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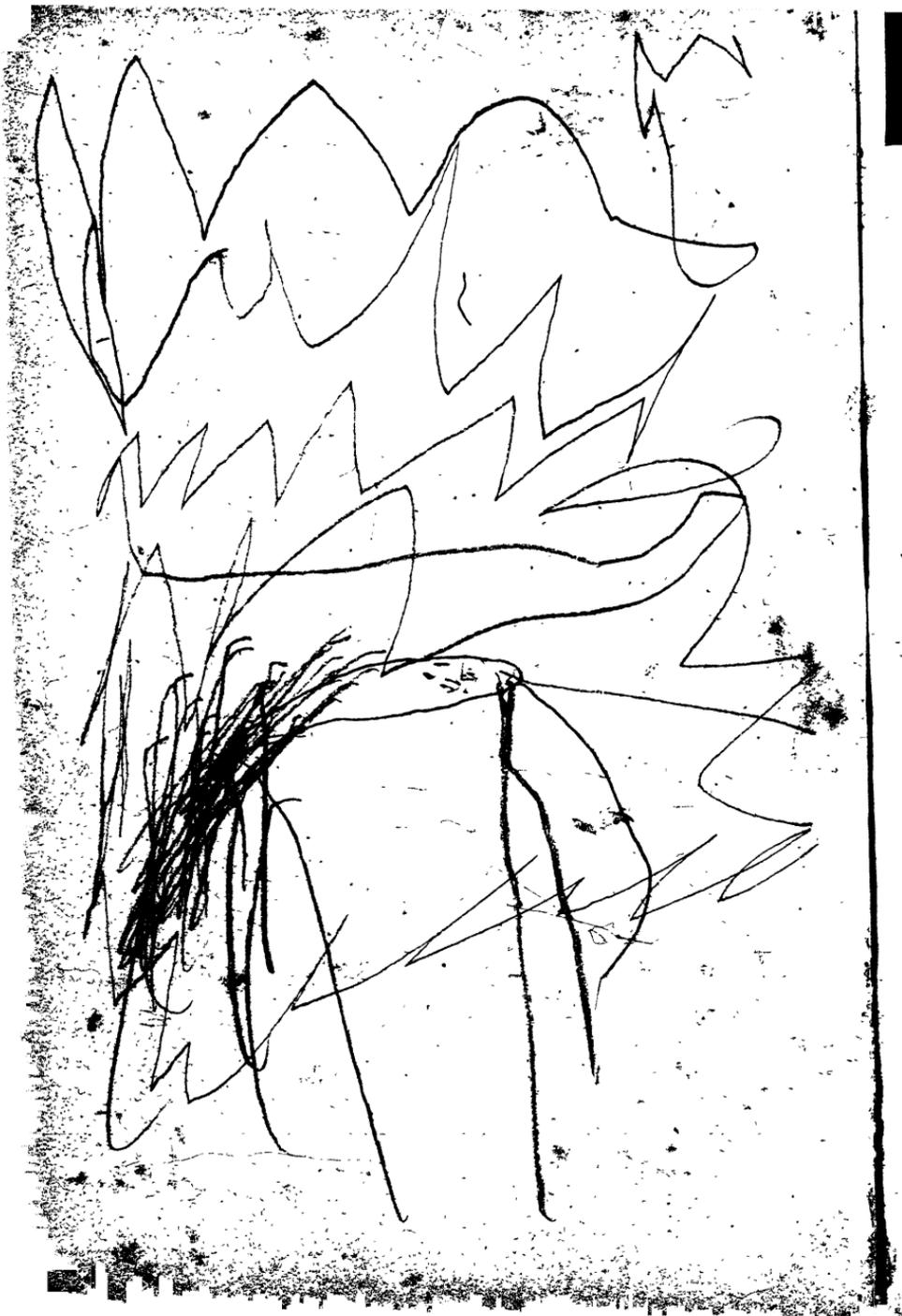
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THE

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION

TO WOMAN.

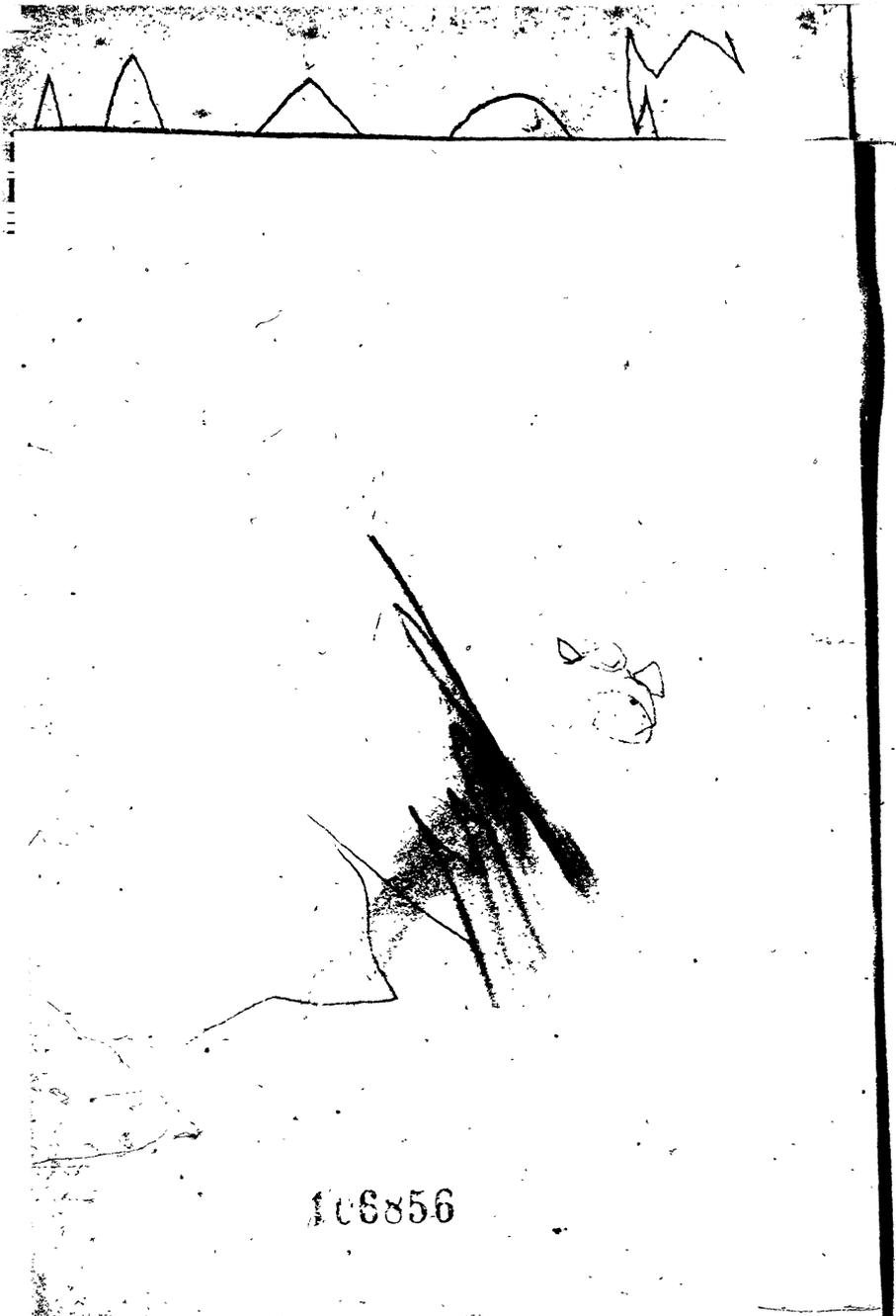
BY MRS. ANNIE ROLLO STAGG,

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P R E F A C E .

There is too much truth in the common observation "that most of the books prepared particularly for the use of woman are of rather a frivolous character." Trifling pursuits and empty recreations are too frequently recommended to her notice, and whole volumes are sometimes composed apparently for the purpose of teaching woman, the most elegant and fashionable mode of wasting her time and thus unfitting her for the sober business and the inevitable emergencies of life. The preparation of such books is surely a very indifferent compliment to woman, since it is virtually assigning her a place in the scale of moral and intellectual beings, which she neither deserves nor desires. She prefers instructions in those studies and pursuits which are elevating in their tendencies, and which, by directing the mind to the noblest and most useful objects, qualify

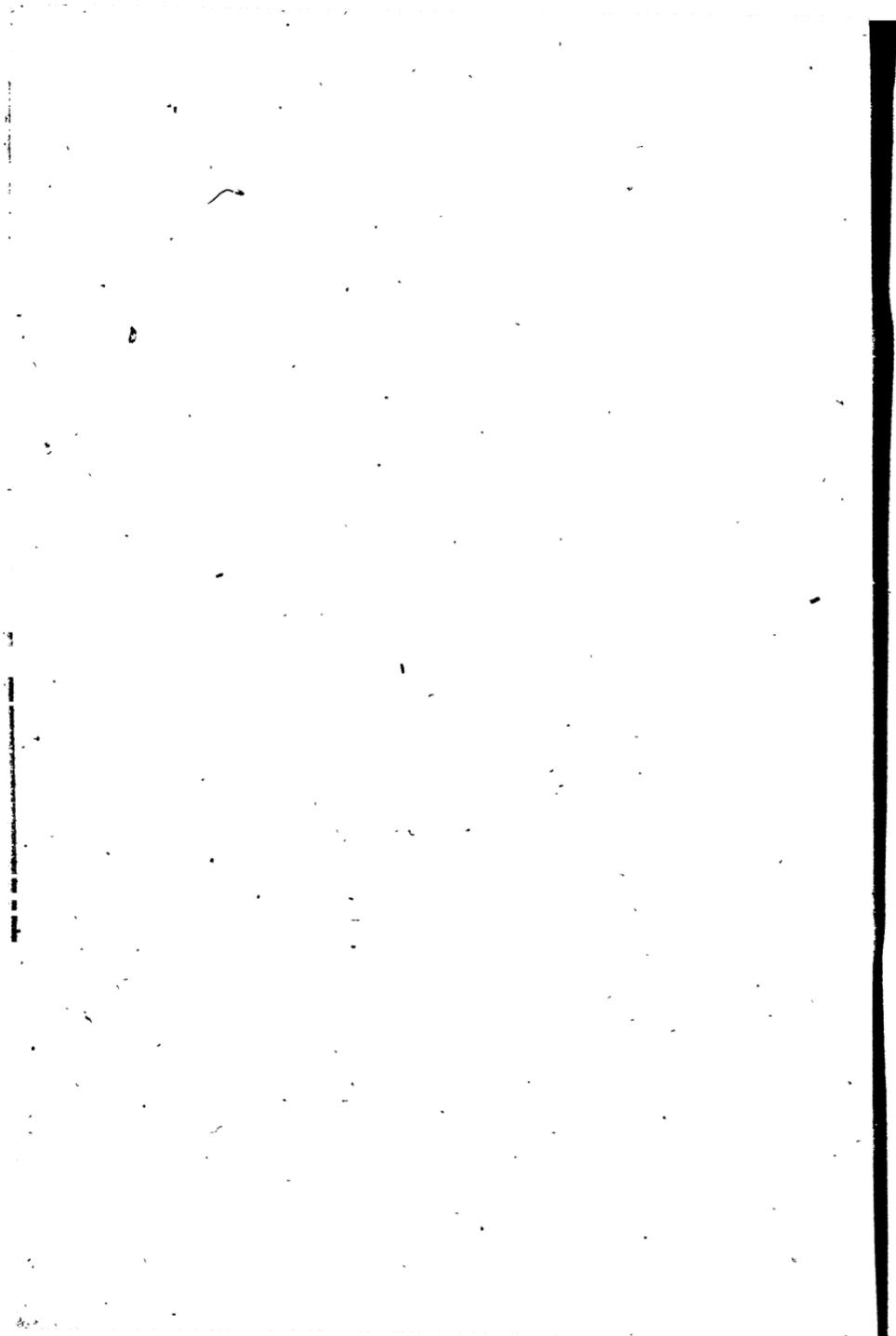
her for the station she may be called upon to occupy here, as well as prepare her for the happiness she ardently hopes for hereafter. In preparing this little book the Authoress has been guided not by a mere desire to offer that which might be really and permanently useful, but through a profound respect and love for the female character. The materials of work she has drawn from a variety of sources but the fundamental principles are from the Bible, with special reference to actual utility. The mode for ensuring mental improvement will be found consistent with the best authorities on the subject, and worthy of being treasured up to aid the great work of education which begins in infancy and ends only with life. The hints on moral deportment and the instructions on the general character of Christian life in the relations most important to female happiness, viz :—The social and domestic relations, while they commend themselves to the unsophisticated minds of the young, will, it is believed, secure the approval of every judicious parent. At a time when frivolity and show are but too fashionable the Authoress has dared to prepare a work of a solid character, which she hopes and believes will be found to be suited to the wants of young women. She humbly hopes that the public may find it ex-

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ecuted, in a measure at least, worthy of the design; having availed herself of the assistance afforded by the works of some of the ablest writers on life, together with her own experience and observation. She will consider herself richly rewarded if the result of her humble labours shall meet with the approval of those who would award to the gentler sex what is justly their due—the highest advantages for intellectual and moral improvement.





IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO WOMAN.

RELIGION has been sometimes decried as the passion of weak men, of women and of children; woman may blush for the association which the ridicule involves, but she has no reason to be ashamed of her propensity. May it ever be her distinction. It is the pearl which adorns as well as enriches. To say that she is more religious than the other sex seems indeed to imply a reflection on the latter; yet if this be true, it is no more than might be expected—the position and habits of woman are comparatively favourable to piety; she needs solace and occupation, and religion affords her both, without it her character is sadly defective, even in the eyes of ordinary persons. A woman may as well be without heart as without religion, and there are few men, however irreligious themselves, but would shrink

from impiety in woman. It involves a coldness and hardness of character offensive both to taste and feeling. The mere suspicion of irreligion lowers a woman in general esteem—it implies almost a reflection on her character. A woman must hold no converse with anything which might bear the suspicion of immorality. She knows that the romance, which invests impiety with the charm of sentiment, must not lie upon her table. Nor must she be supposed to be acquainted with the poem which decks out vice with the witchery of song. Religion is indeed a woman's panoply, and no one who wishes her happiness would divest her of it. No one who appreciates her virtues would weaken their best security. There is nothing so well adapted as religion to her wants. woman has many trials, and she therefore needs support, and religion is her asylum, not only in heavy afflictions but in petty disquietudes; these, as they are more frequent, are perhaps almost as harrassing—at least they equally need a sedative influence—and religion is the anodyne. Religion is just what woman needs, without it, she is ever restless or unhappy; ever wishing to be relieved from duty or from time; she is either ambitious of display or greedy of pleasure, or sinks into a listless apathy, useless to others and unworthy of herself; but when the light

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Heaven shines upon her path it invests every object with beauty. Duties, occupations, and even trials, are seen through a bright medium, and the sunshine which gilds her course on earth is but the dawning of a far clearer day.

'Tis Religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis Religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.



THE REPROACH OF WOMAN.



GENESIS, THE THIRD CHAPTER.

THE SERPENT DECEIVETH EVE.

NOW the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made, and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden. And the woman said unto the serpent, we may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said ye shall not eat of it lest ye die. And the serpent saith unto the woman thou shalt not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good from evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eye and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit and did eat and gave also unto her husband with her and he did eat. And the Lord said unto the woman what is this thou hast done."

Now, dear sisters, this to me seems very humiliating language. Let us prayerfully contemplate upon it, and seeing that womans' weakness was the cause of man's shameful fall, we thereby losing the favour of God and the esteem of man, it therefore be-

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hoves us prayerfully and diligently to enquire what is the whole duty of woman, that she may be the helpmeet for man which the great Sovereign of all designed we should be. In the first place, how are we to redeem the favour of the Almighty God? Is there anything we can do to make amends for our weakness and sin? No! verily. Only as we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, Redeemer, Ransomer, the Saviour of the world.

Hebrews 11. 6. "Without faith it is impossible for us to please God, for we must believe that he is and that He is the rewarder of all them who diligently seek him." There are some of the opinion that women are incapable of having this faith. But hear what the Apostle Paul says in his second epistle to Timothy, chapter first, and fifth verse. "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith which is in thee which dwelt in thy grandmother Lois and thy mother Eunice and am persuaded that in thee also—" Now Solomon casts a great reflection on woman when he says: "Which yet my soul seeketh but I find not; one man among a thousand have I found but a woman among all these have I not found." I imply no disrespect to the wisest man of the world when I say that we will comfort ourselves with thoughts of the grand improvement and

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advancement of our sex since that good man's time upon earth. And let it encourage the female Christian that many have preceded her in her godly course. That Ruth and Hannah, and Mary, and Dorcas, and Priscilla, and other holy women, have led the way. That they have striven and have prevailed; have believed and been accepted; that they have received their crown of glory and are with the spirits of the just made perfect. And let you and I dear reader, earnestly endeavour to be like them.

Holy Bible! book divine,
Precious treasure thou art mine;
Mine to teach me whence I came,
Mine to tell me what I am.

Mine thou art to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine to show a Saviour's love,
Mine to chide me when I rove.

Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Mine to show by living faith,
Woman's triumph over death.

WOMAN.

If you please, dear sisters, allow me in this chapter to call your attention to some passages of scripture that refer particularly to woman. Let us look at 1 Cor. xi, 8-9, and also at Genesis iii, 16, and we shall find Woman spoken of as the companion and helper of man, and by express command made subject to him.

The word Woman when used as a term of salutation as in Matt. xv, 28, implies no disrespect but great tenderness and courtesy. It was thus that our Saviour addressed Mary Magdalen under the most touching circumstances as we find recorded in John xx chap., 15 v.; and again when he commended his mother to the care of that disciple whom he loved he said, "woman behold thy son." In the previous chapter we spoke of the reproach of woman. Let us now consider the honour conferred upon her during our Saviour's sojourn on earth. At the mar-

riage in Cana of Galilee, when Mary the mother of Jesus apprised the Saviour that there was no wine, He answered her in these memorable words : " Woman, what have I to do with thee ? Mine hour is not yet come. (John ii, 4th and 5th verses.) " His mother saith unto the servants, whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Mark you her strength lay in her humility, for she kept all these sayings in her heart. Again we find our Saviour when conversing with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, speaking thus : " If thou knewest the gift of God and who it is that saith to thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him and he would have given thee living water." (John iv, 10.) " Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming went out and met him ; but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that, even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus saith unto her thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her I am the resurrection and the life ; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this ?

She saith unto him yea Lord ; I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world. And when she had so said, she went her way and called Mary her sister, secretly saying, the Master is come and calleth for thee. As soon as she heard that she arose quickly and came unto him. Now Jesus was not yet come into the town but was in that place where Martha met him. The Jews then which were with her in the house and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her saying, She goeth unto the grave to weep there. Then when Mary was come where Jesus was and saw him, she fell down at His feet, saying unto Him, Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled, and said where have ye laid him ? They say unto Him, come and see. Jesus wept. John xi, 21-35." Now there are many passages in Scripture which are very comforting to woman, but none more so, I think, than the passages above quoted. There are those in our day who would deny woman the right to express her opinion on any subject. But behold the King of Glory, God's Holy Son, deigning to reason with woman. Please take notice to the

verse where Martha speaks of her brother rising again at the resurrection, the blessed Saviour useth arguments to convince her and then she exclaims, "I believe thou art the Christ." "Jesus wept." For a moment behold him mingling His tears with those of the bereaved sisters. Oh! what wondrous condescension. What matchless love. But lest this beautiful passage of scripture be used for feeding pride, let us humbly bear in mind that "an arrogant woman is an abomination to the Lord." Oh, may it be yours and mine dear Sister, the assurance and comfort of these words. "Thy faith hath saved thee go in peace." Let us exercise faith in that Divine Being whose sufferings and death opened up a way by which the vilest of sinners may obtain forgiveness and salvation. Oh, how I love to linger in thought around the cross; I love to follow in imagination our Lord in his labours of love. Go with me, dear reader, down to Gethsemane's Garden. Let us gaze for a moment upon that Being while He kneels in prayer; the gory sweat trickling down as it were in great drops of blood. Let us listen to that agonizing prayer "Father, if it be possible let the cup pass from me," yet witness the submissive spirit as He exclaims, "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done." Behold the officers coming out with swords

and staves to take him. Witness that kiss of betrayal by one of his professed followers as he salutes him with "hail Master." Follow Him to the judgment hall, see the robe of mock royalty, the mock sceptre placed in his hand, the crown of jagged thorns piercing his holy temples; hear the insulting abuse of the rabble as they mockingly bow the knee hailing him as the King of the Jews. Let us follow him a little farther as he ascends Calvary's rugged summit, bearing his own cross. Watch while he is stretched upon the accursed tree, suspended between the heavens and the earth, a spectacle to angels, men and devils, while the luminary of day refuses to look upon a scene so truly awful, and all nature is convulsed with agony at the tragic scenes that are there transpiring. Listen to that sympathetic prayer "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." See the anguish depicted on his countenance as he exclaims, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Can we look but to wonder and adore when we feel that he suffered this for us. He left the habitations of glory for the stables of an inn; the homage of angels for the insults of men; the smiles of his Father for the temptations of the devil; the raptures of Heaven for the groans of Gethsemane; the splendors of the throne

for the ignominy of the cross, the brightness of the celestial glory for the darkness of the tomb. And why was this? It was love that prompted the sacrifice; love to the undeserving and the rebellious—to those who then crucified and to those who now pierce him by their sins—and love still prompts his intercession for us at God's right hand. Oh, dear Sisters, will the love which has already effected so much fail us in any extremity, when we are called upon to pass through fiery trials and withstand temptation; when clouds and darkness envelope us can we not hear the well-known voice of Jesus echoing through the gloom and saying, "Be of good cheer it is I be not afraid:

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please;
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our friend.

When I am fainting in the storm,
Let me see his cheering form;
Hear him in his promised aid,
"It is I, be not afraid."

OBEDIENCE.

HOW are we to command that esteem or honor which some would term "Woman's Rights?" In my opinion the very expression "woman's rights" is not in any way or sense complimentary to woman. The subject is one which is greatly discussed at the present day. If, dear reader, you will permit me to give you my opinion, I would say that he or she who advocates woman's rights by assuming equality for woman with the more honored sex in a dogmatical way is by no means a true friend to woman. Obedience is so much demanded in the female character that many appear to regard it as the one virtue called for in woman as it must be deemed by all to be such in a child. If man as the guide and head of women were himself a perfect creature this would unquestionably be true, but if we regard woman, as we must, as a being endowed by

God with reason and therefore accountable to him her Creator for all her actions, unqualified and implicit obedience to man, a creature like herself liable to errors, cannot consistently be required. I do not mean to convey the idea that women are children in knowledge. I believe that so soon as woman shows herself worthy of esteem and honor they will not be withheld from her. It is however certain that in whatever situation of life a woman is placed, from her cradle to her grave, a spirit of submission and obedience, pliability of temper and humility of mind are required from her and the most gifted cannot quit the path thus pointed out by habit, nature, and religion, without impairing her usefulness and injuring, to a certain extent at least, her own character. Modesty, which may be termed the inherent virtue and the native grace of woman, which she may be exhorted to retain but will seldom be entreated to acquire, renders obedience in general easy and habitual to her especially at that period of life when she is placed under parental care and the "yoke is easy and the burden light." There are, however, gay and buoyant spirits, haughty and self-willed minds who are not otherwise ill-disposed, who feel obedience a difficult task and are ready to question the wisdom or analyze the rights of all in au-

thority over them. To such I would urge this virtue as a religious duty. If they cannot submit to it as a reasonable service I would beseech them as females called to exercise self-control and meekness to obey for conscience sake.

Sweet hour of prayer,
Sweet hour of prayer,
I welcome thee.
I've oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return sweet hour of prayer.

When faint and hungry,
Sad and lone,
I turn my eyes,
Towards my home.
By faith I view
A land so fair,
It hastens my
Return to prayer.



GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

THE principle virtues or vices of woman are of a private and domestic nature. Within the circle of her own family lies her sphere of action, the scene of almost all those tasks and trials which must determine her character here and her destiny hereafter. Reflect for a moment how much the happiness of her husband, children, and servants must depend on her temper and demeanour and you will, I think, agree with me that the greatest good or evil she may have in her power to do may arise from her restraining or indulging her passions. It is true we are not all equally happy in our dispositions but virtue consists in cherishing every good inclination and in checking and subduing every evil propensity. And if you and I, dear sister, have inherited a bad temper it may be made a good one, if we regard the outward effects, by reason, education

and principle. If on the other hand we are so happy as to have a good temper when young, we are not to suppose that it will always continue to be so without proper care and cultivation. Poverty, sickness, disappointments or worldly cares may corrupt and embitter the finest disposition if they are not counteracted by reason and religion. It is observed that every temper is inclined in some degree either to passion, peevishness or obstinacy, and many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to each of these in turn. It is necessary therefore to watch the bent of our nature and to apply the proper remedies for the infirmities to which we are most liable. With regard to the first it is so injurious to society and so odious in itself, especially in the female character, that one would suppose a sense of self-respect alone would be sufficient to preserve a woman from giving way to it, for it is as unbecoming a woman's character to be betrayed into ill-behaviour by passion as by intoxication, and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as the other. Gentleness, meekness and patience are woman's peculiar distinctions, but an enraged woman is one of the most disgusting sights in nature. It is evident from general experience that the most passionate can command themselves where the motive to do so is sufficiently strong, such

as the presence of those they fear or to whom they wish particularly to commend themselves. We have therefore no right to excuse our conduct, to persons whom we have injured by unkind reproaches and unjust aspersions, on the plea that we were led away by passion. The allowing ourselves to lose our self-control through passion is a proof of an insolent disrespect for the feelings of others, on our part, which the meanest of our fellow-creatures has a right to complain of. Allow me to say that what I have found good for myself I may safely recommend it to others. When I find myself heated so far as to desire to say what would be provoking or wounding to another, I immediately resolve either to be silent or leave the room rather than give utterance to anything dictated by so bad an inclination. Be assured a woman under the influence of passion is utterly unfit to reason with or to reprove others, and it becomes her duty then to retire from such an occasion to sin, and wait until her better nature asserts itself before she presumes to judge of what may have disturbed her serenity of mind. By accustoming ourselves thus to conquer and disappoint anger, we shall by degrees find it to grow weak and manageable so as to leave us our reason and liberty. We will then be able to restrain our tongues from speaking evil, and our

looks and gestures from all expressions of violence or ill-will. Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the greatest source of passion. She who cultivates a proper humility, a due sense of her own faults and insufficiencies, with a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent or unreasonable anger. In the case of real injury which justifies and calls for resentment—or at least a distinct expression of disapproval of the wrong—there is a noble and generous anger which has nothing in it sinful or degrading, which indeed is a necessary part of our nature, and which must not be confounded with that anger which feeds on pride. I would not be insensible to this, for the person who feels not a real injury—and feeling it does not manifest proper resentment—must be incapable of being affected by benefits. Towards those who ill-treat us without provocation we ought to maintain our dignity, but, while we should show a sense of their improper behaviour, we should be careful at the same time to preserve perfect calmness, both of speech and manner, and thereby convince them of their impotence as well as the injustice of their malice. We should also weigh every circumstance with candour and charity and consider whether our manifestation of the resentment deserved may not produce ill con-

sequences to innocent persons, or occasion the breach of some duty or necessary obligation for which we ought to sacrifice our just resentment. Above all we should take special care that a particular offence against us does not make us unjust to the general character of the offending person. Generous anger does not preclude esteem for whatever is really estimable, nor does it necessarily prevent the exercise of good-will towards the person of its object; it even inspires the desire of overcoming evil by conferring benefits, and wishes to inflict no other punishment than the regret of having injured one who was undeserving of censure. Generous anger is always placable and ready to be reconciled as soon as the offender is convinced of his or her error nor can any subsequent injury provoke any reference to faults previously forgiven. The consciousness of injured innocence naturally produces dignity and usually prevents excess of anger. It is only when we are conscious of blame and when we apprehend that we have laid ourselves open to contempt. Where we know we have been wrong, the least injustice in the degree of blame imputed to us, excites our bitterest resentment, but when we know ourselves faultless

the sharpest accusation excites pity or contempt rather than rage.

I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek ;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good ;
So that of me it may be said
She hath done what she could.

Alas ! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see ;
Oh, gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.



CAUSES OF FEMALE INFLUENCE

TIME is in many respects a reformer. It produces the same kind of changes in the opinions of men as familiarity does in their feelings. It has a tendency to do away with superstition and reduce everything to its real worth. It is thus that the remains of the feudal system are everywhere rapidly disappearing ; that there is at the present day less of chivalrous feeling than there once was ; and that men act now, not so much from impulse as from conviction. It is thus also that the sentiment for woman has undergone a change. The romantic passion which once almost deified her is on the decline and it is by her own intrinsic qualities that she must inspire respect. There is less enthusiasm entertained for woman than in former ages but the regard is more rational and perhaps equally sincere,

since it is in relation to happiness that it is principally appreciated. Domestic comfort is the chief source of woman's influence and the greatest debt society owes to her, for happiness is a necessary element of virtue and nothing conduces more to improve the character of men than domestic peace. A woman may make a man's home delightful and may thus increase his motives for virtuous exertion. She may refine and tranquilize his mind ; may turn away his anger or allay his grief ; her smile may be the happy influence to gladden his heart and to disperse the clouds that gather on his brow. Where want of congeniality impairs domestic comfort the fault is generally chargeable to the female side, for it is for woman—not for man—to make the sacrifice, especially in indifferent matters. I will not refer at length to the awful crime of drunkenness against which so many of the pure and good woman of our country have to contend by reason of being united to men, whose souls are rendered callous to every good influence through love for strong drink. While we pray that God in his mercy would break the fetters that bind the poor inebriate, let us lift up our voices in supplication to our Heavenly Father that he would vouchsafe his presence to every noble hearted woman who is struggling to reclaim a father, a hus

band, or a brother. Domestic life is a woman's sphere and it is there that she is most usefully as well as most appropriately employed. But society too feels her influence and owes to her, in a great measure, its balance and its tone. She may be here a corrective of what is wrong ; a moderator of what is unruly ; a restraint on what is indecorous ; her presence is a pledge against impropriety and excess ; a check against vice and an incentive to virtue. In woman this is a christian duty. How often should we suppress our own claims rather than interfere with those of others ; how often should we employ our talents in developing the good of our associates and not for our own display ; how invariably should we avoid vain pretensions and shun even the appearance of conceit. In short we should endeavor on all occasions to imbibe the spirit of that lovely religion of which sympathy is the characteristic feature and humility the pre-eminent grace. Gentleness is indeed the talisman of woman ; to interest the feelings, is to her much easier than to convince the judgment, and the heart is more accessible to her influence than the head. She never gains so much as by concession, and is never so likely to succeed as when she seems to yield. But if gentleness contributes so much to the fascination of woman, elegance is no less

attractive and we should endeavour to be elegant not only in manner but in mind. Taste is susceptible of improvement, and elegance is the result of cultivated taste. As in art the rude handler of the chisel may in time become a proficient in sculpture, or the most simple designer a master of the easel, so may taste which refines the mind and proportions the character, be equally disciplined and improved. Elegance is nature but not rude nature ; it is unaffected but not unpolished ; it copies natural grace and corrects natural defects ; yet it is no servile imitator for it studies suitability as well as simplicity. To be careless of elegance proves little anxiety to please or little acquaintance with the susceptibilities of the heart. Man is very accessible to the graceful and the beautiful, and however engrossed he may be by other and perhaps higher pursuits, he seeks in the society of woman peace and comfort. He wishes to find her the enlivener and sweetener of his leisure, as well as the sharer of his cares, and if we are sensible we should be desirous that our address will furnish a recommendation rather than a contrast to our moral or mental worth. Religion is far from disparaging elegance, she gives new motives for its cultivation. The religious woman should endeavour to increase her influence that she may turn it to the

best account, and in this view she will not consider what is ornamental as unworthy of her regard. She will cultivate it as a means of persuasion and will study to be agreeable were it only from a desire to recommend her principles. Christianity is full of grace, it is a refiner as well as purifier of the heart ; it imparts correctness of perception, delicacy of sentiment and all those nicer shades of thought and feeling, which constitute elegance of mind. Why then should piety and inelegance be associated, or why should the absence of gracefulness characterize religious persons. That awkwardness and even vulgarity are regarded by many as sure indications of seriousness and extraordinary piety, must be patent to every keen observer of human nature. Religious, intelligent women should not give occasion to such a reproach. She is not by any means the most devout who is the most ungraceful ; nor the most heavenly-minded who is deficient in taste. On the contrary we imbibe more deeply the spirit of our holy religion when we carry its charms into the details of every day life, when we are fascinating as well as faithful, and agreeable as well as good.

She had listened to a voice,
It was the voice of her God ;
Saying, I love thee,
Pass under the rod.

FEMALE DUTIES.

IT is not to be denied that Christianity is a practical principle nor can it reasonably be denied that it is the only principle that insures satisfactory practical results. Not only is it practical but it is essentially necessary to us if we are to answer the great end of our being. No woman can fulfil her social duties without being religious. We need not look to antiquity for proof of this remark. The woman who throws off religion now, as it were, invites temptation, and though worldly considerations may induce decorum and propriety these are only negative virtues, even where natural amiability so far prevails as to dispose to kind benevolent effort. It is but a weak principle, apt to yield to the impulse of selfishness, and influential only when not opposed by any more potent feeling. Christianity is practical throughout. It is so in its religious as well as its

moral obligations. It is not a mere creed or a mere system, but a simple, sincere, practical service, intelligible to all, which all may render ; and which approves itself to the conscience as the only tribute worthy of God. Yet the greatest fault of our so-called religious women to-day is their insincerity. They admit an amount of casuistry in religion which they would not tolerate in anything else. How insincere is that religion which appears on a Sabbath in its holiday attire and of which no vestige remains after the service of the day is concluded ; or that religion which sheds a few tears at a moving discourse but which has no actual contrition, feels no real penitence, and lasts only to the church door. Dear sisters, if we have that religion which Jesus Christ offers us in his gospel it will permeate and determine our character, and become as it were a second nature ; silently but sensibly influencing our whole conduct. Religion is full of repose, but it is not indolent or inactive ; yet it is not restless. Its fervour is so calm and constant that it attracts little notice. It has not the vividness of the electric flash, but it burns like a beacon light, and is as cheering and salutary. Yet, though quiet, it is earnest. Some women think the more cold and formal their piety the better ; and from their extreme care lest they

should be led away by feeling, it is exceedingly difficult to discover that they feel at all. Yet these are the very persons who need be under no apprehension ; they are too cold-blooded to be ever enthusiastic ; too calculating to incur risk ; too inert to be extravagant. They are so dull that to see them interested about anything beyond a question of dress or of household arrangement, would be a relief. But they are dead in religion as in every other matter of feeling. And though they will join in a tirade against spiritual excess, they are unimpressionable to every appeal that would excite to spiritual fervour. Religion must be an absorbing principle ; it is not enough to talk about it or read about it, or to arrange ourselves on one side or other of theological debate. Women have little to do with controversy of any kind ; and indeed we should be so blameless in our conduct, and so active in our discharge of social duty, that we may prove the genuineness of our principles and that by these criteria, not by interference in what is altogether unsuitable, our zeal and our proficiency may be estimated. Respect to ministers of the gospel is both a religious and a social duty, but one unhappily too little understood and practised. It is not that enthusiastic impulse which makes an idol of every-

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thing it admires, which one day deifies the object of its attachment and the next day decries and deserts it. Nor is it that homage which talent or eloquence—or even sometimes superior sanctity—may evoke, but it is respect for an order appointed by God and a reverence for all that is lovely and of good report in those who adorn it. Laborious ministers are often very meek and very sensitive; and they claim on these accounts the greater respect. Yet are they not the very persons who are treated with the least consideration; and do not women—who perhaps owe to them the very elements of their religion—who have been encouraged by them to converse on spiritual subjects and allowed to assist in their labours, often think themselves privileged to criticize what they are not called upon to judge, to interfere where they are not required, and to speak lightly of instructions which they do not know how to appreciate? How much more decorous and proper is that conduct which asks for guidance. The most anxious however, if not the most important, duty of married life, is that which is due to children, and which in their early years principally devolves upon the mother. None can supply her place. None can feel her interest. And as in infancy, a mother is the best nurse, so in

childhood she is the best guardian and instructress. Let her take what help she may, nothing can supersede her own exertions. She must give the tone to character. She must infuse the principle. She must communicate those first lessons which are never forgotten and which bring forth fruit good or evil according as the seed may be. Instruction is not without its trials. We have heard in poetry how delightful it is to rear the tender thought ; but it is doubtful whether any of us can sympathize with the beau ideal of the bard. It must be ever a work of patience and perseverance with faith and prayer. How needful then is the mother's interest. She may not be herself required to impart the elements of knowledge ; but it is hers to give life to the system ; to regulate the temper ; to turn the little incidents of a child's life into so many useful lessons ; it is hers to watch the early bias ; to infuse into the lisping prattle a scrupulous regard for truth ; to teach the first breathings of the infant spirit to ascend to heaven. And well is her care repaid. On whom does the infant smile so sweetly as on its mother ? To whom does the little girl or boy fly so naturally for sympathy as to their mother ? And often in after life does not youth repose its confidence securely on a mother, and seek the counsel of a

mother's faithful heart and hide its griefs in a mother's tender bosom. It is a delightful relationship; and if we, as mothers, would secure the love and respect of our children we must not grudge our attention to them in their earliest years. We must be willing to sacrifice a little amusement, a little company or a little repose, for the sake of nursing our infants or teaching our children, and fulfilling the offices which too frequently devolve on servants. To accomplish, however, these duties, a woman must be domestic—her heart must be at home. She must not be on the look-out for excitement of any kind, but must find her pleasure as well as occupation in the sphere which is assigned her. St. Paul knew what was best for woman when he advised her to be domestic. He knew that home was her safest place—her appropriate station. He knew especially the dangers to which young women are exposed when under any pretence they fly from home. There is composure at home. There is something seditative in the duties which home involves. It affords security, not only from the world, but from delusions and errors of every kind. A woman who lives much at home hears the rumours merely of conflicts which only perplex and agitate those involved in them. She entertains them with a mind not fevered with

excitement but prepared to weigh everything impartially, being pre-occupied by more important themes. How preferable is the lot of such an one, when really religious, to the most brilliant fortune which the world can offer. She has set her footing on the rock and she will never be moved from it. Her faith is firm as that on which it reposes—it is not that vague sentiment which scarcely knows what it believes. It is not that fickle sentiment which adopts the newest dogma whatever it may be. It is not a vapid sentiment which feels everything or nothing just as the world dictates; but it is that faith founded upon scripture, however set at naught; that receives the doctrines of scripture, however contemned; that recognizes the obligations of scripture, however mystified or explained away. It is a faith which, conscious of its own weakness, rests on the Almighty strength—feeling its own wants flies to infinite sufficiency, which with filial confidence carries its cares to the mercy seat of Heaven and rests assuredly on him in whom she has believed. And how will such a faith be evidenced? By composure under trials; by a modest fulfilment of duty; by a heavenly walk; by a happy death. Yes, it is then that the Christian really triumphs. The spirit that has animated for,

awhile the tabernacle of clay ; that has prompted to benevolence ; that has stimulated to self-denial ; that has striven and struggled and suffered under its load of flesh, then breaks away from its prison, and finds its repose. Then it meets with those with whom it long has held communion, whose temptations and trials have been the same, and whose home will be the same forever and ever.

There is a place where my hopes are stayed,
 My heart and my treasure are there ;
 Where verdure and blossom never fade,
 And fields are eternally fair.

Chorus—That blissful place is my fatherland,
 By faith its delights I explore ;
 Come, favour my flight, angelic band,
 And waft me in peace to the shore.

There is a place where the angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode ;
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
 For there is the palace of God.
 That blissful place—

There is a place where my friends have gone,
 Who worshipped and suffered with me ;
 Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
 The king in his beauty they see.
 That blissful place—

There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labours are o'er ;
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall suffer no more.
 That blissful place—

FILIAL DUTY.

 **BEDIENCE** to parents is the basis of all order and government and is not only peremptorily and repeatedly enjoined by scripture but even the heathen laid great stress upon the due performance of filial duties. We read indeed that the Romans gave to parents unlimited jurisdiction over their children, and fathers were empowered to—and frequently did—punish filial disobedience, with stripes, slavery, and even death. Although our legal enactments are of a milder and less summary character, yet children are not less morally bound to obey their parents and to cherish them in sickness, poverty and old age. It is in fact a primary religious and natural duty, and one of the express commandments of God, without a holy and due observance of which we shall never see his face nor experience real happiness in this world or the next. “Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God.

giveth thee," is the solemn and positive command of the Most High. And we, dear readers, may assure ourselves that God will not only bless the dutiful son here and hereafter, but that he will punish in the most signal and most terrible manner all those who by parental neglect and unfilial conduct set at defiance his written law and violate that holy and just principle which he has implanted in every human breast. The daughter who gives up every pleasure in this world for the sake of father or mother does no more than her duty, and will by no means lose her reward. We ought to serve and obey cheerfully at all times and under all circumstances so far as is consistent with the will of God as declared in the holy scriptures. And we should consider that the utmost we can do for them is very trivial for the debt we owe them. We should also remember that in attentively and constantly evincing our affection towards our parents we are displaying our love and reverence of the Most High in obedience to his injunction, thereby acquiring the favour of the Almighty. As it is our duty to reverence and honor our parents at all times so are we especially bound to esteem and imitate their good qualities and to alleviate and bear with—to spread as it were a veil over—their faults and weaknesses. Our gratitude to

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them for the innumerable favours, which it can scarcely ever be in our power to repay, must be evinced by a strict attention to their wants and a solicitious care to supply them ; by a submissive deference to their authority and advice, by yielding rather than peevishly contending with their humors.—remembering how often they have patiently borne with ours—and in short by soothing their cares, lightening their sorrows, supporting the infirmities of old age and making the remainder of their life as comfortable and as agreeable as possible. These are indeed the tests of real piety. No one must fancy herself religious who is careless of these obligations. She may be perpetually engaged in the discussion of duty and liberal in her application of incentives ; she may not even shrink from the reproach of religion, nor from public exertions in its behalf, but she is greatly in the wrong if she imagines that any of these things can compensate for want of attention to minutiae of social conduct. The source of religion is in the heart. It radiates through the system, and though its diverging beams strike upon remote objects they must fall first on those nearest the centre. The domestic circle may exhibit some of the most beautiful developments of female piety, and it affords opportunity to the youngest christians to

evidence their religion. It is, however, often not till experience teaches the fickleness of other attachments that we prize the fidelity of family love—it is not till we see how small a matter separates friends—how soon ambition breeds rivalry—and rivalry coldness and distrust—that we rightly estimate that tenderness which in spite of perversity and neglect watches over us and is never weary on our behalf—encouraging our confidence and welcoming our affection. It is not till we have experienced the selfishness of others that we prize the disinterestedness of our parents, and sometimes, alas! our sense of their value comes too late. It is when we can no longer receive, and can no longer pay the tribute of affection. It is when they are beyond the reach of all our love or our kindness and we are left to the cold mercies of a heartless world. Few perhaps are the children who do not mourn over deficiencies in filial duty—who recall with tender sorrow the poor return they made to an ever wakeful love and who though they may have rendered all that decorum required do not sicken at the recollection of what they might have done, but failed to do, to soothe, comfort, and make glad the hearts that now have ceased to beat. Respect is the peculiar claim of parents, and to any failure in this respect

they are very sensitive. How often does experience give a useful though a somewhat bitter lesson? How often may we afterwards find in the extravagance of others an apology for our parents' fears, and in our own mistakes a justification of their animadversions? And how often may—young women especially—learn that if they had listened more to the counsels of experience—if they had been less opinionative and more deferential—they would have spared themselves the necessity of retrograde movement and many painful recollections of unimproved advice. My dear reader, take warning by the painful recollections which come to the mind of the writer as she pens these few lines :—

To those who have a mother dear,
 O love her while you may ;
 She will not always linger here,
 No ! soon she'll pass away.

O mother dear ! O mother dear !
 My fond heart turns to thee ;
 Forever warm and true,
 Where'er my lot may be.

Her love you know not how to prize,
 Till from you she is riven ;
 But as an angel in the skies,
 She'll point your way to heaven.

O mother, etc.

I've knelt in childhood by her side,
 To say my evening prayer ;

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Her humble voice was then my guide,
To soothe each little care.

O mother, etc.

But her eyes grew dim, her steps grew slow,
Her voice it failed so fast ;
I saw upon her blessed brow,
The many years gone past.

O mother, etc.

But her love I knew not how to prize,
Till from me she was riven ;
Now, as an angel in the skies,
She points my way to heaven.

O mother dear ! O mother dear !
My fond heart turns to thee,
Forever warm and true,
Where'er my lot may be.



ON FEMALE ROMANCE.



MOST women are inclined to be romantic. This tendency is not confined to the young or the beautiful ; to the intellectual or the refined. Every woman capable of strong feeling is susceptible of romance, and though its degree may depend on external circumstances, education, station, or excitement, it generally exists and requires only a stimulus for its development. Romance is indeed the charm of female character—without it no woman can be interesting—and though its excess is a weakness and one which receives but little indulgence, there is nothing truly generous or disinterested which does not imply its existence. It is that poetry of sentiment which imparts to character or incident something of the beautiful or the sublime ; which elevates us to a higher sphere : which gives an ardour to affection ; a life to thought ; and a glow to

imagination ; and which blends so warm and sunny a hue to the portraiture of life. But it is this opposition between romance and sobriety that excites so strong a prejudice against the former. It is associated in the minds of many as folly alone. A romantic woman is the object of their contempt, and they so recoil from this personification of sentiment, that their chief object seems to be to divest themselves altogether of its delusion. Life is to them a mere calculation ; expediency is their maxim ; profit, ease or comfort their aim. They have at least this advantage that while minds of higher tone and hearts of superior sensibility are often harrassed and wounded, and even withered, in their passage through life, they proceed in their less adventurous career neither chilled by the coldness nor sickened by the meanness, nor disappointed by the selfishness of the world. They virtually admit, though they often theoretically deny, the baseness of human nature—strangers to disinterestedness themselves they do not expect to meet with it in others. They are content with a low degree of enjoyment and are thus exempted from much poignant suffering and it is only when the casualties of life interfere with their individual ease that we can perceive that they are not altogether insensible. The sensitive mind dis-

covers poetry everywhere, as it is touched with everything that is affecting in the chances of life. So does it taste whatever is picturesque in the objects of nature. All that is majestic and lovely here, is to it a source of delight, and helps to form a more just conception of him who is the author of so much beauty. It is thus that the images of earth may be recognized, the tokens of eternity, in the canopy of heaven, and the expanse of the ocean in the setting glories of the sun, and in the melting colors of the rainbow, visions and emblems of a bright world. The emotions thus excited are very good for us. They are the dews that refresh the heart and prepare it for spiritual culture. They are the voice of God speaking to us in his works and demanding our affection and service. There is a romance in grief which is highly poetic. There is something sublime in the extremity of human woe. Who does not feel its pathos when they read of the daughter of Diah or of the widow of Vain? Who does not feel it when they witness or experience the too frequent tragedies of ordinary life? Yet there is here also danger in the indulgence of sentiment. There may be pride in the excess of grief; there may be a luxury in the exuberance of tears. There are some women who delight in nursing imaginary griefs; who live in

an ideal world, and they so pamper their fancy and excite their sensibilities that they only become prolific sources of unhappiness. There may be a dreaming trance in which the sufferers find almost pleasure, and from which they will not descend, and thus they may shroud themselves in their grief and discard everything which would divert them from its contemplation and indulge in a fond sentimental reverie, which they may almost imagine it a desecration to disturb. This is not unfrequently the case with women whose minds are sensitive and weak and who seem to make a merit of giving way to sorrow. But it is a perversion of feeling, not its consequence, for that sentiment is in reality most intense that does not indulge itself in expression; that grief, most affecting, that is not selfish; that emotion most noble and sublime, that elevates not to ecstasy but to exertion; that does not spend itself weeping over a tomb but sends the mourner forth in a modest, quiet, unobtrusive sorrow, to encounter again the trials of life and fulfil its obligations. We are only safe when truth is the object of our affections. And when we find in it satisfaction and delight—and surely it affords enough for the most ardent minds—is there not in the gospel everything that is sublime? Is there not in God, as he is there revealed; everything to engage

our hearts? Why then should we look for him where he is not? He has walked in the form of man; he has spoken in the language of earth; and he now appeals to our human feelings and asks our reasonable service. Religion is indeed not a mere system, it is full of sentiment and love. A sentiment that calms and a love that occupies the soul, and happy only is the woman who experiences these. Who finds in assurance of the divine sympathy and in her love to God a cordial to her spirit; an anodyne to her griefs; and a stimulus to her hopes. Duty then loses all its irksomeness, for it is the tribute of love, and the christian rejoices in a sense of that union which binds her in grateful dependence to the giver of all good. And as though not sensible to present blessings, nor ungrateful for present refreshment, she feels the lurking thorn in everything connected with earth. She therefore dwells with greater delight on the prospect of a happier world. She tastes whatever there is of God here, and looks for the full and perfect manifestation of him in his immediate presence.

We have no home but heaven, a pilgrim's garb we wear,
Our path is marked with changes, and strewn with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation, by varied ills oppressed,
Each day's experience warns us that this is not our rest.

We have no home but heaven, then wherefore seek one here ?
Why murmur at privations or grieve when trouble is near ;
It is but for a season that we as strangers roam,
And strangers must not look for the comforts of a home.

We have no home but heaven, we need no home beside,
O God ! our friend and father, our footsteps thither guide ;
Unfold to us its glory, prepare us for its joy.
Its pure and perfect friendship, its angel-like employ.

We have a home in heaven, how cheering is the thought,
How bright the expectation which God's own word hath taught ;
With eager hearts we hasten the promised bliss to share,
We have no home but heaven ! Oh would that we were there.



MORAL DEPARTMENT.

ORAL improvement should always be made conducive to moral advancement to render a young woman wise and good. To prepare her mind for the duties and trials of life is the great purpose of education. Accomplishments, however desirable or attractive, must always be considered as secondary objects when compared with those virtues which form the character and influence the power of woman in society. Home has justly been called her empire and it is certain that to her it is a hallowed circle, into which she may diffuse the greatest earthly happiness or inflict the most positive misery. It is never so narrow but from thence may stream a benignant ray to illumine a neighbour's dwelling; and it may be wide enough to give light to thousands. The virtues of a woman of rank and fortune extend far beyond the mansion where she presides or the cottage which she protects, by the example she offers, even in the most trivial action, to those around

her, and below her. Gently, imperceptibly, but most certainly, will she imbue with her own purity and beneficence the atmosphere in which she moves; softening the obdurate; correcting the depraved; and encouraging the timid. Those who are not placed by Providence in so brilliant a sphere may by their conduct produce the same effects in a more limited circle and in a less degree, but with equal honour and satisfaction to themselves. The virtues of the heart must be cultivated not less than the acquirements of the mind, or we shall look in vain for the fruit we desire. Nor must we expect mere girls to exhibit those accomplishments which only experience can supply or labour attain in either case. But as we are certain that knowledge and virtue may, and generally do, grow up together, so we may earnestly entreat the young to give this subject their most anxious attention in examining their own conduct; analyzing motives and correcting errors; repressing those faults to which they know that they are prone; and resolving to cultivate virtues in which they have proved themselves defective. The best season for so doing is before prejudice and habit have taken deep root—when passions are generally easy of control—whilst the sensibilities and affections of the heart and all its better impulses are awake to

aid us in the task. Such is the bias of our natural dispositions towards some particular modification of good or evil, that it is a difficult task so to offer advice, in the management of temper and inclination, to girls in general as to bring it home to the feelings of any particular individual. There is no occasion to recommend gentleness to the timid or courage to the bold. Nevertheless, I will venture to lay before my young readers what may be termed a list of virtues, not one of which can be dispensed with in the female character, for all will unquestionably be called for at one period or another through their path of life. I will bring before you a list of virtues as a means of security to yourself and of benefit to others, and which are positively demanded by the religion which they profess as christians. Piety, integrity, fortitude, charity, obedience, consideration, sincerity, prudence, activity, and cheerfulness, with the dispositions which spring from—and the amiable qualities which rise out of—them, may define those moral properties called for in the daily conduct and habitual deportment of young women. On some of these I beg leave to dilate a little. Not for the purpose of explaining what is self-evident to every reflecting mind, but in order to impress more deeply on the memory those assertions which are too easily

forgotten in the confusion of other engagements and more amusing pleasures. Allow me to say I would address myself with a sister's love to every young creature who casts her eye over these pages. Entreating her through love and affection to consider their importance to herself and all whom she loves—or may love—their consequence through life and after death.

Lord I hear of showers of blessings,
Thou art scattering full and free ;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me.
Even me, even me.

Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou mightest leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.
Even me, even me.

Pass me not, O gracious saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee ;
Oh, I'm longing for thy favour,
Whilst thou art calling, oh call me.
Even me, even me.

Pass me not, Oh, mighty spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me, even me.

Pass me not, thou lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.
Even me, even me

PIETY.

P IETY includes faith, devotion, resignation, and that love and gratitude to God which stimulate us to enquire his will, and perform it so far as the weakness and imperfection of our nature permits. It offers the best foundation, not only for solid happiness, but for that serenity of temper and disposition to innocent gaiety which is at once the charm and the privilege of youth. No idea can be more fallacious than the supposition that the refined and rational pleasures of society are incompatible with those acts of devotion and that occasional abstraction of the mind from worldly pursuits, practised by every pious person. The lofty aspirations, the deep humility and unshrinking confidence of a christian in those moments when the soul may be said "to commune with her God," can have no other effect on any well-regulated mind than that of adding sweetness to the usual intercourse and interest to the common incidents of life. It increases the endearing submission of the daughter, the fond affection

of the sister, the kindness of the friend, and the generous forbearance of the superior. By a perpetual sense of the abiding presence of him from whom we have received the blessings, or by whom we are exercised with the trials, these dear connections may impart and extend our sympathy to the whole human race.

INTEGRITY.

INTEGRITY is a virtue of great extent. It includes rectitude of intention ; honesty of action ; an aversion from all deceit ; and that sense of justice which prevents us from injuring our fellow-creatures—not only in word and deed—but even in thought. The world is extremely deficient in that common honesty which every one would blush to have doubted. Therefore, it well becomes us all to examine our claims to being considered persons of sound principles. Young people should closely look into their own bosoms and determinately subdue in themselves all those propensities which militate against their own sense of uprightness.

FORTITUDE.

FORTITUDE, like integrity, may be termed one of the severer virtues. But it is not the less necessary for the weaker sex, since with less physical strength and fewer opportunities of improving it either mentally or corporeally. Woman is yet called upon to exert great powers of endurance, both actively and passively. The pains of sickness, the misfortunes of life, the inflictions of calumny, call upon her for patience under suffering, and firmness, resolution, and perseverance in conduct. Without these qualities a woman, however engaging or attractive as a companion, must be found deficient in all the nearer relationships of life and incapable of fulfilling its more important duties, all of which in her own person, or that of some near connection, demand the assistance, this virtue in one of its many forms can alone supply.

CHARITY.

THE sweet exercise of this virtue seems so congenial to the nature of youth that I would rather seek to regulate its impulses than recommend it to an attention I trust already attained. A young woman, rich in the possession of friends and for one, who is devoid of pity, incapable of the offices of humanity, or withholding the aid of charity, appears to me an anomaly in creation. To this fair miser—to this scentless flower which shall blossom without esteem and fall without regret—I offer no advice on the subject ; but to the generous, tender, and kind-hearted girl, whose wishes run beyond her means ; to the scrupulous and prudent who fears lest she should commit an error whilst she indulges a virtuous inclination, I would suggest a few admonitions. Whether you are the mistress of a regular allowance or the proprietor of casual sums, never fail to appropriate some portion of your pocket money to a charity purse. When you are making purchases, and after due deliberation, see that of two articles the cheaper will answer your purpose ; add the money you thus save to the same sacred deposit. By which means you will seldom be placed in the

painful situation of eagerly desiring to give, whilst you are conscious that in prudence and justice you have nothing to bestow. Economy is the handmaid of charity. Without her aid the melting heart and the tearful eye are of no avail. Therefore, never dispise her assistance, even in trifles. But as cases will occur so pressing on the claims of humanity for present and larger help than the purse in question can supply, you may sometimes encroach without blame upon your general store. In which case make up the deficiency by some new act of self-denial—for regularity is as necessary a duty, as charity is an agreeable one. Do not forget that charity has a much wider signification than almsgiving. Affability of manners, gentleness of demeanour, attention to the courtesies of life, compassion towards all who suffer, whether high or low, a kind construction of all the words and actions of our fellow-creatures, and patient forbearance or generous forgiveness towards those who have grieved or injured us, support of our ministers and the spread of the gospel of Christ, are also demanded by this virtue. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is the language of that apostle who best understood its nature and has so touchingly concentrated its qualities.

CONSIDERATION.

 CONSIDERATION is of the utmost value in that situation where the conduct of woman has its greatest utility and most valuable influence of the domestic circle. It combines the powers of reflection with the sentiments of kindness and saves from many an anxious hour and wearisome labour the parent who thinks for you ; the teacher who instructs you ; the servant who toils for you. It is a gentle and feminine virtue—unobtrusive as to appearance but important in effect. The threatenings of incipient disease, the ruin caused by foolish expenditure, or likely to ensue from idle speculation, the temptations which might have misled an ignorant servant, the disclosures that would ruin an imprudent acquaintance, the present aid that may save a wretched family, may be happily prevented or supplied by consideration. It is the still small voice which can allay the tempest or direct the tide of human affairs, by an agency alike mild and beneficial. powerful and unassuming.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING treated on what appears to me to be the most important topics of christian life, taking the scriptures for my guide, and having called to my aid the observations of the wise and good of past and present times, together with my own experience, and digested the whole into a form suitable for a little book or manual, it only remains for me to take leave of my readers with the fervent hope that even my humble labours may contribute somewhat to the formation of that christian character in my fair country-women which shall not only win the hearts of all who can feel the best influence of true loveliness, but command the respect of all who know how to appreciate genuine worth. If dear sister, who in a few moments will close this little volume, you earnestly desire to attain to such a result, obey the injunction so admirably expressed by the sweetest of our native poets :—

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade where each shall take
Her chamber in the silent halls of death
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to thy dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of her couch
About her and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Oh let me add, if I have been addressing one poor sad sorrowful woman, who feels she has to bear the burden of this life with its cares and its trials all alone, O let me urge you with a sister's love, and as one having learned to obey the injunction before giving it to another, cast your burden on the Lord he will sustain you, turn often to your bible and see what comfort and consolation there is for you. It was woman who washed the Saviour's feet with tears; it was woman who administered to the Saviour's wants while here upon earth; when weary at the well, it was woman who gave him to drink; and it was woman who was first at his grave. And, although the blessed Lord is not here with us now to receive those donations of kindness, let us obey his command. Hear what he says. Forasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones ye do it unto me. We see plainly through all the scriptures that woman's life consists of little things. It is a small thing to give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ, but

whosoever is faithful in things so small will be first to meet the demands of duty when the trial is great. The woman who is first to speak a kind word to a friendless child, or to carry a look of sunshine into an afflicted or a desolate home, will be first to make the great sacrifice of duty when the Master calls. The King in the final day will say "come, ye blessed of my Father;" to those who have only done the least and the most common acts of kindness, to those who have only done what anybody can do any day of her life. Depend on it, my sister, it is the minute and conscientious attention to what the world calls little things that makes the great beauty and success of life. Little deeds of charity ; little words of kindness ; little acts of self-denial ; little moments of diligence ; a careful watch against little sins ; a greater use of little blessings ; a wise improvement of little opportunities ; a diligent cultivation of little talented patient continuance in well-doing. Under little encouragement these things make women great in the sight of God. If these things be in you and abound they will bring the knowledge and enjoyment of everything else. To be willing to give thousands to the cause of Christ we must be willing to give such as we have, be it ever so little. If we would compass the earth upon missions of charity and instruc-

tion we must begin at our own door—we must show the spirit of Christ to those of our own household. If we would set up the kingdom of righteousness in all nations we must make one province of that kingdom in our own hearts. And what we fail to accomplish, our children will effect through the help of the divine spirit.

“Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised.

“A wise woman buildeth her house. A graceful woman retaineth honour. Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own work praise her in the gates.”—Proverbs.

Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Lean thou only on his word ;
He will ever be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.

How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are ;
Oh cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust his tender care.

How gentle are his words,
Oh ! come let us obey ;
We'll drop our burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

And good bye, dear kind reader.

FINIS.

