ARTHUR MEE'S TALKS TO GIRLS

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UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

ARTHUR MEE'S TALKS TO BOYS

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By the Editor of *The Children's Newspaper*

Being the Revised Edition of Arthur Mee's Letters to Girls

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THE YEARS OF YOUR LIFE

THEY lie behind you, the years of your childhood, the saddest years this world of ours has known. They lie in front of you, the years of your womanhood, the dawning years of the greatest hope that this world has.

You will not remember very well, perhaps, the Great Shadow that fell upon the land we call our Home, but you will come to be proud of her as you read of those days in the years to come. She is the loveliest little land beneath the sun, and you are her child. Out of her are you made ; out of her beauty, her strength, her sweet simplicity.

The truth is that no kingdom on the Earth can match the wonder of the country that is yours. Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of our country lanes. Not Egypt, with its age-old glory ; not India, with all its gorgeous panoply ; not Italy, with all the wonder wrought by Michael Angelo, can match our countryside.

It glistens like a diamond in the mid-summer sun. Its rubies hang on slender stems in every field of corn. Its cloth of gold is spread for the poor to feast upon. Not a child but can lie down on its emerald sheen. Red and white and green and gold, Nature has put on her lovely robes to hail the Peace of England.

A sad country it has been for years while you were growing up. The blinds were down, the roads were still, children seemed to lose the spirit of their play. The joy was out of life, for all that we loved best, and all that made our lives most worth the living, was away.

And none of us went through England. We put away our horses, and jacked up our cars, and forgot our holidays, and worked beyond our strength. Summer came and brought no joy with it ; winter came and our hearts were bowed with a fear that was near despair. Sorrow lived with us by day and terror by night, and a veil of gloom was drawn across the world.

" And is the Great War over ? " the bluebells and the daffodils seemed to say as year after year they came to the sound of the guns. The daffodil nodded in the garden, the bluebell nodded in the wood ;

but never, somehow, did they seem quite themselves in those sad years. Perhaps they found nobody looking, and did not care. This paradise of azure and gold, of red and white, of purple and emerald green, had seemed to lose its glow. The life of our country lanes had come and gone and found no multitude of happy people looking on.

It must have been a sad and lonely time for Nature's messengers. They bided their time through winter's long dark nights. The bat hanging from the beam in the barn, the frog huddled under his moss, the snail in the crevice of the wall, the bulb down in the snow, the hedgehog fast asleep in its hole: they bided their time. When the sun came out, the gentle breezes blew, and the showers fell, out they came, these messengers of spring, to greet a happy world; and all these years there was no happy world.

Perhaps they felt it, too. The older we grow and the more we know, wiser and wiser seems that old saying that a grain of wheat in the earth dreams dully every day, and is dimly aware of what is going to come. Deep in her heart Old Earth is crammed with dreams, and every year her dreams come true.

They come true in the spring. The

grub lies in its coat of mail, sleeping and dreaming, but in the spring its dream comes true, and it creeps about the earth a shining beetle, or leaps into the sun a gorgeous butterfly. Not once has Nature missed her way. She set out ages since—millions of years she has been on her journey; and every year her plans have been fulfilled. She goes her way and keeps her time. Day follows night, tides rise and fall, and every winter changes into spring; they follow the time-table laid down in the beginning of the world.

And so at last the daffodils came out again and found Peace here once more. They found you growing up in Little Treasure Island, with all the hope of spring in you, all the joy of summer, all the peace of autumn, all the strength and patience of winter in your heart.

So you stand at the Gates of Dawn, with the years of the Shadow behind you and the Better Days to come. You stand there, comrades in a mighty army, God's reinforcements for these islands that have bravely borne the heat and burden of the day.

What will you do with your life? What is it you bring in your hand and heart to your waiting Motherland?

TO A KING'S DAUGHTER

Not so very long ago, on that day which I shall never forget because you were taking your first steps in this world, it seemed to me a wonderful thing that you should be walking alone. You have had many dreams since then, and you would have thought it strange if you had wakened from one of them and found it true; yet like a shadow growing real before our eyes it is to see a child's first steps alone. Our little corner of Heaven you were, and at last you were on the Earth. The morning of your life was dawning; the gates of the future were swinging open for you; and how you trembled lest your feet should slip as you passed through!

And how you stood triumphant when you reached the goal—the end of your first journey since you came in clouds of glory! How new a world this was when you could stand upon your feet and reach, as it seemed, from Earth to Heaven! A new Earth, indeed, this was when your feet

touched it and you set out, with the light of Heaven still shining in your eyes, upon your journey through the world. And now you are growing up, and the hours of childhood seem shorter and shorter, and there are many serious things to think about, and—does every step in your journey, we wonder, take you farther and farther from Heaven?

It must not, cannot be; for, though the years may come and go, and perhaps at times you may even feel a little older, your happy childhood will not die. You will live through it again and again in the years to come. You will grow into your larger life as a flower grows in a garden, coming into it naturally without any effort; and your past will be part of your present, for you will never forget the days in which you knew nothing but happiness, and saw nothing but beautiful things. You, whose consciousness of the world has awakened in lovely scenes—you, who have lived so close to Nature that she is like an elder sister to you, will not let the sweetness of these things pass from your life when school bells ring and books call you from play. You will be natural still, and neither books, nor schools, nor friends,

nor other countries, nor other pleasures, will take away your love of the sweet and simple things in which you found delight on your first journeys in your Father's Kingdom.

For you will never forget, my little comrade, in all your travelling through this world, that you walk in a kingdom that was made for you, through a garden whose paths were marked out for you, in fields and woodlands planted that you might tread softly on your way and come to no harm. There are great rough places in the world, and you will come to them ; but the woods and the hills and the soft green meadows are yours, and the silver streams, and the babbling brooks, and the sunshine that glints through the forest trees. You will have no fear in the busy streets, but you will love the long, long lanes that have so many turnings, and the yew tree that throws its shadows across the road, and the rabbit that peeps out of the hedge, and darts past you, and is gone.

You will take your place at home, abroad, at school, wherever your place may be, and will be merry in company and not seek to shut yourself off from the world ; but you will love the quiet place, the little

bank where the wild thyme blows, the lonely dell which only you and the birds and the squirrels know. You will love the narrow ways which lead out of the country lanes into the secret places, where the woodpecker is tapping at the trees, and the pheasant is holding her court, and the bluebell nods her head to kiss the wind which always blows softly there. You will love the great monuments that fill the Natural Gallery of our countryside, the silver birch, the shimmering glory that seems ready to fade away ; the avenues of stately elms keeping company by the road-side like old comrades ; the majestic oak, proud that its ancient strength gave England the wooden walls that kept her free. All this you will cherish, and you will never lose the power of seeking peace and finding it in this kingdom that was made for you. All through your life you will give thanks for the joy of Nature that has come to you in these early years.

You will not crave for lesser things than those you have, you to whom the world belongs. You who own the stars in the sky will not sell the love of them for gold. You will learn the value of things and know the cost of money, and you will not buy

money with things more precious than rubies. For we *do* buy money; let us all be sure of that. How many men, how many women, have bought riches and fine raiment with nothing less than Life itself! If somebody should come to you and offer you a million pounds for your happy hours, your peace of mind, your sweetness and pureness of heart, your healthy body, your sound sleep at night, you would laugh to scorn the thought of a million pounds for these things; yet these are the things, too often, that are paid for money.

You will know the power of money well enough to use it, and value it, and spend it to good purpose; but you will have a hundred things that money cannot buy, and you will not imperil these for cheaper things. You would not throw a piece of silver after a stone, nor gold after bronze; and so you will not sell simplicity for vanities, nor truthfulness for flatteries, nor naturalness for artificialities. There is nothing in the world that can repay you if you lose the purity and gentleness and sweet simplicity with which you are setting out on the journey that ends beyond this world.

You will be rich, because you would hate to be poor in a world with such wealth for us all, but you will be rich in the rarest things. Nothing is of any use to you, however costly it may be, unless it serves your life, or strengthens your mind, or purifies your soul. I have known men whom the world calls rich, seeming to the world to have all that men can have, who yearn in vain for things their money cannot buy. And I have known men whom the world calls poor, labouring patiently from day to day, who would not sell their wealth to any millionaire. They are like the woman in the French Revolution, whose cottage was burned to the ground, so that she had nothing left in the world that the soldiers mocking her would value. But as she stood before them, listening to their jeers and scoffings, she was conscious of a calm that they could not disturb. They had burned down her home, and all the little things she loved to have about her, but she had something left, and with a scorn that must have stung those mothers' sons she cried out to her enemies, *Will you leave me the stars?* There are things that even revolutions cannot take away.

With these things you are rich; without

them you must always be poor. You will not deceive yourself, nor be misled by false appearances. The joy of life, which means to you more than anything else, does not depend on things we see in shop windows, or on the clothes we wear, the carriages we ride in, or the size of the house we live in. It is much more true to say that our homes grow in some way out of our lives than to say that our lives grow out of our homes. You will have a beautiful home because you love beautiful things, but a beautiful home will not help you unless the love of beauty is within you.

We build up our own environment ; we gather about us the influences that shape our lives. There will come into your life sad and squalid things, which none of us can escape in a world of so many people, with so many different interests ; and evil influences will creep about us, however careful we may be. But you will shield yourself against them with the armour of a king's daughter ; you will be responsive to all that is natural and good, and as adamant to the grosser things, the sights that sadden your eye, the sounds that offend your ear.

You will consider the lilies of the field,

how they grow; and will not let your sense grow dim to the marvel of the earth, with its matchless splendour, its everlasting wonder, its ancient glory ever new. The world will be yours; its fields will be your palaces, its lanes your corridors, its woodlands your marble halls, its gorse your golden coverings, its red heaths your priceless carpets, its hills your throne of kings. The world will draw itself about you as a friend, and you will have no fear, for you will be at home as in a garden, and every spring will bring you hope, and every summer give you strength, and every winter lift you up and fortify your faith. You will learn to take Wordsworth with you into the green fields, to love his songs of the open air, and every new unfolding of your life will prove his poetry true in you. You will feel the arm of Mother Nature closing round you:

In rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Will feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"The Lady of Her Own" that Nature made will live in you again; you will grow in sun and shower, in quiet and in storm.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To you ; for you the willow bend :
Nor shall you fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould a maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To you ; and you shall lend your ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into your face.

So there shall come to you the vital feelings of delight that Nature never yet has failed to give her children. Be sure she will not fail you in your Father's kingdom. Every tree will sing to you if you will but listen ; every brook will chatter, chatter as it flows ; every hill will exalt you and every valley give you rest. And from out of the great heart of the world there will come into yours that deep yearning which knows no satisfying, but must seek for ever in the treasuries of God, finding new wonder and new power. You will drink at the fountain of knowledge, and will scorn the sham learning that has not been consecrated at this shrine. Nothing unnatural is true ; to that test you will bring all that

men or women or books may ask you to believe, and you will have nothing to do with the things that do not pass the test.

Nature will be no far-off, unknown, unthinkable thing to you ; she will be life of your life and soul of your soul. I shall never forget a wonderful page in a little book by Richard Jefferies, who loved Nature as his own mother—as she is, of course, the mother of us all. To him the spirit of Nature was something that cannot die or pass us by, but must grow into us, and become part of us, and grow into our children after us, and into our children's children ; so that the softness and tenderness and gladness of the country, the sunshine and the rain and the wind on the heath, the heather and the wild rose and the rugged hillside, would all, in some way, be fashioned into a human life, and you, at twelve, would be a century old.

"A country girl walks," said Richard Jefferies in this glorious page, "and the very earth smiles beneath her feet. She walks in the glory of young life, but she is really centuries old. A hundred and fifty years at the least have passed away while from all enchanted things of earth and air this preciousness has been drawn :

from the south wind that breathed a century and a half ago over the green wheat; from the perfume of the growing grasses waving over honey-laden clover and laughing veronica, hiding the greenfinches, baffling the bee; from rose-loved hedges, woodbine, and cornflower azure-blue, where yellowing wheatstalks crowd up under the shadow of green firs. All the devious brooklet's sweetness where the iris stays the sunlight; all the wild woods hold of beauty; all the broad hill's thyme and freedom, thrice a hundred years repeated. A hundred years of cowslips, bluebells, violets; purple spring and golden autumn; sunshine, shower, and dewy mornings; the night immortal; all the rhythm of Time unrolling; a chronicle unwritten and past all power of writing. Who shall preserve a record of the petals that fell from the rose a century ago? The swallows to the house top three hundred times—think a moment of that! Thence she sprang, and the world yearns towards her beauty as to flowers that are past. The loveliness of seventeen is centuries old."

You have lived close to Nature always, and you will feel that this beautiful page from a book is true in Life itself—as all

books must be if they are worth the printing, or if they are to endure. It is not necessary for us to remind ourselves that the Kingdom of Nature is the Kingdom of God. You know that well; your sight is not so dim, your sense is not so dead, that you cannot see the moving Hand of God in all His works. You look out upon your natural kingdom and see in it—as we all might see if we could look at it through your eyes—the reflection of the Kingdom of Heaven upon the Earth. These unspeakable glories that crowd about our lives—the solemn majesty of the starlit night, the dazzling wonder of the sun at noon, the mystery of the rolling Earth down the uncountable ages of Time, the dawn of light and understanding in your mind, the living dynamo in a seed which makes a red rose from sunshine and rain and earth, the silence of the universe in which nothing is still—you, so near to the Kingdom of Heaven, will feel how near such things as these are to God Himself, who upholds you and me, and creates and sustains all living things. So you will feel the beating of the heart of Nature everywhere. Nothing will be dead to you; you will know that everything is part of a living whole, in which you, too, are but a part.

And, knowing this, you will live as if your life were not for you alone. You will not waste it or throw it away ; you will not let yourself grow into the habit of frittering away your strength, or of living from day to day as if the end of life were to maintain you in luxury and ease. A great friend of mine is fond of saying that the useless have no rights, and it is true. Those who insist on their rights must insist also on their duties, and you can have no rights in a nation save those won by the love you bear it, or by your own right hand.

I read a striking paragraph the other day. Somebody who had been looking at the supplements printed for Sunday reading by the American papers was filled with despair by the appalling stuff these papers print, the silly, ignorant, and vulgar pictures which seem humorous to some people, and are thought to be the sort of things to give to boys and girls. They are the best possible seed to sow if we want to turn little children into giggling apes instead of men and women, and the writer of the paragraph I read was moved to ask himself how these terrible papers came to be. He thought of the ages that had gone to the making of the forests, of the natural forces

that had been at work for millions of years before printing machines were thought of, and then he wrote that, "merely to amuse thoughtless people for a brief Sunday morning hour with impossible and extravagant pictures, printed in loud colours, thousands of stately spruce and hemlock trees upon the northern hills, which had raised their graceful branches to the sunshine and rain of many changing seasons, have lived—*in vain.*"

That is a terrible thing. A tree lives by consuming the poison that would destroy our lives, but it is not the natural end of the tree to give back the poison to our minds. You will hate this wicked use of natural things, this utter destruction of the Life entrusted to us for nobler ends; and you will see that the hand of Time shall never write of your life as it writes of these murdered trees—that it is all in vain. It is for you to say.

Hundreds of years before the light of Christianity had dawned on mankind a wise man taught the world a lesson which millions have still to learn. "You may put poison in an earthen pitcher," he said, "and the pitcher be washed after it, and none the worse; but you can take nothing

into the soul that does not indelibly infect it, whether for good or evil." And hundreds of years after Socrates said that, another wise man, a poor lame man who was passing through the world at the time of the Romans, said this, that *in banquets we entertain two guests—body and soul.*

So, in each of our lives, two travellers keep company through the universe, and though one may leave us, being frail, the strength of the body shall pass into the soul, and the soul go on alone. But yours shall not for ever be alone, for king's daughters, on their journey through the universe, shall one day surely meet the King.

TO THE GIRL WHO IS WONDERING

You will surely be wondering, as you stand at the gates of Life and look out upon the world, what destiny the hidden years can hold for you. As surely as the leaves are falling outside my window in obedience to the Hand that guides the heavens, so surely your unfolding life is dawning, will rise to noonday, and will sink into the gentle sleep of night, to the bidding of the universal law that none can break.

But, because your life is part of the great world, you will not believe that therefore it is fixed for you so that you have no choice of your own. You are free to do as you will. You are free to use your life or to waste it. In the great scheme which even now is building up a perfect world your life must have its place. But you are not a spectator looking on at the world. You are an actor taking part in it, and the great play of Life will fail so far as you fail in your part.

And you are wondering, no doubt, what part you will play—whether you will go out into the world to do great things, with fame, or public honour, or private wealth as your reward, or whether you will be content to be of the countless multitude which moves in quiet paths, doing good without ceasing, making life a blessing, but winning neither wealth nor fame. And, of course, you must resolve for yourself the question that every girl must ask herself—whether you will seek first the natural place of woman in the home, or whether, in some wider sphere, you will seek to carve out an independent place. It is the most important thing you can decide, and few things can be more difficult than to advise you.

But of one thing it is easy and right to advise you. You can do no wrong in putting your natural gifts to any natural use. You can do no wrong in fitting yourself for any office you can fill with profit to yourself and usefulness to others. You can do no wrong in choosing any path that leads you to your destiny with dignity and honour and distinction. But you may do yourself great wrong, and may betray the cause that every woman holds in trust,

if you cut yourself off, knowingly and purposely, from the very noblest work that daughters and wives and mothers are called upon to do. You must have nothing but an honest scorn for those who would have you sell your solemn birthright for a smaller thing.

You are growing up in an age when all too many people are willing to sully the fair fame of a woman. Of all the sad things that happen in these days, nothing is sadder for us all than the things that make us forget for a moment the gentleness and graciousness of womanhood. It is a beautiful vision that comes to us as we think of our mothers, and of their mothers, and of mothers all down the ages of time ; but how easy it is sometimes to forget the things that make the thought of women so comforting and so uplifting ! Have nothing to do with the vulgar manners you will see about you, with girls who would be men, forgetting how much greater than men they have it in their power to be. When you find yourself in the company of such a girl keep your modesty and leave her ; she is not going your way. The manners of men are not for girls to put on as they put on hats and gloves.

The men for whose esteem a girl should crave have no esteem to spare for girls who ape their habits without thinking, who break through the fine reserve that is a girl's best safeguard, who mix with men and come down to meet them. All through the world, and all through life, the *something better* in a woman has been the world's great blessing, and nothing that the world can give will be worth having if you lose this priceless thing.

Whatever way you choose through life, guard well the noblest thing your mother gave you, the charm of being made in her image. Cherish the solemn thought that, next to the love of God, the love of a mother is the strongest influence in the world, and do nothing to wreck the place a mother holds in the deathless affection of mankind. You will feel that any loosening of that bond is a wrong to you and to the mother who sheltered you, and, in little things and in big things, you will be careful lest it shall be said of you that the high and gracious dignity of womanhood was not safe in your keeping.

You will not mind the scoffing of those who are careless in small things—the

smoking girl, the drinking girl, the girl who buys complexions at a chemist's shop and makes herself a painted doll. You will be ready to give up even lawful pleasures rather than run the risk of losing the fair name which is worth more to you than rubies. The knight's armour in the days of chivalry was buckled on by his lady, and the beautiful meaning of that should still be true in these days. It was the gracious way in which a lady sent out her knight to fight with double strength.

That is the great power of woman still, so long as she keeps her hold upon her knight. The things that are unseen are hers, the influences that reach deep down in the heart of life, and never wholly fail. How often it is that the man who *seems* so powerful, who *seems* to do as he likes and to conquer wherever he goes, is really swayed by a great love behind him, and nearly always the love of a woman. The man who faces the rough-and-tumble of a hard world is all the better if he has at his side a gentler soul, ready to hold him back, or urge him on, or to take his mind off meaner things and set his vision in the stars. You will covet this wonderful power

that a woman has to impel a man to glorious things, and not throw it away for vulgarities or vanities. Remember that your greatest pride is to be womanly, and not manly, and, whatever work you may do, scorn to let it be said that you, with all the glory of womanhood about you, were so blind to it that you slipped from your throne to the lower level of a man.

It goes without saying that your education will go on, whether by work, or study, or by any other sort of contact with life and mind. Have nothing to do with the idea that girls should not be educated lest they grow dissatisfied with their place in life; it is right that you should be dissatisfied with any place in life which does not give full scope to all your natural yearnings and abilities. But watch carefully lest you allow either work, or study, or travel, or pleasure, or any of the countless ways in which you seek to equip yourself for life, to possess your entire soul, so that these things, which should be second, come first. Seek first the true kingdom of womanhood, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Let your dawning years be filled with

a great variety of interests ; let your life glow with the love of many friends ; let your mind engage itself in some definite task ; but do not let these things, or any other thing, drive out of your life the vision you should ever have before you, for which all else is but a preparation. Work, education, enjoyment are all but preparations, and not hindrances, in the natural life to which you are called. You will do nothing, I hope, that will clash with your first service to the world, turning you from the great business of building up a home, of stimulating those who bear the heat and burden of the toiling day, and of strengthening those qualities in men which lift them a little nearer to the angels. But you will not, therefore, imagine that the world has no place for you outside your home, or that you need have any doubt or hesitation if an opportunity of independence comes.

You may be rightly proud of the gifts which enable you to win your own way in the world, and there is no reason anywhere why you should not place yourself by the side of men in any sphere in which you can hold your own. So long as your work fits you, *and does not unfit you,* for your

natural destiny, it can be nothing but a blessing. It can bring you nothing but happiness to be conscious of a power to face the world whatever happens, and in the years when you are building up your life you may wisely seek the discipline and training of some useful service. The useless have no rights, and we must be useful. Even though your lot be cast in pleasant places, so that you may not need to earn your living, it will do you no harm to do some useful work. The real wages for good work are not made at the Mint.

The girl who wins a place by her own effort has strengthened herself in any task she undertakes. She has struck the hardest blow she can at the foolish notion that a woman must be a sort of looker-on at the world, with no real part in its work. No more stupid nonsense has ever been invented than that, and every girl who maps out an independent path, who learns some craft and practises it well, does something to drive this sort of thinking out of people's minds.

Far from the busy world, in one of the hamlets lying off the Dorset downs, sleeps a simple old man who spent his life as a

butler in some rich family. His name was Robert Browning, and many, many years after he was laid to rest in this quiet place there came another Robert Browning among his children's children, who wrote his name on the Roll of Fame and lives for ever with the poets. On the stone that marks the butler's grave in the quiet of the downs is this line by his great descendant : *All service ranks the same with God.* Not only over the graves of honest men, but over all our lives should that be written. Do not be ashamed to do the work that comes to your hand ; rather be ashamed to leave undone whatever you might do.

You can have no more helpful introduction to the world, no more valuable experience on the threshold of womanhood, than you will find in some career that may open out for you. Whether it be to earn your own living, or to keep yourself actively useful in the years between school and the building up of your own home, work of some kind can only help your life, and you will never regret it. Two things especially it will save you from—the habit of wasting time, and that extravagant love of pleasure which is the besetting tempta-

tion of womanhood. It is natural, no doubt, that the one should lead to the other. Thousands of lives have been saved from ruin by a definite work in life; thousands have been wrecked by the want of it.

Our time, said Sir Walter Scott, is like our money: "When we change a sovereign the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eyes." Idle hours are temptations, but idle years are worse, and it is not surprising that the end of nothing-in-particular-to-do for years should be a consuming love of pleasure. But, even apart from wasted years, the temptations of social life, if we may call them so, are peculiarly a woman's. She must be at all the parties, must see all the plays, must go here and there, and do this thing and that thing that a man can easily get out of; and so, because she is so helpful and so ready to help, she becomes involved in social life and pleasures which may easily lead to an extravagance of amusement. And often in its train comes the sad waste and vanity of it all—the love of vain things, the desire for

appearances rather than reality, the very worship of dress, the display of jewels, all innocent enough in some ways if well controlled and kept within their proper bounds, but fraught with danger because it leads so pleasantly away from the central things of life and the sweet simplicity of womanhood.

We need not object to pearls, but it is not a noble thing to wear a necklace which would sell in a shop for a hundred thousand pounds. We need not lose our love of rare and precious things in order to agree with John Ruskin about the vanities of life ; and we know what he meant, and we agree with him, when he said that the money English people spend in cutting diamonds would in ten years, if applied to cutting rocks, leave no dangerous reef or harbour round our coast ; and Great Britain, as Ruskin finely said, *would be a diamond worth the cutting.*

We need not object to anything beautiful, but the vanity of riches is not the love of beauty ; and decorations that are worn because they are ticketed at a high price in a shop, and so advertise the splendid incomes of those who wear them, are not things to arouse our admiration. Learn

to love things that are truly beautiful, to prize things that are truly valuable, and scorn the empty show which flaunts itself so much before the world and has nothing either lovely, or noble, or worthy behind it. You may wear a priceless gem with great simplicity, and may dangle a worthless bauble with great vulgarity. Only the spirit in which you bear yourself, the feeling that lies behind your conduct, matters.

You will have good taste, and modesty, and maidenly ways; and the paint and powder and tinsel that hide the natural loveliness of womanhood you will shrink from as from poison, or any other ugly thing. The meaningless conventions, the silly excuses, the great pretences, leave to other people. Be honest and open, and scorn the petty deceits which, deceiving nobody, prepare the ground and scatter the seed for a harvest of hypocrisy. Such things it must have been that led the poet to write these lines:

Ah, wasteful woman!—she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay:
How has she cheapened Paradise!

How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine.
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!

Life is not simple, and it is not easy always to know what to do; but it will help you, now that you are wondering which way you will go, if you make up your mind to go the simple way. It will help you to be natural, to be plain, to put aside the vanities and unrealities. It will help you to do the work that lies to your hand and not to bother very much about your rights until your duties are well done.

Then, when you have done your duty, your rights will come. You will have found the noblest source of happiness in the world. You will have won your way with a brave independence; you will have held your place with honour and without sacrifice; and you will know of nothing in the world that you would take in exchange for the glory of your womanhood.

TO THE GIRL WHO LOVES HER HOME

THE day will come when you, waiting now at the dawn of womanhood, will have passed through the gates and chosen your place. You will have taken a step which, perhaps more than anything else, will influence your coming and going, your thinking and doing, as long as your life lasts.

You are to be the founder and fashioner and shaper of the greatest institution on the Earth—a happy home, and you will wish, even now, to prepare the way for it, to lay deep the foundations on which it shall rest, to build up the walls that shall shelter it from harm, to furnish it with those precious things that shall make it lovely to look upon and strengthening to live in.

For you have learned already that happy homes are not made with hands. The foundations may be deeply set, the walls may rise high and the windows may

look out upon a noble scene, the room may be rich beyond the dreams of avarice and beautiful beyond compare, and there may be nothing wanting to please the stranger's eye ; but the seat of happiness is not in these things. If one invisible thing is absent no visible splendour can atone for it ; nothing that we can touch or taste or hear or see can help us if this thing is missing. Every day homes are wrecked and lives are broken for want of this one thing.

You will guess that this invisible foundation of a happy home is the love of those who live in it. Love and happiness run together. There can be no transgression of that law. Whatever else is false this is true—that hearts divided against themselves can never make a home. And so you will resolve that your home shall be built upon this firm foundation ; all others are but shifting sand. You will remember what our English homes have been to the men who have gone out into the world to spread our English freedom. Far away at the ends of the Earth, in the great bush at the other side of the world, on the wide-stretching prairie and the lonely veldt, in the streets of busy cities and beyond the bounds of civilisation, men stop some-

times, and lay aside their work, and think of home. The old fireside comes back to them, the old armchair on the hearth, the pictures on the wall, the light through the window, and the sound of voices perhaps long silent now—all these come back in a flash to the man who is far away. You will go to other countries in the years to come, and will love to see the life of the people there, the wonderful buildings, the mountains, the monuments and pictures, the impressive natural scenes and the glorious works of man ; but you will never see the glory that will drive out of your heart the love of home, you will never know abroad a joy so great as the thought that you are coming home again.

Into our very tissue has come this love of home, and it is not an accident that it belongs especially to the race that has carried freedom and good government throughout the world. It is not an accident that the English race, controlling the lives of hundreds of races throughout the world, is the most home-loving race of mankind. It is not a chance that the men who have gone out from English hearths have conquered barbarism. Something there is in the love of home which binds

men to the world we all inhabit, and stirs them on to make it *home* for all.

And so you will feel that your home is the shrine of sacred things, a field in which the seed you sow may grow into a precious harvest. It is good that we should feel the splendour of this great tradition that has gathered about the happy homes of England, and you will strive to deserve it and uphold it, and to see that your home is pure and healthy and ennobling, responding to all the good desires of those who share it, but giving no shelter to anything base or mean or treacherous to our country or mankind.

You will think of your home as your own corner of the world, where you are queen and parliament too, and you will set your influence as on a rock. You will love your friends outside your home, you will cherish goodwill to your neighbours, but within the walls of your own kingdom you will give yourself unselfishly and toil unceasingly for those who are banded together as one, heart of your heart, mind of your mind, life of your life, travelling beside you through sunlight and shadow, through good report and ill. You will let nothing break up the union of those who

love your home, those who cement with their own lives the protecting walls of your own household. Here, free from the disturbing troubles of your daily work, you will guard and foster the inner sources of your strength, you will free yourself from the anxieties that steal into life from all directions in this conflicting world, and here, at least, you will see the way clearly, will find no enemies, will reap the harvest of the sympathy whose seeds you have sown. When all the rest of the world is dark there will be peace in your own haven.

And yet you will not let your home be cut off from the world, like those sad places set apart in which men and women live their selfish lives—their lives of selfish goodness, if such a thing can be. We are in the world and of the world, and we must take our place and play our part. If we could rule the world for just one week, we have thought sometimes, how happy a place we would make it! Well, our homes are our own worlds, in which we make our laws and administer them, in which we lay down our rules of life and declare our relation to our neighbours and mankind. They are the gardens in which we grow, but they are like gardens also in this,

that the seed that is sown in them, the plants that are watered in them, the fruits that are ripened in them, go out beyond them into the world. Your home will be the place where you find rest, but your rest will bring you new strength, and you will spend it for the good of all.

You will try to make your home a centre of life at its best, where the best things are fostered so that they may be increased abundantly, where your faith and hope and sympathy, the whole earnestness and power of your life, will be magnified.

A good home, in this world of care, may be like a fountain in a desert place, pouring out gentleness and consolation, and through it the influence of your own life may be widened and deepened in all directions. Without any fuss, quietly and in natural ways, you will direct and guide the influences that go out from your hearth into the hurly-burly of the world.

Nothing in the world, perhaps, is more difficult than the wise management of a house. Most of us are too ready to forget, in enjoying the great freedom of home, that a home is like a machine, and must have method and discipline if it is to have peace. It is a wonderful thing, consider-

ing the millions of opposite interests in the world, and all the selfishness and indifference, that the world agrees so well; and it is not surprising that the management of a home, with perhaps six people of six different types, with tastes that vary in perhaps a hundred things, with conflicting desires in food and pleasure and friendships, and with varying needs and interests in other ways, should call for the greatest care and judgment.

It is not an easy task to control the home life of a family, fitting all these desires into a general plan, giving freedom and happiness to each and contentment to all, and it is harder still if some of us break the rules. Something of the philosopher, something of the statesman, something of the business manager, and a great deal of the student of human nature is wanted in administering the daily life of a varied household, and you will prepare for it all, I hope, as if the happiness of the world depended on you. You will not be ashamed to acknowledge that your place is in the kitchen as well as in the drawing-room. The proper management of a kitchen is one of the greatest services a woman can render to the world.

A friend of mine, a Member of Parliament who knew the world better than most people and had a rich fund of worldly wisdom, astonished me, when we were talking of politics and national welfare, by declaring that at the bottom of them all was the bad management of the kitchen, especially the bad cooks. Let us wait before we smile.

If we think of the lives of the great multitude of working people, it is easy to see how bad food, bad cooking, bad housekeeping, can spoil them utterly, and we have yet to measure the effect of these things in driving men out of their homes and into publichouses. If it is true that the publichouse, with all its horrible associations, all its germs of disease, has taken the place of home in the lives of masses of men, who shall say how many of these men turn to such places in search of the comfort missing from their homes? And if we think of the lives of those happier people who do not live in the sad rows of little house-boxes where human beings are packed together when their day's work is done, it is easy to see that they are turning from their homes to find the comfort they need in hotels, or clubs, or

flats, or some other apology for the home that failed.

And so we will not laugh at my friend who really thinks that all our politics, all our education, all our reforms, are as nothing unless they get rid of bad cooks and teach girls like you the management of a house. There is more than humour in it ; perhaps there may be tragedy, too. The King of England who could not speak English was not a sadder jest than the girl who enthrones herself in a home without having mastered its needs, without knowing the truth about the proper things to eat and drink and the way to cook them, without understanding the simple laws of health and the way to keep them, without knowing a bad home from a good one or an easy house from a hard one.

You will learn very soon, in building up your home, that simplicity of life is the golden key to happiness. It is one of the sad consequences of the progress of the world that civilisation brings with it a great increase in what we call our needs, though really they are only our desires. I would have you crave the things that will make you happy, but I would have you

careful lest you create unnecessary wants. It is astonishing to think of the number of things we gather into our houses that we do not need, and I like to remember a wise friend who went with me to Norway, and was annoyed because I would linger in the shops when he wanted to be back on the ship. To all remarks about the shops he would say : " Yes, it is wonderful to see how many things we can do without." Well, he is bothering, but he is right. Most of our houses are full of unnecessary things. Count the number of things on the table at dinner-time, and think of the time spent in cleaning them all, day after day, year after year. Remember the number of queer things that used to crowd our fireplaces before we discovered the beauty of an open hearth.

You will make up your mind, I hope, that, the simpler a home is, the more enduring is the joy of it ; the more natural our environment is, the more natural we ourselves shall be. Let us set our faces, in our homes and out of them, against what is meaningless and artificial. If some absurd old custom crowds our hearths with pokers and fenders and tongs, and hides our windows behind curtains that keep

out the light, and crowds our rooms with furniture storing up the dust, and pulls down our blinds to keep out the health-giving sun and keep in the death-giving microbes, let us refuse to bow down to these household gods. It is good art and good sense to have few things in a home instead of many, and to have these few of the best ; and it is good to have them natural instead of artificial, with some idea in them that helps us, or inspires us, or brings us pleasure. It is good to have real things instead of imitations ; it is good to have a few of the best pictures rather than a gallery of daubs ; and it is good to have about us the books we love. (We should be ashamed of a home without books.) It is good, in a word, to live in a house that seems to be a part of Nature herself, helping us in our natural life and deepening within us the love of true and noble and beautiful things.

You will spend these early years, while your own home is still afar off, in fitting yourself for it, not afraid of the great task to which you set your hand. You will know the high mission that you undertake. You will rejoice in the high privilege of building up a home, and will build it in the

spirit of Solomon who, amid all the glory that amazed the Queen of Sheba, wrote: *As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house.*

TO THE GIRL IN SEARCH OF PLEASURE

THE first duty of a girl, a wise man said once, is to be happy, and we shall all do our best to agree with him. Unless we can be happy, life is hardly worth while.

That, perhaps, may seem a strange thing to say, because you may know of many lives that are a great blessing to the world, though they may seem to you about as sad as anything can be. It is perfectly true that noble lives may be full of sacrifice and sorrow; perhaps it is even true that sacrifice and sorrow make noble and useful thousands of lives which but for these things might be lived in vain. But all through the years that are opening out before you you will find one thing becoming clearer and clearer in your mind: you will find that the pleasure-seekers are not always glad, and the sorrow-bearers are not always sad. You will find that there is a secret of happiness which neither money, nor social advantage, nor educa-

tion can buy, and which neither poverty, nor sickness, nor any other ills of this world can destroy.

I have known many men and many women who have most of the good things that this world can give them, but who have not been happy. I know more than one rich man who would give all his riches for something he has not got, and I dare say you have seen women who wear fine clothes and have sad faces, but who ride wearily in motor-cars past happy women laughing and singing at their cottage doors. It cannot be, therefore, that mere wealth brings happiness; it is probably true that there is as much contentment among the poor as among the rich.

I knew a little girl who seemed to me, through all the years I knew her, as cheerful as a girl could be. I never saw her looking sad, though to see her lying there, in her cripple's chair or in the children's hospital, filled me with pain. While her friends would force a smile to cheer her, she would laugh naturally, so that at last we almost forgot that this child of eight years old had never run across a field or walked along a street, and had had an operation on her poor little body

for every year she had lain on her back. It is hard for us to believe it, but she was one of the happiest little people I have ever known.

And so we learn to understand that there are ways to happiness which we have not guessed. Happiness is much more than a mere passing sense of pleasure, and we should seek to build up the happiness of our lives on an enduring foundation. No mere round of social pleasures, no mere pleasing things that last for an hour and are gone, can give us that. Pastime has its proper place, and it is true that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, but the ordinary amusements of life are not the true source of happiness.

One of your temptations will be to rely upon these things when you should seek enjoyment in other ways, and there is perhaps no greater enemy of girlhood than the ceaseless round of empty pleasures that assail the girl who comes face to face with life on her own account. It is so easy to do this and that, to go here and there, that you are sure to be tempted to give yourself too much to the side of life which is meant only as recreation.

I hope you will discover, long before you

have yielded to this temptation, that the best way to be happy is to plan your life so that pleasures come into it naturally instead of being outside it, as it were. Nothing could be more unwise than the sort of life some people live, divided into two compartments. One compartment is for work, which we should rather call drudgery, for it brings them no joy and is done against their will; the other compartment is for pleasure, which we should rather call pastime, for it is merely a relief from their duller life, and is simply a stupid way of passing time which their dull minds do not know how to use.

It is true that some of us must do the duller kinds of work if the world is to go on, and no doubt stitching all day long, or making boxes, or adding up figures, or typing letters, is not as interesting as painting pictures, or writing books, or managing businesses; but most of us have no real excuse for not being interested in our work, and it is a sad thing to turn it into such a drudgery that we must seek relief from it at any cost. You will not fall between these two extremes—the burden of work which bores you and the reaction of amusement which gives you no

real compensation; you will make your whole life so interesting that you will not need to pay other people to amuse you in order to escape from it. You will look a long way ahead of you. You will have a definite purpose in your life, and will see, as far as you can, that its duties and pleasures fit in one with the other, so that they lead and follow each other naturally instead of being like opposite things.

You will not allow any sort of pleasure to come into your life which challenges or contradicts your noblest feelings. The beginning of this talk came a day or two ago in a London bus, where two girls and their mother were talking of amusements, and one of them confessed that she was "mad on" a music-hall artiste whose name she mentioned. I cannot mention it here, because the law will not allow us to say what we think of certain people; but the performer this girl was "mad on" is a disgrace to any town where he appears, and it is a fearful thing that a girl can seek her pleasure in such gross company.

For, remember, we are in the company of those who entertain us, though they be on the stage and we in the stalls. It will help you always to remember that. You

would not think of taking certain people home ; you would shrink from telling your mother that you had been with them at dinner, or walking with them in the street, or sitting with them by the fire, or talking freely with them. We need not think ourselves better than other people, and it is no hollow hypocrisy, and no sort of priggishness, that turns us from the company of those whose way of life is not ours. The natural pride of life, the dignity of girlhood, will cause you to shrink from evil things not less if they come in the form of men and women than if they come as serpents, and it will help us if we realise that, whenever we go to see men and women of bad character on the stage, appealing to their audiences by the low atmosphere with which they have become associated, we are *in the company of these people* as if we had invited them to our homes.

We need not be squeamish, and need not pry into the characters of other people while our own are full of imperfections ; but we know the people who are not worth our company, and we should not allow ourselves to meet them merely because the meeting is impersonal and we have

paid for it. That is adding humiliation to dishonour, and it is doing more: it is encouraging, in the most emphatic way we can—by paying for it with our money and our time—forms of pleasure which do infinite harm.

There is a pitiful tendency in these days to lower the character of public entertainments, and it seems sometimes as if an evil spirit had seized the beautiful pleasures of the people and turned them to mischievous ends. The kinema is often brutish; the theatre is often degrading. You will be on the side of pure pleasures always, but will hate the vulgarities which pretend to be entertainments; and you will rather die than countenance with your presence some of the shameful scenes that take place openly on the stage. When anything impure is done, or said, or sung in your presence, or some foul suggestion is made in public or in private, you will be faced with a problem that you must instantly decide: you will have to stay and lose your dignity or go and keep it. I hope you will go. Do not have it said of you that you stained the fair fame of the people's pleasures by patronising a hideous thing. Be sure a play is sweet before you

go to see it, just as you will be sure that a man is honourable before you consent to know him.

And especially you will take care, in choosing your public pleasures, that they are worthy of you in another sense ; you will refuse to enjoy yourself at the cost of another's pain. You will be ashamed to think that another human being should imperil life to please you, and will refuse to be pleased by the sight of other people risking death to earn a living. You will be shocked to think that there should be any pain or fear or sorrow caused to others in order that you might enjoy a pleasant hour, and you will ask yourself what a mother's anxiety must be while her boy, or her girl, or her breadwinner, hangs in danger of death on an iron bar high up in the air ; or how little children must live in dread of something happening to the father who stands in danger every night that you may watch him and be excited. You will love life too much to think lightly of endangering it for others, and you will turn in pity and disgust from excitements which involve great peril to life and limb.

And not less, but perhaps more, you

will turn away from those entertainments in which animals are made to do unnatural things to please you. Turn away from them as from a scene of horror, for in witnessing these things you are taking part in an act of cruelty to animals, and you will reflect that this cruelty is practised, if not by your order, at least with your approval and at your expense, for it is done to make a public entertainment, and is one of the saddest examples in the world of the cruelty of want of thought. It is almost impossible to separate animal performances from cruelty.

I would not spoil your pleasures for you, but I would have them free from all regret and stain, and one more pitiful thing about a woman's pleasures I hope you will set yourself against. You will dress for neatness and not for show, and will not think your hat, or your coat, so important that for their sake you can throw aside your charity and gentleness and the human love of justice.

You will not think it worth while to starve to death a family of fellow-creatures in order that you may wear a pretty hat. You would blush for shame if you were asked to wear a thing that had been stolen :

how much more, then, you will blush if you should find yourself wearing one day a beautiful thing bought by torture and cruelty and the shedding of blood! It is right that we should remember the terrible words uttered not long ago by a professor who had been investigating the circumstances under which egret feathers are obtained, and who declared that *every woman who wears an egret has the murderer's brand upon her brow.* It is a terrible saying, but it is true. It is enough to say here that an egret's feather can be obtained only by the most appalling acts of cruelty that men can inflict upon birds, and that every plume of an egret, or a gull, or a bird of paradise, is obtained by the murder of a mother bird at the time when she is bringing up her little ones, because then she hovers round the nest and is easily caught. You would not take advantage of a mother bird hovering round to protect her little ones, and at that very moment seize her, tear out her wings, fling her away writhing in pain, and leave her helpless babes to starve slowly to death; you would shudder at the thought of doing that. *Yet that is what you do when you wear an egret's plume,* though the actual deed is

done for you by a brutal man who is less gentle than you, and cares only for the money you pay him to do it.

You will wear neither plumes torn from murdered birds, nor coats torn from living seals, nor shell torn from the back of a living tortoise. You will shrink from all this, and find other things to please you, just as you will find a way of keeping on your hat without a pin that may destroy somebody's eyes.

You will find your delight in a deep sense of being right with the world. The best way to find happiness in this world is not to seek it ; it will come of itself if you will live naturally and unselfishly. True happiness, unlike the fleeting pleasures of an hour, never palls ; it will leave no regrets behind. The surest way to it is to pursue the path of duty steadily and loyally, no matter what may come ; the surest way to win happiness for ourselves is to give it to others. To live simply, not craving luxurious things, not jealous of things that are beyond our reach, but determined to achieve whatever is good and right for us, and to use well whatever privileges we may attain : this will bring us peace. It will bring us the sort of feeling that no words

can explain, the feeling that enabled Captain Scott and his comrades, tracking across the snow to certain doom, to live like men and die like heroes. Dying day by day beyond the reach of hope, they could talk cheerfully of the world they would never see again, and across the last days of their lives came a deep consolation. They had done what they could, and they lay down in their tents to rest.

You will wish it to be said of you that you did what you could, and, doing that, you will find your way to a happiness that will overcome the sorrows of this world, and survive as long as time endures.

TO THE GIRL WHO THINKS AND FEELS

You are thinking and feeling about a thousand things in these years in which you are laying the foundations of a world. What a solemn thing that is to say, and yet it is true that every one of us, in the days of our youth, is building a world, as certainly as he who builds up stone on stone and crowns them with towers and domes. We come into a world that is open to receive us ; for a few short years we live in the world as we find it ; but soon, perhaps almost sooner than we know, we are making our own world, carving our own way, shaping our own thoughts, controlling our own destinies.

We are like travellers sent out on a journey, set in a path well marked and beaten down by the feet of friends who have gone before us. For a little way the path is clear and narrow, and friends protect and guide us as we go ; we follow where they lead. But soon the way grows

wide, and our friends are scattered ; the paths lead here and there, and cross and cross ; the signposts are so confusing and in such strange languages that we only half perceive their meaning ; and we wander on and on, through unknown ways to unknown lands. No longer is the path marked out for us ; we make it as we go, and we go whither we will.

Life is like that. We reach it through a narrow, guarded way, which leads into infinite space. We come into it with minds like a garden not yet planted—with soil half prepared, perhaps, so that it may have a tendency towards flowers instead of weeds, or towards weeds instead of flowers ; but with the actual seeds unsown, so that we may make the garden almost what we will. For a little while the flowers come up about us and we have almost nothing to do with them ; but soon the seeds are offered us by a thousand hands, bearing a thousand kinds of fruit, and we can take them or reject them as we will. What shall we take, and what shall we reject ?

That is what will make our lives, building them up or pulling them down. The things we put into our pockets may be as

nothing, though they be made of gold; but the things we put into our minds are everything to us, though they fall from the skies, or rise from the valleys, or pour out upon us from the hills, and cost us nothing. *We are what we think.* We are as old as we feel, as rich or as poor as our imagination. We are as strong as our faith or as weak as our fears. It is these things that make up life for us; it is your mind that makes your world, and your mind is *what you make it.*

You have often heard people say, no doubt, that if they could make their own world they would be perfectly happy, and perhaps you have thought so too. Well, the boundaries of your kingdom are rising up around you, and you are forming them. Even now, while life is so pleasant and the years bring no burden for you to carry, you are laying for yourself the foundations of a world in which you will live, I hope, to a serene old age. You can hand on to your future no more precious inheritance than a mind well filled, well balanced, and well controlled.

Is there not a special temptation besetting a girl's path through the world of thought? Is it not all too easy for her

to mistake emotion for something deeper, or to let emotion control thought? You will not be afraid, I am sure, of your natural emotions; there is no need ever to be afraid of being natural, and generally you will be much wiser in giving way to emotion than in restraining or suppressing it. But it is one of the great dangers of the world that emotion easily overwhelms all other feelings, and we should guard with all our might against this. Nothing can be more fatal than to let emotion seize the reins and lead us blindly on. It is easy to see how harmful this is, if we think only for a minute; but the pity is that emotion can drown the power of thought and reason, so that even gentle natures become hard when they are greatly moved. We have all heard the saying that we must often be cruel to be kind, and we can only follow that wise advice if we have full control of our feelings and keep emotion in its proper place.

A strange thing happened not long ago in a large town in England, where both men and women forgot their higher feelings and let emotion run away, not only with their reason, but with their sense of justice and fair play. A fearful thing had been

done ; a young man had brutally taken an old man's life. Now, there must be many noble causes in that town which are languishing for want of sympathy and help ; yet, while these causes suffer, there were thousands of men and women who gave their sympathy to this callous coward, less deserving of compassion than many a dog, so that when the time came for him to suffer for his crime these people cheered him in the streets. Nobody seems to have given a cheer for his poor victim ; under the stress of a great emotion the minds of these people were unbalanced so that their sense of justice was lost for a time, their sense of pity was perverted ; and if they could have had their way a hundred big considerations would have been put on one side for the sake of one consideration less important than any of the others. That is the great harm of uncontrolled emotion : it robs the reason of its sway, and deprives us of our sense of right.

It is not easy to restrain the natural feelings of pity when we see or hear sad things, and it will be a sad day for the world when sorrow and pain cease to stir our feelings. But it would be worse for us all if, in our pity, we shut our eyes and

hearts and minds to other feelings. We must be strong enough to bear the sight of pain for healing's sake, or where would doctors and nurses come from ? We must be stern enough to punish wrong-doing, or what would become of peaceful people ? It is right that we should regret the need of causing pain, but it is wrong that we should shun the painful duties that we owe to ourselves and to others. We must learn to look wisely upon all sides of life, and not give way to the feelings that belong to only one side of things.

It will help us all if we remember one of Nature's greatest laws—that certain things have certain consequences. Sin brings sorrow in its train, and ignorance brings suffering ; no kindness in the world can remove these laws or alter them in the least. What folly is it, then, to hinder Nature when she would teach people these eternal truths ! If we can imagine a girl brought up so carefully that whatever mistake she made brought no suffering in its train ; that whatever wrong she did brought no punishment ; that, however ignorant she remained, she was forbidden ever to realise her want of knowledge—what would happen to such a girl the first

hour she was left alone? It is easy to see how dangerous it is to interfere with the teaching of the great lesson that if we do wrong we must suffer. It is hard to refuse a child something it badly wants, but I have seen a mother give a child a thing that may injure it for life, and there is only weakness and cruelty and wickedness in that. It is often true that we must cause a little pain to save a greater pain.

And so we must give our reason full control of our emotions. We must think long, long thoughts, and not only for the moment and the hour. We must not let momentary feelings, so lightly roused, govern the acts of our lives. We must not let one emotion seize hold of us, and control us, and dominate our lives until it possesses us completely. We must not let our love of dogs, for example, blind us to the fact that sometimes, at the cost of a little pain to one of these brave animals, we may save the lives of thousands of other dogs or even thousands of children. We must not let any emotion so utterly possess us that we are carried away by it, as would the poor woman who declared that she "would as soon lose her child as her dog." That is a pitiful example of the way in

which emotion, allowed to run wild, disturbs the balance of the mind.

Without this balance, this careful adjustment of the scales of reason and emotion, our lives must lose much of their happiness for ourselves and much of their usefulness to others. The life that is governed by emotions lightly roused finds its way into narrow grooves, and too often stays there. It is sadly easy to grow so accustomed to pitying people in misfortune, without considering the cause, that in time we forget to trouble about the cause of distress at all, and help where help is wrong ; so that the very pity that distress arouses brings distress itself by encouraging a lack of self-reliance and a lazy dependence on others. Let us lose all things before we lose our pity, but let us control our pity wisely, tempering mercy with judgment.

A wise man once said that to the envious man the world is like a cracked bell, from which only discord and no music comes ; and even good people, by narrowing down their lives in little grooves, may get one-sided views of everything, and be a hindrance rather than a help in the real work of the world. There are good people who, because they are so kind-hearted, join

all manner of societies to protest against things they only partly understand, so opposing that very progress of humanity which in their hearts they wish to serve. We must guard ourselves against that folly.

All through our lives we shall be forming our opinions, fixing our attitude to this or that great movement, resolving which side we will take in a hundred questions. From all sides the appeal to our sympathy will come, and in the stress of life, in the midst of all its clashing interests, it will not be easy to decide. Often it will seem that two ways are right when only one can be taken, and often the way that seems right will mean pain to those we love, or suffering to ourselves that we could avoid by pursuing another way. And sometimes it will seem as if to find the truth is quite impossible.

When these times come we shall do what seems to us right ; we shall listen to the still small voice within us which never yet has led any one of us astray. We shall remember, not merely the things that crowd upon our minds at the moment, but the way in which the acts of our lives are wrought into a chain that never ends, but links the human race from age to age. In

all things we must consider the far-off end, the ultimate purpose of Life. We must bear in mind the general interest of the world, and act not only for the moment, not only on the feelings of pain or pleasure that will pass, but on the deep conviction that the thing we do is right, however far off the end may be, and however difficult it may be to see.

So our minds will widen and deepen and strengthen as we grow up, and will winnow the wheat from the chaff. We shall open them wide to the gates of knowledge, and shall trust to Time to reveal its use. We shall grow up with the sure conviction that no knowledge is ever wasted, and that the end of it may be beyond our dreams. We shall scorn to let our lives be ruled by great prejudices or by petty ignorances; we shall refuse to be the slave of sentiment or to put our reason under the sway of mere emotion. But, in enthroning heart and mind together, let us remember that the human mind moves on from age to age, and is not sure, while the human heart, if not eternally the same, is an almost certain guide to what is right and good.

So we shall tune the dictates of our minds to the feelings of our hearts. We shall not

split up our lives in little compartments, caring only for a few things, being *for* this and *anti* that ; we shall remember Rowland Hill's old saying that " I do not think much of a man's religion unless his dog and cat are better for it," and we shall let the stream of our life flow wide and free. We shall check our emotion with reason, and our reason will be touched with emotion.

We shall not give way to the feelings which so often mislead us, but shall recall the wise words of the Roman emperor who said : " Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved." When emotion gives way under the blow of a great calamity, we will call upon our reason to consider, as Dr. Johnson said, " how much has been escaped." There is a wise passage in an old Arab book. It tells how one went forth to meet the Plague that had stricken the land, asking if he could stay his cruel hand. The Plague answered that he meant to be merciful ; he would only take five thousand from the Earth. Some time afterwards these two met again. " So thou art a liar as well as a murderer ! " said the other to the Plague. " Thy five

thousand meant fifty thousand!" "Not so," answered the Plague. "I took but my five thousand. *Fear and Worry killed the others.*"

You will have your share of the fears and worries that come to us all, and will bear them bravely. But you will be wise, and not suffer your feelings to mislead you. You will open your heart to sorrow and your mind to knowledge, and you will live in that world of thought and feeling where true peace is found.

TO THE GIRL WHO WILL HAVE A VOTE

You will have learned, long before your vote comes, that your sway in the nation is greater than any bit of paper in the ballot-box. Infinitely greater than the power to cast a vote is the real power of a woman in this world.

Long ago, before the nations had grown as ashamed of war as they are getting now, John Ruskin said a striking thing which is worth remembering when you think of your influence in the world. If every society lady in Europe would wear deep black while any war goes on, he said, no war would last a week. Think of that, and be proud, for it means this. It means that men may lose their tempers or their senses and may go to war, that they may waste their strength and brain on instruments of death, that statesmen and kings may fling out masses of men and boys upon the battlefields, and newspapers may thunder out their shouts of victory, but

that the women of the world, the mothers and sisters and wives and daughters, can bring men's plans to nought by saying that they shall not be. So powerful would be the silent appeal of womanhood in mourning that all the armies of Europe would bow down before it.

That is John Ruskin's wonderful way of saying a plain and simple truth, and it is never too soon for you to learn it. It is not the legal force of women, not the power given them by law, that can make them most felt in the nation ; it is their moral force, the power given to them by God Himself, that will make them irresistible in any cause they make their own. We grow up, in a self-governing country like ours, believing in the power of the laws we make to rule ourselves, and it is right that we should believe in them, and respect them. It is right that we should be jealous of the honour of being a citizen of a great nation, and of course it is true that by our vote we make our power felt in the surest possible way.

But it is equally true that the greatest reforms in the world have been accomplished without votes ; that is to say, the reforms were won before they were voted

for in Parliament ; and the vote was *the last step*, not the first, in the campaign. I would have you think of a vote as a noble and solemn thing, but I hope you will treasure even more than a vote the influence which every man or woman may have to help on great causes, to stir up movements which, as certain as the rising of the sun, will drive the votes and the governing machine wherever they are wanted to go. Some of the noblest men and women in England have no votes, but their lives are worth a thousand votes when the hour for action comes.

It is a common mistake to measure our power in the nation by our vote, and to imagine, therefore, that we have no power as long as we have no vote. The truth is that it is the moral force behind the vote that the statesman fears or craves. Character is more than power, and power without character behind it can bring nothing but evil in its train. How many of the tragedies of history have come from that !

The opportunity will come to you in a hundred ways to shape the opinion which registers itself in Acts of Parliament, and there is nothing the women of England want that they could not have if they

would pursue it with the same energy, the same extraordinary insistence, the same single-minded devotion, that some of them gave to the pursuit of a vote—if all women would seek the *end*, that is, as earnestly as some women sought the *means*.

Who knows whose votes may be subject to your sway? The moulding of public opinion, the slow shaping of the moral force which carries Governments to victory or brings them to disaster, begins in the minds of twos and threes, or more often in the mind of one; and it is the sowing of the seed, the preparation of the soil, the watering of the tender plant, which is all-important in the history of reforms. It will help us always if we realise this truth. We shall not be so discouraged by the thought of how little we can do if we remember that, just as the laying of stone on stone built up the Great Pyramid, just as the falling of flake after flake of snow built up the iceberg that met the *Titanic*, just as one man's love of freedom spread itself until it burst the bonds of every slave under the British flag, so our own little efforts, never ceasing, never flagging, gathering to themselves new force with every rising of the sun, must be crowned with success at last.

Nothing can stop the growth of noble influence; no power of voting can withstand it; neither Governments, nor Armies, nor Kings, nor any other forces can prevent the sun from rising on a triumphant dawn for those whose faces are set towards the Throne of God.

There is something like a key to the power of women in the story of how the children once saved a German town. The town had been besieged until Death stared its people in the face both inside and outside the walls, and at last, when it seemed as if nothing on the Earth could help them, somebody remembered that the strongest thing in the world is the love of a little child. And so they sent the children through the gates, pleading for the town and the lives of its people, and when the procession of boys and girls, passing through the enemy's ranks, came to the conqueror, he proved himself a conqueror indeed, for he conquered the passion of war, and bade his soldiers prepare a royal feast for his little guests before he sent them back with good tidings to the town.

The appeal of humanity touches us all, and it is that appeal, the gentle playing on the chords of human hearts, in which

women are unfailing. They bring into play the noblest passions and stir our deepest feelings, and the thought of the women of a nation profoundly moved upon some solemn thing is a call to action to which no man born of woman can say No. We have known of a man, sometimes, who has done a wrong thing, and has found that the only way to begin again was to leave his country. It is a fine thing that there should be no room in a country for a thief, for a man whose honour is not to be trusted, and this fine feeling, which demands honesty and honour in business and good conduct in private life, is akin to a deep, silent feeling which insists on uprightness and good character in men who hold high positions in public life. This silent force, the moral power of a feeling which everybody knows to be there, is one of the secrets of a nation's strength, and it is the supreme power and privilege of women that they may uphold it. We may apply to a nation the sentence of Carlyle's which says that always there is a black spot in our sunshine · it is the shadow of ourselves. The special power of women is to save a nation from the shadow of itself, to lift it up above its sordid selfishness on to a plane from which

it sees the wide world of humanity. It has been a woman's service to the world, throughout the ages, to spread the spirit of gentleness and selfishness, the spirit of sacrifice and long-suffering ; it is her proud opportunity and privilege to be the keeper of a nation's conscience.

Nothing is more important to a nation than that the high standard of its life should be kept up, and no workers are more worthy in any nation than those who quietly and steadily maintain the even tenor of its way. " Do not forget the girl whose duty lies at home, helping mother," somebody wrote to me when these talks were being written. " How uncongenial the drudgery of her life may seem at first ! How much she needs encouragement, even beyond those whose work lies in the great world ! Her reward comes later, when she can look back and see her duty faithfully done, but she wants an encouraging nod when she is young." It is true, and those of us who love our homes can never be too grateful to those who toil to make homes happy.

What is true of the home is true also of the State ; no State can hold together unless it has within it a host of willing

people who toil unceasingly ; no nation can be great unless its people cherish its good name and labour to maintain it. It is for those of us who have votes to use them well and wisely ; it is for those of us who have no votes to seek them and be worthy to possess them ; it is for all of us to strive to make our power felt in the councils of the nation. Of all the ways in which we may do this none is more certain to be effective, if we have no votes, than the influence we may bring to bear upon those who have. How this influence of women does assert itself in the reputation of a nation, not only among its own people but even beyond its own borders, is clearly seen when we begin to travel and see the fame of our land among our neighbours ; and some people still remember a beautiful tribute which appeared in an English newspaper long before the war.

" I would that all Englishwomen knew," said a French lady in a letter to the *Times*, " how they are looked up to from abroad, what a high opinion, what honour and reverence, we foreigners have for their principles, their truthfulness, the fresh and pure innocence of their daughters, the healthy youthfulness of their lovely chil-

dren." It was nothing dramatic or sensational that won this glowing fame for our mothers; it was only the quiet work of bringing up healthy children and building up happy homes. We remember the words of the wise Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius: "Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the bees, working together to put in order their several parts? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy duty?"

That which is according to thy duty lies before you. If you have a vote your duty is to use it; if you have not a vote your duty is to do the utmost in your power to wield your influence without it, to compel those who have the votes to use them to wise and noble ends. In any case, under all circumstances, your duty is to add to the moral force which, in the long run, is the chief asset that any nation has.

You will be grateful for the opportunities that come to you; you will thank God and England for the advantages of living in a free and happy land. Let us be grateful in the right way. It is not by favour that we enjoy our great advantages; it is not

necessarily that we are more deserving than others. Perhaps it is because we are better able to spread them, to share them with those less fortunate. Let us live our thanks by sharing our happiness with those about us; let us do our utmost to give to others something of the happiness that others give to us.

Let us enlist, with a vote or without it, in the great army whose unceasing purpose is, in the fine words of Carlyle, "to make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God: to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier; more blessed, less accursed."

It is work for a God, said Carlyle, and it is work for God's partner—you.

TO THE GIRL WHO WILL MARRY SOME DAY

It is said of Augustus Caesar, who was ruling the Roman Empire in the days when Christianity came into the world, that as he lay dying he turned to his weeping wife and, in the last words he ever spoke to her, said, *Remember our happy married life.* Then, in the last words he ever spoke at all, he asked after the health of a little boy. This strong man of a worldwide empire, as he passed out of the world in which he was so great a figure, thought of a woman and a child.

There is something in that which stirs our hearts and gives us a true vision of the things of this world. The things that dazzle the eyes of men, the glittering heights of power, were as shadows to the man whose dominion slowly vanished from his grasp ; but the simple love of his wife, the thought of a little boy, the happy home-life that had been his stay through all the

joys and sorrows of this world—these things he remembered.

History takes no notice of it, but it was something for a woman to have achieved ; it was something that, through all the storm and stress of Augustus Caesar's life, a woman's love should have woven itself about him, should have impressed itself upon him, should have become so much a part of him that at the end, in the solemn silence of the last hour, it was not the Roman Empire that he thought of, not the power and glory of the throne of Caesar, not the great days when he stood up in the Forum Master of the World, but the love of the woman who had helped him, trusted him, and sustained him. It was something, surely, that a woman should set herself in his affections against an empire, and that she should weigh down an empire in the scale.

It may not be for you to set yourself against a throne in the heart of a man, but she who shares another's life must share a kingdom too. The life of a man goes a hundred ways, and she who would share it must follow them all.

And so, when you come to look out upon the world and make your choice, you will

look far and think long. For ever and ever you are choosing ; all the golden years ahead you are pledging then. You will not pledge them lightly ; you will not engage your womanhood, all your precious years, to interests that are not really yours. You will not allow yourself to be deceived ; you will not let the emotions of an hour determine the course of your whole life.

It is easy, perhaps the easiest thing you can do in the world, to take a false step in the path which will open out so pleasantly before you in these early years when womanhood is dawning and all the world is young. All the barriers, it will seem to you, are fallen down, all the voices, as you listen, will seem to be beckoning you on ; and there will be opening out for you a vision of the future in which no black spot dims the far horizon. It will be your millennium, dawning for you even then, urging you on as the rising sun above a distant hill. And perhaps that light *may* be your rising sun ; through these glad fields, across these smiling plains, perhaps your happiness may lie. But it may save you from a saddened life to say to yourself also, *Perhaps it may not.*

There is no courage shown on a battle-field greater than the courage you may need in your choice of a companion through this world. It is hard to do right when every hour of your future is calling out to you to beware of the present; but that time may come to all, and especially it may come to a girl in her happiest days. We have seen how vital it may be for us not to let emotion rule our lives, and the supreme test of our wisdom in this comes in the choosing of a husband or a wife. It would be wrong not to realise the power emotion plays in this great choice; but it is your duty to yourself, and to all who may depend on you, to look beyond the hour that stirs your feelings, and reflect upon the ever-changing circumstances in which your choice will bind you.

And, looking beyond, you may see, so small that it is but a speck on the horizon, a shadow of doubt and fear. Perhaps you are not quite sure of your feelings at all; perhaps you are not quite sure that you could bear the disappointment if it should come. You will test yourself well; you will let your foundation be sure and deep; you will know the difference between firm rock and shifting sands. The sands of the

sea are pleasant to walk upon, and there are no hours more serenely happy, perhaps, than when they are under our feet and the tide is going out; but we do not build our houses on the sands. Nor will you build up your life on things that come and go, on feelings that thrill you with delight but are not enduring. The day will come when these delights will fail and other things will please you.

It is not enough that there should be between two lives, if they are to be lived as one, a perfect union of hearts. There must be union of mind as well. Not less important to you than his affections are the interests and hopes and aspirations of the man in whose keeping you entrust your life. A hundred times you will hear it said of a man that he has a good heart, and there can be no happiness anywhere without good hearts. But, though you may perhaps never hear it said of a man that he has a good mind, it is vital that you should know the mind as well as the heart of a man. Nothing but sorrow can come, however warm and deep the love of two hearts may be, if the minds have nothing in common—and how often it happens, alas, that this is discovered too late!

It will always be true, no doubt, that love will rule the world (so that, as a man will always love a woman, it will always be true, therefore, that women rule the world !). But even love is not beyond the reach of wisdom. We need not love flatterers or praters, or give our feelings to all who ask ; and we need not let love guide us against our better knowledge. It is not true to say that we marry for love and nothing else ; we marry for love and many other things. It is true that without love no marriage can be happy, but it is at least equally true that even with love marriage may be unhappy. Shakespeare put only half the truth into the mouth of Henry the Fifth when he wooed Kate in his playful way, but his merry words have an honest ring in them :

And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ; for he, perforce, must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places ; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again.

What ! A speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard

will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

Even a king, at such a time in his life, may be forgiven for remembering his own special virtues; but we may hope that Kate, in her surrender, had a vision of a kingly mind presiding over a kingly heart. You will love King Arthur's lover better, perhaps, than King Harry's; you will remember how Tennyson has made him teach the knights of his Table Round

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

So the love of you will make a man great-minded and good-hearted, too; and you will share his life wholly and not in

part. There will be no part of it, no part of him, in which your union is not complete. And yet that does not mean, of course, that you must know all that a man may know, or that a man need know all that a woman knows. There have been true unions of heart and mind where one was great and immortal and the other simple. It is in the willingness to understand, the readiness to know, the love of great and beautiful things, the hate of ignorance and obstinacy and petty considerations, the spirit of light against darkness, of right against wrong, of vision against blindness, of a full life as against a mere tedious existence—in these things even a simple mind may keep a rare and gracious company with the great. We need not be afraid of having different opinions—that may even be desirable in many ways; but all who love you will hope that the man you choose as your comrade through life will share your vision of the future, and march towards it with your fine sense of honour, your wide charity, your unflinching resolve to set your feet firmly in the path that leads upward and onward and never turns back.

It is not necessary that we should all

be ambitious ; we may not be romantic, or imaginative, or intellectual, or artistic ; but we may all love those who have these qualities, and it will help us all our way through life if we remind ourselves constantly that the things that are in our minds are as vital a part of health and happiness as the things that are in our bodies. You will take great care that you know the physical health of the man you choose to marry—you will not be afraid, at all costs, to assure yourself on this, remembering how terrible the price of carelessness may be ; you will be careful of his moral health, so grave a thing to you ; and you will be not less careful to see that your minds have that sympathy between them without which no home-life can bring you lasting happiness.

A clever, good woman may marry a clever, good man and the end of it may be disaster. " I married for ambition," said Mrs. Carlyle ; " Carlyle has succeeded beyond all that my wildest hopes ever imagined for him, and I am miserable." It is sad and strange how something in the mind of a man, meeting something in the mind of a woman, may bring two lives clattering to ruin, and perhaps it may come

unexpectedly, for want of thought that might have saved its fearful consequence.

A thousand things you will have to resolve for yourself in making this great choice, and no one can resolve them for you; but I hope you will listen with patience to the wisdom that comes of experience. In the end you will choose your own path, as each of us must throughout this world, but you will not resent the advice and appeal that those who have travelled farther than you may offer. It is sometimes true that we are unable to decide what is best for ourselves, and at that time we must wait. We need not surrender our choice, we need not abandon the final responsibility which it is right we should take upon ourselves. But at such times the simple sense of duty may compel us to pause and consider before we take a step that can never be retraced.

We may think, in the end, that we know our feelings best, and may determine our own course; but we shall never regret that we listened to the counsels of those who have no other interest than our happiness, and we may regret in bitterness if we do not. Especially in your case, if the opportunity comes, you should eagerly

listen to the advice of a wise old doctor, whose word, particularly if he knows where your affections are set, may be like the touch of a magician's wand in its effect upon your life. Terrible sometimes are the results of want of care.

If you will wait and not be impatient, if you will choose a good heart and a good mind, you two will live through happy years so that the day will come when he will say, as Lord Tennyson said, "The peace of God came into my life the day I married her."

TO THE GIRL WHO HAS MADE HER CHOICE

You have made your choice, and will be making your home. You can make nothing nobler in all this world. The greatness of a nation has no surer foundation than the happy homes of its people. There is no truer service you can render to your country, and therefore to the world, than by building up a happy home ; and the first of all the steps that lead straight to a happy home is the wise choice of your companion through this world, and the wise blending of your two lives lived as one.

But you will not expect, now that you two have settled down and taken your places in the world, that henceforth there will come nothing but smoothness and perfect peace. Though you go the same way, you will not tread the same path ; though you build to the same end and cherish the same purpose, you will have your separate work to do, each in your own way, and it may be that the natural

broadening of your lives may give you separate interests. You will take care, when this happens, that no interest of any kind, however strongly it may appeal to you, shall come between you two and break the link that binds you. As all the roads lead out from Rome, so all the roads lead back to Rome again, and you will see that all your pleasures, all your interests, all the energies that absorb your life, lead you back to your life's centre.

One of the first disappointments that will come to you, perhaps, will be that you two must so long be divided. The work of a man must take him out into the world, and you must be at home. If this should disappoint you it will console you for ever to remember the splendid words of Edmund Burke, who said, in the midst of an anxious public life, "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof." It is the very triumph of life to create an environment in which we lose all our cares. It is a door worth having that will not admit the worries of the office, the counting-house, the workshop, the laboratory, the consulting-room. The story is told of Pasteur, the immortal benefactor of all mankind, that so absorbed was he in his

work that he was missing on his wedding day, and his agitated friends found him quietly working in his laboratory, with his apron on, angry at being disturbed, and pleading that his wedding could wait, while his experiments could not! Men are not all Pasteurs, but one of the first secrets of your happy home will be your understanding of this story—the recognising, that is, of the all-importance of *the other side* of a man's life. Perhaps it may not be possible, sometimes, that he should bring no care into your home, and then will come your opportunity. You can share it and halve the burden of it, or can drive it away.

There is a great example of this in the life of an American writer. Nathaniel Hawthorne went to his office one day as bright as usual, as interested as ever in his work, with no foreboding of evil; he left it with the brink of ruin staring at him. He had read the message that has struck despair to so many men's hearts—the message that his services would no longer be required. He went with a heavy heart to his humble home, for he was poor in those days, and he dreaded the effect of his ill news upon his little wife. Something

in his face told her as they met, and she waited for the silence to be broken. Then the heartbroken man said, *I am removed from office.* The young wife walked away, lit a bright fire, and brought pen, ink, and paper. She set them down on the table beside him, touched him on the shoulder, and said with a smile, *Now you can write your book.*

A new world had opened out before her, and gently she led the sad man through the gates. It was as if the sun had burst through the midnight clouds, the lost post seemed like a passport to freedom, and, stirred by his wife's spirit, he wrote on until he had finished the book which made his name famous throughout the world. Hundreds of stories tell the same tale; one of them tell us of a King of England who said to Lord Eldon, "I know how much I owe to Lady Eldon; I know that you would have made yourself a country curate, and that she has made you my Lord Chancellor." There are influences of many kinds, and a good wife holds the key of all.

Such is the power of a good woman over circumstances that might well be too much for a man to bear alone. At such

times the thought of his home, the thought that his wife may give way under the blow, is often the hardest thing a man has to bear; and there is nothing to be compared to the encouragement that a woman's smile, her chivalrous *Never mind*, brings when a man is bowed down under some great calamity. In the most perfect union of two hearts there must be secrets still, and the secret of a true man's life is often this, that he must work hard and long and never seem to weary—for what? Not for the joy that he will share, not for the happiness that he will see, but to build up some hope and consolation, some comfortable corner of the world, for those he may leave behind *tomorrow*. It is one of the pathetic things of this world that a man must toil and toil to "keep a happy fireside warm," and that when he has toiled his hardest he has no defensive barrier that will keep back the wolf in the terrible days that may befall.

He must work as if his life were two lives, for he must struggle for the present and the future; he must make a double effort, to guard against misfortune now and to provide for those he loves when he can shelter them no more. It is not a

light anxiety that attends him perhaps every moment of his life, and it is heavier still if by some good fortune he has raised the lives of those about him to a high level of happiness. For then he must not merely maintain it now, but must be ready to maintain it if some mischance shall fall; and then he must be so strong that he may face adversity for perhaps long years, and yet keep alive some hope of comfort for his household if his own stricken life should fail. Then, for all his toiling, there may be almost nothing in the end, and what happens at last is the dread fate whose shadow pursued him from the altar to the grave: he may pass out of this world with the vision of his loved ones driven to sacrifice and want, perhaps to face the world in poverty and alone.

And so, it may be, a man's task is doubly hard, and perhaps he dies before he comes into his inheritance. You will not withhold from him the love and stimulus for which he looks to you. "If I had cancer," a man once said, "my wife would nurse me and die for me if need be; but I have something worse than cancer and she cares nothing." There are states of mental anxiety as hard to bear as any physical disease, and

you will not shut your eyes to them because they are borne bravely and quietly and without complaint. As far as it lies in your power you will see that the toiler has his reward as he goes. You will see that the home he maintains by his toil yields him the peace that a man's life needs. He should find there understanding and sympathy. You will not have reached the high honour of being a home-maker without learning the true value of sympathy in all our lives. Not once or twice, but a hundred times, we are lifted up by a single spoken word, and a hundred times we are bowed down because the word has not been spoken. No one can measure the power of a look or a word.

You will try, by sympathy and understanding, to be *necessary* to those depending on you for these things ; in the art of managing a home you will have no room for worries which can be set aside, you will seek to avoid conflicting interests, you will drive out the small doubts and fears and questionings that so easily grow and wreck so many lives. There will be things you do not understand, but you will understand that, however closely your lives are interwoven, they are two lives still, and

you will agree that, in what one does not understand about the other's life, each must be trusted without doubt or question. Where husband and wife differ it is a safe rule to leave the decision to the one who better understands the situation.

Especially you will take great care to add nothing to the troubles that may creep into a man's life and perplex him from morning till night. You will read his moods and know how to respond to them. You will free him from the petty irritations that become real hindrances; you will draw him to lean on you and not drive him to seek counsel and encouragement elsewhere. You will not, even unconsciously, boycott his interests or be indifferent to the things that are all the world to him. You will welcome his friends as yours, and not seek to cut him adrift from the influences that he has chosen to surround him. You will realise that his mind must widen and deepen by contact with other minds, and that the real value of social life is above and beyond the mere pleasantries of the passing hour.

Therefore, you will foster and not discourage the formation of friendships and the frequent meeting of friends; you will

see that your home gives out to the world of its best and takes in what of its best the world can give. You will not let your home be cut off from its neighbours ; you will not shut yourself off from other people ; you will not let the busy world, the world of good people—the world of kind people who keep charity alive, the world of serious people who keep great movements strong, the world of leisured people who brighten life and are so entertaining—miss you and pass you by. We must be part of the stream of life, not lookers-on. In this great world, where Life, like a rushing river, is carrying us whether we will or not, there is no room for lookers-on. We must be part of it or die.

Outside the interests of our individual lives is the life common to our homes, and here we find room for the play of all those gracious qualities that win distinction and applause wherever they are found. Nowhere more than in a home can we sow the seeds and cultivate the fruits of patience and charity and forbearance and good temper and unselfish devotion.

There is a good story told of a friend of Abraham Lincoln, who called at White House one day and told the President

of sad trouble in his home. There had been a quarrel and angry words, and the unhappy husband had come to seek consolation from his famous friend. "Come, come, what is it all about?" asked Lincoln; and the poor man told the President how the house was being painted, and they could not agree upon the colour. "I want it white, and she wants it red," said he; and wise President Lincoln, who knew that Time is always on the side of peace, begged his friend not to let so small a matter come between him and his wife, but to "think it over till morning, and compromise." And so the good man who wanted his house white went home, and the next day he came back to Lincoln, smiling. "It's all right, Abe," said he, "*we've compromised; it's being painted red!*"

It is not much of a compromise in which one side gets all its own way, but in small things even such a compromise is better than a quarrel, and no wise man or woman will ever press a minor point so far that it grows bigger and bigger until it swallows up all else. In the eternal compromise of life we must find out the ground on which we come nearest to agreement, and meet that way, and we must always remember

that it is sometimes real strength to give way and weakness to insist.

And so, by gentleness and patience, by choosing the way of peace, seeking first the things that are best for two, you will build up the noblest monument yet erected on our English earth—a happy home.

TO THE GIRL ON THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE

THERE is no royal road to happiness; there is no broad highway that leads us to it. We talk and read and write of the secret of the happy life, but the way to happiness has no secrets that are hidden from any one of us. The successful life is happy, and its source is in a hundred springs, every one of them open for most of us, if we will but let them flow. There is no man in the world so wise that he can give you a single rule and say, "Follow this and you will be happy." The great highway of a happy life lies through many narrow ways, by many winding paths, and we must pass through them all before we reach it. Let us look at some of them.

Above all other things we must remember that the world is not for us alone. We must be willing that all other people should share the freedom and happiness we crave for ourselves. It is sad that there are so many people in the world who

forget, in seeking their own pleasures, that pleasure is the common right of all. When the time comes that your plans conflict with those of others, as they often will, you will remember that. You will not selfishly insist upon your own if your own robs others of an equal right.

Much of the happiness of this world comes from the graceful giving up of little rights—though surely we have no rights at all that inflict wrongs upon others. Those of us who think ourselves unselfish are often selfish without knowing; perhaps we have not time to think, or do not take the trouble to inquire, how our own interests clash with other people's. And how easily unselfishness itself may slip into selfishness! We see it again and again, as in the refusal of invitations to do this or that or the other because it gives a friend a little trouble. If our friends are worth having, a little trouble for our sakes is a great joy to them, and this fear of bothering them, leading us often to disappoint them, is a twisted way of looking at things which turns our desire to please our friends into a means of displeasing them. In the little things that matter so much all the way through life we must learn to

give and take, to do for others what we would have them do for us, but to accept gladly from them the services they gladly render us.

We must be adaptable as well as thoughtful; we must be ready to fit ourselves into a new situation that may unexpectedly arise. A sensible interest in the affairs of the world, a wide range of reading, and at least some travel, will help us greatly here. It should never be painful to us to meet anybody in the world under honourable circumstances; if we have taken ourselves seriously, and made ourselves worthy of our citizenship, our nationality, our fellowship in the human family, we may face all men with a fearless independence. If good fortune comes to us, and opens the door of prosperity, we shall not walk through it so proudly that old friends do not know us in our fine clothes. Nothing goes more certainly before a fall than pride in place. Pride in our manhood and our womanhood, pride in our country if it is truly great, pride in our home if we have made it what it should be, pride even in our possessions if they are noble of themselves and have been nobly earned: honest pride in honest

things every one of us may have. But the false pride of the Pharisee, the pride that we are not as others are—the pride of wealth, or rank, or power, or privilege—will bring us down.

One of the best stories ever written is Oliver Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield and it is great because it deals with the great simplicities of life. You will be in no danger of the besetting sin of pride if you read this story and mark it well, for it tells how this ignoble spirit, working in a woman's mind, misdirecting her ambitions, perverting her outlook on the world, poisoning her love of simple things, wrecked a good man's household and destroyed the happiness of his children. It is like a canker. The foolishness which regards a woman, made in the image of God, as an object for fine clothes, an advertisement to hang a draper's and milliner's and jeweller's wares upon ; or as a sort of centre for rich possessions which are of no possible use except for flaunting vulgar wealth before the world ; or as having some strange right to put all things, living and lovely, under her feet—there is nothing but misery in store for the life that this strange spirit animates. A thousand

times it will fail, and when affliction comes —in that terrible hour which must come to us all, when the human frame quakes and trembles in the presence of the Thing it cannot understand—the character that is ruined by false pride will have no strength to bear the blow.

You will be proud of the things we may rightly be proud of ; you will have a proper sense of the dignity of life, but you will scorn the false pride in things that do not matter, the empty show, the vain pretence. It is not the things we possess that mark us off as better than our fellows; the quality of a man or a woman is in the things not seen. We may be rich and mean ; we may be poor and generous ; and no claim of wealth, or proud birth, or rank, gives us the right to look down upon those whom fortune has not favoured with these luxurious things. The real walls that divide the human race into classes and groups are not walls of gold : they are the walls that stand between the industrious and the indolent, the brave people and the cowards, the wise people and the ignorant, the honest people and the thieves, the good citizens who take up their responsibilities and the bad citizens

who leave them to others. We shall have no false divisions in our human family, and no false pride based upon them, when all men understand that there is no wealth but life, and no wisdom but that which helps us to make the best and noblest life.

We must be unselfish, therefore, and we must be adaptable. And we must have friends. None of us can live without them. "Those who would have friends," an old saying runs, "must show themselves friendly." It is impossible to resist such a simple truth. You will set yourself against the unhappy habit of keeping aloof; you will see the folly of narrowing down the circle of those whose lives come in touch with yours. Most of us know people who have almost everything but friends, and miserable their lives must be. Nothing can help us if we are friendless, for the solitary life is beyond endurance, and none of us can live to ourselves or by ourselves. Whether we realise it or not, our lives are interwoven with the lives of those around us, and it is probably true that our friends have as much to do with our happiness as we have ourselves.

So that you will be anxious to have great friendships, to live in an intimate and ever-widening circle, and you will watch carefully lest tares creep in with the wheat. It is not always easy to resist unwise companionships ; but you will see that, in being friendly, you do yourself no wrong, and you will not admit into your sphere of influence thoughts and habits and manners which you would be ashamed to declare your own.

And, just as you will keep out of the atmosphere of your life those influences which tell against the fine standard you set yourself, so you will welcome such friends as abound in grace, and gentleness, and all those virtues which make up the charm of the wives and mothers and daughters of men. You will be grateful for the companionship of those who may be wiser than you in the learning of this world ; you will have no silly shyness in meeting those who can tell you more than you know about books, or pictures, or countries, or philosophies, or anything worth knowing. The surest way to ignorance is to be afraid of people. We cannot know too many clever people, and there is no better way of understanding

life than by meeting with the wise and brave of every kind.

And I hope that, among other things, you will be wise in your spending. To most of us spending is important, and, especially to a woman, unwise spending may mean great sorrow. There are so many temptations. How hard it is to refuse a bargain—how attractive it is to buy something for so much less than it is really worth! And yet nothing is truer than that a bargain, as often as not, is the dearest possible thing. Let us remember always that to buy a thing we do not want is waste, whatever it may cost. How cheap an elephant would be at fifteen shillings! Yet how dear an elephant would be at any price unless one kept a zoo or a show, or happened to have nothing in the world to do but look at elephants! The Vicar of Wakefield's son could not help buying a box of green spectacles because they seemed cheap, yet how dear they were when he took them home and found that nobody wanted them! The things nobody wants, that have no uses for anybody, are dear at fourpence, though they cost a thousand pounds to make.

Let us be wise and cautious in our

spending; let us join the great host of thrifty people who have done most of the things worth doing in this world. Richard Cobden, who built up a business by thrift and lost it by neglect, knew well what thrift can do. He knew the thrifty people, and he said of them: "The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges, and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered men civilised and happy, has been done by the savers, the thrifty; and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves." It is true, and we will follow the thrifty as we may. But it is true, also, that a great deal of nonsense is talked about thrift; that much of the advice we are given about it is more harmful than good, and tends to make people mean, to narrow their tastes, to cripple their interests, to rob them of many of the things that are worth a hundred times more than gold.

Once upon a time a man found a sovereign, and ever after, it is said, he went about with his eyes on the ground and never saw the sun. It is only a story, but it is true of somebody in every town and village of our land. It is true of a house

I see every morning of my life, where a woman loves a carpet, worth three pounds, more than she loves the sun, which gives her life itself. Every morning the great sun pours down on this little house, and every morning the blinds are drawn at every window so that the sun may not enter. Perhaps it is true that no carpet can look on the sun and last for ever after, but what shall we say of the spirit of thrift which seeks to add a few days to the life of a carpet by keeping the bright sunshine out of a house and filling its rooms with gloom? What shall we say of the spirit of thrift which drives out the sunlight and keeps in the germ of typhoid fever? If the microbes of disease could come together and pass a vote of thanks it would be passed unanimously to all those thrifty people who drive back the sunlight, which no microbe can look upon and live. You will scorn the sort of thrift that values a carpet, because it is bought in a shop, more than the sun, which is free to us all, and you will see how dearly money may be bought with life itself. It is strange that people who gladly spend their money to see a play, which passes in an evening and is forgotten the next, will declare it extravagance to spend money on

a picture, or a bronze, or on a garden, where the money buys pleasure that endures and is shared by many people.

I hope you will be thrifty, but I hope you will come to understand that a sovereign saved by thrift may be a sovereign lost. The cost of a hat is what we pay for it, and the cost of a sovereign is what we pay for it. Nothing costs so much as money, which is bought with the strength of our bodies. Even those of us who use it well and do not overvalue it must pay for it, often, with our lives; for life for most of us is working and spending. You will see, I hope, that you do not pay twenty-one shillings for a sovereign; you will not sell the sun, the light of the heavens, for a piece of carpet.

There is a wider logic than the logic of thrift; there are forms of thrift which a thrifty use of language will call mean. We cannot understand too clearly that money is made to be spent, and that the proper use of it is to spend it for the things we need. If we rob ourselves of health to save money we are buying money with health; if we save our money instead of buying books, or travelling, we are buying money with knowledge. We are paying

the highest price in the world for something worth nothing.

You will count life at its proper value, and will not waste it for smaller things. You will seek first the highest life, and all other things shall be added unto you.

TO THE GIRL IN SEARCH OF OPPORTUNITY

THE world will be a fine place to live in when you grow up, when you and I have been a few more journeys round the sun. What are we going to do in the world? Are we going to muddle through somehow until the dark gates open that lead into another life, or are we going to make ourselves known and felt, and become a power for good?

It may be that as you sit reading this, thinking perhaps of all the difficulties you have, and thinking perhaps that there can never be anything but a struggling life before you, you will feel that the great prizes of this world may well come to others but somehow they can never come to you.

If you think like that you may make up your mind at once that they will not come to you, for no girl can get any farther than she looks. Make up your mind where you are going. Remember that it is not the way we go that matters most, but how far

we go that way ; whether, when we have chosen our way, we quit ourselves like men and women. Remember that all useful work is honourable, and that the only dishonour is when it is badly done.

We must be willing to do the work that comes to our hands, and we must do it well. More and more a girl is finding opportunities of work for herself and for others, and the qualities that are called for in men's work are needed not less in the lives of thousands of women who share in the work of the busy world. You will not be afraid to be ambitious : by that sin angels fell from heaven, says Milton, but by that great virtue angels have built up heaven on Earth.

Perhaps the greatest lesson you can learn as you grow up is the proper use of time. The waste of time is the saddest of all sad things. Of all the natural gifts of life, time is the most precious, for upon time the use of other gifts depends. It is said that Queen Elizabeth, when she lay dying, offered her kingdom for a moment of time ; but there was no wise man in the kingdom who could give her that. Yet you and I have millions of these moments, and we waste, perhaps, thousands of them.

There are people who are thrifty with money who throw away golden moments as if they had no value. Yet moments are golden things, for time, which we all share alike, whether we are kings or beggars or ordinary people, makes up our life, and every bit of time we waste is a bit of wasted life.

We need not fear to be idle, for what we call an idle hour may sometimes be the best medicine we could take. It is not the hour that is properly " idle " that we shall ever come to regret ; it is the hour upon hour, making day upon day, and week upon week, of time given up to useless or harmful vanity that we shall sigh for when sighing is in vain. Any one of us may look round and see two people we know, one with all the advantages of education, all the joy of prosperity, all the influence of position ; the other living a humdrum life without distinction of any kind. All over the world we can find people in pairs like this, and the whole difference between them lies in the way in which they use their time. It would be easy to go through a list of the world's great men and women, the men and women who have helped mankind, and to show that they prized time more than

anything else that they possessed. Time, we say, is money, but time is more than money, for time can do what all the money in the world can never do. Time can heal all sorrows and cure all ills, and time, if you will use it rightly, will give you an opportunity such as you can hardly think of now.

Nothing the world holds is so important to you as the moment that comes and goes. It is here, it is gone, it will come no more. It brought to you an opportunity; you used it or threw it away. Time flies, and it never returns. But its hands are full of treasures, scattered generously for all. We pick them up or leave them and, according to our choice, so is our life. Time will make us rich or poor, for there is no wealth like the wealth Time will give us for the asking, and there is no poverty like the useless existence of those who scorn the gifts that Time sends round by the flying messengers we call moments.

You will remember that Time is yours to use, and not to throw away; there is always something to be done that you might do. The world is always waiting for the influence without which it could never have been worth living in—the

influence of a good woman. Wherever you go in these days, if you are old enough to be thinking of your place in life, you will find those who are asking that women may have more power given to them in the nation; and wherever you go, if you are wise enough to keep your eyes open, you will find that women have a power that Acts of Parliament can neither give nor take away. And it is this wonderful power that you are either making or not making now by the way in which you spend your time.

I do not want you to be serious beyond your years, to give up play and to think of the future as if it were some tyrannical thing demanding every act and every thought and every hour of your present life. I want you, rather, to bring into your life now all the joy that the world holds for you, to store up in your memory a countless number of remembrances of happy days and beautiful things that will make looking back pleasant in the years to come. But the world is a leisurely place for a girl, and all about you lie temptations to give up your life to vanities. Remember, when temptations come, that life is made up of duties as well as pleasures,

that we must fit ourselves to bear sorrow as well as to enjoy happiness. You would think a girl foolish who bought a year's clothes as if the whole year were summer; but just as foolish is the girl who goes into the future as if Time held for her nothing but sweet things. It is often said that the best way to keep peace is to be prepared for war, and certainly the best way to keep happiness is to be prepared for bitterness.

As we are building now, so will our future be. I know two sisters; they are about the same age, and have had the same opportunities. They were brought up in the same atmosphere. They lived in a lovely house, and their father was rich. The world was very good to them. One of the sisters loved to be rich, and to have all she wanted, and she lived as if riches would never end, and so her life came to depend on riches; she chose the life that is very pleasant to those who can afford it. The other was glad to be rich but she would not have felt it much if she had been poor. She loved to do things, and she prepared for her life as if money had nothing at all to do with it. She chose the life that may be very pleasant even to those who are not rich.

These two sisters grew up side by side, both of them happy, until one day something went wrong, something that their father could not possibly have helped, and he was rich no more. The two girls were suddenly poor, and I think it nearly broke the heart of one of them. But it mattered nothing to the other, for her happiness was set in a foundation more solid than gold. She had learned the great secret that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and she is winning her way with high honour in the profession she has chosen.

Now, we can live in either of these ways. We can live so that a hundred things that may happen will shatter our happiness and break our hearts; or we can live so that our peace is in an armour that no chance stroke can pierce; so that our happiness is based on things that endure, and not in circumstance, which today is and tomorrow is not.

And this true happiness, this strength that will sustain us whatever may come, we can all possess. I do not think there is any recipe for it that can be put into words, because the deepest language is far removed from feeling, and there are some things that can only be felt. But we know,

every one of us, when our lives are at their best and when they are not. We know, every one of us, whether we are interesting ourselves in things that matter or in things that merely please. We know whether we are filling our minds with fine ideas and lovely thoughts, and trying to understand the world in which our lives must be spent.

More than anything, it seems to me, a girl should have deep sympathy. There is a sympathy beyond words, and perhaps it is the best of all; but no power can exaggerate the good that a cheering word may do. Often, when I have been sending out my papers to the world, I have been depressed and have thought I would give up all their worry; and then there has come a greeting from some human heart—from some unknown comrade, perhaps in Africa, or China, or Egypt, or Java; perhaps from some lonely mother bringing up her children in a place where wolves howl round the door at night; perhaps from some man whose life is wearing itself out in the foul slums of London; perhaps from some great school where hundreds of characters are being made; perhaps from a chaplain in the Army, giving his life for the men who garrison far-off places for

England and civilisation and peace; perhaps from a boy or a girl; perhaps from somebody in joy or sorrow: and no word could express the power of uplifting that such letters have. Long ago, but for the unknown friends my papers have brought me from end to end of the Earth, I must have given them up.

Many times you have heard it said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, and nothing truer ever has been said. It means that, while men make laws and machines and houses and ships, women are to be the makers of men. You are to build up the homes and hearts and minds of those who build up only smaller things. But woman is not only the ruler and the maker of rulers; she is the comforter and sustainer. She bears the burden of the world's sorrow; she brings the world its great consolation. Whatever great work a man may do in the world, with all his votes and all his tools and all his talk, the best a man can do is not to be compared with the best that a woman can do.

When President Garfield was asked what he would be, he said, "I shall be a man first of all; if I do not succeed in that I

shall be nothing." I cannot ask you to be men, but I can ask you to be something better. Be women. Do well the most wonderful and beautiful work that any human being can ever do—the building up of a home.

That is the task that awaits you, that is the great contribution you can make to the happiness of the world in which we live, and to the future to which we are going. There is nothing a king can do greater than this work of yours ; there is nothing a queen can do nobler than the making of a happy home. You are the queens of the Earth, and in these years you are winning your kingdom. See that it is a fair one, with nothing in it ill or mean, and see that the days you are living now are golden days, in which every dawn of morning, and every shade of night, shall build up the beautiful throne upon which you were born to reign.

TO THE GIRL WHO BRINGS COMFORT IN PAIN

It is the great power of woman that she brings comfort and consolation into homes of sorrow and chambers of pain, and a little thinking now may save you from distress when you hear, as you will hear, that the power of healing and conquering human pain is mixed up with cruelty and callousness to the sufferings of dogs and other animals.

One of the noblest things in the world is the conquest of pain and disease, in human beings and animals too. The victory is not yet won, but day by day the final triumph is drawing nearer, and to know how great a triumph this is, to know what it means in the great story of mankind, we must understand the difficulties that men face in conquering pain and driving back disease. To heal disease, to destroy pain, we must know the cause of both, and what chances have men of studying the causes of things that happen in

our bodies? We cannot go inside our bodies to find out; we cannot experiment with men and women and children.

And so it happened that for years and years, for generations and generations, men and women and children suffered pain and died, died in thousands where they might have lived. The human body was like a book with one page just a little open; the wisest men made guesses, which were sometimes right and often wrong, and while they guessed and wondered human lives ebbed out and animals lay in pain which no man could relieve. Men did not know that the blood circulates through the body, but thought it moved merely to and fro, and doctors were like men groping in the dark, hoping they might find the thing they wanted by some happy chance, and sometimes finding it; but mostly they groped in vain, and kings died then for want of knowledge which every schoolboy may have now.

But all the time light was slowly coming; the sealed book of the human body was being opened wide and read right through by clever men. And the light that shone in the darkness was the light that came from the animal friends of man—from the

great brotherhood of living creatures that share the joy of life with man, for whom all good men feel and wish the highest things.

What is true of human beings is true in many great ways of animals too, and so men studied animals to find out how to heal their pain, and yours, and mine.

And now there arose a great fear among the friends of animals, lest, in their experiments on animals, men should cause them needless pain ; and, to their honour be it said, lovers of animals all over the world set themselves to watch for the sake of these friends of man who have no voice to plead. Again and again they found that men did cruel things, that perhaps men were not always careful to save pain in a dog when they were trying to save the lives of human beings ; and no one can exaggerate the value in the world of the mercy and pity for suffering creatures that these good people have kept alive.

We should all be thankful for it. But we must guard ourselves against the temptation to let one feeling rule all others, and at times, when two things seem right and we must choose one, we must choose the higher. When the time comes for an

Arctic explorer to decide whether he or his faithful dogs must die, he stifles his grief and shoots his dogs, and all the world believes that he is right. And so, when the time comes to decide whether the lives of thousands of little children are more precious than the lives of a few brave, faithful dogs, we must decide as angels would, and save the highest life.

Now, the pity is that this great truth is lost sight of, and that there should be people who are not afraid to say that doctors and men of science, the great fighters against disease, cut up animals without mercy, as if they were cruel men who found pleasure or profit in doing so. The simple truth about that is that it is untrue. The truth is that these men, who give up their lives to study animals for the sake of saving children, are among the most humane men in the world. The love of animals that is in their hearts does not drive out the love of children, and perhaps it may even be true that they love their children better than their dogs. They are not, as has been meanly said, artists in cruelty. They are the conquerors of disease, the gallant men who spend their lives to save ours.

I am writing this after six great days in the Law Courts, when these men, like a procession of conquerors, came up to answer cruel things that had been said against them. Here and there, from one end of the land to the other, a few doctors were found who believe that experiments on animals are useless and wrong, who thought Harvey was mistaken when he said that these experiments helped him to find out the circulation of the blood ; who thought Pasteur could not understand his own figures ; who were quite sure the great Lord Lister—who saved millions of lives—was wrong ; who had cures of their own for all the ills of men *if only the hospitals would let them try them* ! One by one these little doctors came, and to each of them the knowledge of our generation seemed as if it had not been.

And then, down upon them, like an ocean of knowledge swallowing up a pool of ignorance, came masters of their craft throughout the world : *the men who know.*

One was a famous doctor of the heart, who for twenty years had thousands of cases he could not understand, but at last, after experiments had been made upon animals, came to understand them all, so

that at last he could turn back to his notebook and explain what was happening in any case. "And if I have a puzzle now," said he, "I call at the laboratory, and an experiment will solve it." So, thanks to the knowledge we have learned from animals, there is greater hope for those who have weak hearts. Thanks to these experiments Sir Victor Horsley became perhaps the greatest surgeon of the brain in all the world, and he could not do his work, he told us, without the knowledge gained from animals. There must have been tears in many eyes as men told of the great triumph over the germ which chokes the throat of a child so that it cannot breathe. We call it diphtheria, and many doctors came to tell the Court of fearful scenes in the diphtheria wards of hospitals in the days when children died so rapidly that nurses could not bear the work, and would not stay. Then the animals helped the children, and an experiment on the noblest animal friend of man brought into a dark world the very light of heaven, so that now, if the case is treated in time, hardly a child dies of diphtheria.

"I used to stand and see my friends die from diphtheria, and could not help them,"

said one doctor; "but now we do not mind it in the least. I saw the death-rate from diphtheria go down like that," he added, raising his hand and bringing it down. Thanks to those "cruel men" hundreds of girls are reading this book who, but for them, might long ago have ceased to read at all; and, thanks to these experiments on animals, the terrible dread of diphtheria is passing for ever from mankind.

For days the great procession of life-savers came into the witness-box to scorn the sneers of ignorance and stem the tide of false emotion. For days a great rush of pure, sweet air swept through our English court of justice, in which no mean slander, no petty prejudice, could live.

Like an avalanche of knowledge dashing down into the shallows of ignorance the truth about the conquerors of pain, the story of the heroes of the war between life and death, unfolded itself impressively day after day. Like a chapter in a great adventure was the story of the head of the Lister Institute, the centre of research set up by my friend Sir James Whitehead, when he was Lord Mayor of London, as England's monument to Pasteur. At this

great institution, day by day, men keep the milk pure for our babies, and test the purity of the water on which our lives depend; and all this noble work they do with the help of animals that suffer no pain. Samples of milk and water from all parts come to this famous place, all carefully labelled, so that if death should be found in them the County Council may know where the danger is and how to deal with it. Thousands of these tests are carried out every year, and you who read, and I who write, and the men who made this paper, and the men who set this type, and the men who print it, may, for all we know, owe our lives to the wise men of the Lister Institute, who have learned of animals how to save the lives of men and women and children.

"What would happen if these experiments were not allowed?" the head of the Lister Institute was asked, and his answer is worth printing. Here, in other words, it is:

Well, the United States Government wanted to stop yellow fever in Cuba. They sent out a commission to investigate, and after three months the commission knew no more than before. Then it was decided to experiment

with inoculation, and, as animals do not take yellow fever, some Army officers offered themselves, and one brave orderly begged to share the honour with his superiors. A mosquito which had been kept hungry in a tube for some days was first allowed to bite a patient suffering from yellow fever, and then to bite the officers and the orderly. They caught the disease, but fortunately did not die, as one doctor before them had done. He gave up his life for mankind, but, just as experiments on animals abolished malaria, so these experiments on human beings abolished yellow fever. Both have been stamped out, and, thanks to these experiments, the Panama Canal has been made. Without experiments on animals we should have to experiment regularly on human beings.

So that, when we boast of our achievements, let us remember that they could not have been without the help of our animal friends. We should all be kinder to animals for this service they render to us all, and every lover of animals will rejoice to know that animals gain comfort and health and release from pain by these experiments.

Many causes of suffering in animals have

been discovered and conquered in this way, and it is splendid to know that man is able to pay back his debt to dumb creation by saving animals from sufferings that were once too great for them to bear and live. In this noble fight against suffering, men and animals march together. Both suffer and both gain, and nothing should gladden our hearts more than the knowledge that we are able to give back abundantly to the animal kingdom the release from pain which its sacrifice confers upon the human race.

It is a great and consoling thought when the sad needs of a sorrowful world distress us. There is one more thought that should console us. Perhaps it may be that, in some countries on the continent of Europe, men who study animals and experiment upon them are sometimes indifferent or cruel. But it is something to fill the heart of every British boy and girl with pride that Great Britain is the only country in the world where these experiments are carefully guarded by law. We are kind to dumb animals in Britain, and the truth is that of the five hundred men who study animal life to save human life, who save thousands of human lives every year with

the help of animals, every one is licensed by the Government, and every one commits a crime and can be punished if he causes needless pain.

It is due to these conquerors of pain, it is due to all lovers of animals and of England, to say that. We may well be proud, we who read so often of the splendid lives of our dumb friends, that it lies not within the right of any other nation to throw a stone at England in this sacred cause.

It was John Ruskin who said that the one thing certainly right is the government by the wise and kind, be they few or many, of the unwise and unkind, be they few or many, but it was another wise man who said that the tragedy of this world is not the conflict between right and wrong, but the conflict between right and right. Who, then, are the wise? Perhaps sometimes we cannot tell. But they are wise who love the highest when they see it, who march abreast of Time with eyes and minds wide open, who, having mercy in their hearts, temper it sanely with reason, remembering that that which all things serve is an immortal soul.

We love rightly those who are kind; let us give them monuments in our hearts,

that their names may not pass away. But most of all we love those who are wisely kind, and to them we build no monument, for theirs is the Future, and the Kingdom of Heaven.

TO THE GIRL WHO LOVES THE NOBLEST

In the long, long years to come, when you look back upon your journey through this world, it will thrill you with gratitude and pride, I hope, to remember the way you came.

You will think then of these golden years of girlhood, when the sun was always shining, when nothing but happiness lay about you and nothing but hopefulness lay in front of you. You will think of those who passed by, some in gladness, some in sorrow ; and you will remember with thankfulness how you made them all a little happier as you passed. You will think of the things you were able to do and the other things you tried to do, and you will be comforted to reflect that this and that good thing you gave the world, and this and that great cause you lifted up. You will have regrets as you look back, for the world is a difficult place for those of us who are only human ; but in

the main you will cherish, I hope, a great consolation that you have done your duty, have loved the noblest, have made the world a little better than you found it.

But among all the things that you will be able to do in the world nothing will win for you so high honour, so great a consolation, so certain a place among those who have served their generation well, as the founding of a home. No monument that a human being can set up on the Earth can compare with that ; no legacy that a millionaire can leave behind can match the legacy a mother may bequeath to the world. For the mothers of England hold the future of England in their trust. There is nothing that, together, they could not do. It is better, says John Ruskin, to build a beautiful human creature than a beautiful dome or steeple ; and while men are building domes and steeples women are building up the lives of little children, setting them in the midst of influences which will make them noble and wise, or ignoble and ignorant.

How infinitely great and far-reaching is the work of a woman ! A mighty conceit men have of the way in which they rule the Earth, and they have no mean opinion

of their Acts of Parliament, their systems of philosophy, their marvellous machines and the thousand other triumphant things which the brains and hands of men have spread throughout the world. But these works of men may perish; in any case these laws, philosophies, and inventions, are but the servants of mankind, subject to the whims and fancies of one generation and another.

But a girl, a woman, the founder of a home—what does she do? She builds up the living future of the world. Not laws does she make and mould, but the Parliaments that make the laws: not systems of thought does she create, but thinkers: not machines does she construct, but the creators of machines. A man may build a ship and say to it, "Go, sail across the sea"; but a woman builds up a captain in whose hand the ship is a slave. A man says to his creature, "You shall rise in the air, or ride upon the earth, or dive into the sea, according to laws you cannot break"; but a mother says to her boy

You may be Christ or Shakespeare, little child,
A Saviour or a Sun to this lost world.

I stopped one Sunday morning at Ajaccio, and turned out of the hot sun that was pouring down on the Mediterranean into the shadow thrown by a street of high plain houses; and in a room in one of these plain houses I lay down on a bed where, a century and a half back in the history of the world, a mother lay with a little child. He was like most other baby boys in that street of Corsica, and nobody thought he mattered much, except his mother; but he mattered much to everybody who happened to be alive with him in Europe, for this mother's child grew up to be Napoleon, whom some men call the Great. And while he was frightening Europe, while English politicians were wondering if Napoleon would come and put them in chains, and English mothers were saying that if he came he would eat their children, two little boys were playing in a London square. They were like all other boys around them to the passers-by, but perhaps to their mothers they were unlike, for they were mighty giants growing up, and one lived to be Prime Minister and change the face of politics in England, while the other stirred every pulpit in these islands to the depths. And while one was being buried in Westminster

Abbey, and the other in a little garden off a country lane, a Polish mother was singing Polish cradle songs to a baby girl at Varsovie whom nobody would have expected to be anything but a simple peasant maid, though she grew up to be known as Madame Curie, who has made the power of her brain felt in every thinking room and in every scientific book throughout the world.

In such ways do little children make all the difference in the world ; so quietly, and perhaps not knowing, does a mother bring into life a power that may shake the world like an earthquake, or may change it silently like the leaven, which mixes with the meal until the whole is leavened.

You will be proud and grateful to have the solemn opportunity that a home of your own will give you, and you will fit yourself, in the years opening out before you now, for the work of building up a beautiful environment in which life may grow and develop in its noblest form. Just as our bodies grow from visible things—as our hands and feet are simple transformations of the food we eat and drink—so our minds grow from the scenes and books and friends and thoughts that gather

about us, so our hearts are stirred and filled with deep emotions by the invisible and intangible things that make up what we call our atmosphere. As the dome of St. Paul's was made by Sir Christopher Wren, so the mind of a girl is made by the love that is set about her. You, the mothers of the future of England, are making your minds now what the minds of your children will be, and the future of England will be *what the girls now growing up in England would like it to be.*

Can you think calmly, you girls of the future, of that ? The future of England—ah ! Do not let us mistake : we can make it what we will. No more little children dying from hunger and cold ; no more mothers worn to death in the struggle to keep alive ; no more thousands of babies whom nobody wants and nobody cares for ; no more consumption devouring human lives and throwing its dark shadow across the hearth.

The future of England—what a dream it is for angels ! What a land this will be when mothers know their power, when ignorance is banished and selfishness and hate and ugly things have gone for ever ; when in their place come knowledge, and

charity, and gentleness, and love of country above love of self; with goodwill and comradeship, and one desire of happiness for all. We are hastening or hindering that time, you and I, but you most of all, for you are the builders of homes and of lives, of homes in which lives are made pure and beautiful and brave, or else less pure, less beautiful, less brave. You will send out from your homes the men who will rule the world, the teachers, the writers, the poets, the painters, the governors, the workers, and the kings, and they will be what you make them, they will do what you bid them. So the mothers of England can mould and shape the future as they will.

You will be thinking, perhaps, as you read this, that homemaking is a long way forward for you now, and that there is time to think of all that by and by; but long before you have a home to make you must fit yourself for it, and if your children are to be your jewels you must enrich yourself now with the treasure that is yours to pass on to them. There is a great name in English literature which would have been greater still if it had been nobler, and there is little doubt that Byron's mother was largely to blame for the sort of man

Lord Byron was. She would throw the poker at him and taunt him with being a cripple, so that he wrote of himself that

Untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned.

There are mothers like that—and there are mothers like this, of whom I read in a newspaper the other day :

There was a little girl in the infirmary, who was very ill with pneumonia, and there was just a slight chance of saving her life. They tried to keep her alive by inserting a silver tube at the bottom of her throat to tap off the fluid from her lungs.

One day her mother came to see her, and the attendant, taking her behind the screen, said : "You can only stay two minutes, and whatever you do, don't touch that tube, for her life is depending upon it."

The nurse went away, and on returning in a few minutes found that the woman had gone, and had taken the tube. She sold it for drink. *She had got her drink and she had lost her child.*

It is hard to read an ugly thing like that, and I am not sure that I should have told you this story ; but, knowing that such fearful things can be, you will strive all

the more to be loving and kind, to live a life of sacrifice, if need be, for those you care for and who care for you. You will be all the more careful because disappointment comes so easily, and a false step has such tragic consequences. Unto your dying day you may feel the consequence of a wrong decision. Is anything more sad than that broken dream of Wordsworth, who loved a little child that he would dandle on his knee, and loved him so fervently that he wrote one of his most beautiful poems to his little "faery voyager" of six years old.

I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years

the poet wrote; and then, fearing that pain and sorrow might come to his little playmate, he thought of him as a dewdrop which the morning brings forth, "ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks":

A gem that glitters while it lives
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.

The little boy grew to be a young man

and Wordsworth grew old, and the old poet lived on to see his child friend throw his life away, so utterly that Hartley Coleridge himself (for it was he) wrote these terrible lines on the fly-leaf of a book :

When I received this volume small
My years were barely seventeen ;
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas, I might have been.

And now my years are thirty-five
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be what now I am.

It is easy to think of cases like these, but we need not dwell too much on the way in which our hopes are sometimes broken in a human world. It is right that the thought of this should give us pause and make us doubly jealous of our influence over others ; but you will remember most of all the glorious power you have of setting young feet firmly on the path that never leads astray. One by one we bring our contribution to the heritage of those who follow us—we prepare them for the world ; together, as society, we prepare the world for them. You will honour and cherish the name you bear, and keep it unstained

for those who bear it after you ; and you will do your utmost to see that your home is a centre of life at its best.

And so you will live now that this may be your lot in future years. You will interest yourself in the things that do not pass away. Let your mind become a part of the moving world, gathering into it the new waves of knowledge that sweep along the shores of Time. Have faith, hope, and charity, and these three rich possessions will be the strong foundation of your womanhood. You will have no time for inanities, no desire for the petty round that swallows up so many useless lives. Love Nature and obey her ; and think every day, whatever sadness the day may bring forth, of the comforting words of Lavengro : " There's night and day, brother, both sweet things ; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things ; there's likewise the wind on the heath."

There are always these things, and they are for us all. The joy that they will bring to us if we will learn to love and understand them is unspeakable : a wide sympathy with Nature will bring us not only the joy that comes direct to our senses from the natural scenes about us—

from running streams and golden heaths and the sunshine pouring on the hills ; the love of Nature will broaden our minds and train our senses and equip us with a mental and moral power which will be a constant source of strength to us. It will help us to understand the world and its people, and the lives they live ; it will give us a right appreciation of the proper place of things ; it will give a meaning to all parts of our general knowledge so that we shall see it whole and not in fragments.

So we shall come to take a wide view of the world we live in, and hold it in reverence It was made for us. For us the Earth was made to whirl and spin in space ; for us winds were made to blow, birds to sing, and seeds to grow. Owners of the Earth and heirs of the ages are we, and there is nothing in the treasuries of Nature that is not ours if we will take it with humility. But humble and lowly we needs must be on our journey to the Maker of this world. Beyond it all our destiny awaits us ; the glory that no man knows shall be ours at last. We will go our way like children of the King, following those who have gone before, guiding those who come behind. We will take our place in the great pro-

cession that marches ever onwards, building up and building better as we go, to a future nobler and nobler yet.

And you, you founders of lives, you builders of homes, shall carry on the living chain that never ends and never dies, but winds and winds and winds for ever until it binds our lovely Earth around the Throne of God.

THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES

Was it not John Ruskin who prayed that every dawn of morning should be to us as the beginning of life, and every setting sun as its close? It is wonderful how thrilling life is if we think of it like that. How full of wonder is every day!

We wake in the morning out of a strange darkness which has given us new strength, out of a sleep in which our minds have been into a world that no man knows; in which our bodies, though working all the time, have rested even while at work. We wake up refreshed for the dawning day.

We feel how wonderful a room is, every inch of it flying about, yet all its countless parts so small and so beyond our senses, so perfectly balanced and so wondrously made, that not a movement do we see save in the glow of the fire, which brings to our hands the warmth that came from the Sun far back in days before the first man was born.

By this fire we breakfast, and know that

all through the night, when we have slept, a world has been awake to fill the table for us ; ships and trains and willing hands have brought together the things we like to eat and drink. And lying on the chair, bought for a penny, is a newspaper which cost a thousand pounds to make, with the story of yesterday in every country of the world told for us to read.

We take the paper into the garden and read its story there, and the garden now is a miracle to us. How came all that beauty there ? All the forces of the universe have put it there for us. The Sun is pouring down power upon the garden, the air is holding over it precious nitrogen, and in the soil are millions of millions of little creatures seizing hold of these things, busy as bees all day and night, taking the thing we call decay and making it into new life, making a garden of colour for us as they make the mighty forests of Africa, the rice fields of Asia, the waving cornfields of North America, and the boundless grazing grounds of Australasia.

We leave the garden and walk to the station, and it rains, perhaps, as we go. But a shower is interesting, for we know that a raindrop is perhaps the very oldest

thing that remains on Earth today, the thing that has been what it is longer than a thing else we know.

And, as the train carries us along, we think of the shining bands of steel that stretch around the globe, with a living burden at any moment of millions of men and women going about their lives as we are—carried forward by a ceaseless bombardment of tiny balls of steam, millions of these balls striking thousands of iron plates so hard and fast that the plates fly to and fro and turn the wheels, and the world can move about and get on with its business. So we travel by a power Napoleon refused to believe in, and we time ourselves to the minute by a watch that William the Conqueror's kingdom could not have bought for him.

We read our letters as we go along, or find them waiting on our desk; a letter dropped into a little red box across the Earth lies today on a table in London with letters written last night in Paris and Dundee. Time and space are nothing to us, for all times and places meet in our daily lives, and all day long the machinery of civilisation is running to help us. If we would speak to Budapest we can do

so ; if we would send a message to a ship at sea the instrument is ready to our hand. If something urgent comes the telephone is there ; if the matter can wait a little the telegraph is there ; if the wires do not go fast enough the ether is waiting to carry our orders ; if the orders can wait a few hours a penny will take them by post. The world moves for us at the rate we bid it go.

As the day flies on we do our work—perhaps at home or at school ; perhaps in an office or a shop ; perhaps in the quiet of the countryside or the bustle of the town ; perhaps among machines which almost seem to think ; perhaps deep down in the earth, or racing across the continent, or travelling across the sea. Perhaps you work with steel made by the strongest fires men can endure ; perhaps you work with a fountain pen made up of something from the heart of a great forest, something from the fierce fire of a volcano, something from the top of a mountain, something from the depths of a mine.

Then, when our day's work is done, we go home at night, and perhaps we touch a switch which sets moving in our room the sound-waves set moving by Madame

Melba when she sang Auld Lang Syne long years ago, and the song fills our room as it filled the room in which she sang it then. When the song is done, before we go to bed, we look through the window at the stars, moving majestically among millions of worlds that roll above us, and as we look into that vast and distant silence we know that if we had a million worlds a hundred million times as big as this, and if these million worlds were rolled into one and multiplied by a million more, they would still be smaller, *all together*, than the range of stars we call the Milky Way.

It is a thought with which to end a day, and well we may rest in silence under the wakeful stars, resting the human machine which has worked perfectly all day without our knowing it, shutting off a tired body from the brain which goes on working still, waking in the morning after a sleep which brings new strength for the round of life that begins again.

The Sun comes into the room like a message from the Maker of the Heavens. Another day has dawned for us ; another life begins. We go on our way through the wonder and beauty and glory of the world.

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