heaviest. A working-man saw that it would be a fine thing to have a few dollars at work for him, bringing in their little percentage, whether he was asleep or awake; so he determined to get them while his muscle was at full strength. After he had succeeded, and

had a neat little sum with which to buy a cottage, to save rent, and make a place where he could turn every spare minute into an added comfort, a less provident friend asked him how he made his money. "I did not make it," he replied, "I saved it."

I hope my book will be read by many a girl who works hard for other people. I shall be very thankful if the Lord will help me write something that will assist her in solving the problem upon which all Americans are busy,—how to get on in the world.

Perhaps you are at service in somebody's kitchen. You began at a dollar and a half, or two dollars a week. You have added thought to your muscle, making yourself neat and careful, quick and skillful, till you are worth three dollars. If you add constantly to your reliability and helpfulness, your employers can afford to pay you four or five, and treat you with the consideration that your ability demands. A lady said: "I can get feet and hands for two dollars a week, but brain costs

more." I think she might well have afforded five dollars for muscle and brain with skill and conscience.

"Yes; but when I have skill enough to make myself worth five dollars a week at housework, I can get as much, or more, at something that is more agreeable." Possibly; but you must not forget that in the more agreeable work, you will have to board yourself and dress more expensively, so that your net profits will be less, while your social gains will be hardly appreciable. Furthermore, general housework, skillfully done, will be a better preparation for keeping tidy and comfortable the little cottage where you hope, some day, to help make a home, than factory or shop-work, where you learn to do quickly and well only one thing.

We will say you now receive three dollars a week. Allowing two weeks for a visit to some friends and a little change, that will give you a hundred and fifty dollars a year beside your board. Fifty dollars ought to buy your clothing. You can lay aside a hundred a year by

careful economy. In ten years you have a thousand, and much more, if you have gone on increasing the value, and raising the price of your service. A thousand dollars will earn for you from sixty to seventy-five dollars a year. You can save by buying good, plain, substantial clothing, instead of the cheap, flimsy, showy finery, that make you appear less, rather than more, like a lady. You are poor in purse, and you do not want even strangers to think you other than what you are; and the fact is, it is quite useless to attempt to disguise your social standing. The only thing is to make it honorable by patient, honest effort.

Perhaps you are a teacher, and ten months of the year you receive fifty dollars a month for your work. That gives you five hundred a year; minus your tenth to benevolence, — and no Christian can pay less than that, — two hundred for your board, and a hundred for your clothing and incidentals, leaving you a hundred and fifty to lay aside. Invest that carefully, and you will soon have enough to buy a little home.

In this matter of economy, remember that when you consecrated all to the Lord, you gave, also, the little money you had, or might have. It is His now, and you have no right to spend so much as five cents, unless you are sure the Owner would approve, if He were standing visibly beside you. With His blessing you can solve Burns' problem, and "make two guineas do the work of five"; but you cannot be sure of His blessing unless you do as He would have you, as well as you know, in even the little things. He will probably make it clear to you that you are not to run in debt, if you can possibly avoid it, for He has said that the borrower is the servant of the lender.

You cannot afford to buy "on credit"; for whoever takes even a small risk by "trusting" you, will pay himself accordingly. Pay as you go is a prime principle of economy.

If your father is well-to-do, and you have a comfortable home, you are at a disadvantage in this matter. The best you can do is to get "an allowance,"—a reasonable sum for your ex-

penses, and economize in its expenditure. Only so can you learn to save and invest, so as to be able to take care of money when it comes to you, and of yourself when it takes wings.

I know a woman whose education in these lines had been neglected during her earlier years; the bread-winners of the household having chosen to keep her in delicate ignorance concerning the outside world of values. At last her husband, a far-sighted, close thinker, saw that this was not wise. Women, left by the death of their husbands with the entire care of the family, and with property that they are altogether incapable of managing, are at the mercy of the selfish and unscrupulous. He said to her: "You must take the management of our investments, mastering all the details of insurance, interest, commissions, and all that, till you know how to take care of them. I will give myself to my professional work, and in these matters act only as your adviser." It looked to her like a serious undertaking,— something like trying to learn to manage an

Australian boomerang; but she soon acquired the little necessary knowledge, and both of them felt safer for the future, just as one does who has a clear title to his home. She was surprised by one fact that came to her knowledge in this new line. Women are the owners of a great deal more property than most people think. She bought a home in the city where they lived. When the transfer of the property came to be made, she found that it belonged to a woman. There was a mortgage on the place, and that was owned by a woman. Afterward she made an investment in a mortgage on a home, and that was owned by the wife of the man with whom she was dealing. Later, she bought some city lots, and they belonged to a woman. She sold the first place that she bought, and that went to a woman. She concluded that since women in this country hold so much property, they had better learn how to manage it themselves; then if their fathers and husbands die, they will not be at the mercy of lawyers and "sharper."

Every minute of consecrated time represents opportunity for good to some soul. I know a woman who, in the days of her childhood and poverty, was obliged to do all the knitting for a family of five, and that in "odd moments," as her thrifty mother said. The hours must be given to some more profitable industry; but when there were ten or fifteen minutes of delay, waiting for her father and the boys to come to dinner, or for the teakettle to boil, or any similar hindrance, the knitting must be caught up; and so in those bits of time that might have been wasted, she clothed the feet of the household. I saw her a few years ago, and I found she had not lost her habit of keeping "catch-up-work." She was finishing a *portiere*, that she had made of bits of silk, the pieces averaging an inch and a half by three in size, the whole thing several square yards, and the entire work done in less than a year, and all while she was giving people advice and direction about some benevolence in which she was engaged. After looking at that pretty lecture

on saving the minutes, I was not surprised to know that in the little intervals of more serious service and study, she had picked up a knowledge of Italian and Spanish. One thing was certain, she had not wasted any time in useless talk, or silly reading. She had made every moment count its utmost.

Solomon says: "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." There certainly wanteth not waste of time in the much talk incident to the interminable "visits" that girls are often found making. It is not an uncommon thing for one of them to "spend the summer" with a friend; and there is nothing to show for it but measureless talk. Enough time spent to have learned a language, or looked into a science, and nothing gained but endless, confidential comments on other people, guesses about the future, and similar chit-chat.

But we need rest. We cannot endure "all work and no play." Take the motto that was on Goethe's ring: "Without haste, and without rest," or that of Wesley: "Always in haste,

but never in a hurry,"—meaning about the same thing. Cast your care all on the Lord, so that you can always sleep well. Take care of your digestion, so that you can eat well. Trust Him to whom your physical life is consecrated to keep you fresh and vigorous; and you can find the needed rest in change of occupation.

Time has a moneyed value. A New York oculist gave me twenty minutes one day, and charged me ten dollars,—fifty cents a minute. There are singers, who have added so much to their natural gifts by culture, that they can get a thousand dollars an evening for their services—over eight dollars a minute. Your time has value, if you are good for anything in any line of work. If an idle talker were to come in and ask you to give him twenty-five cents in exchange for a given amount of his chatter, you would be indignant; yet if you are not careful he will take more than a quarter of a dollar's worth of your time, and render you no equivalent whatever.

But one must be social. Yes, in a sensible,

economical way. I confess I think Dame Fashion has had a spasm of sense in regulating social life in Paris and its imitators. A lady comes in from the country, where she has been gathering up health, and, it is to be hoped, doing something worth while, though we are not always sure on that point, and she remains invisible till she sends out her cards. Even after that she is understood to "not at home," except on her "day to receive." This seems to be a tacit recognition of the fact that a woman's time is worth something, and it remains with us to make it so valuable that it will not be filehed by every idler.

Women have great powers of endurance, but they do not use them economically. Think of the President of the United States having to spend a half hour every morning over "bangs" and "back hair," standing an hour with weary muscle and throbbing back while a *modiste* improves his form by drawing it in at the waist, till a good, full breath is impossible, puffing it out where grace of contour requires an enlarge-

ment, compressing his toes till they are as numb as sticks, and tilting him on high heels. I wonder if he would do miracles of hard work under those conditions. No, no; if one hopes to render good service, physical strength must be carefully conserved.

Women are usually prodigal of nervous force for various reasons, but mainly because it is their *role*. They shriek at the sight of a spider because it is expected of them to do so; besides it is agreeable to somebody whom they desire to please, to play Lord Protector. They cultivate "feelings" rather than self-control, because it is usually regarded womanly to indulge in emotional extravagance.

A man buries his wife, and he is in his office the day after the funeral, a shade paler, and with a weed on his hat, — that is all. Nobody doubts the depth of his sorrow, unless he parades his grief; then they are unfeeling enough to fancy that he is trying to move some of the girls to pity. A woman is widowed, and, though she is not expected to burn herself

on her husband's funeral pyre, as in India, she must shut herself up for a year, smother herself in crape, and wear mourning as long as she lives — unless she marries again. Thus society puts a premium on masculine self-control and feminine "feeling."

Emotional waste cheapens a woman's sensibilities. One tear on a brave man's cheek is worth a "flood" of hers. Women can practice self-control if they will. They can "bite back the pain with a cry of self-scorn."

The wife of D'Israeli, going with him to Parliament, where he was to make an important speech, had her finger crushed in the closing of the carriage door. The pain was terrible; but so afraid was she of taking his thought from the effort he was about to put forth, that she wrapped her hand in her handkerchief, and kept her composure perfectly, till he had done his work. If it will help forward the work of our blessed Lord, we can certainly put aside our sensibilities and our sensitiveness. By His grace we can be brave and strong.

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ECONOMY.

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We want to learn economy of thinking. Many an hour is wasted in reveries, day-dreams, castle-building. Many think by fits and starts; their thought is as aimless in its movement as the flitting of a butterfly's wing. Of a morning they have a half-dozen things to settle, no one of which is very important in itself, but upon their general adjustment depends the character, which is no light matter. One must think in straight lines to master these things, for as Emerson says: —

" Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind."

Now the thought flies at one for a half minute, and then the woman chatters a little to a familiar about another, guesses at a third, and so on, round and round, till the drift of circumstances, or a stronger will, settles them all.

A strong, well-trained thinker, knows that nothing is trivial, since the weightiest results may hinge upon matters unimportant in themselves. So one thing after another is taken up,

thought through, the *pros* and *cons* all gathered in, and the matter settled, not by prejudice, or likes and dislikes, but by the dicta of common sense. She who learns thus to master the few things, will soon be ruler over many, — a queen, an empress.

Thought is always at a premium. Most people have thoughts enough to make them rich, if they would save them, and coin them into usable expression. A memorandum book and a bit of pencil in the pocket will help even one who is not specially brilliant to a wealth of thought. A friend of mine went abroad a few years ago, and to make the most of her tour, she determined to note every thought excited by what she saw. Armed with a scratch-book and purple pencil, she made her comments on everything, from the blue-skirted policeman in Liverpool to the villainous beggars on Mt. Vesuvius. Her notes have been copied into a blank-book, and now she can live over her journey any day she chooses.

So little are most of us given to piety, one

would think we were in little danger of waste in spiritual exercises; yet we fall into very slovenly religious habits if we are not careful. We must repent of our misdoings. The remembrance of them must be grievous; but when we renounce them all with no mental reservation, letting them be laid upon our Great Substitute, we ought to have nothing more to do with them. If God has said He will remember them no more, we ought to be willing to forget them. When He justifies us freely we are in the relation to Him that we would have been in if we had never sinned. If a beggar becomes a prince, is there any merit in his exhibiting the rags of his beggarliness? Let him rather use all his strength in making himself, if possible, the noblest prince of the realm.

Many people pray altogether too much.
Their

"Self-love is still a Tartar mill,
For grinding prayers away."

But ought we not to pray without ceasing?

Yes; but we must not fill our ears so with our own clatter that we cannot hear the Lord when He speaks to us. Rather let us "hear what God the Lord will speak; for He will speak peace unto His people." Let us learn in quietness and assurance to ask and receive. He says: "Hearken diligently unto me, and eat that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

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CHAPTER XII.

SELF-RESPECT.

ALL people desire the respect of others. We brush our hair, and fasten our collars, that others may think well of us; and that can hardly be regarded out of the way, for the social harmonies depend upon mutual respect.

Our Saviour warns against the excess of this desire of preference. He denounces those who seek the chief seats in the synagogue, and to be called "Rabbi." He says: "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?"

Titles are habitual expressions of respect. They were abolished in the Great Republic by way of emphasizing belief in the primal principle that all are born free and equal. Nevertheless, men cling tenaciously to any little shred that may have caught upon their names. Let a

man, by any accident, be dubbed "Doctor," "Professor," "Colonel," or "Judge," and it will not be wise thereafter for one who asks a favor of him to neglect the *sobriquet*. We all laugh at the insignificance of these small honors. We pass our little jokes at the expense of "Doctors" who are not learned, "Professors" who never taught, "Colonels" who never saw a battle, "and "Judges" who never sat on the bench; yet when we need to propitiate the mighty men of renown, we are sure to catch the censor and give it a swing.

And, with all our dignities, what pigmies we are, to be sure! Compare the mightiest of us with the great king, Xerxes, of Persia. Æschylus calls him "the Susa-born god." His garments blazed with diamonds. His palace was a hundred and eighty feet high, and it stood upon a platform a thousand feet square. He feasted with every luxury tens of thousands of his subjects for six months. He gave an entire race into the hand of his grand vizier for extermination; and then, by a nod, sent that same potentate to the gallows.

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SELF-RESPECT.

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Away back in those days of marvelous magnificence, that Persian vizier discovered the usual human desire to monopolize all honors within reach, when he allowed his life to be embittered by the lack of the salaams of one Hebrew captive.

Even in America, men are as reluctant to share as to abate their honors. For instance, when a man has studied, and begun to practice medicine, he regards himself entitled to be recognized and addressed as a doctor; it helps advertise his business.

Yet he is chary enough about granting the same recognition to a woman, though she has studied as hard, practised as much, and needs as certainly to have her business advertised.

The Salvation Army are the only people who are indiscriminate in the application of titles, calling men and women captains and colonels *pro merito*, without distinction of sex; but their only honors are mobs and imprisonments.

It is not only to gratify a desire for respect, but from a sense of incompetency, that men

seek to monopolize our scant distinctions. Usually, when one holds his head specially high, you may know that there is a quaking in his fortifications. He is trying to brace against a fear that he is an utter and outright failure. Those who are assured of their own worth are not on the watch for every indication of respect from others.

In this matter, the maxim of our Lord holds good: "To him that hath, shall be given; and from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath;" but that is the world's usual law of giving.

To make sure of the respect of others, we must begin by respecting ourselves.

In the good old days of Haroun-al-Raschid, as the story goes, there was a philosopher at court who was banished fifteen times, because he had always on his lips some word that displeased the courtiers; and he was recalled fifteen times, because it was found every time that he could get along perfectly well without the court. When the world finds that our self-

respect is so sure and sound that we can get on quite comfortably without its expressions of regard, it immediately becomes anxious to bestow them upon us. I repeat: if you would be respected, respect yourself.

Though specially sensitive to the approbation or disapproval of others, women have everything to deprive them of proper self-appreciation. Most of the people on the planet are in doubt whether or not women are altogether human. In China, — and nearly one-half the race are Chinese, — their immortality is seriously questioned; and also in India, where the Vedas teach that their existence as women is a punishment for some atrocious sins in a former life. In our own country, there are tens of thousands quite as degraded as are Oriental women; — the squaw, bending under the load of papooses and camp equipage, while her high and mighty lord rides before her in his painted and befeathered pomp; the Alaskan, in her icy hut, and icier servitude; the New Mexican, in her semi-Christian bondage; the Mormon, taught in the

harem that she can have a soul only through the bounty of her matrimonial lord and master, — what is there in the life of any of these to make them regard themselves as other than blots on the face of creation?

In Catholic lands, it is not much better; though a woman rivals God as an object of worship.

A typical young *Parisienne* told a friend of mine that she was about to be married. "Indeed! I didn't know that you were in love with anybody." "Oh, I'm not. My father has arranged everything. I do not know Monsieur, but he has plenty of money. When my father told me, yesterday, he let me know about a half dozen others who had asked for me. One of them — but, we'll say nothing about that now. It must go the way my father says. A girl can have no mind of her own, you know."

In a train between Venice and Florence we met an Italian girl of twenty-two. Her English was quite perfect; and we found, in the course of conversation, that she could read Greek and

Latin, French and German, and she had written books of poetry, copies of which she sent us after we reached home. She was travelling with a duenna. When we separated, we gave her our cards. She wrote her address in my memorandum-book. "Italian girls may not carry cards," she said, with a lift of the brows that took the place of a shrug. "We might use them improperly, you know."

It cannot be otherwise than that we have a shadow of this heathenism, even upon our Protestant, American civilization. All men, except the few who belong to the noble Christian chivalry, think themselves, by birth, superior to all women, and assume toward them a patronizing, and, at best, a protecting air. It flatters such men to have women take the "ivy" *role*, and "cling" to their oak-like importance in tender helplessness, and it is not difficult to induce women to take that part. Of the traits developed by this maladjustment, it would be hard to tell which is the more harmful, the arrogance of one, or the sycophancy of the other.

If we would properly respect ourselves, we must learn the intrinsic dignity of our race. Aurora Leigh says :—

“Humanity is great.

And, if I would not rather pore upon
An ounce of common, ugly, human dust,
An artisan's palm, or a peasant's brow,
Unsmooth, ignoble, save to me and God,
Than track old Nilus to his silver roots,
Set it down as weakness, — strength by no means.”

Made in the likeness of God, redeemed by the blood of His Son, capable of being filled with His Spirit, an eternal saintship possible, a crown and kingdom promised, who can measure the greatness of the human soul? It may be trampled in mire, like a lost diamond, or built into coarse, common wall, like the beautiful scattered Greek marbles, yet its worth outweighs the universe. The merest scrap of outcast humanity, held in probation by the Lord, may yet become heir of all things.

If you are a Christian, you ought to respect yourself. A child of the King of kings, all

things are yours, for you are Christ's and Christ is God's. Jesus said of one who does the will of the heavenly Father, "The same is my mother, my sister, my brother." What higher dignity could one ask than that of being a sister of the King?

You belong to a class who were loyal to Him when their brothers betrayed Him. They were "last at the cross, and earliest at the tomb." His glazing eyes caught the last ray of human sympathy from a woman's face. His first commission to proclaim the good news of His resurrection was given to a woman. Women have been His bravest and truest confessors. They are two-thirds of His Church. He gives them the privilege of doing nine-tenths of the teaching that reveals His love.

When one knows that she is a princess of the realm, she need not care if she passes unrecognized through the crowd, or even if she is jostled now and then somewhat rudely. She knows that the palace gates will swing wide open before her, and that the coronet and all high honors await her coming.

When one has this real self-respect, there is an end of shams and pretence. An English duchess dresses more plainly upon the street, and is far less airish, than an American shop-girl.

Perhaps the greatest harm that comes to a woman who fails to respect herself because she is disfranchised and shut out from worldly honors and emoluments, may be the trickiness developed in her character. She cannot claim an honorable place and standing, so she resorts to small deceptions to win her way. It is of no use for her to speak, so she will keep silent, and carry her point by little diplomacies. She will cajole and flatter, and ask as a favor for that which she knows to be her own. She grows crafty, and sometimes she fails to see just what is true.

You remember in the fable the lion asked the sheep to tell him if his breath was disagreeable, and bit her head off because she said "Yes." He tore the wolf in pieces for his falsehood, because he said "No," in answer to the same ques-

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tion. When he asked the fox, Reynard replied with his usual cunning, "Really, your Majesty, I have such a severe cold I can't smell." While we despise the falseness of the fox, we are inclined to lay the blame at the door of the tyrannical lion. Observation shows us the counterpart of this in many a human community and household.

When Luther and his Katie stood beside the remains of their little daughter, he tried to soothe his wife's grief. "I know it hurts to give her up," he said; "but then, this is a hard world for girls."

Thackeray, in his *Becky Sharp*, portrays the selfish, unscrupulous cunning into which one may be crowded by difficult circumstances.

Women are ridiculed for piecing out their small personal charms, and making them last as long as possible, yet one is thrust aside as "an old woman" at fifty, while her brother, a little her senior, is "a young man just approaching his prime." She is remanded to the chimney corner to knit for her grandchildren, while he

is encouraged to attempt his best work. It is decidedly unwise for her to protest. She must have recourse to frizzes and furbelows, laces and illusions, appeals for protection and sharp devices.

It is a brave lady who dares be thoroughly genuine. It is a grand woman who endures patiently, never cheating nor scolding. Only she who truly respects herself can do as Margaret Fuller says, "Stand upon her feet, and give her hand with dignity."

The honors that entitle one to lift the head come only from above. A friend of mine was walking along a street in New Orleans beside an elegant-looking, college-bred young Anglo-Saxon who had a touch of African blood in his veins. As they were stopped by some little group of the dominant who blocked the cross-walk for a moment, the spirited octaroon was stung by a sneer that curled the lip of a passer-by. "O my God!" he muttered through his set teeth, lifting his fine, dark face toward the heavens, "Must I bear this bitter curse forever and forever?"

Poor fellow! He saw only the paltry human dignities, and he writhed under the sense of wrong and outrage, because, for no fault of his, he was robbed of what he knew to be his due. He had never heard that word of the High and Holy One: "Him that honoreth Me, I will honor."

By contrast with that scene, I remember seeing a colored washerwoman lead a meeting at one of the religious watering-places where were gathered many people of culture and refinement, — church dignitaries, also, of no mean grade. She was old and ignorant, a woman and black, but God was with her, and none dared gainsay or resist her word. It was in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. She sat alone on the platform, swaying her sceptre over the multitude, — magnates and all, — a crowned queen, honored of her Lord.

The real dignities are within the reach of all. The weakest in this world's estimation, have the best chance, for God hath chosen the weak things to confound the things that are mighty.

Our hunger for respect can be appeased only by a sense of the honor conferred upon us by the indwelling Christ. His "well done" alone has power to silence its clamor.

We may not have association with the refined and elegant. People of intellectual gifts and attainments may pass us by, ignoring even our presence, but, as the Lord's own, we shall have an escort of his "beautiful, tall angels." They will encamp about us, and deliver us in our times of peril. Better still, the Lord Christ himself will be with us always, even unto the end of the world.

One of my friends had to speak for the Lord one day to a large congregation. She bowed her head in agonizing prayer, so oppressed was she by a sense of her inability to do the work before her. Her brother, who sat beside her, whispered in her ear that word about our Saviour's being strengthened in his terrible conflict, "The angels came and ministered unto Him." The moment before that, she had caught a glimpse of the mighty Elder Brother, standing

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at her side, and she whispered in reply to the word of encouragement, "I do not need the angels, I have their Lord."

When we know the glory of His ever-blessed presence, we cannot fail of the quiet, steady, assured dignity of genuine self-respect.

CHAPTER XIII.

GETTING MARRIED.

No doubt you have heard of the young lady whose father, on her wedding-day, tried to impress her with the importance of the step she was taking. "My dear child," he said, "it is an awfully solemn thing to get married." — "I know that," she replied; "but it is an awfully solemn thing not to." Even in Christian communities there are many who seem to think it a great misfortune, and a mark of special unworthiness, for a woman to remain unmarried. In all lands, through all the centuries, priest and ruler have held and enforced that there was but one thing in life for a woman; and marriage to a masculine human of any sort whatever was better than to stay single.

In India, it is a disgrace to all the family to have a girl of ten years not disposed of matrimonially. In America, Mormon girls, hardly

in their teens, are sometimes forced into marriage by their friends; and, not unfrequently, they are given to men old enough to be their grandfathers, and who have already a full harem, and scores of children. Among those beastly fanatics, immortality is impossible to an old maid. The only chance that a woman has to live after death, is to be "sealed in marriage" to some man who will condescend to call her up that she may be his servile wife throughout eternity.

Christianity teaches the personal responsibility and immortality of women, and that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female. Thus it lifts from them the absolute necessity of marriage.

It stands to reason that there must be some "old maids," where monogamy is practiced. Frontier exposures, mining, seafaring life, war, and kindred masculine avocations, kill off men, and leave a numerical preponderance of women.

Now while I believe there is nothing so good or beautiful as a happy marriage, aside from

the work of God in the soul, there are a thousand things that may come to a woman that are worse than being an "old maid." The days when it was fashionable to sneer at single women, are quite gone by. Every community has its sweet, unselfish "old maids," who go about nursing the sick, teaching the children, lifting the loads from worn-out mothers, and shedding sunshine right and left. They are an order of perambulatory priestesses, who gather in all complaints, heart-aches and heart-burnings, and bear them away in silence to the Lord. They are the secretaries and presidents of the feminine benevolences, and without their generous ministrations the churches themselves might go to pieces. Some of them are doing the grandest work that is being done upon the planet. They are welcomed and honored wherever they go; and with their charming manners, independent "means," and cheering speech, they are the opposite of the queer, sharp, angular, parasitical, traditionary, "old maid."

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Since marriage is not absolutely essential to immortality or happiness, usefulness or respectability, one need not break her heart if it is not for her in God's plan. Let her find some right royal service for the Master, make for herself a home, "minister," rather than "be ministered unto," and she may live a blessed, well-rounded life; and not wait, as in Miss Phelps' "Beyond the Gates," for union with some celestial widower to complete her happiness, in the land where "they neither marry, nor are given in marriage."

I would whisper, however, in each little crimsoning ear, I hope there is somewhere in the world somebody for you, to whose life your own can be nobly and truly united; for it is God who "setteth the solitary in families." Of course you will never "flirt." If I thought you would, I believe I would ask' you to leave the room, for I would not care to waste upon you either thought or voice. We do not regard marriage a sacrament, as Romanists do, but we know it is quite too sacred a matter to be trifled with, and they who suffer their novel-

reading, and similar nonsense, to lead them into careless and reckless *affaires de cœur*, deserve what they usually get, — a final miserable mismatching.

To poison one in the wine of the Eucharist was regarded, even in the Dark Ages, as one of the blackest of crimes. Of what punishment is he or she worthy who poisons the heart through the sweet and holy confidences of love?

You can tell when a young man is becoming specially interested in you; and you are verily guilty concerning him, if you lead him on in his "attentions" when it is your cool, candid judgment that the affair had better not end in marriage. As you hope for happiness, be thoroughly honorable.

"Marked attention" from a young man, is usually flattering to a girl's vanity and love of power. This is simply human. Men like to master and drive dangerous horses. We all enjoy that which gives us to think we can do something in which others have failed. Then,

the bulk of our light literature is devoted to the culture of the "tender passion." It fills young heads with nonsense. They come to look upon association with the opposite sex with a view to marriage, as the Alpha and Omega of life. Do not, let me entreat you, indulge these reveries, fancies, whims, to the damage of your own affectional nature, and the peril of that of others. Such exercises are like those of the cat when she lets the mouse run a few inches, that she may have the pleasure of bringing it down again with her puissant paw. They kill the mouse and make the cat ferocious.

I once knew a girl who had a cold, selfish enjoyment of her power over young men, and practiced upon them accordingly. One of her victims was found stone dead with a laudanum-vial and a note to her, on the stand beside his bed. Another to whom she was pleased to call herself "engaged" for a while, went off to the Western plains, and none of his friends ever knew his fate. A third "threw himself away"

upon a poor, ignorant servant girl, who had the merit of being, at least, honest. Do you think that young woman could enjoy the home, the husband, and children of her later years, with ghosts like those peeping in at her windows?

You may become somewhat interested in a young man, and yet know that you could not endure to leave all your friends, and be shut up to his society for the rest of your life. You may clothe him with the garments of an ideal hero; and yet your sober judgment tells you that he would be dreadfully insipid and tiresome, stupid or overbearing, for the long, close association of a lifetime. Then say "No," at once, and end the matter. Do not lead him along for a single hour after you have faced the facts, as you ought to do as soon as the affair becomes "serious"; but, without waiting for any formal "proposal," give him a cool, quiet, gentle, but firm reminder, that will open his eyes. Know your own mind in the matter, and deal honorably with him. Moonlight and poetry are enchanting, but the matter-of-fact

daylight of the long, earnest, workish years, are the data with which we have to deal. If there were more honest common sense in the courting days, there would be more happy marriages and sweet, pure homes.

Let me say a word about men whom you must not marry.

Do not marry a drunkard. He may have many fine traits, and "only that one fault"; but that one is fatal. If he will not master his evil habit for your sake before your marriage, you may be sure he will not do so afterward. The probability is, your self-immolation will be quite useless, your awful heart-ache and heart-break of no avail. You will lose your own life, and the chances are you will not save his.

A reformed man ought to have a long probation before you trust your happiness in his hands. At best, it is a hurt, scarred moral nature, that he brings you, and usually not one the like of which he would be willing to take in return. It would excite his disgust, rather than his sympathy, for you to confess to days

spent in carousing, and nights in debauchery. Is there not one moral law for both? Have you not a right to demand honor for honor, purity for purity? One afternoon my friend's horse ran away. "He is worth fifty dollars less than he was this morning," remarked the gentleman, when I met him that evening, and he told me of the animal's misadventure. "Was he injured by his fall?" I asked. "Oh, no, not at all; but since he has run away once, I can never again feel so safe about him as I did before."

They say cancers are cured sometimes; but one always feels apprehensive lest they may break out again, after they have once taken definite form. When young men "sow wild oats," you cannot feel quite sure that there may not be enough left of the pernicious seed to produce another crop some day.

You had better not join hands in the attempt to make a home either with a man who is a spendthrift, or with one who is miserly. With the spendthrift you will soon have little left

with which to procure the necessaries of life. With the niggardly soul you will be made to feel the pinch of poverty while he adds to his useless possessions.

You must beware of one of those intense egotists who draw everything to themselves, and count it of more or less value in proportion as it builds up their own interests.

There are some who are amiably tyrannical. In their mistaken kindness they would relieve you of all responsibility. They have studied human nature to so poor effect that they have failed to discover that even with a little child there is nothing more enjoyable than to do things "all by itself"; and nothing is more wearing than a sense of uselessness and incompetency. I once knew a man who fancied that he could take the best possible care of his wife by keeping her in affluence, and saving her from all care, even of her own wardrobe. He thought he knew better than she did how money could be expended to advantage, — and so perhaps he did at first; but he failed to

understand that her womanly reasoning would soon have made her his superior in those lines, if she had been permitted to use her ability; and, also, that there is nothing sweeter than the privilege of conquering obstacles, especially one's own ignorance. He fancied himself the very pink of husbands, and wondered why she should look so jaded and thin, smiling always in that mechanical, bloodless way, when he was doing so much to make her happy. He died suddenly, and left her and her children in the hands of administrators, who managed the estate in such a manner that she was obliged to begin to exert herself in self-defense. As soon as she recovered from the first shock of her grief, and began to think her way through the difficult questions, the color came back to her face, the spirit to her eye, and the elasticity to her step. But for release from his mistaken and overbearing dominance, she would probably have faded into an early grave.

Whom shall you marry? Some one whom you love better than all the world beside; yet

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you must be sure that your love rests upon a solid basis of esteem. He must be one whose integrity you could trust if he were a stranger, on whom you would lean if he were a friend, and who would be a ceaseless joy to you if he were a brother. When you add to that respect and regard the supreme affection that God himself has ordained for those whom He means to make one, you have a bond that will endure as a girding of strength, in sickness and in health, till death doth you part.

It is a serious business to join another life to your own so closely that his disgraces shall be yours, as well as his honors. You must share his failures as well as his successes. Unless he has traits of character that will bear the microscope at all hours, your union with him will become a ghastly bore. If we are tripartite in nature, marriage should be a union of the entire being of both.

We do not say much of the physical, yet there are those to come after us, whose interests will fill all the life. Toward sunset the talk

will be of little else. Listen to a group of mothers. They have but one theme.

Health is as certainly a part of the capital that each brings into this concern, as are money, education, and talent. Illness consumes time and vitality. Disease saps the foundation of the home. Those who come after must have an endowment of health, as well as of reputation and culture.

More attention is usually given to mental conditions; though in this, also, there are sometimes grievous mistakes. Man and woman, husband and wife, should live on the same intellectual plane, interested in the same lines of thought, reading the same books, stirred by the same enthusiasm, sharing each other's mental pleasures, or else, as the years plod on, they will grow apart, till they can hardly touch each other's finger tips across a gulf of indifference.

A young man of fine tastes and good education married a girl who was pretty and weak. During the courtship she had looked charmingly sweet and sympathetic over the beautiful

things he read aloud to her, and he had dreamed of the exquisite happiness of a shared intellectual life. The honeymoon had hardly waned before he found her dozing when he glanced up from the page for her smile of appreciation. The evening that he overheard her talk with her familiar about the "horrid bore that all that incomprehensible stuff has got to be," he secretly voted her "a fraud," and slammed the door of his heart in her face. When he went to bed with a wild, nervous headache, and she bathed his throbbing temples with *eau de cologne* and ice-water, she might better have sent for the undertaker to tie crape on the door-knob. From that hour they lived apart intellectually. He went on with his studies alone, and she busied herself with her petty fancies. Both were to be pitied, for both had missed the mental comradeship that is so dear and helpful. There are hours when she must know that she is a clog and a burden. She can but feel twinges of jealous pain when she sees him drinking in the fine thought of some intel-

lectual woman, as thirstily as the ground takes rain after a drought. Then comes to him the fierce struggle to hold himself loyal in the mental desert of his home, while he catches glimpses of the thought-fellowship he might have had but for his wretched blunder.

It is even worse when a woman marries a man whose mental ability she cannot respect. Unless he is unusually kind, beside the isolation that she has to endure, she will be subjected to no end of annoyance on account of his jealousy lest she eclipse him, and her successes throw him a little in the shade. Besides, we are not yet so far from the darkness of heathenism but that many think of a man as so much smaller in consequence of all that his wife achieves.

The main point in the matter is the need of fellowship in spiritual things. The Apostle warns believers against being unequally yoked with unbelievers. But may not a Christian girl marry an unsaved man? I will not say that it is impossible for her to do so without spiritual loss; but I regard it an exceedingly dangerous experiment.

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Many a young lady has married an unconverted man in hopes to win him to her Saviour; but so frail and so perverse is human nature, she has found it very difficult even to hold her own. She must try to please him, and if he is a worldling, she can do that only by going with him to questionable places of amusement. How often have ladies said to me: "My heart is hungry for a better spiritual life; but my husband holds me back. I do not enjoy the theatre and opera, but he will go any way; and it is safer for him to have me with him."

But most frequently the wife goes before her husband in spiritual things. Yes; but I think the majority of such cases are those in which both are unsaved when they are married, or when the husband is not a decided worldling or unbeliever. He has what Finney calls "a secret hope." Usually, if she cannot win him during the halcyon days of courtship, she need hardly hope to do so after they have settled into the plain, prosy, every-day work of life.

It is a mystery to me how one who is fully

consecrated to Christ can love as a wife ought to love her husband, one who is an enemy, or even a neglecter of her Lord. He may be respectful to Christians and their worship, and faultless in outward morals, but if he is unsaved, he is dead in trespasses and sins. He has the carnal mind that is enmity against God. How can one who walks with God live with such a man in close and constant unison of soul? She must lack the best outer means of grace, communion on spiritual things with her dearest human friend. She must be held back from the expression of her religious sentiments, and the development consequent upon that expression, by the constant fear that she will weary him by that which is distasteful to him. If she goes to any one else for such spiritual help, he can but be grieved that she prefers the society of others, and neglects him. How can she rest in peace a single hour while he who is dearer than her own life is in danger of eternal perdition? The wrath of God abides upon her husband, no matter how dear he may be.

There is a paradox in this matter of Christian enjoyment,—the more you share it with others, the more you have for yourself. There is also great joy in sharing our best things with those whom we love. Indeed, they hardly seem fully our own till our "other self" has had a part of the pleasure they give.

There is no happiness on earth to compare with that of well-married people who are "one in Christ Jesus."

You may use your best judgment in this matter,—of your choice of a husband; but, after all, you will need special Divine guidance.

Only God knows the future. His eye alone can cut down through all shams and disguises. The only safe thing in this all-important matter, is for you to "commit your ways" to Him, that He may "direct your paths."

Solomon says that a good wife is of the Lord; and is not also a good husband from the source of "every good and perfect gift"?

It is God who joins together those whom man may not put asunder.

When your mind begins to settle upon some one who seems also to prefer you, the whole matter ought to be taken to the Good Father, with confidence that He will arrange it just as it is best. In order to Divine direction, you must choose that the matter in hand may go God's way: not like the young fellow who asked to be guided in a similar matter; but added, under his breath: "But I must have Mary." In your choice, oblige yourself to swing to the opposite side from your inclination. Then trust that your motives, being fully in Christ's hand, are under the blood of cleansing. Do not say: "I cannot live if God denies me this friend." No; say, rather: "If He who sees the end from the beginning, knows this not to be for the best, I pray Him to break it up. Better, a thousand times better so, than that my life should be blighted by a mistake in this vital matter."

With God's sanction and blessing you can but be sure of great happiness in the long walk through life.

Tennyson says:—

“Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummetts dropped for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind.
In the long years liker must they grow, —
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She, mental breadth, nor fall in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till, at the last, she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.”

CHAPTER XIV.

MAKING THE HOME.

THE true Christian home is the one remnant of Eden in this out-of-joint world. A thousand pities that it is so far to seek, and hard to find!

There are thousands of living places where men and women hurt constantly those whom they ought to help, chilling them to death with misunderstandings, thereby making their own lives as desolate as a desert. Those who ought to stand heart to heart, doing the work and enduring the weariness of life, are separated by seas of icy indifference. Most of these people have, within reach, the means that, wisely used, would make the home a very Paradise.

There can be no nobler business than home-making, for in the home the base-stones of character are laid. The foundation of a building shows less than the rest, yet no fault is more disastrous than its unsoundness. A defect in

early training manifests itself in the terrible failures of later life.

I once knew a family whose mother gave each of her children something of her own brilliancy; but, ah! the pity of it!—she gave each also an obliquity in regard to the truth. They went astray, speaking lies as soon as they were born. Their father had many noble traits, but a fault in his own training led him always to treat his wife as if she were a minor, under his guardianship and control. Busy in his profession, he could not do well the work of both parents. He would lay down iron rules that he expected her to observe exactly, but which were often more honored in the breach than the observance. She was not brave enough to resist openly his autocratic will; and as a natural result of the grinding of his small tyrannies, she became deceitful and tricky, and trained her children accordingly. They developed so inveterate a propensity to deceive that they would cheat when openness and honesty would have been far better policy. They became Christians; some

of them ministers; yet they failed constantly of the grand work for which they were fitted by fine talent and generous impulses; and all on account of that defect in their home training. Many a one who might have been a giant, achieving the noblest results in God's work, is pre-doomed to failure because the mother who laid the foundation of character, is weak or careless.

The woman's hand gives the life a bias that it will follow, not only to the end of life, but throughout the eternal years. Hence, in God's name, I say, let it be steady, sure, and strong. Let the home, where she does her best work, have her strongest thought, her main strength, her most devout prayer.

The character of the home determines also the destiny of the nation and of the race, for it is the workshop of the civilization. Some one has said: "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes the laws." I would say: "Let me shape the homes of the people, and I will make both songs and laws."

Home-making is as natural to women as it is for birds to fly, or fishes to swim. When we see eagles taking to the water, and fishes floundering over the meadows, we may expect to see true women seeking happiness outside the home. I do not know much about the actress and *chanteuse*, but I do know intimately most of the women who are in public Christian work. Many of them are toiling for the means to make their own home safe and comfortable; or they sacrifice their happiness that the less fortunate may be helped to the means of making the home what it should be. When I have seen them in the seclusion of their family life, I have seen that no homes in all the land were better kept, or nearer the ideal. It is not they who leave their children with half-civilized servants while they are out in the whirl of excitement and dissipation. It is when society chains a woman to her car that you may expect that moral slaughter of the innocents. Then all hopes and loves are sacrificed to the insane appetite for admiration.

I think most of the day-dreams of young girls revolve about the home that is to be. I know that always furnished the staple for my castle-building. It would be well if they could have systematic preparation for this work, as it is to be the main business of the majority. When we reach the Golden Age, every college will have a woman of broad experience and keen insight to lecture on this all-important topic. Nothing except personal salvation, to which it is closely akin, could be more helpful, or tell more upon the future.

You can make a home without a husband, though under disadvantages. It may lack permanence, since there is no other relation in which we may depend upon the union of interest to last to the end to end of time.

A tree is a marvelous specimen of vegetable life, and it takes the sunshine and storms of many years to bring it to strength. It must have as large a branching underground, where it can take hold upon the muscles of the earth, as it sends toward heaven. This would be im-

possible if it could be moved as easily and safely as an onion or a turnip. There is something like this in the making of the home. It needs that God should join two people together, for better or for worse, in order to its permanence; yet when that is not practicable, nature makeshifts that answer admirably. The young lady who conducted me through an asylum for deaf mutes, talked so easily and pleasantly I did not discover that she was hearing with her eyes, till I asked a question while her face was turned from me. Nature having closed the poor child's ears, had put upon her eyes the work of the missing sense. It is much better to "read the lips," than not to know the thought of others; but, after all, the original plan is the best.

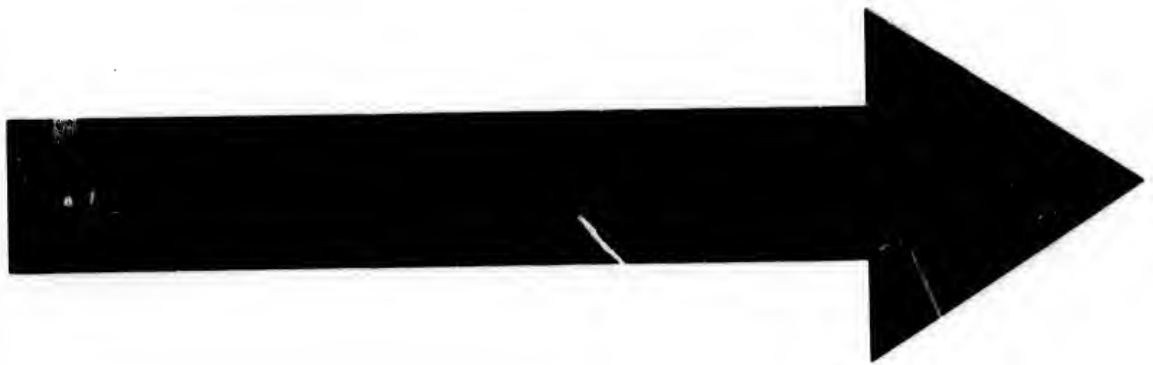
There must be harmony between the principal factors in making the home, be they friends, sisters, sister and brother, or husband and wife. That harmony can be secured only by each yielding to the other. Each must surrender personal preferences for the common weal. It is anything but harmony where the giving up is

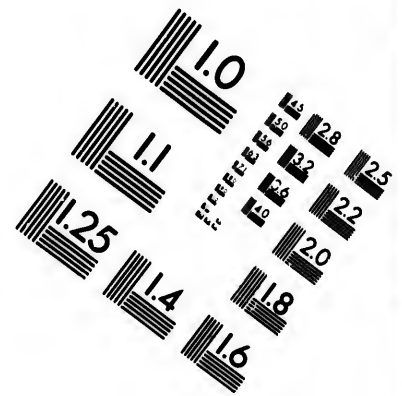
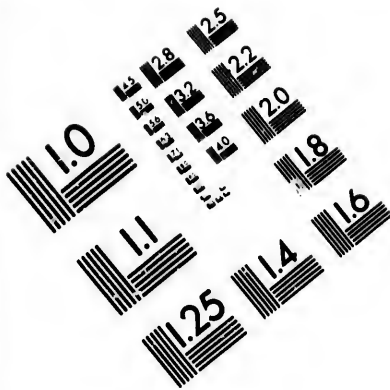
all on one side of the house. That is poor music that is all base, or all soprano. Solos do very well for a change, or to render some sentiment most effectively; but we want "the parts" in the bulk of our music. When the harmony is finest, it is not simply a succession of simple chords. It grows intricate. Now the base takes the theme, and then the soprano, the alto and the tenor being ready to take their turn, according to the effect to be produced. In perfect family life, there is not the monotony of the perpetual dominance of one "part." Now it is the husband's voice that carries the melody, while the rest "accompany"; then the wife's soprano rings out, steady and clear, and the basso sinks into a support. In this harmony, as in the service of Christ, each is free to do his best, and develop his powers to the utmost.

To get ready for this important part of your future work you need to learn to yield gracefully. While you have clear convictions of right, and sharply-defined opinions of the fitness of things, you must learn that the Lord never

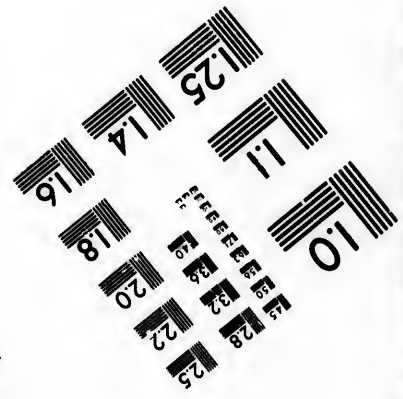
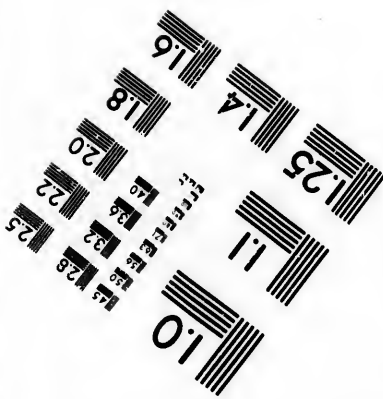
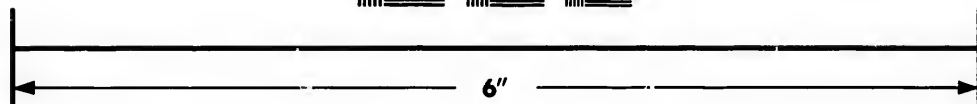
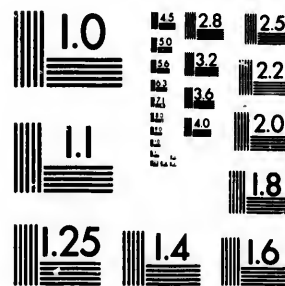
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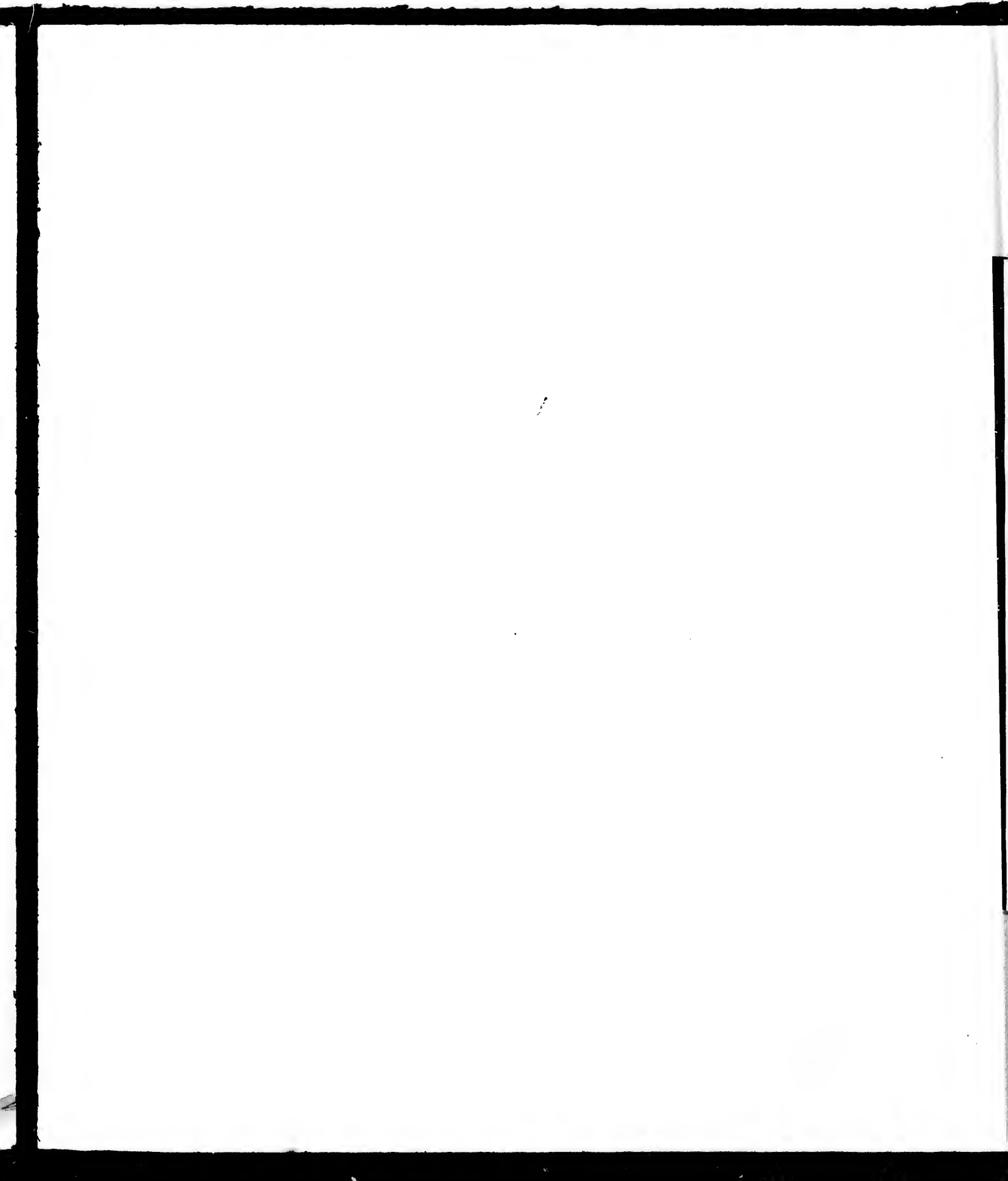
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packs all the wisdom in one brain ; and perfect perceptions are as rare as perfect eye-sight. One is color-blind, and you might argue with him till doomsday, and you could never make him know green from blue, or yellow. Another is near-sighted ; a third sees double ; a fourth is so well satisfied with his first glance that he never cares to look upon the other side of a matter. Where there is so much imperfect vision, we can hardly be sure that our own eyes are absolutely reliable. So we must learn to express our opinions humbly, and with due respect for those of others ; above all, having fervent charity. A voice that habitually "sharps" or "flats" will spoil a choir. So an intolerant spirit will ruin the harmony of a household.

Do not seem to yield while you are secretly all the more determined to have your own way. While you hold your opinions with due firmness, go around to the side of those who oppose you, and see how the matter looks from this point of view. The surest guard to harmony is that all shall agree in asking that their joint af-

fairs may "go God's way." Leave it to the Master to settle all difficult questions, and you may depend upon it, you will have peace.

In the well-made home all are industrious. Mere consumers are *impedimenta*, the carrying of which can but exhaust the strength of the producers. To live by the effort of other people makes one selfish; and selfishness is always an enemy of peace.

I am told that in Brittany children only three years old are given something to do to help win the family bread. One often sees, among our own poor, one infant playing nurse, and lugging around another not much smaller than itself. It seems cruel to take the little things away from their dolls and kittens, and set them at work, but it makes industry a second nature to them. I learned to knit when I was very small, and my mother insisted that I should knit twenty times around the mitten or stocking every day. I thought myself dreadfully unfortunate, especially when the sock was large enough for my father. Stitch by stitch, I had

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to worry off the daily task, while other little girls were doing whatever they liked; but the habit of industry was worth infinitely more than the discomfort it cost.

In the family there can be genuine community of feeling only where all join hands under the common burden. There must be discipline in the home, — an ideal of neatness and order, to which it must be held, yet it must not be

“Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.”

It requires the genius of a statesman, or stateswoman if you please, to hold each within given lines, while there is the greatest freedom for the development of individuality. This seems easier in the country, where the rooms of the house seem to have rambled in and sat down together, at their own sweet will, additions and lean-tos coming up in a friendly way, and with Queen Anne-ish disregard of original, boxlike symmetry. In the city where land is valued by the inch, miles of houses are built exactly alike, because there is but one way in which to hang

cubes of space most economically about a flight of stairs. There it seems harder to give scope to individual traits of character in the makeup of the home. From the compacting process, there comes to be but one usual way of doing everything, and upon that iron-bedstead all must be stretched. Yet, after all, this is but in the seeming. If the chick within is kept under the proper conditions for a suitable length of time, it will peck and grow out of the shell. It is the life within, rather than the form, that needs to be developed after its kind.

Take the customs of the table, for instance. Less than three courses at dinner might seem to one to indicate a lower type of civilization than she could endure. Yet, with the ordinary American confusion in domestic service, she would have to enslave herself and the rest if she were rigidly to insist upon having the table cleared after the soup, and also after the heartier dishes; while seven or eight courses would require drill and attention sufficient to carry a regiment through the first chapters of its tactics.

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While you have seen the mistress of the house sitting, with persistently uplifted brows and drawn lips, measuring off a sparse, machine-made talk, waiting for an awkward servant to shamle through her duty, you have felt in the ghastly stiffness that the careless clatter of the farmhouse table where your butter slid down prematurely upon the warm potato, and the applesauce adjusted itself to the roast a little too democratically, was preferable; for was there not good fellowship and much excellent sense?

It cannot be denied that we sometimes attempt to support a style that may be agreeable in itself, but that is beyond reasonable reach of our individual purse; and we thereby incur much discomfort and deserve blame for our extravagance.

In England, nothing is wasted. Some farm-laborers, into whose cottages I took a peep one day, asked me how I thought they could get along in America. I could but tell them that with their English habits of economy, they would soon have a competence; but the trouble

would be, they would learn our American extravagance, and then they would get on no better here than there.

There are tracts of country, rich and productive, in the Middle West, that show what may be done where foreign peasants work to the original plan of their life. I have in mind a beautiful region first settled by New Englanders. Their frugal habits, developed on the rocky home soil, soon turned the new country into rich farms, with large, comfortable houses. There were books, churches, and schools, after the early, intellectual New England type. But their children indulged notions of extravagant living that the resources of the country would not support; and before long, mortgages were spun like spiders' webs over the broad, fat acres. Then the farms had to be sold. Purchasers were found in the Scandinavians, who had been pinched by the close poverty of their mountainous, storm-swept homes, into the most rigid economy. They took possession of the fine farm-houses, and lived on bare floors, eating

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buttermilk and potatoes, and saving every avail-
able cent to complete their payments. But
their young people are beginning to yield to
the yeasty American spirit, and the probability
is that they will repeat the blunder of the orig-
inal settlers.

How much better would it be to live one's
own, individual life, simply, plainly, and with-
out ostentation, affluent in genial hospitality, in
books, and in loyalty to God, rather than to ape
those whose financial and other circumstances
are of so different an order.

That you may be able to do this, you must
learn by study of your own tastes and capabili-
ties, and by Divine enlightenment, just what
kind of a life you are meant to live, and what
sort of a home you are set to make. Choose
your model, and work toward it as God gives
you opportunity.

I confess that none looks more attractive to
me than those of the Scotch cottagers. Robbie
Burns wrote of them:—

“From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs;”—

or those of the old New England, before capital set all her brooks turning spindles, when she was content to send out from her plain hillside homes grand men and women, every spare penny being turned into college training, and good, philanthropic thought; or that humble dwelling in Bethany where Jesus of Nazareth was often a guest, one of the sisters doing the housework, while the other studied theology at the Master's feet.

Let the pattern of your future home be shown you while you are alone with the Lord on the mount of communion; then prepare yourself carefully to make it, when the hour strikes. Master the details of its economics and industries. Learn to keep it faultlessly. The Lord may see fit to give you your time for intellectual or benevolent work, by sending the means for you to hire a substitute in the kitchen and sewing-room; but you will need to know how every part of the work ought to be done, in order to get much comfort out of it.

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ness; and that it may last, there must be trans-
parent candor and tender, plain dealing.

Practical jokes must be ruled out. They
buzz about in an innocent, harmless way; but
when the nerves are not quite sound they annoy
like swarms of house-flies. Sometimes they
have a covert teasing in them. Then they sting
like gnats and mosquitoes. I have been in
houses where the windows were covered with
screens to keep out insects, yet within their
walls sensitive hearts would lie awake for hours
fighting off the stinging memories of jolly little
jibes and cruelly-aimed jests.

You certainly would not expect a happy home
if you permitted its inmates to let loose upon
each other flings and sarcasms. As well expect
an agreeable entertainment from the opening of
an occasional box of lizards and snakes.

There must be the rebuking of faults, and
free personal criticism in a home; but it is mis-
chievous where that work is not done in the
tenderest love. I have sometimes been aston-
ished beyond measure by the niggardliness of

commendation, and the abundance of fault-finding among those who really loved each other dearly.

I once heard a brother say to his sister: "I'm afraid to tell you what I think of you, for fear you will be like the Irishman's sweetheart; she became so set up by his flatteries, she wouldn't speak to him."

Nothing makes people so humble and so anxious to show themselves worthy of the love and confidence of their friends as genuinely honest, cordial commendation. When a poor fellow's heart is throbbing with a wretched sense of incompetency, how it soothes and strengthens him to have a loving hand laid on his arm, and to hear the voice that is dearer than all beside whisper, "John, you did nobly to-night. That can't help doing good." Some time when he is rested and fresh, give him your criticisms, but let it be always when he feels surest of your love.

When your sister has to do some public work that taxes her to the utmost, do not let your

fear of her failure drive you out of the room. Do not sit and study the pattern of the carpet, as if you were ashamed to look up, or tie your shawl fringe in knots. Let her have one face lifted to hers from which she can catch a ray of courage and hope.

I remember a breakfast-room scene that hangs in my memory sweeter and brighter than anything I ever saw from the hands of the old masters. One of the sons—and any sister might be proud of the handsome fellow—comes in with a graceful and cheery “Good-morning,” then bending to kiss the cheek of the honored one at the head of the table, he says: “Good-morning, grandmamma. How charming your face is this morning! How I wish you’d been at the Missionary meeting last evening. It would have done your heart good to see how beautifully mamma presided. You would have been proud of her. And Mary’s singing—mamma, didn’t you think she sang better than usual?” “I don’t know, dear.” The mother turns toward her daughter with a look of sin-

cere appreciation. "Mary always sings well." "Anybody could sing with such lovely accompaniments as you play, Harry;" and the young lady's face is lighted with the pleasure of frank, hearty commendation. They hardly needed the "Grace" at that table. The kind, good words were to me, "the stranger within their gates,"

"Like the benediction that follows the prayer."

I thought: "Oh, the pity that it is so rare, when it is so easy to brim with happiness the hearts that we hold most dear!"

Where there is this loving candor there must be confidence. Confidence is the bond that binds people, communities, nations, together, and that lifts the world to God. When it is gone there is nothing left. We can endure anything for those whom we fully trust. Upon the firmness of the confidence that binds together the members of a household depend their fellowship and joy in each other.

That the home may be lifted out of the com-

monplace, there must be books and study. It will be well if there be also pictures and music.

You can prepare for this by gathering your little library now by economies that any one can practise who has so good an end in view. Better repair the dress and wear it the third season, and expend the value of a new one in good, wholesome, mental food. When you have an opportunity of learning some pretty handicraft, use it with reference to the inexpensive *bric-a-brac* with which you may decorate the walls of your home.

But after you have done your best to make ready, you will find that all will be useless unless you have God's blessing. Except the Lord build the house the workman worketh in vain. Character must be not only strong, but pure; not only noble, but godly.

Your home must be a palace of the King, and not a palace that He visits once in a long while; but one where He abides. It is His presence that transforms brick and marble into a royal residence.

Let the intention be established within you that when you have a home of your own, Christ shall be recognized at the table and in daily worship. Love for Him shall not be a theme to be spoken of only with bated breath and when one is in Sunday dress, but it shall give tone to all the talk.

All servants and guests shall be helped heavenward by the every-day life. You must begin at once to abide in Him, that you may have time to gather strength for the busier and more important days.

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CHAPTER XV.

WORK FOR CHRIST.

DIRECT service for Christ—that is, the winning of souls to Him—is far nobler and better than any other. It develops the personal piety of the worker; and by piety I do not mean simply correct deportment; no, nor a little stir of devotional sentiment, an occasional good-natured impulse, and a small charity or so sandwiched between great slices of selfishness. I mean the Christliness that gives itself utterly to the bringing of this revolted race back to its loyalty to our rightful Prince.

To do this work with any degree of success one must have unquestioning obedience to our Lord, constant trust in Him, and contact with Him; and these are also the conditions of spiritual growth.

This is, of all, the most dignified service. Servants pride themselves upon the honors of

their employers, patrons, and masters. He whose we are and whom we serve, is King of kings, and Lord of lords. Talk about its being a cross to sacrifice for Him! We ought to leap for joy that we are counted worthy to suffer for His name; that as He was in the world, so may we be also.

All that I have said about health, mental furnishing, finance, social adjustment, and the rest, is simply preparatory to this service, that you may be fitted for the work of winning souls.

All honorable work tends toward this, and it is more or less helpful to the worker and the cause, as it is more or less under the Divine control and blessing.

Even philanthropies and benevolences that do not help souls to the Lord, are mere palliatives, instead of specifics for the sin of the world.

Young ladies have hardly a fair field in Christ's direct service; but He is so careful an economist that if they prepare themselves

thoroughly, He will see to it that they have plenty to do. He says He will set before you an open door, and no man can shut it.

"Yes," you say, "I believe you; and I desire of all things to win people to Christ; but I do not know how to get about it. There are not many things for girls to do."

To begin, I would say, whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it, not only with your might, but for the Master's glory. I have a friend who was obliged, through financial reverses, to earn her livelihood by dressmaking. She would much rather have been holding revival services, but there was her little daughter and invalid husband demanding her care, besides the rent and grocery bills were to be paid. So she said: "I'll trust the Lord to give me work and skill, and I'll do my best to help the spiritual life of every lady whose dress I fit. I can, at least, tell what Christ has done for me; and they'll have to listen to it, for they can't very well escape, after the fitting begins." With that earnest resolve and trust, she went to work.

She succeeded well in her business, and at the same time she helped scores find the Lord.

Through the blood of Christ, get rid of your ambitions. 'Self-seeking vitiates many a noble effort. In even our temporal affairs the question ought not to be: "What will this do for me?" but, "Will it help forward Christ's cause?" "Will the kingdom come the sooner for my doing this, rather than something else?" The world would soon be brought to Christ, if all who bear His name were thus loyal.

In Grant's "Personal Memoirs," though there is little expressed of patriotic or devotional sentiment, yet a purpose runs through the book like the vertebral column of a serpent, which, you know, is all backbone, to put down the rebellion. No matter whether his ability was recognized by his ranking officer or not; no matter though five-days' marching and fighting had to be done on two-days' rations; no matter what his personal sufferings were from exposure, hard work, dangers, jealousies, misunderstandings, there was nothing to be done, but,

as he said of himself in one of his heaviest fields, to "keep right on." The Government must be sustained.

We can be sure of the result in our efforts to put down the rebellion against our King. We have infinite resources within reach of our faith. All that is lacking is the tireless, unselfish devotion that characterized the great captain.

Grant thought of himself only as a soldier. The nation had educated him, and it had a just claim upon the best service he could render.

Think of yourself not as a possible heroine, author, artist, poet, but as a worker for Christ. You may be occupied in any of those lines; but the prime, overmastering purpose must be, the winning of souls to the Lord. If you have not yet reached that gracious condition, pray without ceasing, and claim the promises of God till you are so equipped for the service. Be sure it will save you a deal of hard discipline, if you attend to this at once.

Be what you want others to become. Live

according to your text-book. Do not indulge, even secretly, a fault against which you warn others. If you urge them to live by the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, never stain your own lips with an uncharitable word.

I remember a pastor who had an inveterate love for tobacco. His disgust of the habit would keep his mouth clean months at a time. Then he would take just a morsel to allay nervous discomfort, and, presto! he was under the power of the weed. No one knew it but he; yet while he talked to his young men about the expensive and harmful habit, he was in the dust and ashes of self-contempt. One day, when, after long abstinence, he was on the point of yielding to the temptation, Some One whispered in his soul: "You have often cried to God for help to overcome; now ask Him to remove from you this wretched appetite." He fell upon his knees, threw himself upon Christ's mercy, and claimed, through the blood of the Atonement, healing from the unsoundness. That was fifteen years ago, and, to this day, he

has not had the slightest wish to touch tobacco.

Social strictness has kindly saved women in our latitude and longitude from the tobacco habit; but we are human, and there are other chains that Satan forges for us, and against which some of us have to struggle desperately if we would be free in Christ. Let us ask at once, that the Lion of Judah may break every chain, that we may be free indeed; and that we may never indulge, even secretly, what we would condemn in others.

Having prayed and waited before the Lord till you are settled in regard to the line of work He intends you to take for the winning of souls, begin immediately a thorough preparation.

If you are to be an educator, you will be surer to win your students to Christ, if you do first-class teaching. They must respect your genuineness, where they can see your work, before they can trust you heartily to lead them in paths of which they have little knowledge.

"That man's preaching will never do me any

good," I heard a woman say, not long since. — "Why? Doesn't he preach well?" — "Well enough, I suppose; but I heard him yell out at a boy that scared his horse, — though I was sure the child didn't mean any mischief, — in a way that made me feel that there was no good in his preaching for me."

A hundred sermons and a thousand prayers spoiled by one impatient word! Unreasonable? To be sure; but we may as well face the facts, and prepare ourselves to be guarded at every point. We are on an enemy's shore, and eternal vigilance is the price of success in soul-winning as in everything else.

Master carefully the details of the work you are set to do; and do not attempt more than you can do well. Those who are superficial in everything, being content always with a smattering of what they are supposed to know, soon wear out the respect and confidence of their associates.

Some women are glad to serve on any "Board" to which they can be elected, when

they know that the extent of their service is simply to help occasionally at "making a quorum." A little of the time that they give to foolish chat, would enable them to master the details of the work in hand, so that when they said "Aye," upon a question, it would be something more than the echo of a leader's opinion, — it would represent a judgment from another standpoint.

Do not become bigoted about a work that may be entrusted to you. They who succeed constantly, do have a way of centering all their strength upon the case in hand; and yet, if they are broad enough for permanent success, they do not cast others out of the synagogue because they regard some other interest as more important. Let there be a largeness in your thinking that will enable you to rejoice in the successes of those who do not pronounce your shibboleth.

Only one who is Divinely helped can attend faithfully to the work in hand, and at the same time take in the field where others toil.

Voltaire said: "Attention to minute details is the grave of great opportunities." God can number hairs and uphold worlds. Only they who are made like Him in spirit can hold carefully and strongly the one point, while their sympathies are broad enough to cover the whole.

It may seem quite unnecessary to tell bright, ingenious young girls, not to become fossilized or stereotyped in method; but I am talking now more about what you are to become, than what you are; and I think fossilization is not a question of age. When young folks attempt to help souls to Christ in a stiff, unnatural, mechanical way, they fill the unregenerate with contempt and wrath.

Be your fresh, natural, simple self in all you attempt to do; and remember one thing: you can have no "patent right" methods. As soon as you fancy that you have a line of approach, an order of questions, or a style of deportment that is warranted not to fail, you will find that that on which you rely becomes altogether un-

reliable. The reasons are plain if you look toward the Master. He alone knows that strange, eccentric, disordered, human soul. He only can tell how to reach it with Divine truth. We succeed in our attempts in exact proportion as we depend on Him to teach us the method of approach. In so far as we depend on past successes, we cease to depend on Him; and so we fail to make available His power, which is our only hope.

While we have close, personal contact with Christ, we shall be kept from "cant," which is merely a good thing said too many times. Short-sighted people may give us credit for generalship and originality in the Lord's work; but it is simply our "hearkening diligently" to what the Friends call the "Inner Voice," and obeying it without hesitation or demur.

There are no better forms of speech for us to use than those given in God's Word; and we cannot do better in the way of furnishing than to commit it to memory. We can more easily have faith for the message to take hold upon

the soul, if we give it in God's words, than when we use our own forms of expression; for He has promised that His Word shall accomplish that whereunto He hath sent it. Yet we must have the spirit as well as the letter in using Scripture. It became the boldest hypocritical cant under Cromwell's Barebones Parliament; and in our own time the Mormons utter such blasphemous absurdities, claiming that the Holy Ghost tells them to say so and so, that when one is among them he is almost ashamed to use that most holy name, or to quote the words of inspiration.

It requires Divine wisdom to live within whispering reach of Him who said: "I am with you alway," and not have the appearance of telephonic familiarity and carelessness; and also to carry constantly His messages to souls, and not become self-conscious and mechanical. But the great comfort is, He has promised to give wisdom liberally, just for the asking.

God often sends to the mark the arrow from a bow drawn at a venture; but that is not His

rule for our service, as I have observed His work. When he sets us at the winning of a soul, we must go about it with as complete a renunciation of self as if there were nothing else in the universe worthy our thought for that hour. We must remember those in the bonds of sin as bound with them. We must put our souls in their souls' stead, and work as if our own salvation were at stake.

One wintry, stormy night, a wreck signalled a Life-Saving Station for help. The "shot-line" was sent from the mortar over the stranded ship; the "whip-lines" had been drawn out to her and made fast, but the pulleys would not work. Something had gone wrong. There was no time to lose, for the vessel would soon go to pieces, and the crew perish in the breakers. So earnest were the life-saving men to rescue them, that one went out on the ropes to the wreck hand over hand. The great surges battered him, and rolled over him, pitching him this way and that, but out he crept into the pitiless night and dangerous sea. It was a

little thing that he had to set right upon the wreck, but if he had not risked all to reach the imperilled crew, they would have gone down. When God sets us to bring souls to Himself, we must be ready to swing out into the teeth of tempests, and upon the wildest seas, if we may but save them from death.

But when this work of winning souls to Christ becomes the passion of the life, is there not risk of over-enthusiasm and fanaticism? To be sure there is; for, as a quaint old man said: "You can't get out of gun-shot of Satan while you stay in this world." You may trust Christ to keep you from the tangential tendency that comes with the increase of power. To be and do just right, we must constantly "walk neat," as the Jubilee Singers sing, with better sense than English. The exact line of right action is as difficult to hold, as the hair bridge Mohammed's souls were obliged to walk over to get into Paradise. To plow a straight furrow a man sights some object across the field, and keeps his eye upon it. To make

straight paths for our feet we must constantly look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

According to our faith it will be done unto us. In other words, our success will be measured by our ability to bring God into each case, and, by our self-losing trust in His power, making available His omnipotence. Christ said: "Without me ye can do *nothing*." The excellency of the power is not of men, but of God.

There are said to be thirty thousand promises in the Bible. If you will avail yourself of but this one: "Lo I am with you alway," your success as a soul-winner will be fully assured.

I remember once trying to lead a young lady to Christ, when there was nothing in her manner to indicate her interest in her own salvation, except that she was willing to let me talk with her on the subject. When I pressed the question: "Will you now offer yourself to Him for His service?" she would make some careless, evasive reply, about having to give up

this or that amusement or association. At length, it came to me that I was trusting in my own efforts. Had not those same appeals been the means of helping many decide for Christ, and would they not win her? I cried in my heart: "Blessed Lord, forgive me for attempting to do Thy work! Now I step back, out of the way, and ask Thee to win this child to Thyself." She knew nothing of what was going on in my soul, but when I turned to her again with the question: "Miss Elmer, will you now give yourself to Christ?" her carelessness had vanished, and she responded from the depths of a deep nature: "Yes, ma'am, I will." Within fifteen minutes she gave evidence of having been thoroughly converted.

That we may learn and keep this secret of the Lord, we must hold our consecration intact and complete. Take any little work that our hands find to do, and do it with our might for His glory. Remember, *for His glory*, not for your own, or that of your friends, or your church, or your doctrine. The plainest work,

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faithfully done, with His blessing, will be a pedestal high enough to give you all the consideration that He sees it best for you to have in this short life.

The world is Christ's enemy. Its favor is your greatest danger. Ulysses obliged his sailors to bind him to the mast of his ship, and fill their own ears with wax so that they could not hear his entreaties or commands for them to release him, when they sailed by the sirens' isle. He knew that the music of the enchantresses had lured myriads to their death, and he feared its power. We must be bound to the cross of Christ, and have our hearts filled with those sayings of His, if we would go safely where multitudes have perished.

We are living in a day of grand opportunities. Let us be broad enough to take in "the situation," and measure up to our highest possibilities.

Sydney Smith declared it an impertinence for one with less than a thousand pounds a year to have an opinion. We live in a land where the

poorest of the sovereign people may have opinions, and in a day when whosoever can, may express his or her opinion with all the power that can be crowded into it by a noble life.

"We are living, we are moving,
In a grand and awful time."

Events are crashing by, so potent in result that they might stir dead men in their shrouds. We cannot shirk our part in them.

Never did woman wield such a sceptre of power as that which American Protestantism has put into her hands. Mordecai said to Queen Esther: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" But he added, in a warning which it will be well for us to heed: "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall enlargement and deliverance arise from another, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed."

South of the equator the constellation known as the Southern Cross shines with rare radiance. The traveller, camping for the night on the An-

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des, sets his watch, and goes to his rest. As the night wears away, he calls to the watchman: "What of the night? What is the hour?" The watchman looks up into the deep, dark sky, and replies to the traveller, "It is past midnight, for the cross is bending." Thank God, it is past midnight, and the cross of our Lord is bending to the wretched and perishing.

Through the sweet and tender ministrations of Christian women, hundreds of thousands of the most degraded and oppressed of human beings,—the women of the Orient,—have caught, even in their dungeons of darkness and despair, rays from the cross of our Redeemer. Neglected women in our own land are being rescued from a fate no less miserable, and a gloom no less appalling, by the same tender and puissant love. They who are bound by the chains of appetite are being set at liberty through the tireless zeal of the queenly "temperance women"; and the noble White Cross Legion are bending over the maelstrom of death, to help out and upon the Rock, those in whose baleful

loss all suffer, but for whose perishing none seem to care.

In this day of widening opportunities, may the blood of Christ wash the heart of each of you whiter than snow, and fill the soul of each with a deathless purpose to do her very utmost to bring to His kingdom Him who rules that He may save

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