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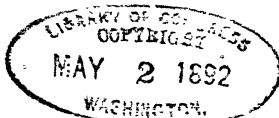
LOOKING OUT ON LIFE.

A BOOK FOR GIRLS

ON PRACTICAL SUBJECTS BASED ON MANY LETTERS
FROM WISE MOTHERS

REV. F. E. CLARK, D. D.

*President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor; Author
of "The Mossback Correspondence," "Danger Signals,"
"Our Business Boys," "Ways and Means,"
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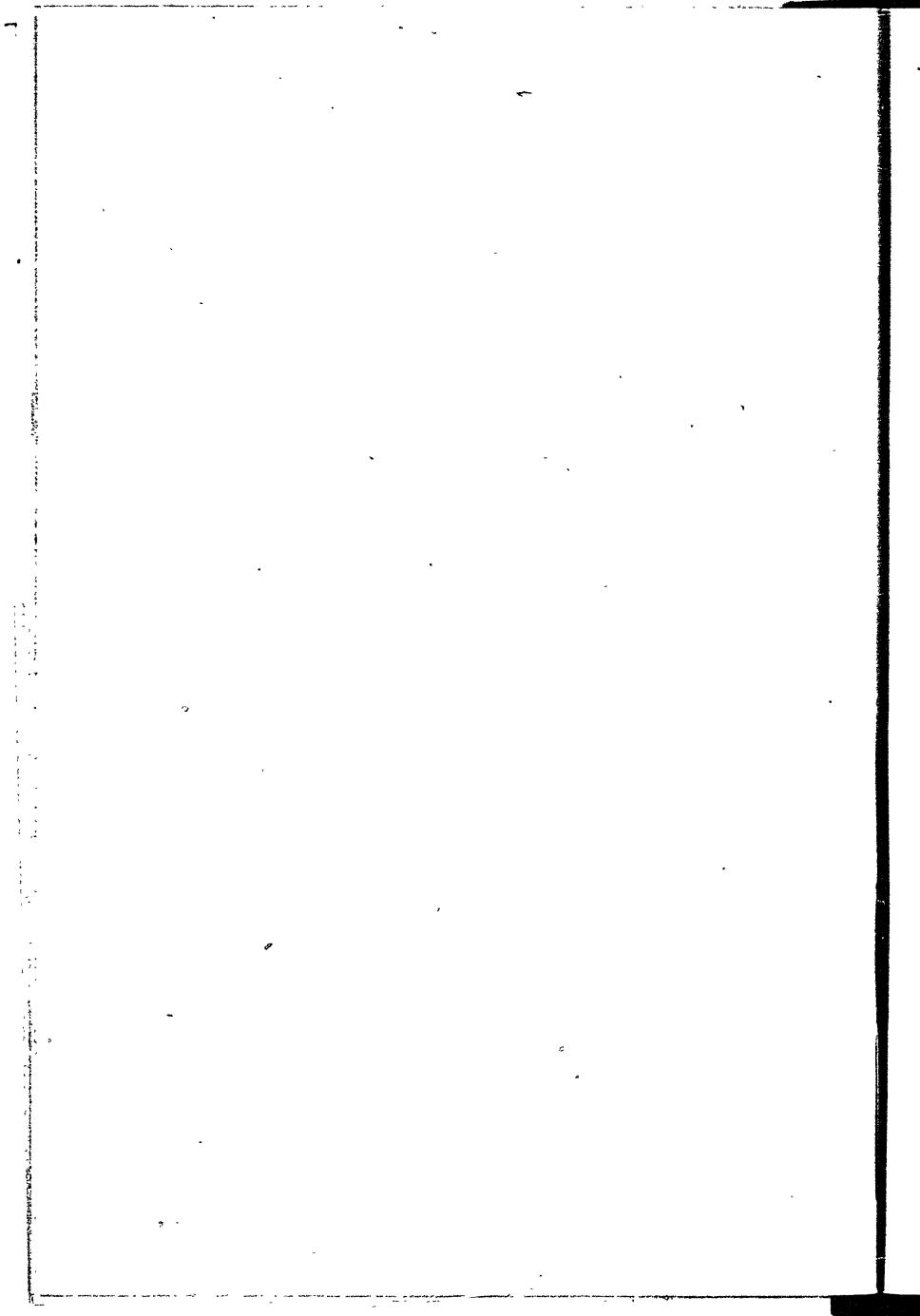
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Dedicated
TO MY IDEAL OF A PERFECT WOMAN
MY MOTHER
WHO THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO TO-DAY
EXCHANGED EARTH FOR HEAVEN

March 26, 1892.



BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

THIS book had its origin in a sincere desire to help the girls and young women of the present day to a nobler womanhood. If, after the manner of authors, any excuse is needed for presenting it, to the public this purpose must be its sufficient apology. Not because girls are suffering for good advice is this book offered them, but because every generation needs to have the old truths that relate to the outlook on life put in fresh guise.

The loving counsel of wise mothers and women eminent in public life which is here incorporated will, I believe, add a new interest to the themes discussed. However small the value of the author's own words, the importance of the messages of others of whom he is merely the mouth-piece, are beyond question.

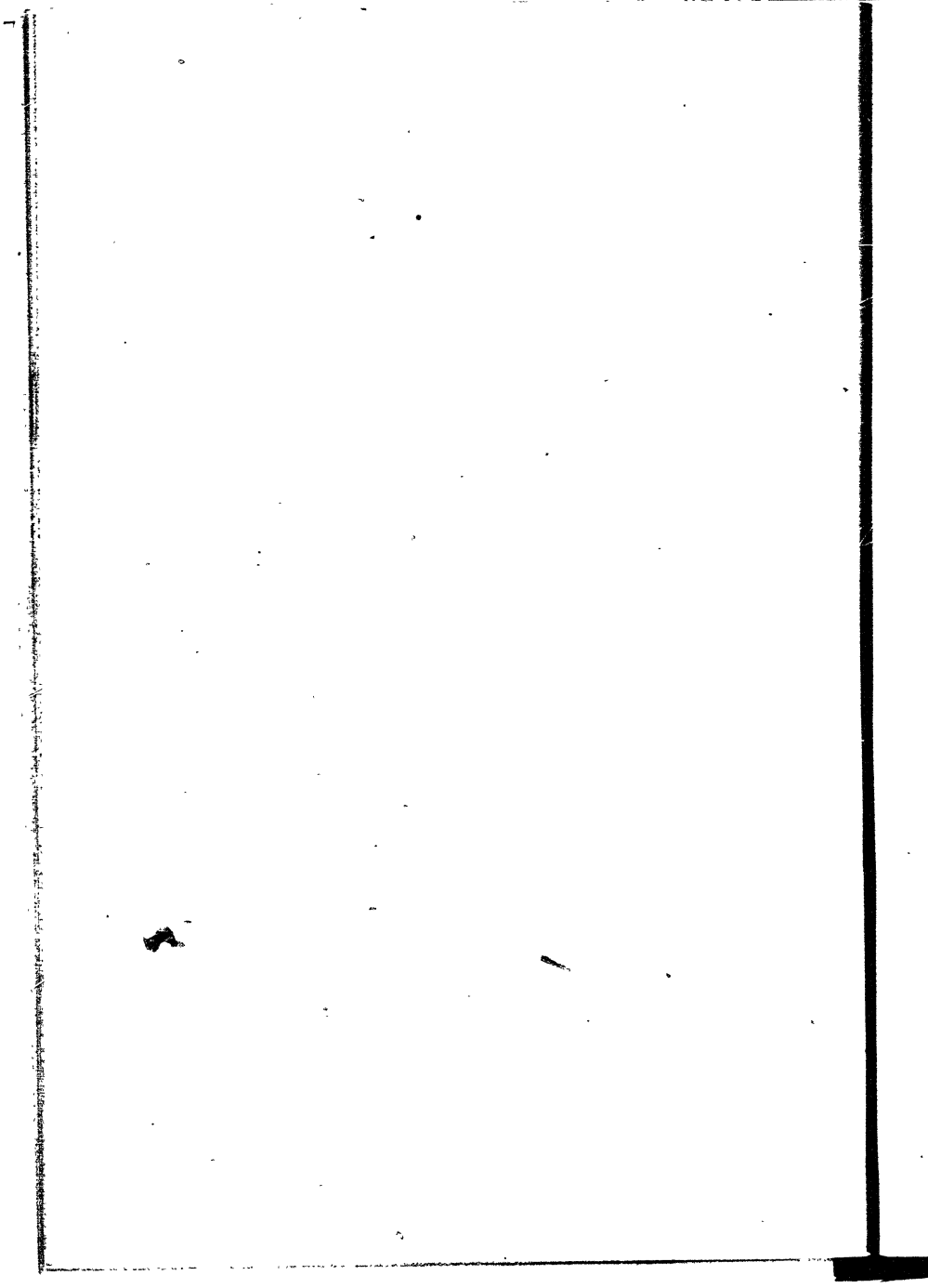
These chapters were originally given as lectures to an audience embracing hundreds of girls and young women, and the somewhat colloquial form of address has not been changed, as the author wishes to *speak* to the audience that reads his book rather than merely to *write* for them. Some parts of these chapters have also appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, and *The Golden Rule* of Boston. That in some cases they may be of service in bringing the Queen to her throne, her kingdom and her crown, is the hope and prayer of the author.

F. E. C.

BOSTON, *March*, 1892.

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LOOKING OUT ON LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

*The Opinion of the Poets—Flattery and Calumny—
Woman's right "to shave and sing bass"—The Right
to be Herself—Fashion's War on Individuality—In-
dividuality not Oddity—A Girl's Capital—The Right
to Independence—The Spirit of Self-Help—A Young
Woman's "Niche"—Intellectual Babies—Catching a
Husband—Timothy Titcomb's Opinion—N. P. Willis'
Tribute to his Mother—A Young Woman's Noblest
Right.*

AS we glance through the poets, ancient and modern, we are surprised to find the varying estimates that are put upon woman-kind by the minstrels of the ages. Some paint

her as an angel just come down from heaven, others as a tempting fiend just come up from the pit. Even the same poet—in different mood — has many a various estimate of her of whom he sings. Thus Byron in one poem describes one of his fair visions in words that many of us would apply to the woman — mother, wife or sister — whom we loved best.

“ She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.”

And in another one he declares :

“ What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger,
Is all the rest about her.”

Lord Lansdown in heartless cynicism puts it
this way :

“Mankind from Adam, have been women's fools,
Women, from Eve, have been the Devil's tools :
Heaven might have spared one torment when we fell;
Not left us women, or not threatened hell.”

While Charles McKay looking at the other side
of the picture, writes :

“Women may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.”

Milton, as some one has before pointed out,
in the ninth book of Paradise Lost, when first
he realizes the enormity of Eve's transgression,
cries out:

“O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be found,
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet,
How art thou lost! How on a sudden lost.”

And in the next book he, perceiving more and more his sin and hers, and their common fallen condition, exclaims:

“Oh! why did God create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels, without feminine.”

These apparent contradictions of the poets are very suggestive and significant, for they show us the many-sidedness of her of whom they sing. The bard's keen vision sees the possibilities of a fiend or an angel, of a tormentor or an angel of light, of a tempting spirit or a messenger of God, in every woman.

Not for the sake of speaking the usual words of flattery and the polite phrases which the subject often calls forth would I take your time; nor, on the other hand, would I waste it by repeating the cutting sarcasm so often served up in one way or another which lash the supposed

foibles of the sex ; but because there are in your keeping, young women, such vast opportunities, such princely fortunes, which you may either squander worse than recklessly, or use for the enrichment of the world, would I address you. Will you not give heed to these thoughts which, I pray, may do something toward building up in each of you an earnest Christian womanhood ?

In passing, and since we have been speaking of the poets' view, let us notice the change that, during the centuries, has come over the writers who have turned their attention to you (and there is scarcely one who has not done so). It is a most encouraging sign. Juvenal informs us that "there are few disputes in life which do not originate with a woman," and Plautus that "a woman finds it much easier to do ill than well," and that "women have many faults, but of the many this is the greatest, that they please themselves too

much and give too little attention to pleasing the men," and Virgil that "a woman is always changeable and capricious." These things are what heathen writers of greatest note had to say, and we find in them hardly a word of praise and honor. Cold, insinuating, heartless, vile words about womankind abound. But, thank God, Christianity has been at work in the world for eighteen hundred years, elevating and leavening, quickening and inspiring, and no class has so felt its touch as those whom you represent; none should be so grateful as you that He whose mother was a Mary, and whose friends were the sisters of Bethany, made you as well as them His sisters and friends. As we read these cynical calumnies of heathen writers we feel what a wonderful change He has wrought who comforted the widow's heart at the gate of Nain, and raised the dead girl of Capernaum. Out of degradation worse than death has He raised womankind. The women

of whom Tennyson and Longfellow sing are different creatures from the women of Virgil and Horace, because Christ lived and died. Now we feel that the words of our own Lowell are more true than those which heathen poet ever penned.

“ Earth's noblest thing a woman perfected.”

Now we feel the force of Barrett's verse :

“ Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue ;
She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.”

But we have not time to linger over the poets, ancient or modern, if we make even an unimportant contributor to the most important subject of a young woman's rights. I trust that no enthusiastic friend of the political rights of woman who may read these addresses, will be disappointed because I have nothing to say

about the rights of women to vote and attend the caucus and hold office. Important as these questions are, I believe that there are other rights that belong inherently and unquestionably to every young woman, which are more important still, and which are far more often overlooked. Dr. Holland in a half-bantering, yet in its purpose wholly serious lecture about women, stands up stoutly for a woman's right to shave and sing bass if she wants to do so; "but," he adds, "while I claim the right of every woman to sing bass, I confess that I should not care to see it exercised to any great extent, for I think treble is by all odds the finer and more attractive part of music.

"Bass would be a bad thing for a lullaby, and could only silence a baby by scaring it. If I can witch the ears and win the hearts of men and women by doing that which I can do naturally and well, then I shall do best not to exercise my right to do that which I can only

do with difficulty and unnaturally and ill. . . .

. I will admit all the rights that any such woman claims — all that I myself possess — if she will let me alone, and keep her distance from me. She may sing bass, but I do not wish to hear her." And this leads us naturally to the first right of a young woman which I would ask you to insist on — namely, the right to be herself. Have an individuality of your own ; be all that God meant you should be. Let no sentiment or fashion rob you of this right.

It is an inalienable one, and it is worth more to you than the ballot box and the caucus. There is just one person in the world who has your work to do, and she is called by your name. There is one place that no one of the millions of young women of America can fill except yourself. You can, to be sure, so dwarf and stunt yourselves that you may fill no useful place, but it will not be God's fault or nature's fault. You have every natural aptitude needed.

Whatever your voice, treble or alto, cracked or musical, there is a melody in some life which you can best awaken. But to do this you must be yourself, and not try to be a weak imitation of ten thousand others. It strikes me that this is one of the rights which the young woman of the present day is all too unwilling to insist upon. She always seems to be afraid of her own individuality. She must follow the prevailing fashion if it takes the last dollar out of her pocket, and the last ounce of strength out of her life. If bangs are the fashion, she is at once banded; if frizzles are in vogue, she must at once be frizzled. If flounces are the things that other girls wear, then there is only one thing that she can wear; and she hides herself under a Gainsborough hat or envelopes herself in a sugar scoop, according as the Gainsborough or the sugar scoop is the mode. Why, I have more respect for Mary Walker in her bloomers than I have for some fashionable girls, whose

sole idea is to make dressmakers' dummies of themselves.

Not that I have any quarrel with bangs or frizzles or flounces or Gainsboroughs (all these things are enveloped in too deep a mystery for the average man to understand them), but I have a quarrel with that for which they often stand — the total lack of individuality and appreciation of life's mission. Of this these things often tell.

We have some patience with the sheep that jumps through a gap in the wall simply because another sheep has done the same thing, though it would be much easier to go another way by itself, but we expect more of a young woman than of a South-Down. Our Lord's question implies that she is better than a sheep.

I would not have you understand that I mean by individuality something odd and *outré*, or pert and perverse. To be one's self is to be just what nature intended, nothing more, certainly

nothing less. It is not to strain after oddities and quiddities, nor is it to copy slavishly some other person's oddities. It is not to bend over backwards because others stoop forward, nor is it to cultivate the Grecian bend because the leader of French society happens to have a crook in her back. It is not to try to sing bass because most other girls sing treble, nor is it to try to sing treble simply because others do, when nature has given you an alto voice. In fact, it seems to me that Mary Walker and her ilk and the butterflies of fashion who always paint themselves with the same spots that other butterflies affect, are all committing the same mistake—all are trying to be what God and nature did not intend they should be, one party because they wish to be different from the rest of the world, and the other because they cannot bear to be different. If God has given you a witty tongue and lively imagination, use them, but do not try to ape the wit of some one else.

If your place is among the leaders of your set, do not fail to fill it, but if it is in the rank and file, remember that in fighting the battles of life as well as of the country, the private is needed as well as the general, and do not envy his glittering epaulets. In fact, we need a great many more privates than generals. There are a thousand men in every regiment and only one colonel.

Remember, too, that the private soldier stands by himself; that he cannot do the general's work, but he must do his own. If your capital in life is only a pleasant smile, a soft voice, a bright face, a winning manner, and none to whom I speak have less, use them, every one, and use all you have, but use your own. Do not try to acquire the smile and voice and manner of some one else. If you do you will simper instead of smile, you will make eyes instead of shooting dangerous glances, and you will really repel when you intend to attract.

In short, insist on your personal, God-given right to be yourself.

Another of your rights which, I hope, you will all insist upon, a right which is worth far more than your right to shave and sing bass, is your right to be self-reliant and in the best sense of the term, independent.

I know that it is often said that woman should be like the vine, lithe and flexible, twining around the masculine oak, covering up his defects and gracing his gnarled branches. I think this vine and oak simile has been overdone, but, admitting its force — and it has much force — let us remember that there is a vast difference between a healthy vine and a parasitic creeper.

The vine flourishes wherever it is planted, and graces a wooden trellis or the blank side of a house as well as the living tree. It has its own roots in the ground, is fed by the sap which it collects for itself, and bears its own

fruit. The parasite always feeds on the life of that against which it leans. It is nourished only by the sap of the stronger plant; it uses the roots and leaves of the stronger plant to furnish it food; it has no independent life of its own; it bears no fruit in itself; it diminishes the yield of that which supports it; in short, it is always a weakness and a nuisance; it serves no purpose except the ornamental, and, when we know its true nature and character, it loses its doubtful claim to beauty.

This, then, is what I mean to urge when I say insist on your right to be self-reliant and independent. Be a vine if you will, but do not be a parasite. Cling to a stronger nature by a thousand delicate tendrils, but have a root of your own, bear fruit of your own, do not sap the life of another to keep yourself alive. Have some other mission than the very equivocal one of being merely ornamental. Then, if the support on which you lean and around which your

affections twine, fails, as fail it often does, you will not be torn up by the roots, but will be able, like the oak-tree itself, to live a useful, fruit-bearing life. I have many wise words to bring you upon this point from those who have kindly interested themselves in your welfare. I cannot begin to quote them all, but let me give you some.

One whose name is a household word in two continents by reason of her labors in the temperance cause, writes as follows :

“ The point that most needs strengthening in a young woman's character is a noble, cheery, helpful spirit of self-help. The individualism of Christ's gospel needs development and application among our girls, and will enable them to save themselves and the republic.”

Another, also well known, and well loved wherever known, writes :

“ Self-reliance is a point of character to be emphasized. Marriage is the natural and, in some cases, the desirable

and blessed ultimate; but I take it that the girls best qualified to enter this holy estate and bravely meet its duties and responsibilities are those for whom marriage was not the one aim of existence — who had a life to live outside of this — a plan of life it may be, at all events an earnest purpose.”

Another, an eminent educator, whose daily life influences for good each day many young women, writes :

“ One way to strengthen character in young women, I think, is to make them realize that life is real, and that they have a niche to fill somewhere, and that it is their business to be faithful in the performance of every little duty as it comes to them. Many a house would be in deep distress if the daughter who thinks she does nothing, but who fills in all the little insignificant places, was taken from it.”

How true that is! but such a daughter is never a parasite, however gentle and clinging and unobtrusive she is; she is a fruitful vine, with a root of her own.

“ What I think needs strengthening in the

young women," writes another, "is decision of character. A strong determination to please God, to know the right and to do it, regardless of the opinion of the world."

"It sometimes seems to me," are the wise words of another, "that we are bringing up a set of intellectual babies — if I may use such an expression — utterly without self-reliance; unable to think for themselves or depend upon themselves. Life is made too easy — too smooth sailing; when the time of decision comes, the girls are frightened or indifferent, and continue to do the easiest thing — to drift with the current."

We must revolutionize our whole notions that a young woman has nothing to do but to angle for and catch a husband. Fishing is good for a recreation, but it is not well for too many to take it up as the serious and only business of life. There is much poetry surrounding the rippling trout-stream on the summer morning, with the whispering woods and glimpses of

blue sky overhead, and the romantic vistas of forest before and behind, but I imagine that the poor fellows on the Grand Banks who do nothing but fish for a living, find it dreary and often hopeless and unproductive toil. I am very sure that young women who have no resources within themselves, no independence of character, and no other means of employment except fishing for a husband in the whirlpool of society, must often be miserable and heart-broken. If they make this their sole business in life, too, they do not often succeed very well, but, while hoping to hook a leviathan, they often catch a gudgeon or a very small sprat.

Timothy Titcomb has some wise advice on this point. He says :

“Were I as rich as Cræsus, my girls should have something to do regularly, just as soon as they should become old enough to do anything. . . . A woman helpless from any other cause than sickness is essentially a nuisance. There is nothing womanly and ladylike in helplessness. . . . Young woman, the glory of your

life is to do something and be something. If you have the slightest desire to be loved; if you would be admired, respected, revered; if you would have all sweet, human sympathies clustering around you, while you live, and the tears of a multitude of friends shed upon your grave when you die, you must be a working woman—living and working for others, and building up for yourself a character, strong, symmetrical, beautiful.”

Thus you will show the world the true loveliness of woman's nature. Thus you will—

“ Show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.”

“Each young lady has a specialty,” writes to me one of your friends. “What is it?” You think at once of painting, music, embroidery, or some of those nameless and wonderful things that are done with worsted and plenty of time. These things are well enough in their way, if there is talent and time for them at your disposal; but there is one specialty in which you all have the right to indulge. Nature fitted you for this specialty, God designed you for it, your

own souls will never be satisfied unless you show the loveliness and divinely modest self-forgetfulness of a true woman's nature.

“You can lighten your father's burdens,” it has been well said. “You can restrain your brothers from vicious society. You can relieve your failing and faded mother of much care. You can gather the ragged and ignorant children at your knee and teach them something of a better life than they have seen. You can become angels of light and goodness to many stricken hearts. You can read to the aged. You can do many things that will be changed to blessings upon your own soul. Florence Nightingale did her work in her own place; do your work in yours, and your Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward you openly.”

This chapter must not be closed without calling attention to the greatest glory and ornament of womanly character as it is of manly character — Christlikeness. There is no one

word that expresses so much. Leave out this element and the chief charm is gone, the rose is despoiled of its fragrance, the crown has lost its purest gem. A well-known writer has expressed himself none too strongly when he says of the godless woman :

“ There seems to be no light in her — no glory proceeding from her. There is something monstrous about an utterly godless woman. She is an unreasonable woman. She is an offensive woman. Even an utterly godless man, unless he be debauched and debased to the position of an animal, deems such a woman without excuse. He looks on her with suspicion. He would not have such a one take care of his children. He would not trust her. . .

The boy that feels that his name is mentioned in a good mother's prayers, is comparatively safe from vice and the ruin to which it leads. The sweetest thought that N. P. Willis ever penned grew out of a reference to his pious mother's prayers for him. Tossed by the waves in a vessel which was bearing him homeward, he wrote :

“ Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner,
Nor fear to-night, nor storm, nor sea!
The ear of Heaven bends low to her,
He comes to show who sails with me.”

For a moment before I close this subject let me call your attention to the fact that your highest right, young women, is also your highest privilege. To you more than to any one class is committed the future of the kingdom of God.

Our churches are made up of women in the proportion of three to one. Many of these are young women. Each one has not only her own influence to exert, but very largely decides what the life of some father, brother, son or lover shall be ; whether it shall be a godly or a godless life.

Your highest right to show the beauty of Christliness is also your highest privilege and heaviest responsibility. By you and such as you the kingdom of God may be established in all the land and for all time. Let me tell you an old story that has a lesson for every one of you.

In a newly settled region of our land some

men were raising the heavy frame-work of a mill. The united strength of all the men in the community was called into action. They raised the heavy frame-work part way, but could get it no further. Their utmost exertion could not raise it another inch. They could not let go or it would crush them. Their failing strength could not hold it where it was much longer. In their extremity a messenger was sent for the women of the little village. In urgent haste they flocked to the scene. A little stream flowed between them and the mill. "Don't mind the water, come and help us," cried the fathers and brothers. They dashed through the stream, they stood beside the men, they lifted with all their might, and the timbers rose upright and fitted into their place, and all were safe.

I believe this little story is prophetic. The Temple of the Kingdom of God is being raised, but all must lend a willing hand inspired by a

loving heart. The women are grandly coming to the front — in temperance effort, in church life, in Christian Endeavor Societies, in Sunday-school work, and above all by the uplifting influences of a lovely, chaste, Christian example, the building is being reared and the capstone will surely be laid in God's good time.

Have you a part in this good work? Are you lending your heart and word and influence to the cause of Christ, for God and home and native land?

To do this is a young woman's noblest right.

CHAPTER II.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S WRONGS.

What shall we do with Our Daughters?—The Coming Woman—Openings for Women—Some Imaginary Wrongs—Self-Inflicted Wrongs—An Inordinate Love of Imagination—The Art of Pleasing—Love of Dress—The Peacock Girl—Keeping up Appearances—Narrow Views of Life—The Woman and the Poodle—Living up to their Blue China—What your Sisters have Done—The Consecrated Life.

AS a young woman's most important rights are those which nature has conferred upon her, or which every young woman may hope to attain, so her deepest, deadliest wrongs are not those which man has inflicted upon her, or which any real or supposed disadvantage of sex has made inevitable, but they are wrongs

which she voluntarily inflicts upon herself. As her highest right is to be herself, to be "a perfect woman, nobly planned," to be all that God intended, self-reliant, self-forgetful and above all truly Christian, so her greatest wrong is a degradation and lowering of her nature which makes her less than she may be, less than God intended she should be. I admit that in the past, woman has not always had a fair chance, she has not had all her rights accorded her. She has been treated sometimes as the slave, and sometimes as the toy of man.

Even now, in some respects, I do not think she is treated altogether fairly. She does not always receive as much pay for the same work as a man would receive. It is a harder struggle oftentimes for her to mount the ladder of business or professional success, but, thank God, all these unfair distinctions are passing away. In other respects her rights and immunities and privileges are greater than of the most favored

man, and the unjust inequalities are being leveled so fast that we hardly need to consider them in comparison with the deadlier wrongs which a young woman may almost unconsciously inflict upon herself. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in her valuable book entitled, "What shall we do with our Daughters?" notes and admits this glorious change which has been taking place in the outward condition of mankind, so frankly and finely, that I must quote a few sentences.

Speaking of a book of Margaret Fuller's which, forty years ago, attracted her attention, she mentions two mottoes at the head of the opening chapter; one underneath the other, one contradicting the other.

"The first was an old-time adage, indorsed by Shakespeare, believed in by the world, and quoted in that day very generally. It is not yet entirely obsolete:

“‘Frailty, thy name is woman.’

“Underneath it, and unlike it was the other :

“ ‘The Earth waits for her Queen.’

“The first describes woman as she has been understood in the past; as she masqueraded in history; as she has been made to figure in literature, as she has, in a certain sense, existed.

“The other prophesied that grander type of woman, toward which, to-day, the whole sex is moving — consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly — because the current sets that way, and there is no escape from it.

“The hope of many is so centered in the ‘coming man,’ that the only questions of interest to them are those propounded by James Parton in the *Atlantic Monthly*: ‘Will the coming man smoke?’ ‘Will he drink wine?’ and so on to the end of the catechism. But let it not be forgotten that before this ‘coming man’ will make his appearance, his mother will

precede him, and that he will be very largely what his mother will make him."

This question of the legal and social wrongs of womankind is one that we can safely dismiss as either already solved or so far on the way to solution that it need not greatly trouble us. As far as the laws of men stand in the way, you can be just about what you want to be, young women.

If you desire an education, you can get as good a one at Smith or Wellesley or Vassar as your brothers can get at Amherst or Dartmouth or Williams. If you have artistic tastes there is no picture or sculpture gallery in the world that will reject your productions because you are a woman. If you are of a literary turn, the magazines and the publishers will take a good thing from you, and pay you as much for it as if you were a man. Charles Egbert Craddock became at once twice the lion she was before, when it was found that she was an

attractive young woman, instead of, as had been supposed, a merely masculine product of the Tennessee mountains.

To be sure, there are some kinds of business from which you are still debarred. You would hardly find it easy to obtain a situation as horse-car driver or coal-heaver or blacksmith; but I do not suppose you greatly hanker after such positions; at any rate, you have an equal advantage of the other sex, since, for the most part, men are excluded from dressmakers' establishments and sick rooms, where the gentle hand and light foot of a nurse are required.

No, you need not groan over any imaginary wrongs in this year of grace. Whatever may have been true in the past, you, like your brother, may be the architect of your own fortune to-day.

Your wrongs, like his, are those which you will inflict upon yourself. Let me faithfully call your attention to some of these.

The first of a young woman's wrongs that I would mention is an inordinate love of admiration. This wrong is one of woman's rights perverted, to be sure, but it nevertheless becomes one of her chief wrongs, just as most of the evils of the world are perverted virtues.

A young man is not under the dominion of this perverted right to the same extent by any means. He very early finds that his success in the world depends upon sterling qualities of heart and brain, and not upon his good looks or upon his powers of cajolery or flattery, or his ability to excite admiration.

He finds that the boy from the country, with the cowhide boots and homespun jacket and uncouth manners, if he has integrity, good habits and a strong will on his side, is far more likely to succeed than the city-bred boy who lacks these qualities. The dude, with his arms akimbo, and ivory-headed cane, even if he plasters his hair upon his forehead in the most

approved style, finds very soon that these graces are not the open sesame of business prosperity ; and the rougher, sterner, more manly virtues are thus often developed at the expense of the gentleman. But with the girl it is different. She finds that she can wheedle an extra five dollars out of her father's pocket by looking pretty and with hug and kiss and coaxing manner more easily than in any other way. As she grows older she finds that these same blandishments — many of them exceedingly superficial — are her chief stock in trade. Personal attractions command a premium, while real, sterling worth of heart or brain fall below par, and very soon efforts to catch the passing applause of an admiring glance absorb all the attention.

I am very far from implying that the proper desire to please and attract is not most praiseworthy. The message which one of your friends sends to you through me is very true :

"A great art is the art of pleasing. Let a young woman be lavish of her gifts and graces in this direction. Let her use all her wit and fascination in voice, manner and dress to please, that she may elevate and regenerate not society only, but the home."

But, when we have said all this, it still remains true that this pleasant road, if pursued too far, runs always into a trap and snare.

"One danger that seems to belong especially to girls, and which attracts them in childhood, is the love of flattery," writes one, "and higher praise than they earn for every little thing they do.

"When this is withheld, or a reproof administered for neglect of duties, a flood of tears is apt to be the immediate result, and a general inability to meet the stern realities of life the ultimate result."

"One of the greatest dangers lying in the path of a young woman," writes another, "is the great desire to obtain the approbation of the world. How often she seeks to have her

vanity gratified by trying to excel in worldly affairs!"

And just here we come very close to a wrong that is more specific and more wide-spread than almost any other; the inordinate love of admiration as indicated by the undue attention to dress. It is a subject which a man may well hesitate to attack, and had I simply my own words to bring I should certainly hesitate long before speaking; but scores of warnings have been sent me for you on this point, and, after what your mothers and teachers have written, I cannot but feel that it is a most important matter.

We are not anchorites and we believe in no sumptuary laws to regulate the cut of your gown or the color of the ribbons in your bonnet, and I am sure that all your friends would agree with me when I say that it is a young woman's duty to dress attractively and as well as she can afford; but we also believe that there

is something of vastly more importance than the cut of your gown and the color of your bonnet strings. You are committing a grievous wrong to a nature that was meant to be angelic, nay, rather godlike, when you center all attention on the feathers that bedeck and on the flounces that will go out of fashion to-morrow.

To seek admiration in this way only, is the surest way in the long run to lose respect and love.

The peacock can spread the most gorgeous tail of any bird I know, but, as he goes strutting about, endeavoring to display every individual feather, he excites laughter rather than admiration, while the modest little native sparrow in delicate, unobtrusive suit of homely brown we love and rejoice in, as he pours forth his song, so full of springtime melody.

Let me quote a few of the messages that have come to you on this point. Says one :

“ I think I never go about the stores of Bos-

ton without being distressed at seeing girls of moderate circumstances (judging by appearances) hanging about counters where are displayed the elegant laces, satins and velvets, for the reason that not more than one girl out of a hundred can afford to wear such costumes. I think the same thing is shown in that we constantly see behind counters and in the street, young women wearing velveteen and tawdry jewelry, where the same money would buy soft cloths which would be more ladylike and appropriate."

"First among the dangers," writes another, "I should put inordinate love of dress. I personally know some who curtail their charities and more who go without suitable food that they may be as well dressed as their neighbors, and I very much fear that in many cases temptation assumes a darker guise."

Another faithful Sabbath school teacher writes:

“In my own class in Sunday school one of my great troubles spring, summer, autumn and winter, has been to make the girls forget their new clothes. I have always been thankful when the season of new clothes was over, for lessons were at a discount until the new clothes had been inspected. So many, too, buy poor, cheap stuff that won't last, and make it up in some flashy kind of a way, simply that they may look stylish. Style is enough to spoil any girl.”

Here are some stirring words :

“One great danger is an overpowering desire to keep up appearances, prompting to wrong doing.

“In one of the largest dry goods stores in Boston is a young lady clerk who receives but five dollars per week. She is pretty and enjoys society. What then? Every cent of the five dollars goes to pay for room and food; clothing is supplied by a good father living in the country who would be glad to have his

daughter at home, but she likes the stir of Boston. She is led by her love of display to flatter her friends — ladies and gentlemen — that they may invite her to entertainments and give her pretty things to wear. Her acquaintances outside of Boston are led to believe that she has a very lucrative position. The result of her desire to appear better off than she is, is a lowering of her standard of moral right leading to flattery and deception.”

I have time for but one more message :

“In my opinion the great, even almost absorbing love of dress and display which young women cherish, and the time given for the ministering to their personal vanity, leads very many into recklessness and heartlessness, and to an utter distaste for the things which would profit their spiritual, intellectual and moral nature. This love for showy raiment and straining for its effect leads very many into some pitfall of immorality.”

I believe that there is a world of truth in this last sentence. I have talked with some who know the seamy side of a great city's street life and they all assure me that love of dress has thousands of victims in the brothels, or among the street walkers of every large city. "What brought you here?" we ask of the degraded, fallen man; and in nine cases out of ten the reply would be "Rum did it." "What brought you here?" Ask this of his companion, the degraded, fallen woman, and almost as often the answer would come back: "Dress did it; love of finery, the gewgaw, the ribbon, the flash jewelry, the desire to keep up appearances did it. That took me the first step toward dishonor, and the rest came easy."

And this leads us naturally to another wrong which I fear some of you are likely to inflict upon yourselves and that is the tendency to narrowness and very contracted views of life and duty. You naturally live more within four

walls than your brothers, but do not let those four walls bound all your horizon. It is undoubtedly of the utmost importance whether this piece of ribbon matches your complexion, but there are matters of greater importance.

I have read of a young woman that spent two hundred days in learning to paint a carrot to hang upon the wall, and, if that carrot was painted well, it was a noble work compared with that which engrosses some lives. The story of the dry-as-dust professor who spent all his life in studying the Greek particle, and when he died regretted that he had chosen such a wide field of study, instead of confining his attention to the dative case was an old favorite in college. While it seems to be generally understood that a man's aim in life is to subdue continents and build cities and conquer armies, a woman's chief end, as some look upon it, is to make tatting.

I sometimes see a lady of fashion and wealth

who seems to spend all her time over the poodle dog that rides by her side in the elegant carriage. 'It is dressed and washed and combed and takes its airing as regularly as the lady herself, while there are thousands of immortal children perishing for lack of just this care; and I sometimes wonder as I see the two, the woman and the poodle, sitting together — I wonder which has the widest outlook upon life. Some women seem to think that a large, generous outlook upon life is almost unwomanly. They hardly know who the president of the United States is, or who is the governor of their own commonwealth, and, as to such exciting events as have been taking place of late on the other side of the water, they are all rubbish to them. An interest in politics is considered mannish and unnatural, while to read Shakespeare, or study political economy, or to be versed in science is thought to savor of the bluestocking. All knowledge is open to you.

If you do dwell within four walls most of your life, the best books and the highest, broadest life may come there, and dwell forever.

Remember that first of all you are a human being, and that you have all the rights of a human being; that you are a woman secondarily. Remember that you will live as long, that you have as precious a soul to save, as momentous questions to face, as any hero or heroine who ever lived.

"Little girls," says Frances Power Cobbe in her most admirable book on the Duties of Women, "little girls may fitly play with toys and dress dolls, and chatter in the nursery for hours over some weighty concern of the baby house; but it is a pitiful sight to see grown women making all life a child's play. Rise, I pray you, to the true dignity of a human being, to whom petty feelings and small vanities and servile, wheedling tricks must be repugnant and abominable."

The dialogue over a China teapot, which Constance Cary Harrison puts into the mouths of two of her characters, points most wittily the moral I would teach. "Is it not consummate?" asks the husband. "It is indeed. O, Algeron! do let us try to live up to it," responds the wife. Some women and men too, for that matter, have nothing nobler to live up to than a China teapot with a crack in it. It is one great danger of the modern life of women, whether they are rich or poor, that some such small, dwarfing ambition may be the goal of life. This age without much cynicism might be called the age of bric-à-brac, the age of expensive tidies and costly nothings — things well enough in their way, but not large enough to fill the soul. Oh! remember that there is something better to live up to than cracked china and yellow lace and the last waltz or polka, or the latest crochet stitch. Nothing but God can fill the soul.

Will it not help you in realizing this high ideal to remember what your sisters have been and done and dared? It has been well said that in every walk of life we should think of those who have most honored that particular station, and catch the inspiration of their lives. Thus the slave may proudly exclaim, "Frederick Douglas was a slave," the blacksmith may cry, "Elihu Burrett was a blacksmith," the shoemaker, as he plies his awl, may remember that William Carey and Admiral Shovel and J. G. Whittier were shoemakers.

Every woman may remember that as heroic, steadfast blood as ever flowed, has flowed in woman's veins. As high aims, as noble purposes as ever actuated human souls have inspired the breasts of women. If you are of a literary turn and desire to have a name in letters, do not be disheartened, but remember Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot were women. If you would be an artist, strive not

for mediocrity, but for the highest place, remembering Rosa Bonheur and Harriet Hosmer are women. If you love to study the works and plans of God's universe, remember that the gates of science are no more closed to you than to your brothers, for Caroline Herschel and Maria Mitchell were women.

Does your heart burn with philanthropic zeal to do great things for your day and generation? The way is fully open. You have not to blaze an unknown path, for Florence Nightingale and Dorothea Dix and Sister Dora were women.

Do you feel within you the strivings of the spirit to do and dare great things for God? Just so has he striven with others who nobly yielded themselves and chose nothing less than God. Perpetua and Felicitas were women, and yet they, in the public arena, flinched not, nor denied their Lord by word or sign, when placed in the swinging net, to be gored to pieces by wild bulls.

Or is it in the quiet home circle that you find your mission? Most of you, I trust, will find your life-work there, for it is a life no less really rich and full than the life of the artist, philanthropist and heroine. Is it your mission to cheer the aged father, to comfort the weary mother, to share a husband's cares or steady a baby's first, timid step? I hope it may be for most of you.

Then remember that ten thousand times ten thousand women who have been before you, have set the pattern of noble, modest womanhood, full, symmetrical and well-rounded as any man's could be.

Let me recall to your mind the familiar words of the noble wife of a noble president. Thus wrote Mrs. Garfield, ten years before her husband thought of being president :

"I am glad to tell that out of the toll and disappointment of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory.

"I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself: 'Here I am compelled to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed to be flowing down through my spirits into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before. And this old truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine — that I need not be the slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits."

There spoke out the true, large-souled woman. Just as noble, just as honorable as the good breadmaker, as when she became the good president's wife.

I must dwell very briefly on my last point — the deadliest wrong you can inflict upon yourselves is to allow your souls to be corroded with the spirit of worldliness.

There is nothing so foreign to a true woman's

nature as worldliness, godlessness. In a man it is unnatural, hardening and debasing; in a woman it is atrocious and horrible. As much as her finer nature raises her nearer the angels, so the deadening and blunting of this nature brings her nearer the devils than a man often falls.

"I feel very keenly," writes one, "that even among some of our Christian girls there seems to be such an utterly indifferent attitude to a thoroughly consecrated life. They like to keep just as near the border as they can, so that their associates will not suspect they are trying to lead a Christian life."

"Indecision in religious matters, hesitancy, want of singleness of aim, a desire to serve God and Mammon, a desire to make reservation," says another, "is one evil that girls, even Christian girls, are prone to."

O, young women! would that some word of mine might show you how a whole-hearted con-

secration to Christ glorifies and ennobles your treasure of womanhood. It does for the jewel of your life what the lapidary does for the rough, unsightly stone from the diamond mine ; it makes it glow with a heavenly light. There is nothing so distorted, and perverted, and deformed, as a godless womanhood ; there is nothing so beautiful and precious as a godly womanhood.

If you care not for the redemption of your own soul, remember the other lives which your loss may involve. We mourn a disaster to a great ocean steamer, because so many millions of treasure were wasted, and because a thousand lives were imperiled. Let every godless woman remember, if she cares not for her own distinction, that she imperils with herself a thousand other lives. If the deadly waters of worldliness and godlessness leak in, the fires of love, of home affection, of wifely and motherly devotion, will slowly but surely be extinguished ; the precious cargo of peace and good will and

modest, unselfish care for others, with which every true womanly life is freighted, and without which the world would be far poorer, will be lost, and a thousand lives, of those yet unborn, down to the ~~third~~ and fourth generation, will be imperiled.

CHAPTER III.

ANXIOUS AND AIMLESS.

Superfluous Women — Prince Charming's Advent — The Fancy-work Girl — The Tendency to "Drift" — A Moral Backbone — Busyness which is not Business — Accomplishments and Accomplishments — Aimlessness is Cowardice — The Mouse as a test of Character — Weak Nerves no boon to the Human Race — Courage not alone a Manly Virtue — Pure Men and Courageous Women — Semi-Invalidism — Romantic Sickness — The Fuel that feeds the Fires of a Wasted Life — Christian Womanhood.

“THE anxious and aimless.” Such, I believe, were the epithets applied by one of the former governors of Massachusetts to the seventy thousand so-called superfluous women of Massachusetts, whom he advised to find a mission and a use for life by emigrating

to the West. I believe that these words contain a libel on the vast majority of the sex. I do not think there are any more superfluous women than men. Most of you, I am very sure, are not anxious or aimless, but, because these words point out a frequent and prolific source of danger, and because I want you all to prove them more and more libellous and untrue, I wish to dwell upon them in this chapter. Your brother meets his temptations in the street and in the market, they are the temptations of active life; yours come from the very quietness and lack of stir in your lives, lives which are apt to degenerate into weak aimlessness, a passive drifting with the current, which is supposed to bear every woman on to the harbor of matrimony, but which, if they allow themselves simply to drift, often leaves them, whether married or unmarried, stranded upon the sand-bar of a useless, fruitless life. "Your brother and his college mates tell you that their

work has hardly begun with the receipt of diploma and degree," says Marion Harland. "Commencement day with them signifies the first step in the real career — the unclosing and flinging wide the gate revealing the highway of life."

They have their life mapped out for themselves from the beginning, in some rough way at least. It is business, or the law, or medicine, or divinity; there is a goal somewhere. There is an end for them to strive for. Alas! it is too often not realized. They faint in the day of adversity, or turn from the noble aim in view to chase an *ignis-fatuus* or to bury themselves in the dirt of a gold mine, but it is very much even to start, as every high-spirited boy does, with a noble aim beckoning him on. But girls are at a disadvantage from the beginning in this respect. There is a hazy impression that sometime Prince Charming will come along and carry them off.

But supposing he does not come, what then? "It is pitiable and instructive to busy people," continues the author of *Eve's Daughters*, "to see the varieties of behavior in women who recognize the reality of the situation and seek to overcome its irksomeness. The majority and the most respectable of them begin to dabble industriously in something, it matters little what it is, so long as time and thought are engaged. A catalogue of the hundreds of species of what is known as 'fancy work,' to which this century alone has given birth, would show better than fifty formal treatises the prevalence of this dabbling, and the ingenuity with which the desire has been fed.

"Crocheting, tatting, wax work, paper flowers, monochromatics, Kensington and outline embroidery — time and memory would fail me, and patience would desert you were I to prolong the inventory.

"Such, and a thousand other inventions of

play which is work and work which is play, are put forward in a fast succession of cheats to answer our question, 'What then?'"

There is a certain temporariness in the pursuits of women that is greatly to their disadvantage as compared with a man's work. Your brother takes up his calling, meaning to make a life business of it. If he intends to be a carpenter, he does not learn how to drive the plane and fit the mortise as a temporary expedient, only to fill up the time until he shall be sent to Congress or dispatched on a foreign mission. If he studies medicine it is that he may spend his life in practicing medicine, not because he expects to be called to the bar one of these days. A young woman, on the other hand, too often takes up some employment as an expedient to kill time until Prince Charming appears, riding over the plains to claim his own. Next to having no aim is it to have this temporary expedient and time-killer for an object in life.

Prince Charming may come, very likely he will ; but it will be all the better for him and for her if he finds the object of his search honestly and patiently doing some one thing for which she has fitted herself, rather than nervously starting up at every ring of the doorbell, thinking that it marks the advent of the prince.

“ Among the great dangers which threaten young women,” writes one whose name is as familiar to the world as any name in America, “ it seems to me, is an outlook on life without a purpose, a tendency to drift, to magnify the present moment, to give undue attention to externals and trifles, to seek happiness rather than blessedness.”

“ A girl should have a motive, an aim in life,” writes one of your teachers whom many of you love and revere. “ Aiming at nothing she too often hits it.”

“ A plan in life is what every young woman needs,” writes a noted temperance lecturer ; “ a

plan in life and power to carry out that plan."

Of course this can only come from a true relation to and reliance on God. It is a good sign when the literary world will not accept Howell's heroines as ideals of true womanhood, and when it cries out for something stronger. "They are beautiful, affectionate and almost morbidly conscientious," says Lippincott's Magazine for instance, in a recent criticism, in speaking of this novelist's feminine characters, "but they are idle, inconsequent, and more or less jealous, incapable of philanthropy, hard thinking and decided action."

I have scores of letters on this point, or related matters which I have not time to give you. One of your friends tells me she thinks there is a very great lack of decision of character in our girls of the present day, or that perhaps it would be better to say stability of character.

“Girls lack moral backbone,” writes the successful principal of a young ladies seminary. “One of my own girls says to me on this point, ‘Girls are all too much afraid of what others will say.’”

But I must hurry-on to tell you that Aimlessness is, in my opinion, only one of a large family of sisters who usually travel in company. One of these sisters is Idleness. I know that just here many of you will protest and say: “Whatever my faults, you can’t lay this to my door. Why, I’m busy from morning to night. I am driven from the time school begins until vacation comes again and then it isn’t much better. I’m so busy that I can hardly find time to read my Bible or say my prayers.”

Ah! that is just it. There is a busyness which is not business. There is an activity which is the veriest idleness, and that is the kind of idleness I most fear for you.

What are you busy about? that is the ques-

tion. If you are too busy to read your Bible and good books, to think and pray, it is altogether probable that, with all your fancied hurry, you have a pair of those hands for which the old couplet tells us that "Satan finds some mischief still to do."

"If our girls could only be induced to spend more time in prayer and meditation," writes one. "It is the same cry with the children as the older ones — 'no time.' And in the busy whirl of every-day life it seems to me there is scarce any leisure for thinking. They will listen, receive what is said, and hurry on, but to think out anything for themselves, or really to take any part of their day for meditation, is a rare thing even among older ones, and so when asked a reason for an expressed belief or opinion, often the only one that comes is, 'people say so,' or something just as weak."

A piece of advice which many of you need is: If you would not be idle, do not begin to

do so many things. The so-called accomplishments of the sex are often the direct promoters of idleness.

It is not at all necessary that you should spend just so many hours a day in strumming the piano or wielding the paint brush, if you have no particular taste or talent in that direction; but it is necessary that you should remember that there is a womanhood within you to cultivate, which is not at all dependent upon Chickering or Steinway.

A true, noble woman may be too busy to cultivate the artist within her. She may not know the difference between an Old Master and a tea-store chromo, but such a woman is never too busy to think and pray, and read that which will build up her soul.

Take off the weights from the old eight-day clock that stands in the corner, and the hands will fly around at a great rate, exceedingly busy, we say, but the busier they are the less

value they are, for their mission is not to fly around the dial, but to mark time. I am not decrying these accomplishments. They are all well in their way ; they all may be made aids to a noble life, if there is a large worthy aim and motive pervading all ; but if they engross your minds to the exclusion of better things, they are hinderances and not helps, and the sooner you stop and think why you are here, and whither you are going, and what you are doing, the sooner you may escape the charge of idleness. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is sometimes true, the less busy you are the less idle you are. To escape the charge of idleness, you must not only be doing something—you must be doing something worthy of a human being.

Another sister of Aimlessness is Cowardice. Courage is not thought to be a womanly virtue—merely the pity—and I suppose that is the reason that cowardice, however reprehensible in

a man, is considered rather amiable in a woman. To scream at the sight of a harmless mouse, and go into spasms over a spider, and have convulsions because of a striped snake on the garden walk, seem to be considered in the light of accomplishments rather than otherwise, and the confiding terror that catches hold of the masculine arm at sight of a harmless cow in the pasture is supposed to show unsophisticated innocence. I do not think, however, that weak nerves should be cultivated as a boon to the human race, or that hysterics should be looked upon with any more favor than small-pox or mumps. They both are inevitable sometimes, but both disfigure and make unlovely the true woman.

Not that I think that women are naturally more cowardly than men. All history proves the contrary. There are depths of courage in many a woman's breast, which only need the opportunity of a great occasion to reveal them-

selves. Witness the martyrs who have died for their faith, witness the heroic sacrifices of women in sick rooms and hospitals, witness the uncomplaining heroism of many an invalid wearing her life away on a sick bed, with a smile on the face which sought to conceal from watchful friends the long anguish.

“The noble behavior of the soldiers on the sinking Birkenhead,” says Miss Cobb, “was not greater than was that exhibited by the twenty poor nuns who, in the French Revolution, stood together on the scaffold chanting the *Te Deum*, till, one by one, the sweet voices dropped in silence beneath the axe of the guillotine; still the survivors sung on, with unflinching lips, till the abbess, left alone, gave forth the last Amen, and the glorious hymn was over. Or to take another phase of courage, What man or woman is there who would not have found it easier to ride with the Six Hundred, in broad daylight, into the Valley

of Death at Balaklava, than to have spent a night in the dark in that awful *tête-à-tête* of which we have read of Sister Dora and the man dying of small-pox?" And yet, as Miss Cobb intimates, many of these same women might have shown the white feather on a very small provocation. The mouse on the chamber floor, the cow in country lane, might have been too much for their nerves, and have made those blanch whom the guillotine could not scare.

So I feel like calling upon you all to understand and use the treasures of courage which are really yours. Just as we would say to a miserly millionaire, "Your money is yours only to use, not to hide in a napkin; it is a shame for you to place your bonds in an iron box, while you bury the box in the ground, when thousands are starving and nations are perishing for lack of the Gospel." So we say to you, young women, with your fund of real courage:

"The world needs it. It is perishing for

lack of brave souls who dare to go ahead and do great things for God. For humanity's sake, do not think that the soft, shrinking nature, afraid of its own shadow, afraid to speak a brave word or to do an unconventional deed, is peculiarly womanly and admirable.

The world cannot be regenerated without the help of brave women as well as of brave men. It has been too long thought that courage was the prerogative of a man, virtue or purity of a woman. We shall never reach the true plain from which we can, altogether, men and women, with united effort, lift up humanity, until we realize this truth, that a man must be pure as well as brave, and that a woman must be brave as well as pure.

As one of your friends finely puts it: "One of the principles which I am fond of enunciating is that men should be pure as well as women, and that women should be courageous as well as men."

"I believe that there should be equality of the sexes in one particular at least, and that is in virtue, and that all women should insist on this so far as their influence reaches."

How shall you attain this moral courage without having a great aim in view? The soldiers who have a fort to storm or an order to carry out, are the soldiers who do not flinch.

If they know not and care not for what they are fighting, they lack the very foundation of courage. You cannot make much of a hero out of a hired Hessian. Cowardice is almost always the sister of Aimlessness.

"Womanly, unaffected, dignified frankness," writes another friend (and this is only another name for courage), "will allow a girl to express her convictions without losing the respect of her acquaintance. I know, from having tried it a good many times," she continues, "that a young lady loses no friendships worth retaining by saying: 'I made a resolve years ago

that I could never have anything to do with men who were not true gentlemen at heart. Furthermore, I know that in our hands lies the power of working genuine reforms along this very line."

Says another: "I tremble for two young girls whom I know, as I hear their names coupled with two young men, and see to all appearances the strong attachment existing between them, and the talk of marriage at no distant day. Both of the young men are irreligious and intemperate. If every young woman would take a decided stand on the side of temperance, and refuse the attentions of a young man that drank, it would do more good than all the temperance lectures in the world." But that requires courage, and courage that is coupled with the highest aim to do right, cost what it may, for Christ's sake. Remember, my young friends, that it is your right and duty to be courageous as well as virtuous; that

courage is born of a high, noble aim, and that, in the highest sense, you cannot be pure without having the courage of virtue as well as its spotlessness.

Another sister of Aimlessness is Invalidism, or semi-invalidism. The ill health of our American women is notorious. What is the cause? Overwork? Yes, to some extent; but underwork is a greater cause. Where ambition, the straining at too large an aim, has one victim, aimlessness and idleness has two victims. In many a New England farm kitchen, in many a nursery, there are doubtless women broken down prematurely by hard labor. But in many another house, humble or wealthy, are women equally broken down by the wearing effort to do nothing and do it genteelly; by the worry of having no worthy aim, and living up to it.

“Teach your girl honesty of purpose and practice,” says Marion Harland on this point,

“and to call things by their right names. Show no charity to the faded frippery of sentiment that prates over romantic sickliness. Inculcate a fine scorn for the desire to exchange her present excellent health for the estate of the pale, drooping human-flower damsel; the taste that courts the fascination of lingering consumption; the sensation of early disease, induced by the rupture of a blood-vessel over a laced handkerchief, held firmly to her lily mouth by agonized parent or distracted lover.”

“I was cheered,” she continues, “as by the finding of a treasure, the other day, at overhearing a young girl say scornfully to a school-fellow: ‘I should be ashamed to be sickly! No! I won’t call it delicate. It is very indelicate, to my way of thinking. I say the word out plainly — sickly. It is as much my duty to keep well as to keep clean. Of course accidents will happen in spite of precautions, but no one is proud of having fallen in the mud.’”

If in the line of duty ill health overtakes you, that is another thing. If in nursing and care and loving ministration you wear your life out, I am not talking to you.

Such ill health is as honorable as a soldier's scar or empty sleeve. But if you are frittering away life and health at balls and late parties, and by aimlessness and lack of energy which can never arouse itself to stem trouble and disease, then remember that slow suicide of this sort is no more honorable than a dose of strychnine or a plunge from a railing of the bridge.

I have all honor for the worn mother whose pale cheek and wrinkled brow tell of loving vigils and constant care for loved ones, but I have no honor or respect for the aimless, lackadaisical young person whose pale cheek tells only of chalk and slate-pencils and chocolate creams and late hours. There is nothing interesting or pathetic about her.

There is another matter which I must not

fail to dwell upon while mentioning the sisters of Aimlessness. It is the intellectual food which these sisters feed upon. It is the fuel which keeps alive the bale-fires of a wasted life. It is the solace of a weak mind, the comfort of aimless hours.

Let me write, if I can, a strong word against the weak, trashy literature which, more than anything else, if you indulge in it, will condemn you forever to the hopeless ranks of the aimless and anxious. You are not so much attracted by revolvers and bowie knives and infant Indian exterminators as your brothers, perhaps, but there is a kind of trash which is just as common and just as harmful, and which low panderers to evil tastes will write and print, because such as you furnish a market for it. You do not care to ride over the Texas plain with Buckskin Buck, a six-shooter stuck in every crevice of his saddle and belt, as the boys like to do, but the same devil paints for

you a languishing young beauty with a husband whom she ought to love, honor and obey, who devotes her life to some scoundrel who has a wife of his own.

She ought to horsewhip him for his dastardly attempts to make love to her, but she complacently listens to him as he talks twaddle about fate and destiny and affinity and so on.

Better never learn your letters than to read about unholy love and seduction and divorce, and the horrible sins that are gilded and painted white in these miserable novels. Shun all this class of stuff as you shun leprosy. Better have the leprous scales on your face, where they will only ruin physical beauty and comeliness, than have them on the heart, where they will ruin the purity of the soul.

Scarcely a week goes by but I find some of this trash thrust into my own house for my children to pick up and read. Flaring advertisements, advising my children to read about

"Little Lillie Lee," or the "Child Guard at Gen. Grant's Tomb," or "The Child Wife," or "A Desperate Woman." Horrible pictures of murder and violence decorate them all. It is a shame that we have to submit to an invasion of our homes by such literary diet; that the law does not at least abate this nuisance.

If once a week regularly some city scavenger should open my front door and throw in a load of garbage from the gutter, or some ill-disposed person should thrust an adder into the letter-box, hoping that my children would get stung, they would do me no greater wrong than these panders to a cheap, vile taste that delights in murder, seduction, and adultery do when they thrust into my house their "Little Lillie Lee," their "Child Wives," and their "Desperate Women." If the desperate woman would come herself she could be turned over to the police. If Little Lillie Lee should come in person, I could send her to the Little Wanderers' Home;

but coming as they do, we need to exercise constant vigilance, fathers and mothers, lest they become, before we know it, the companions of our children. Of all the many wise words that have come for you on this point, I can read but from one letter. This good friend of yours says :

“ Our public library has altogether too many cheap story books kept for the use of children. I often hear such sentences as these from young women : ‘ I know nothing of history ; hated it in school, and forgot it as soon as possible, and never read it now. Biographies are dry ; I don’t like travels, and I never read a word of Shakespeare in my life ; but I am a great reader ; I always have a book in my hand.’ I heard one young lady make all these statements not long ago, and so I asked her what she liked to read best. ‘ Oh ! stories,’ was the reply. Is it strange they have a wrong idea of life ; that their talk is chiefly about boys and having a good time ? ”

I should think it very strange if with such an intellectual diet they ever had a more sensible thought in their head.

In these days it is no great credit to be seen with a book in your hand, unless that book is one of the best. I sometimes think, as I remember the floods of trash that issue from the press, that Cadmus was no great friend of the race, after all.

And now, young friends, in a closing word let me plead with you very earnestly to respect your womanhood, and to fill your life full of noble aims and lofty purposes. Root out the weeds, but do not forget to fill the empty garden of your heart with flowers and fruits.

Throw away the bad book, but take up the good book, just as soon as you lay the other down. Do not simply be busy, but be busy for a purpose, with a prize in view, with the long plan of a useful life to work out. Do not simply be brave, be brave that the world may

be better, by reason of your cheery courage. Do not simply be well and strong, be well and strong in order that something of your vigor and strength may pulsate through another life.

Remember there is no such thing as a superfluous woman, as we sometimes hear them facetiously called, unless you choose to make yourself superfluous. There are high motives enough to go around among you all. There is a noble aim for every one. There is a Christian womanhood for the most lowly and shrinking; and beyond this, if you comprehend all that the words imply, there is no higher destiny for a seraph or an archangel.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIVOLITY AND FLIRTATION.

Girlish Wild Oats — Girls will be Girls — Keep the Heart clean — The Silly Dispensation — The Flirt — The slipshod young Woman — The Grace of Maidenhood — The ideal Girl — Dignity a Safeguard of Virtue — A transverse Section of a Girl's Heart — A Handbook of Flirtation — Exaggeration — The "too utterly utter" — Slander — The Gossip Tippler — The Gossip's Muck-rake — Impurity — The Scarlet Letter of Immodesty — A Jewel thrown into the Gutter.

IT is assumed by some that there is a certain period of folly and wickedness that must be endured in the life of every young person, just as the baby must have more or less colic and be fretful and troublesome while cutting its teeth. The parent and teacher and moralist,

seems to be the idea, must expect and plan for this, just as the mother lays in a stock of warm flannels and soothing syrup.

In fact, even some Christians, from their actions, apparently believe that the Devil must have full sway with their children for a little while, in order that he may be driven out, by and by, by the Divine Spirit.

In the young man this is called sowing his wild oats, and when he is seen puffing cheap cigar-smoke into the faces of people coming in or going out of church, when he is known to do little of summer evenings but support a lamp post on the street corner, when he is seen slinking into a rum-shop once in a while, and is known to come out again with poisoned breath, people say, "O, well! he's young yet;" "He'll come out all right;" "Boys must be boys." When a girl is seen to be rude and boisterous and unmaidenly, when she transforms herself into a giggling machine and apparently cares

for nothing but the glances and facetious remarks of the fast young man under the lamp post or in the church vestibule, just as many people will say in excusing her: "Oh! she's young yet;" "She will come out all right;" "Girls will be girls."

I have no patience with this shallow philosophy. It is a dreadful mistake that we make when we reason in this way, or comfort ourselves with the thought that such waywardness and frivolity is a pimple on the skin, which will be sloughed off to-morrow. It is rather the deadly pustule that shows the diseased blood, and he makes a sad blunder that treats the pustule as he would the pimple. I do not say that these symptoms show an incurable state, but I do believe that such signs call for thought and watchfulness and ceaseless prayer. It is not necessary that our children should come to God out of the very clutches of the Devil. To be snatched "as a brand from the burning," is

not the natural way of entering the kingdom of God. The doctrine of total depravity does not mean that the boy or girl cannot be very good without first being very bad. The tendency may be corrected before it has developed itself. The little stream may be best turned before it becomes the swollen torrent. For this reason I am penning this warning to our fair young girls to respect their womanhood, and not be-draggle it in the mud of frivolity, of heartless flirtation. You cannot wash your heart as you can your pocket-handkerchief. To keep your heart clean is comparatively easy; to cleanse it when once it is befouled, is an Augean task. Timothy Titcomb's words upon this subject are wise and helpful:

“ The silly dispensation or stage of a young woman's life is marked by many curious symptoms, some of them indicative of disease. They sometimes eat slate pencils and chalk, and have been known to take kindly to broken bits of plastering; others take a literary turn, . . .

others still take to shopping and dawdling with clerks who have dawning beards and red cheeks. If a young woman can be safely carried through this silly dispensation, the great step of life will have been gained. Girlish attachments and girlish ideas of men are the silliest things in all the world. If you do not believe it, ask your mothers. Ninety-nine times in a hundred they will tell you that they did not marry the boy they fancied before they had a right to fancy anybody.

“If you dream of matrimony for amusement and for the sake of killing time,” he continues, “I have this to say, that, considering the kind of young man you fancy, you can do quite as well by hanging a hat upon a hitching post and worshiping it through your chamber window. To become a flirt is to metamorphose into a disgusting passion that which by natural constitution is a harmless and useful instinct.

“This instinct of coquetry should be left to itself, unstimulated and unperverted, and, in the formative stage of your womanhood, by initiating shallow attachments and heartlessly breaking them, you are doing violence to your own nature, you make of yourself a woman whom your own sex despise, and whom all sensible men are afraid of. They will not love and they will not trust you. This instinct, then, is not a thing to be harmlessly played with; and I know of few more unhappy and disgusting sights than a girl bringing into her womanhood this passion—harmful alike to herself and others.”

I have brought to you this long quotation because the honored name coupled with it gives it a weight which adds to the wisdom and moderation of the sentiment.

Frivolity and Flirtation are coupled together not for the sake of alliteration, but because they are twin sisters, rather we may call them Siamese twins. I never saw Chang without Eng. One could not survive the other. When we treat one of these twins we must treat the other at the same time. Besides advice from noted names in literature already quoted I have words no less wise and strong from those who appreciate more fully your circumstances, and sympathize with you in every struggle. A well-known author, whose books have often absorbed your attention, writes to me as follows :

“ Flippancy is the most mischievous fault which threatens our young American girl. She takes nothing seriously excepting her lessons at school. She answers everything and everybody as lightly and wittily as is possible to her,

and if she is clever enough she is sarcastic. She gets a vague notion from modern stories that this is the way society people talk. The consequence is that she, in cultivating this style, regards persons, things, principles, facts and events and herself in a half-quizzing, half-cynical fashion, and our sweet, kind, merry, helpful, affectionate, old-fashioned schoolgirl is being replaced by a bold, bright, pushing person whom no one loves."

"I believe," writes another, "the thing much to be deplored to-day with many of our girls, is the loss of the gentler, sweeter grace of maidenhood — must I write it? — a lack of real modesty. There is a boldness, a loudness of speech, a flippant coquetry, meaningless and sometimes questionable jesting — which cannot fail to lower the standard and result in harm. Let me give you this beautiful picture of the 'ideal girl' from this same good friend of yours. 'My ideal girl is a rare and lovely combination of sweetness and strength. Pure as the unsullied snow that falls on the crest of the hills, strong as the everlasting hills themselves to

demand purity for purity in the young men with whom they clasp hands.' ”

“There is great danger,” says another, “for the girls who are raised above the need of earning their own living, lest they fall into frivolity. Within a month I heard the pastor of one of the largest and best suburban churches say that he had fifty girls in his congregation — most of them church members — who are too frivolous to be depended upon for any real, earnest church work. Their mothers are lovely women, deeply engrossed in various forms of charitable work ; but the girls are too much taken up with dress, society, art and literary pursuits to count for much in church work.”

“I have noticed,” says another, “that one great danger lying in the path to noble womanhood, is want of sobriety. Young ladies should cultivate dignity, as dignity is a safeguard of virtue.” Of course this friend does not mean a stilted outward propriety, that is scrupulous

simply about little matters of etiquette; she means, I know, a ladylike, dignified soul, which, while it may be full of sunshine and glee and fun, has an instinctive horror of the loud and boisterous and unmaidenly; such pure sweet dignity is to the maiden soul what a rich fitting frame is to a rare and beautiful picture. It protects it from defacement and allows no careless, wanton hand to mar its beauty.

“If I were to impress any one thing more than another upon the young women of to-day,” writes another, “it would be that they are lacking in womanly dignity. They need to be told that they hold themselves too cheap—so cheap, that young men treat them as they would a garment; wear it a while and then cast it aside as useless. The absence of this grace of womanly dignity is a stepping-stone to a life of dishonor. If these same girls could hear the estimate of their character as expressed by these same young men, their ears would tingle.”

I have implied that the frivolous girl and the flirt are usually synonymous names for the same being. If you could see a transverse section of the brain and heart of the frivolous girls, as you can sometimes cut into a tree and see the rings, which mark the years of its growth, I sometimes think that after you get by the core of babyhood, you would find on each concentric ring the name of some young man. Last year's ring of growth bore the name of John, and the year before it was Charlie, and the year before Henry, and the year before William.

School and church, home and mother — yes, and Christ himself — I say it reverently — has been crowded out, because there has been no room in that heart or head for anything but John or Charlie or Henry or William. These rings of growth in the heart do not mark wholesome, natural likes or loves, but merely successive and usually heartless flirtations, which render callous the nature which should always

retain its childlike purity and freshness. "No tone in Nature's music," it has been said, "is sweeter than a child's laugh; the gush of a stream that gurgles because it has no depths, no sullen pools, or foaming rapids. It is an offense to taste and feeling, when, like a dam built within the bed of the brook, the child begins to long for a woman's name and triumphs. Grace and naturalness take flight hand in hand. Frankness is exchanged for slyness, the pure straightforwardness of the look for the sidelong glance, the musical laugh for the simper. The unripe peach begins to blush outwardly, but to toughen within."

"One great danger that young women are exposed to," writes a wise mother, "is in being on the street a great deal engaged in what may seem like harmless flirtation, but which sometimes ends in most serious results. I have in mind a young lady who is much on the street while her mother thinks she is at the home of a

friend. I believe she is an innocent girl now, but I tremble for what may happen to her if she is not awakened to a sense of her danger. Young friends, did you know that there is a class of harpies in the community that reckon on this trait of character, and hope to grow rich by luring you on in this same way which seems so innocent and so bedecked with flowers at first?"

A father told me, the other day, that he was horrified at finding that his little, innocent twelve-year-old girl had sent to her through the mails, an advertisement of a "handbook of flirtation." This book professed to give full directions as to "how to win a lover." It told very minutely how to manage a handkerchief or fan flirtation. How one motion meant, "meet me on the corner," and another, "I am yours," and a third, "I'll come when the old folks are out of the way," and other things too bad to speak or print.

I did not wonder that his soul was boiling with indignation to think that these serpents should get the names even of little girls in the primary school in order to teach them their devilish tricks ; and I mention this fact here, that the fathers and mothers, knowing that such vipers are crawling about the community, may beware of their slime and their sting. But, after all, young friends, the cure rests with you, not with your fathers or mothers. Your hearts are in your own keeping. If these rings of frivolous, heartless flirtation do mark your lives, you do not need to allow any more to grow. Next year's ring of growth may be pure and sweet and wholesome. There is a sound, innocent heart, I believe—the innocent heart of childhood—in every one of you, which is not overlaid or hidden completely by the frivolity and worldliness of subsequent years. Get back to that. It is the Bible rule: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, pure,

innocent, loving, tender, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

In the last chapter but one I told you about the sisters of Aimlessness. In this let me say a few words about some relatives (they are at least as near as first cousins) of Frivolity.

One of these first cousins of Frivolity is exaggeration in the use of words, and a very near relative of exaggeration is slang.

"I was walking along the street the other day," says Dr. Holland, "when I met an elegantly dressed lady and gentleman upon the sidewalk. As I came within hearing of their voices—they were quietly chatting along the way—I heard these words from the woman's lips: 'You may bet your life on that.' I was disgusted. I could almost have boxed her ears."

"A woman who deals only in superlatives," he continues, "demonstrates at once the fact that her judgment is subordinate to her feelings, and that her opinions are entirely unreliable."

All language thus loses its power and significance. The same words are brought into use to describe a ribbon in a milliner's window, as are employed to do justice to Thalberg's execution of Beethoven's most heavenly symphony. Let me insist upon this thing. Be more economical in the use of your mother tongue. If a thing is simply good, say so; if pretty, say so; if very pretty, say so; if fine, say so; if very fine, say so; if grand, say so; if sublime, say so; if magnificent, say so; if splendid, say so. These words all have different meanings, and you may use each one in referring to as many different objects, and not use the word perfect once.

That is a very large word! This is the same vice at its root that leads the boor on the street or the hoodlum to be profane, the desire to overemphasize your words and give them a little temporary importance.

Where you say a thing is "perfectly splendid," or "too awfully good for anything," he

will prefix a vile oath. Neither of you mean what you say, or know what you mean.

This whole custom was satirized a few years ago by the sunflower æsthetics who exhausted all epithets and had recourse only to reduplication to express their feelings; so that a thing became at last "too utterly utter" or "too too." Such ridicule ought to have shown the folly of this straining after hyperbole, but I am afraid it did not altogether accomplish its object. We must remember that this was a subject which our Lord himself did not think too insignificant for him to touch upon, since he tells us: "Let your conversation be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

Two more first cousins of Frivolity are Mesdames Gossip and Slander. One able-bodied gossip or slanderer is enough to break up a whole church, and inaugurate the vendetta in any community.

My soul loathes with a perfect loathing that one who from pure maliciousness takes up a tale against her neighbor, and I warn you, young friends, have nothing to do with such a one, be she young or old. Remember the same finger of God that wrote on the rock tablet "Thou shalt not kill," also wrote "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and gossip is always next door to false witness. This is a habit that grows with what it feeds on. The young tattler is the middle-aged gossip, and the old slanderer.

Why, I know women and men, too, for that matter, who are as much wedded to their gossipy stories as any old tippler to his cups. It would be just as hard to reform one as the other. We have inebriate asylums, where the poor fellow is shut away from the taste and smell and sight of liquor; we ought to have retreats for confirmed gossips, where they could never mingle again with their kind, for as sure

as they do they will find something to gossip about. In fact, their case is worse than the toper's, for while he may regain a healthy stomach and an unvitiated appetite, the slanderer's heart, even if touched by the spirit of God, will never lose the pits and scars which mar it.

I have seen such gossips, with whom you could not talk five minutes on any subject without hearing something bad of some one. Their neighbor across the way they have no good word for, the church they attend is full of cheats and shams. After a while they have no friends; their sharp tongue makes acquaintances shy, and neighbors give them a wide berth. They become unhappy, moody, miserable, despicable, until at last they drop into an unwept grave, and every one breathes more freely, because they no longer pollute the common air.

Bunyan's Pilgrim in the Interpreter's house saw a man very busy with a muckrake, gather-

ing together refuse and rubbish while all the time there hung over his head a golden crown, waiting for him. But he never lifted his eyes to it. "But the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks and dust of the floor," says Bunyan. What a perfect description of the gossip and slanderer. She rakes together all the dirt she can find. In another person's character she tries to find it, in the ill-savory talk of the police court, in the reeking columns of the low newspaper. Wherever she finds it she gathers it together and saves it for future distribution. Marion Harland compares her to the carrion fly who only enjoys food after it is so rank that no decent person wants to touch it. "The gamin," she says, "who would not hearken to a story of a good little boy unless he might afterward be treated to one about two bad little boys, 'uncommon rum 'uns, you know,' was honest in the expression of this instinct. At

heart he was a nascent vulture, and in his simplicity revealed the hankering after carrion." If these carrion flies were only bad little boys in the street we could take care of them easily. Sometimes they live in a fine house, sometimes by mistake they get into the church, but you can tell them by their buzzing, by their fault-finding, by their back-biting, by the way they seek to sting, and by the way they are distrusted and disliked.

"One of the most attractive sights," says one whose words to the young are always wise, "is that of a young woman who not only will neither say nor hear ill of any one, but who takes especial pains to notice those whom the crowd neglects. Such a woman is the admired of all whose admiration is worth securing. And now, young woman, if you are one of the sharp ones, and are tempted to say keen things, remember that you are in very great danger of injuring yourself, not only in your

own soul, but in the eyes of all those whom you imagine you are pleasing.”

But, after all, nearly related to Frivolity as are these evils, gossip, slander, loud talk and immodest behavior, there is the mother of them all, and I should not be doing my whole duty, did I not point her out to you.

This mother of so numerous a family is Impurity. The scarlet letter is somewhere to be found on the mother of this hateful brood. In Hawthorne's powerful story you remember the poor, sinful woman of the tale had to stand on the pillory all day with the blazing scarlet A imprinted on her breast, that all might see it. Ah! if we could always see it. We should shudder with affright and turn away as the old Puritans did from the hapless woman of the story.

But the scarlet letter is there, perhaps, printed on the secret heart, where no eye but God's can see, but always there. Do not say it

is a harmless flirtation; do not call it mere loudness or brassiness or passing frivolity. Of course I am not speaking now of girlish glee or fun or effervescence of animal spirits — all this I rejoice in. But wherever there is a taint of immodesty, the scarlet letter is always there, and you have begun to walk in the ways of her whose steps take hold on Death. Because of the preciousness of your treasure I urge you with all earnestness to guard it well. You are tossing away your Kohinoor when you are dallying with temptation of this sort. The frivolous flirt throws her only jewel into the gutter for swine in human form to tread upon.

The bloom on the peach once brushed off does not return. Paint it ever so skillfully, you cannot restore its bloom. The virgin lily once crumpled and bruised is never itself again, however you press out its white petals. The snow, smirched and blackened, is never again the symbol of purity that it was when it fell

from heaven. Therefore I would say to you with words, burning hot, if I could compass them, Beware, beware, beware of the first step on the road that may lead you at last to the pillory, to take your place beside the outcast woman with the blazing scarlet letter on her breast.

CHAPTER V.

GETTING MARRIED.

A serious Topic — Before the Divorce Court — A personal Experience — Milton and Wesley — Fear of being an old Maid — A Rival of Cuvier — A House and a Home — Selling One's self for a Home — Do not marry a Man to reform Him — A young Woman's Opportunity — Messages from Mothers — The Conclusion of the whole Matter.

I HESITATE to approach this theme of getting married, not because it is of little importance, but because it is of such vast importance that I feel the need of divine guidance in treating it plainly but wisely. I hesitate also, because so much that is silly and weak and namby-pamby has been written and spoken

on the subject, that it has thus been almost entirely removed from the category of serious topics.

The buffoon and the clown in the circus ring and the funny paragrapher have been given a monopoly of this subject, until it has been crowded out of serious conversation, and crowded into the facetious half-column of the weekly newspaper.

If any one expects to find in these chapters a series of attempted witticisms or sharp sayings from the standpoint of the funny man, he will be disappointed, for it is with prayer and earnestness and most serious purpose that I would talk to the girls about "Getting Married."

"Free-lovism," says Dr. Talmage, when speaking of the evils of divorce, "has struck the good ship Marriage from one side, and Mormonism struck it from the other side, and hurricanes of liberalism have struck it on all sides, until the old ship needs repairs in every plank

and beam and sail and bolt and clamp and transom and stanchion."

But we may talk and pray against divorce all we will; we may multiply our anti-divorce leagues, and strengthen our laws; this is all well, but we must go farther back than this. Long before the divorce court looms up to the view, happiness has fled. Long before that was the unwise, foolish choice brought about by thoughtlessness and trivial ideas of the whole subject of love and marriage. There is the fountain-head of the evil. The whole matter has been minified and degraded by unworthy thoughts and unworthy jokes and unworthy imaginings, until one hesitates to touch it, even with the desire of dignifying and elevating it. The divorce court stands at the end of the long lane, but the frivolous, thoughtless, meaningless flirtation, or, rather, the totally unworthy and trivial view of the marriage relation, stands at the beginning of the lane.

Very often, in my ministry, couples have come to me to get married, with a license regularly made out and signed by the city registrar. There was no ostensible reason that I could give for not marrying them, and yet the whole thing was evidently so lightly regarded, so thoughtlessly entered into, with so slight an acquaintance, and so little regard to the irrevocable future, that I have hesitated to pronounce those solemn words that bind two lives together. Sometimes I have refused to do so, but more often with a slight twinge of conscience I have performed the service, not knowing exactly what else to do. To make any amends that I may be able, for harm unwittingly done, I now desire to speak a most earnest word.

For the young women this matter is of even more serious consequence than for those who become their life-long partners.

We read more, perhaps, of the unhappiness that has come to the man, for he more often

fills the public eye, and his woes reach the public ear; but while an unhappy marriage is a misfortune to him, it is disaster to the woman.

We sympathize with Socrates, forever berated by a termagant wife, and with Milton, who had the sore trial of a vixenish shrew added to his blindness, and with John Wesley, whose wife, it is said, used to make up faces at him from the pew, while he preached the Gospel from the pulpit; but, whereas we know all about one Socrates and one Milton and one John Wesley, there are ten thousand broken-hearted, neglected wives whom we never hear about. "A woman cannot afford to make a mistake," says the brilliant preacher I have already quoted. "If a man err in his selection, he can spend his evenings at the club, and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke; but woman has no club-room for refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars. If a woman make a mistake here, the probability is that nothing

but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love-letters of a married couple are poor reading, except for those who write them. Pray God you may be delivered from irrevocable mistake."

Then, in the first place, I would say: Do not marry a man for fear of remaining an old maid. One of your friends to whom I wrote puts this at the head of a long list of evils to which she thinks you are subject, and she adds these noble words: "Be brave to meet life as a single woman, if God wills it so, and desire to honor that position rather than fling away all that is most precious to every woman, for the sake of the world's opinion. While they laugh at us, they need us," she continues, "so that we have the best of the bargain."

That is most true. The world needs you all. It has little use for a broken-hearted wife, with the spirit crushed out of her by the kicks and neglect and unkind words of a masculine

wretch whom she calls her husband. She can do very little toward making the world more pure or sunshiny; but the maiden lady, be she one score or threescore years of age, can fill a place, which forty such wives would leave empty, with happiness to herself, and blessedness to all whom her influence reaches. What a benediction to many and many a household is this maiden sister, or aunt, or cousin! More often than not she remains as she is because she is wiser and wittier than her sister who jumps at the glittering bait, only to find that there is a barbed hook beneath it, and that the marriage ring is not a golden fetter of love, but an iron band that presses all that is lovely and sweet and fresh out of the life. If I could get this idea into many a pretty, thoughtless little head, that there is something beside beaux and marriage to look forward to, that the noblest life may be the single life, I should be doing a service which will be none the less real because

I may never receive any thanks for it. The little seven-year-old girl of whom we have read is hardly a caricature on the silly sentimentality that often creeps into the nursery before pinafores are discarded. "Uncle Horace," she said, "eight and seven make fifteen, don't they?" "Yes, my child." "Then," she said, "it is only eight years before I have a beau, and — oh! I dread it."

I like to re-enforce my words just here with the wisdom of one who never approaches such a subject without illuminating it. "Women too often grow up from the cradle with the idea that it is a horrible thing to be an old maid. That, in the minds of half the girls, is the most terrible thing in the world. They can abide anything better than that. So they feel a kind of obligation to jump at the first offer, they are so much afraid they shall never have another. Let them remember that a mismatched match is much worse than an unmated

life. I believe that marriage is the true condition, but I know that every man or woman will be more unhappy, if they are badly matched, than if not matched at all."

The question of late has become almost a by-word, "Is marriage a failure?" Without going into the general subject, it requires no prophetic gifts to predict that your marriage will be a failure if you marry a man simply because you like him, or have a passing fancy for his good looks or manly graces. The chances are that these looks and graces exist largely only in your own imagination.

Some one has remarked that as Cuvier could construct a whole animal from a single bone, so a romantic girl can construct a hero out of a single glance of the eye or wave of the pocket handkerchief. But the difference is that while Cuvier's animal would doubtless be true to nature, your hero would have no counterpart outside of your vivid imagination. When you

came to know him, you would find, like your little sister in the nursery, when she dissects her doll, that he was stuffed with saw-dust, or that he was a very cheap edition of Nature's noblest work, "bound," as has been wittily said, "in whole calf." Here is where the evil that I deplore, and am warning you against, usually starts. It is the attraction of a passing fancy magnified by an active imagination. A sad, sad disillusion too often follows. With the utmost seriousness I would say, Be very careful not to mistake a transitory fancy for lasting love. It is an awful and solemn promise that you make at the marriage altar. Do not promise to love, honor and obey him in whom there is little to love and nothing to honor, and whom you can not obey without losing all self-respect. If only your happiness in this world were concerned, I might well utter this warning. If only the next forty years of your life hinged on this matter I might well occupy a page in dis-

cussing it. But when it is remembered that the making or marring of eternal blessedness often hinges right here: that not forty but forty million years may depend upon this choice, the full import of the matter is understood.

To quote Dr. Holland once more: "It is a shame that women have no more opportunities for a choice." "My own wife," he goes on to say, "very fortunately got an excellent husband, but it is something for which she is to be grateful to an overruling Providence, for her own knowledge had very little to do with it. I could have cheated her beyond all account. I tell you, men want studying for some years before you find them out, and it becomes you to run fewer risks than most of your sex run in this business. It is a good deal of a step, this getting married, and I am very anxious that you should know a great many men, that you should get the one you love, that he should be

worthy of you, and that you should be happy all the days of your life."

Again let me say to you, young ladies, do not marry simply for the sake of a home. If that is your sole object you will very likely get a roof to cover your head, but it may be anything but a home. A home to which a drunkard comes reeling, with poisoned breath and incoherent speech, is no home. A table with a swinish brute on one side, and a patient Griselda, who pours out his tea, on the other, does not furnish a home. A shiftless, ne'er-do-well, who cannot support himself, much less a family, can never provide you a true home.

There are ten thousand houses in every great city that enshrine no homes. In the home there must be respect and forbearance and mutual interests, and, above all, love. It may be ever so poor, without any *bric-à-brac*, without a single expensive 'tidy, with no grand piano, with no drapery at the windows and no

Brussels on the floor. It may contain only two straight-backed chairs, a table and a stove, and yet be a true home, if on the secret altar the fires of love are kindled before marriage, and are allowed to burn freely and cheerily after marriage.

Now listen attentively, I beg of you, to this ringing message that has been sent you by one of my wise correspondents: "One danger which threatens our young women is that of selling themselves. They work year after year, for very small wages, go home at night to small, uncomfortable rooms, sit down and think of the hard lines in which their lots are cast. Few take any interest in them, and they find life's work drudgery, and life itself almost a burden. They struggle on, trying to keep up appearances, and at last discouraged, sell their finer instincts and blunt their consciences, accepting — purely for a home and because they are so tired — the proffered protection (?) of those un-

fit to associate with them, much less to call them wives. I know a young lady in the city who married a man who is not her equal, and from whom she is far removed in age, simply because he has money to spend in dressing her, and she is 'so tired' of struggling alone. It is possible to live on very little, and be happy and independent on that little. In many cases it seems to me that all that is needed to help our girls is to make them less selfish, less bound up in thinking of their own lot in life; to open to them the richness there is in life, the value of living and struggling when there is a purpose in it."

These are noble words. I wish they might be written in letters of gold and hung up in your chamber, where first of all in the morning your eyes might fall on them, and thus realize the richness of every life that has a noble purpose running through it. That is the secret of it; learn that secret, and your life,

with or without a husband, will be rich and fully blessed.

Once more let me say, Do not marry a man for the sake of reforming him. "If now," says Dr. Talmage, very wisely, "under the restraint of your present acquaintance he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up the track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express train. It is amazing," he continues, "to see how some women will marry men, knowing nothing about them.

No merchant would sell a hundred dollars' worth of goods on credit without knowing whether the customer was worthy of being trusted. No man or woman would buy a house with incumbrances of mortgages and liens and judgments against it uncanceled, and yet there is not an hour of the day or night for the last ten years, that there have not been women, by hasty marriages, intrusting their earthly happiness to men about whose honesty they know nothing, or who are incumbered with liens and judgments and first mortgages and second mortgages and third mortgages of evil habits."

It is a terribly dangerous experiment that you are engaged in when you marry a rake for the sake of reforming him. But I will tell you of a plan that is perfectly safe and wise. Reform him before you marry him. There is a chance to display all your powers and charms as a philanthropist and a reformer. Use them to the utmost. Beforehand you have every-

thing in your favor, and let the young man know that if he cannot give up his cups he must give you up; if he cannot keep away from the gambling-table, he must keep away from you; that he must make a choice forever between his roisterous companions and you. Give him time to see that this reformation is no temporary expedient for the sake of winning a bride, but that the heart and life and character are affected; then, if you love him, let him talk of marriage. God has given you this power to use for him. Every grace, every virtue, every charm, the mysterious halo, call it illusion or delusion if you will, that surrounds every maidenly attraction, is a God-given influence put into your hands to regenerate the world.

I have great respect and admiration for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and all organizations that have for their object the lifting up of the drunkard, and the rescuing of the boy from the rum-shop; but you have more

power, if you would exercise it, in just this line than all the temperance societies in the world. Your argument with some young man will be more effective than the eloquence of John B. Gough ever was, or even the sweet persuasiveness of Frances Willard. From your hands the pledge will be accepted when it would be spurned from mine. I have a strong regard for the White Cross Movement, and every effort that is made for social purity; but your influence will more quickly blot out the damning sin against which it aims than all the efforts of the Bishop of Durham and his co-laborers. I am heart and soul in sympathy with the Law and Order League, and every organization that has for its aim the suppression of vice; but if we could only enlist you on the right side, if God would make you strong to speak the right word and do the brave deed, you could do more than all these societies put together, though they were backed up by all the police and

militia of the world. If every young woman in the world should say to-day: "I will never marry a man who drinks; I will never marry a man who is licentious; I will never marry a dishonest sharper; I will look before I leap into any man's arms, and know what I am doing"; I say, if every young woman should make that resolve, the slow and weary reforms which have been dragging their length through the ages would make a century's advance in an hour.

I have dwelt upon this negative side of our subject so long, because positive truth underlies it all. Let me give you here the same message, couched in positive words, written by mothers who know well how to put the truth: "Choose," says one, "as the partner of your heart, your home, your life, a good, sound, clean-hearted man, who loves you, and wins your love by the development of tastes congenial with yours; a man whom, as a friend, you could esteem and

admire were he the husband of another. That is a test that would dissipate a mere fancy into thin air. Be slow to believe yourself in love. The reality is a beautiful yet an awful thing. It is putting your life out of your own keeping. Marriage, even to one you love deeply and sincerely, is the risk of all that time can give you of bliss, maybe of heaven's hopes as well, upon the utterance of a dozen sentences, a speech not two minutes in length."

"The structure of a true marriage must be laid upon the basis of a true individual life," says another. "When men and women have conceived and accepted the idea that all good in earth and heaven is intended to minister directly and indirectly to individual growth, and that that which we call evil, toil, poverty, sorrow, pain and temptation to sin, are intended for the development of power and the discipline of passion; when they see that life tends upwards, and is only a preparation for another

sphere and a better, and that all that surrounds them is perishable, then they can have a conception of what true marriage is. The relation is illuminated with its full significance only by this true idea of individual life."

Realize the significance and importance and the vast interests that for you, above all others, hang on the marriage relation. Never, never marry or engage yourself to marry as a joke, or in the spirit of fun, or because the fancy seizes you. It would be just as sensible to joke at your lover's funeral, and would show about as much appreciation of the fitness of things. Let there be but one supreme reason for marriage; not propinquity, not a passing notion, not to get a home or to get rid of work and worry, not from a sentimental desire to reform a rake, but because love and respect go hand in hand, and because God's evident approval crowns the union. While the divorce mills are grinding out their ceaseless grist, let the solemn words

which close every marriage service ring in your ears : " What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Consider such a union, however desirable, as not the inevitable lot or the only path to happiness or usefulness, and prepare for it, not by idle dreams and constant trap-laying, but by living honestly, lovingly, usefully, Christ-likely, remembering that the only way to become a good wife is first to become a good woman, strong and pure and gentle and true. Then, very likely, there will be added, one of these days, to the beautiful homes which so bless this poor old world, another home in which you shall be the priestess, and where the angel of peace and love shall abide forever.

CHAPTER VI.

MOTHERS, SISTERS, DAUGHTERS.

Training up a Parent in the way he should go — The Mothers of Great Men — Alfred the Great — Johnson — Washington — Patrick Henry — The Mother should be the Confidante — Young Americas — A Mother's Wisdom — Antiquated Mothers — Mother's Sacrifices because she loves you — Bishop Thompson's reminiscences — The Spirit of the Tease — The other Girl's Brother — A Sisterly Influence — The Home of Bethany.

THE author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," in a bright little book called "Sermons out of Church," heads one chapter, "How to Train Up a Parent in the Way He Should Go," and begins it with the remark of a rather fast young lady, "O, dear! I'm afraid I shall never

manage to bring up my mother properly." There is certainly much truth in the remark of an old Quaker which she also quotes, a remark addressed to a lady who contemplated adopting a child: "My friend, I know not how far thou wilt succeed in educating her, but I am quite certain she will educate thee."

I thank God that there are so many wise and devout mothers in this world of ours, so few, comparatively, that are careless and godless and prayerless. How few there are who do not bring the little hands together at night, and teach the little lips to say "Our Father!" The brightest spot in the future outlook for America and the world is right here, that the race of pious mothers is not dying out.

One of the most sacred places in London is the Bunhill Fields Burying-ground, where the mother of the Wesleys is buried. The rise of Methodism can be traced further back than to John and Charles Wesley. The wisdom, the

consecration, the godliness of the Wesleys' mother, descended to her children, is written upon every page of its records. The influence of godly mothers has come to be one of the commonplaces of literature.

The mother of Alfred the Great was his first teacher. Dr. Samuel Johnson never forgot the religious principles which he learned from his devout mother, when a little child in bed.

Doddridge was converted by the Dutch tiles of the fireplace, it is said, but it was because a beloved mother explained them to him, and from them taught him Scripture history; while John Randolph used to say, "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

Some one who has studied this subject has brought together these suggestive facts: "Sir

Walter Scott's mother was a superior woman, well educated and a great lover of poetry and painting. Byron's mother was proud, ill-tempered and violent. The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was noted for her beauty and energy. Lord Bacon's mother was a woman of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of Nero was a murderess. The mother of Washington was pious, pure and true. The mother of Patrick Henry was marked by her superior conversational powers."

Follow back the history of almost any man or woman, distinguished for good or evil, and you will find, if you could but know the truth, that at the door of life stands a mother, of like nature and similar characteristics, sending the child forth with a blessing or a curse for mankind. But it is not simply the careers that fill the eye of history, and the names that spring to the lips of cheering crowds, whom the mothers have blessed or cursed.

There may be a John Wesley, or a Philip Doddridge, or a Harriet Martineau, or a Mary Lyon among the Johnnies and Philips and Harriets and Marys of your nurseries. At any rate, these Johnnies and Harriets and Marys are as dear to the mothers' hearts, their souls are as precious in God's sight, our responsibility is as great, as if it was certain that every one of them would occupy a queen's throne or manage affairs of state.

As we think of Madame Lætitia, the mother of the Bonaparte family, one son Emperor of France and King of Italy and well-nigh dictator of the world, another King of Holland, another King of Westphalia, another King of Naples and Spain, we say to ourselves, such a woman, the mother of kings, should be governed, indeed, by high aspirations and the noblest aims in bringing up such a family. But we cannot believe that the humblest and most obscure mother, in God's sight, is any the less responsi-

ble for the training of those God has committed to her! Carelessness in the mother often means wickedness in the daughter.

And right here let there be an earnest word spoken to the mothers to make confidantes of their daughters, and to keep up these confidential relations as long as life is spared. What a world of wretchedness and sin might have been escaped if to the mother's heart the daughter always fled with every secret, knowing that nothing was too sacred to reveal to that loving ear. "I think," says a wise friend, "that one of the best safeguards for a young girl is to make a confidante of her mother in every little thing. When I overhear a young girl say, when asked not to tell anybody what has been told her, 'I shall tell my mother, for I tell her everything,' I feel that that girl is safe."

I have many messages from the mothers, of this tenor, of which I can quote but one or two:

"When American mothers shall have adopted

a golden mean between the restraint imposed upon French girls and the unwise liberty permitted to our own, I believe few dangers will await our girls, even when they leave the home roof to earn their own living. And when mothers make, as too many do not, the daughter's welfare first in their hearts, placing it before all social pleasures, before all public reforms, before all church work even, and win their entire confidence, these dangers will be still further diminished. The girl who keeps no secret from her mother is a safe girl."

From one who has written to the girls a long letter packed with wisdom, I must make room for a few of the many words I would quote. "Our girls need mothers," she writes. "To how many of our mothers is their daughter's secret heart-life a sealed book? How many daughters, bright and sunny girls, will freely scatter confidences among their mates with the laughing injunction, 'Now don't you tell. I

wouldn't have mother know for anything!' And why? Why and where and when, mother, was this little heart-cord snapped which once joined the young life to yours, heart of your heart, and soul of your soul? Did you once smile at the folly of their conceits, and call them foolish, and let the first doubts of Mother's perfect sympathy thrill the little heart with pain, and give the first separating stretch to the precious link binding you together as one? Oh, wise and loving mothers! 'chum' with your children from the very beginning. Then will you hold them sweet and pure for yourself and for the Master, for time and eternity."

I know that these pages reach a great number of loving, devoted mothers, mothers who would give their lives for their daughters. Allow me to leave one question with them. Do you know your daughter now as you did when, a little tired, curly-haired romp, wearied with the day's play, she nestled at night in your

arms, or is she growing away from you as she grows older? Does she have her secrets now which you do not share, and confidences into which she does not want you to enter? Are your paths gradually diverging — she going one way and you another? Oh! for her soul's peace and yours, get back into the same path with her, and walk with her, with even step. Any road in which her mother cannot walk by her side, is full of pitfalls and snares and thorns for the daughter, full of heartache and sorrow for the mother. —

Young America has many good points. Young America is bright and piquant and cheerful and usually good-natured, but reverence for elders and respect for parents are not two of his strong points, to whichever sex young America belongs. We have heard dim traditions of the way in which children of a past generation, let loose from school, took pains to be polite and respectful when their

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elders passed by. In other countries, we have even seen the rows of children on either side of the road, as the stranger went by, drawn up to pull the respectful forelock and drop the courtesy. But we never thought of looking for such a thing in America. We should be almost as much surprised by such politeness and deferential respect, as by the sight of a white crow or a snowstorm in July. But I am not writing for the sake of berating the manners of the present generation, but for the sake of whispering in the ears of the girls: "Be very polite to, be very thoughtful of, be very tender to one person in the world, and that one a person whom you are apt to treat with more disrespect and carelessness than any other — your own mother." I have two or three good reasons for urging this advice upon you most earnestly.

In the first place, she knows more than you do, and her advice is entitled to respect. To be sure, she may not be able to play the piano as

well as you do, and perhaps cannot talk French at all. Very likely she isn't so fresh in arithmetic and geography, and possibly she makes a slip in grammar or pronunciation occasionally, for which you blush. But, after all, there is no doubt about it, she knows more than you, and her advice and counsel are worth heeding, as you will surely know when you get by the callow wisdom of girlhood.

If you differ with her, it is most likely that she is right and you wrong. If you think she is old-fashioned, it is more probable that she is simply sensible. If you think she is straight-laced, it is extremely likely that she is only prudent, and you cannot with safety, even though it seems to you that she is an hundred years behind the times, as you sometimes say, forget that the fifth commandment reads: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

"It is disheartening, dear girls," says Marion Harland, "let one tell you who has thought

herself into a dull, fixed heartache on this subject, to be swept aside by inches, or boldly removed from the board where one was, not so very long ago, a figure of some consequence.

“ We mothers, enriched by the experience of years, grown patient and wise through the discipline of our long probation, beseech you to be charitable to our slowness and merciful to the stiff movement of mental muscles that copy with pain new postures and paces.

“ Mamma is antiquated in language and dress; in works and in ways non-progressive. Had she chosen to neglect you instead of herself, had she given to her own studies and mental culture the hours devoted to drilling you in early tasks, had she kept pace with society in place of sitting out the long evenings and bright days in the nursery, had the stitches set in small frocks, trousers and coats gone toward furnishing her own wardrobe, you might have had less apparent cause to be

ashamed of her. You would undoubtedly, had you survived the process, have now more and just reason to blush for your own defects."

This leads me to say that another good reason for obeying the fifth commandment in letter and in spirit, is that this same mother has, for a dozen or fifteen or twenty years, been making every sacrifice for you. The young man that picks up your handkerchief or helps you over a muddy crossing, you reward with a most bewitching smile and profuse thanks; but what has he done or what would he sacrifice for you? He would hardly throw away the stump of a cigar before he was done with it to please you; and yet, the mother who has given all but life itself, and would give that if it was necessary, rarely sees such a smile on your face, and never hears such winning words of thanks and appreciation. Oh! these furrow-browed, white-haired mothers, whom I sometimes see treated so cavalierly by blooming daughters! "If the daughters

could only read the lesson of these furrows," I say to myself. Every wrinkle tells of a grinding sacrifice: every white hair of a sleepless night; every angularity of form, of a restless babyhood, and weeks when an anxious one bent over a sick child in the crib; of days of watching and nights of unrest; of work in the kitchen and the ceaseless clatter of the sewing-machine treadle. All this story and countless other chapters of a similar tale are written in many a beautiful old face that I have seen. Girls, look into your mother's face and see if there is not such a story there, and if you can read it, that old face will have a beauty in it that you never suspected was there. Says the author of "The Marriage Ring": "The fallen at Chalons and Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo are a small number compared with the slain in the great Armageddon of Kitchen. You go out to the cemetery and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully and

poetically ; but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say, ' Here lies a woman killed by too much mending and sewing and baking and scrubbing and scouring ; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom or a sewing-machine or a ladle.' " There is a good deal of truth in this, and I hope that before the cemetery is reached, these dear mothers, who have been for a score of years, more or less, wearing themselves out for you, will find themselves so relieved by your loving sympathy and help, that their last journey through the graveyard gates will be delayed for many a long day.

There is a single other reason that I would urge upon you for this dutiful respect and obedience which is so charming. It is that the one who has thus worn herself out for you has done it because she loves you, and love can only be satisfied with answering love. You are starving your mother's heart when, by word or

action, you seem to deny her your love. If she was actually starving for want of physical food how you would hasten to procure it! Every penny that you could earn or beg would go for this purpose, and you would esteem nothing too hard to do for her; and yet I imagine that there are a good many hungry hearts that are not far from starvation for lack of a daughter's love. A word of sympathy; a radiant smile, just one of them saved from the young man, and devoted to the mother; some want anticipated; a kiss of love; an artless caress: all this is food that would keep alive many a famished heart. Some day, I am sure, you will think of these things. I pray God that it may not be too late to provide this food which keeps the heart from starving.

Some day you will think of her as Bishop Thompson, in his reminiscences of boyhood, speaks of his mother. "If I seat myself upon my cushion," he says, "it is at her side; if-I

sing, it is to her ear ; if I walk the garden paths or meadows, my little hand is in my mother's and my little feet keep company with hers ; if I stand and listen to the piano, it is because my mother's fingers touch the keys ; if I survey the wonders of creation, it is my mother who points out the object of my admiring attention ; if a hundred cannon pronounce a national salute, I find myself clinging to her knees ; when my heart bounds with its best joy, it is because, at the performance of some task or the recitation of some verses, I receive a present from her hand. There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted with her footsteps."

There is still another relative of yours, young ladies, whom I would ask you to consider.

You regard him sometimes as a plague and a nuisance, I know ; but though I admit that he often is most exasperating, there is a better light in which to consider him. "That little

brother of mine is such a bother ;” “ That big brother is such a tease,” I often hear some sister say. In an obituary notice that I once read, a young man was spoken of through a bad misprint as the eldest “ bother ” of such and such a distinguished individual. I wish that these mistakes and elisions of a letter might occur only at the printer’s font and never in real life.

“ Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother,” writes one whose pithy words I have before had occasion to quote. “ It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your own brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed in six thousand years. But I tell you what, your brother will be either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. Don’t snub him. Don’t depreciate his ability. Don’t talk discouragingly about his future. Don’t tease him. Brothers

and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most devilish. There is a teasing that is pleasurable, and is only another form of innocent ~~raillery~~ ^{raillery}; but that which provokes and irritates and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It is the curse of innumerable households that the brothers tease the sisters, and the sisters the brothers. Sometimes it is the color of the hair, or the shape of the features, or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret, or by a suggestive look, or a guffaw, or an 'Ahem.' Tease! tease! tease! Christ says, 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' Now when you, by teasing, make your brother or sister hate, you turn him or her into a murderer or murderess."

Did you ever think of this, that probably that brother whom you apparently think so little of is fully as worthy a boy as that other girl's brother whom you think is "just nice"? You

do not think that he is, because you know him better, but probably there is some other girl who thinks at this moment that he is very near perfection, while she has a very moderate opinion of her own brother, whom you admire. It would be well if you should exchange eyes with her for a little while. There is much in your own brother that you have not discovered. He is probably a bright, manly, courageous fellow, with all his faults, and I know you love him in your inmost heart, but I want to have you manifest that affection in more helpful ways. Do not always pair off with some other girl's brother; do not make your own feel that he is of no account, and that you cannot enjoy yourself at a party or concert or lecture if he is the only one who sits by your side, and goes home with you afterwards.

Do you know why God has put you in the same family and given you a common father and mother? It did not come so by chance,

but that you might exert a sisterly influence over him, pure and sweet and wholesome; an influence that will raise him out of many a bog in which his coarser, masculine nature may otherwise get bemired. Very much of his true success in life will depend upon his ideal of womanhood. If that ideal is exalted, he can never become utterly debased. If that ideal is low or trivial, he cannot rise very high in the scale of manhood. His ideal of womankind will be very much what you show yourself to be. You will be his gauge and standard of other women. Most likely your heart will be first touched by divine truth, and will first accept a Saviour's love. Be to him, then, such an example of maidenly Christliness that he cannot miss his way to the cross. It was to Lazarus' sister that our Lord first made the joyful announcement: "Thy brother shall rise again." Through you the Lord will speak to many a brother, telling him to rise from his sin

and begin the new life, the true life of a true man. Let us always bear in mind how our blessed Lord dignified and exalted these earthly relationships. His mother bore the name that many of you bear; his dear friends were the sisters of the house of Bethany; he thought the ruler's daughter of enough consequence to exert his supreme, miraculous power, and of the three whom he raised up to life she was one, and he has said, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

I know of no stronger appeal to make to your womanly natures. Because of what He has done for you, because of the honor He has put upon you, because of the mighty influence He has given you to exert, as mothers, daughters, sisters, be true to your high calling in all these relations of life.

" Show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUEEN ON HER THRONE.

The Summons to the Throne—How Princess Victoria received it—The Throne—All other Kingdoms insignificant—False Independence—The Idea of Marriage—The Queen's Scepter—What is Love?—The Test of the Gem—The Pleasant Girl—The two Bears—The Queen's Robe—Her Wide Kingdom—A selfish Home—The Crown—Two Heavens both called Love.

NEARLY fifty years ago, one morning in June, two messengers, persons no less distinguished, indeed, than the Lord Chamberlain of England, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, made their way from Windsor Palace, where William the Fourth had just breathed his last, to Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria

lived. Says the record, as quoted by Justin McCarthy: "They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody.

"They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on matters of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of state to the *Queen*, and even her sleep must give way to that.'"

It did, and she did not long keep them waiting.

There comes such a message to every young

woman. It is not borne by an archbishop and a lord chamberlain. The result of the message is not breathlessly awaited by an expectant nation. There are no booming cannon and blazing bonfires to tell that another queen has come to her throne; but nevertheless, such a message goes forth from One higher in authority than any messenger of church or state. It comes not simply to one favored young person in a century, who lives in a palace, but to every young woman who will hear comes this command from God: "Be a queen. Take your place on your throne. Assume the scepter; clothe yourself in royal ermine. A crown will at last be placed on your brow." As the Princess Victoria was asleep when the message first came to her that she was henceforth Queen of England, so I fear many are asleep to great privilege and opportunity; and I pray God that this book may have some power to arouse them to a sense of their high calling. As soon

as the princess heard that she was a queen, she could sleep no longer. If I could only show you, young women, your worth and dignity, you would lay aside everything that was unworthy, and would assume the queenly honors that are rightly yours.

Of course you know what I mean. Your queenly honors are not bestowed by the powers and ceremonies of a court; they are not inconsistent with washing dishes in the kitchen, or sweeping in the parlor, or tying little Johnnie's shoes, or running on an errand for the tired mother, or hunting up the dressing-gown and slippers for father. In short, the throne to which I would be the messenger to call you is in the home.

In England, but one supreme monarch can rule at the same time. Not till the old king drew his last breath could Victoria assume her new honors; but, though there are ten millions of queens in America, there is room for ten mil-

lions more. Though in the home where you live some gracious queen has reigned long and benignantly, you will not crowd her off by taking your seat on the same throne. There is a chance for every royal character in this kingdom of home. You will not accuse me of narrowness of view, I am sure, or of hostility to woman's highest rights, when I say that, after all, your supreme place of influence is in the home. First cultivate yourself as a human being. Recognize your rights, remember the vastness of your influence, train yourselves for the highest places; this has been the burden of my desire for you; and yet, while I hold to all this, and abate not a jot, I also believe that your throne is in the home, that there alone you may exercise your highest powers, your queenliest influence. The realm of authorship is open to you, to the lecture platform you may aspire, the highest places in almost all the professions are no longer walled away from the ambitious

woman, yet it is no less true now than when Sarah made Abraham's tent a true home for him, or Rebecca came from Padan Aram on camel-back to make Isaac's home happy, that the home is woman's throne.

Whatever opportunities the future may open to you and your sisters — and I believe that they will be large and abundant — all other realms will be petty and insignificant, compared with the kingdom which you may rule from this throne. Let me call your attention to the opinion of some of your best and wisest friends on this subject. "The quiet home virtues need strengthening," says one. "Our colleges and other educational institutions are doing a great work in furnishing the army to fight the battles of life and to help make lovely homes, too; but is there not danger, in this progressive age, of forgetting somewhat those homely domestic virtues, which help so truly to make up the blessedness of life?"

Let me call your particular attention to these thoughts which I am about to quote from one with whose graceful pen many of you are familiar: "The points of womanly character, which, in my opinion, most need strengthening, are most emphatically the home qualities. I must confess that I am alarmed as I read exhortations week after week in the papers for girls 'to take care of themselves,' to be 'independent,' etc. You are aware that there are scores and scores of American homes throughout the land where the father earns only a moderate living, and where the daughters are restless to go out in the world and earn something. They are not willing to stay in the home and economize and plan to make it attractive to father and brothers, nor to train themselves to be really efficient in domestic matters.

"Most of them prefer to spend part of their wages in hiring a servant to do the kitchen work if necessary, and go into a shop or mill.

They feel more 'independent'; and just here I am reminded to remark that if girls must go out into the world, and enter into the struggle for bread, do let them be taught the value of saving. It is a long step toward preserving a girl's virtue, when she takes more satisfaction in seeing two dollars entered against her name in a bank account than in spending that amount for brass bangles and false frizzes. But let the prime end and object of the saving be for the making of a home for somebody, somewhere, at some time. It has become the fashion in late years to decry thinking about marriage as the principal thing in a girl's life. Doubtless there has been much false teaching on this point, and unfortunately there are too many women who have allowed themselves to deteriorate mentally and socially by getting married; and the present tendency to educate girls away from the idea of marriage may be the pendulum swinging to the other extreme.

“But would it not be better to elevate the idea of marriage as the highest possible sphere which a woman can fill? Oh, if girls could find their supreme joy, not in things, but in people, not in adding to their accomplishments and attainments, except as a means to influence souls for good!

“Men are the natural bread-winners in this world; women are the natural makers of the homes. Fathers and sons and brothers would labor with far more zeal and success if the mothers and daughters and sisters would spend their energies in making home attractive. The men do not mind hard knocks much if they can go home at the close of a day's service to a haven of rest and comfort, such as only a woman's love and tact can make. All this can not be secured, however, without character. A girl may have a very lofty ideal as to what a home ought to be; but for carrying out her ideal she must possess the qualities of sweet-

ness and patience, and tact and grace, and cheerfulness and efficiency, and a thousand other qualities not needed in any other position. A very ordinary girl may possibly succeed as a copyist or an elocutionist or a saleswoman; but it takes a very extraordinary person to make the highest success of that most difficult and grandest of all arts — making a true home.”

This is a long quotation, but these words are packed so full of wisdom that I have given this letter to you almost entire.

The queen, as a symbol of her power, on occasions of state bears a scepter in her hand. There is a right royal scepter, too, which I would put into your hand — the scepter of love. There is none other so potent. The Queen of England's scepter is made of silver gilt, or, at the best, of pure gold; your scepter is one of which pure gold is only a symbol. The queen lays hers aside on ordinary occasions, and it is

locked up in the jewel-room for strangers to gape at behind the bars which guard it; your scepter need never be laid aside, for it is not simply the jeweled symbol of power, but it is power itself — the power of love.

“What is love?” says one; “a weak, gushing, effusive quality, that makes the weakness of women?” Nay, love is rest; it is warmth, comfort, nourishment, strength, home; it is life; it is the omnipotence of God. As the head has no life till the heart quickens it, so wisdom is not wise until love informs it.

Love, let us remember, is something more than a sentiment. Here is where the fatal mistake is most often made in domestic life. The sentiment and poetry of love is all very well in its place. I would not decry it or undervalue it, but I say that it is altogether worthless if it cannot stand the test of the wear and tear of every day.

Here is a sparkling gem. How it glitters

and glistens ; what depths of fire there seem to be in its heart ! But we have heard that certain persons have been very successful in imitating diamonds and rubies, and we are a little suspicious of our gem, so we will take it to the jeweler's. "How much is this worth?" we say to him. He opens a little vial and drops a single particle of acid on the jewel, and behold the sparkle dies out of it, and the simulated fire in its heart is quenched, and we see that it is a worthless bit of paste. But if it is a real gem the acid rolls off like so much water, and in its inmost heart it sparkles as brightly as ever. There is an acid about the every-day experiences of life which always shows the difference between real love and sentimental love.

The girl that will look as sweet as an angel when a certain young man makes his appearance at the parlor-door, and who will scowl like a fiend when, the next hour, her mother asks her to dust the parlor furniture — her love is

made of paste; it isn't the genuine article. The one who will spend a week working a pair of suspenders and a fancy hat-band for her lover, and snap out something about "bothersome brothers," when one who is thus related merely asks her to sew on a coat-button, may glitter and sparkle before marriage, but I should be afraid the first acid drop in life's cup after marriage would spoil the illusion and forever dim the sparkle. The apostle's rule for testing faith applies equally well to faith's twin virtue, love; show me thy love without thy works, and I will show thee my love by my works.

Let me whisper this word in your ear, my young friends: The sensible young man, the one who will make a good husband, thinks a great deal more than you are apt to suppose of good-nature and sweetness of disposition, and these, when genuine, are only the habitual expression of love.

"How does she treat her mother?" "How

does she speak to her little brothers and sisters?" "How does she treat even the dumb dog and kitten on the hearth-rug?" Those are questions which he asks himself about you, if he is wise, and he is always answering them as he sees how you live.

You think he admires only the pink cheek and sparkling eye and the lithe figure and the new gown and brave bonnet, but I tell you, the young man is not quite such a simpleton, after all. He knows that a pink cheek, pretty as it is to look at, may become very unlovely when flushed with pettishness or anger, and that out of cherry lips may come most rasping and irritating chatter, that may make his whole life miserable. This young man often has a good deal more sense than you give him credit for; and gentle, lovable, equable good-nature are qualities which make the homeliest face and figure beautiful.

I have recently read in some newspaper, that

a traveler in Norway, a short time ago, came to a village early one morning, and was struck by the air of gloom which pervaded the streets. Unable to speak a word of the language, he could not ask the cause of this, and concluded that some sickness or financial trouble had fallen upon the community. As the day wore on toward noon, however, the houses were closed; shop-windows were covered; all trade and business ceased. "It is death, then," he said to himself. Presently he saw the people gathering for the funeral. There were the village official, the nobleman from the neighboring château, and apparently every man, woman and child in the village. It must be some dignitary of the church who is dead, or some county official. As he stood watching the crowds passing down a little rocky street, he caught sight of the face of a Frenchman known to him. He beckoned him to him. "The town has lost some great magnate apparently?" "Ah, no! It is only a

maiden who is dead. No, she was not rich or beautiful. But, oh! such a pleasant girl, monsieur. All the world seems darker now that she is gone." Was not that a funeral fit for a queen?

"I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat were not the better for it," says Rowland Hill. I would give little for those womanly graces and attractions which did not make happier those within their influence.

It requires a vast amount of sweetness to make the bitter cup of life tolerable, and mere beauty and outward grace cannot accomplish much in this direction, any more than an exquisite cup of wedgewood can make tolerable the bitter wormwood it contains. You have all heard of the two bears which the wise minister advised the newly married couple to keep constantly in their home, bear and for-bear. There are others besides newly married couples that need to keep these same bears in the home.

“If you are a Baptist and your wife is a Pedobaptist,” says Dr. Talmage, “don’t go to splashing water in each other’s faces! If you are a Presbyterian and your husband is a Methodist, when he shouts ‘Hallelujah’ don’t get nervous.” And then he appropriately quotes Cowper’s stanza :

“The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live,
To pity and perhaps forgive.”

That a man married to a woman who never consults his comfort and taste, and who does not keep herself as attractive after marriage as before marriage, that such a man does not stay at home from the club, he goes on to say, is no wonder. “It is a wonder that such a man does not go on a whaling voyage of three years, in a leaky ship.”

The queen’s robe on state occasions is made

of or ~~trimmed~~ with ermine, which is regarded as emblematic of purity. Let a character of spotless purity and holiness clothe you as with a garment as you wield the scepter of love on the throne of home.

“Reverence and love for the character and Word of God, with earnest faith, that will give courage to obey and patient continuance to well-doing,” is what you need, writes one of your friends.

“I think the danger with young people,” writes another, “is in being conformed to the things of the world; having a fear of being strict and singular, they yield too quickly to the world’s opinion, thus losing the power for good which they might exert were they firm in their determination to do right, whatever the world may say.”

I have scores of just such messages for you from loving hearts that have seen clear into the core of this matter.

As it is the queen's prerogative to wear the ermine, so it is yours to be clothed with these Christian graces — humility, modesty, purity ; they will make any face and figure attractive and lovable, and as you go through life, though you may apparently attract very little attention, yet all true men and women, as they see you, will say to themselves in their inmost hearts, "There is a queen, and she is clothed in right royal apparel."

Again, make your kingdom as wide as possible. Queen Victoria does not rule over one little island alone. Canada, Australia, India and much of Africa acknowledge her sway.

The influences of a good home can never be confined within four walls. If you are a true queen, however humble you may account yourself, a thousand unconscious subjects will be blessed by your rule. The Queen of England has never seen one in a thousand of her people, but there is not one of them all who is not

better and happier because a pure, noble woman sits upon the throne. You can selfishly use the best blessings that God ever conferred upon men, and you can use your home, even, for your own selfish gratification, making of it a social and exclusive club for two or three or half a dozen, and never thinking of the wide realm which it is your duty to bless. It is necessary to have a central tie somewhere, to be sure; to have a throne somewhere; some one home from which these good influences emanate; but it is no more possible for the true queen of a home to keep altogether within her own four walls than it is for the sun to shine all to itself, without distributing its light and warmth to half a score of distant planets.

“You cannot always sit on your husband’s knee,” says your good friend, Titcomb, “for in the first place it would tire him, and in the second place he would get sick of it. . . . I am acquainted with too many husbands and

wives who, though all the world to each other, are nothing to the world. They gather comforts about them, they bear dainties to each other's lips, they live and move and have their whole being in each other's love, and, shutting out all the world, live only for themselves. It is not unjust to say that this is one of the most dangerous and most repulsive forms of home life. It is selfishness, doubled, associated, instituted; and it deserves serious treatment."

Many a lovely queen needs to take these words to heart and enlarge her realm, not by dangling for lovers and seeking to bind a throng of personal admirers to her conquering chariot wheels, but by letting the sweet home influences of which she is the center stream out into the chilly atmosphere of the world, upon the crowd of homeless ones around her. You who have beautiful homes, where plenty reigns and love decks every hour with flowers, remember the throng of homeless young men and women who

walk our streets, and to whom a glimpse of such a home as yours would be a glimpse of heaven itself.

You can be as selfish with the comforts of your home as the veriest miser counting his gold. At the bar of God you will have to account for this talent — the art of home-making — and for making the sweet radiance of that home shine the furthest in this naughty world.

We have talked about woman's throne, her scepter, her ermine, her wide kingdom — I need hardly remind you that there is a crown for her too. It does not visibly sparkle upon her brow, it cannot be weighed in a jeweler's scales, but it is no less real than Queen Victoria's, because less tangible than hers.

To every one of you, with your rare and blessed opportunities to brighten and sweeten and gladden the world through the homes of which God has made you queens, to every one of you come the solemn words of the Son of



God: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "Hold that fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

There is no cheap and easy process for turning out queenly characters, as clothes-pins are made by the gross. The loving friend, the helpful daughter, the patient sister, the good-natured, peace-loving schoolgirl, makes the queenly home-maker, and such a one, whether married or single, always finds her throne.

"The earth waits for her queen." God calls for queenly characters. Answer this demand; humanity needs you, young women. Respond to this call, for you can do much to prove to the world that—

" There are two heavens,
Both made of love — one inconceivable
Even by the other, so divine it is;
The other far on this side the stars,
By men called Home."

D. LOTHROP COMPANY'S

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SELECT LIST OF BOOKS.

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BOUND VOLUMES. Edited by Charles Stuart Pratt and Ella Farman Pratt. Square 8vo, boards, each .75; cloth, 1.00.

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