

OUT OF HER SPHERE.

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BY

LIZZIE BOYNTON HARBERT.

"The mission of woman on earth? To uplift,
Purify and confirm, by her own gracious gift,
The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade and drag down and oppose it forever.
The mission of woman? Born to soothe and to solace,
To help and to heal the sick world that leans on her."

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GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

TO

"MOTHER."

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OUT OF HER SPHERE.

CHAPTER I.

FORESHADOWINGS.

All ye lassies who would a true womanhood win,
Avoid vanity's breakers, lest ye tumble in.

"Ah! I see you, Little Shadow; and as the boys say, 'I think you'll do.' You see—no, you can't see, either; but you know, if you are to follow me all the days of my life, I want you to be a pretty good Shadow. Come a little nearer, please. Here I am, leaning right over the water. I see you plain as day, you cunning little thing! There! you are dancing right over those lilies! I guess you forgot to curl your hair this morning; it looks just like mine feels. Perhaps this aint your morning for curling it. I only curl mine about once a week, and *then* it hurts dreadful! Yes! and *your* apron is torn, too! I can see a little bare shoulder peeping through. Barefooted, too! and oh! don't the stones hurt! You are enough like me to be my sister. Oh-o-o-o-oh!" and plash went the little maiden, right into the brook.

The water dimpled and darkened, the Little Shadow was driven away, and our heroine might have been drowned, and our story never written, but for the opportune appearance of Hugh Browning, whose

strong hands lifted the frightened child from her watery bed, and placed her gently upon the moss-covered tree from which she had fallen; and then the woods resounded with merry, boyish laughter.

"Well, Marjory, what in the world were you leaning over the water in that style for?"

"Why—why,"—and then a girlish laugh tinkled and babbled through the air until the birds almost ceased singing to listen—"I was only talking to my shadow—just having the most fun, and it looked so cunning that I thought I would kiss it, and so I leaned over—and so *I tumbled in*. I suppose if you hadn't been near, I would have drowned; but then you are always round. I guess you are my 'Providence,' as Auntie calls it. But aint I wet and muddy? I guess I won't go home just yet, 'cause mamma is *so apt* to ask questions."

"That was it, little Miss Vanity; looking at yourself. Little girls that spend too much time looking at themselves usually have a fall of some kind."

"Hugh Browning, you are just the hardest boy to please I ever saw. Just the other day you told me to love everything, because God made it; and that little shadow dancing over the ferns and lilies was just the cunningest thing I've seen to-day. But your boots are muddy, anyhow, so s'pose you get me that bunch of lilies?"

A decided expression of astonishment flitted across the boy's face, as the coveted blossoms grew in the deepest part of the pond; and while he was yet coolly surveying Marjory, a plash in the water arrested

his attention, and looking around, he discovered one of the village boys already gathering the fragrant blossoms. In a moment the boy's tattered straw hat was filled with the snowy buds, which he hastily conveyed to Marjory, saying, as he emptied them into her apron: "If you ever want anything of that kind done agin, and Jack Lawson's around, why, he's your man—"

"Oh! thank you, you splendid, jolly boy; these are beauties. Now come and sit down on the tree and let's tell fortunes—and—if ever *you* want anything done, why, I'm your girl."

"Madge, how many times must I tell you not to use such words?"

"What words?"

"Why, such words as 'I'm your girl.'"

"Well, now, that's funny, too. I said it because you say it. I thought 'twas just the jolliest thing to say. I did, just as sure as guns."

"Ah! there you go again! A little girl saying—'as sure as guns.'"

"But I know *you* say that, Hugh; 'cause that's exactly where I learned it."

"Very likely you did; but I am a boy, and boys can say a great many things that is n't at all proper for little girls to say."

"But why?"

"Well, I don't just know why, unless it's because they're *girls*."

"Well, then, I don't think it's one bit nice to be a girl; so there. Everybody always saying little girls must n't do this or that. I can't run, nor climb

fences, nor whistle, nor go in swimming, or anything; and I am going to do every single thing that you do. God never meant that little boys could be as *bad as everything*, did he, and just the little girls must be good? *Won't there be any boys in heaven?* 'cause if there won't, I guess I won't go. I don't think 't would be very nice to have only girls."

"You are the strangest chicken, Madge; I don't know what God thinks, but I know it is a great deal easier for girls to be good than for boys. I want you to be good enough for both of us."

"Yes, but you see *I won't*. It is just dreadful hard to be good enough for myself. Here, Jack; here's your bouquet."

"Why, Marjory, I thought that was for me."

"Did you? Who waded in for the flowers?"

Only a little thing; a cluster of flowers from the hand of a little girl, and yet when Hugh Browning saw them placed in the rough, brown hands owned by Jack Lawson, he coveted them. Thus early in life he was taught to realize that if we sit idly by while others perform their labors of love, we must expect to see them reap the blessing at the beautiful harvest-time. Hugh thought it a manly act to lift Marjory from the water, but any boy could wade in for lilies. Life will discover to him that those who wait for great occasions are not the world's greatest heroes, but those who crowd into every day and hour, acts of kindness, charity and love.

Ten persons could be found willing to assist in drawing the carriage of a prince, while we searched for one who would share his seat with a beggar.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRIDE OF THE COUNTRY-BOY.

"Let a man once show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels;
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone,
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he fling it a bone."

"Fifty cents a bushel for the 'Greenings,' and fifty-five for the 'Seek-no-Further,' and you'd best drive rather keerfully over the rough places, so as not to bruise 'em—the apples, we suppose, not the rough places—and be sure to be back agin milkin'-time."

"Yes, sir, you may depend on me; I'll be back in time." So saying the speaker sprang into an open wagon, seated himself upon a rough board and grasped the lines in a manner that indicated he possessed the secret of success, for he did with his might whatsoever his hands found to do.

"Wait! let me ride to the gate with you, please?" and in response to her request, Winthrop waited and lifted, very tenderly, the little bundle of check'd apron and tangled curls, up to the seat beside him, and as we catch a glimpse of the piquant face we know it is sister to the boyish one beside it.

Winthrop assumed quite a grand-fatherly air, as he thus questioned the little lass:

"Daisy, do you remember how you cried because you couldn't go to the circus with me, and wished

you were a boy? I tell you, boys have a good deal of trouble too; pretty hard times I can tell you. How would you like to be sent to town to peddle apples and have all the proud city folks look down upon you?"

"Now, Wintie, that's green—just as green as your apples—if you feel like a peddler other people will think you are one, but if you think you are a splendid boy selling apples to help your father, why all the people will wish they had a nice jolly boy like that. If I was going I would pretend I was—I was—only it jolts pretty much, do n't it?"

"I should think it did, and I guess by the time you'd get to town you would think you was a funeral procession, or something. But, good-bye now, jump down and open the gate and run home to your dolls and kittens."

Out from the farm-yard into the winding road, speckled, flecked and brodered with sun-beams, shadows, and brilliant autumn leaves, Winthrop watched the frisking squirrels and listened to the dropping nuts, until his foolish pride was forgotten, and his young soul received a blessing from the perfect day, with its sun-light and beauty. Gratitude to the kind Father who had tinted the autumn leaves and shaded the clouds, so filled his heart, that he whistled a prayer and was merry and glad as the morning.

Ye who live from "merry Christmas" until "Thanksgiving" in crowded cities, wonder not that your childish days were not haunted by such emotions—since you were not blessed with such beautiful

teachers. From the floating apple blossoms, blushing good-bye, to the gnarled old mother trees, until the crimson and golden fruit is gathered nature abounds in tenderest lessons, and our young friend Winthrop has been her faithful pupil.

"I say! hold up a minute. Could n't give a tired fellow a lift, I reckon? could ye?"

"Yes, I think I could; so jump in, and as Pat says, 'The top o' the mornin' to ye.'"

"G'wine to the town with a load of apples, be you? Not much fun, either. The old man wanted me to go, but you see I was a leetle too smart for him; a leetle too smart. You see I think I'm about as good as the next one, and I don't propose to be looked down upon by those proud city chaps. But see here, old fellow, seems to me you wear pretty fine clothes for poor folks. You aint trying a few airs, be you?"

"No difference about the airs so long as I *earned* the clothes."

"If ever! Spunky, aint you? I just heard Squire Larkin's gals saying that since you come from college you would n't play "Sister Phoebe," nor any of them plays, at the quiltin's or apple begs, and that you was saving your money to buy your sister a pianny. But here's my stopping place. I am 'bleeged' to you—good day."

Winthrop used his whip for the first time, now, and drove rapidly toward the town. The few words of the ignorant boy had colored the canvass of his imagination and were destined to shade all the circumstances of his visit to the village.

Thus are we ever, with the tiny brushes of opinion, painting shadows or sunbeams on the hearts of our associates.

Merely one kind, loving word may cause some little saddened heart to thrill with joy—merely a thoughtless word turn somebody's sunshine to shadow; our days are ever brodered with the restless hands of friends.

The horses Winthrop drives, wait not for our moralizing. Forest trees become more scattered, rail fences are supplanted by board, church spires loom in the distance, then the "square," with its central point of Court House and Winthrop is in town. The large apple placed upon an upright stick attracts observation and customers, and in a short time but a single bushel remains unsold; one of the prominent merchants of the town secures that, with the request that Winthrop would leave it at the house on the corner, as he had no basket.

A scarlet flush passed over the boy's face, and then, heartily ashamed of his own pride, he drove to the residence indicated. Pausing a moment to listen to a sweet voice singing a favorite ballad, he then knocked distinctly and awaited the opening of the door.

Through the long hall came the distinct tread of firmly planted little feet, and the boy's heart beat as violently as though some witch or fairy had revealed to him that she who was coming was to be the good or bad angel of his future. The door was opened and the merchant's only daughter stood before him. In the presence of those beautiful, sympathetic eyes the

boy stood awkwardly silent a moment, then stammered out, "here's a bushel of apples *he* asked me to leave here."

"Oh! yes, nice one's aint they? perfect beauties! just bring them into the pantry, Bub, if you—" but before the astonished child could utter the "please," the boy slammed the door, set the apples down with a bump, and forgetting his father's new bushel basket, he sprang into the wagon and drove rapidly away. The beauty of the autumn day had vanished, the daintily tinted clouds seemed but a daub, while the birds seemed to echo and the sun-beams to auto-graph that word so dreadful to boyish ears, "Bub." A little thing, you say, from which to evoke a scene; ah! 'twas of serious import to the boy Winthrop, for

"All proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation—"

Right here, if I was not opposed to sermons in stories, I would say to my young friends, to that dear, blessed, little, dark-eyed girl who thinks "nobody loves her," or that "the other girls don't wish to play with her," I would say to her, don't think so much about yourself dear! Be so kind, and merry, and good, that others cannot desist from loving you, and that the children will always choose you for a play-mate.

Or, you, good-hearted, large-handed, freckled-faced boy, you know that you are awkward and ugly, and you imagine that God does n't love you very much or He would have made you more lovable. Just be patient, my honest fellow. Keep pure in heart and

after a time your soul will glide into your face. You are to make a strong, useful, splendid man, and then your friends will chide themselves for not appreciating you. All this I would like to say, but as I am attempting a story I will say nothing about it.

Winthrop was very proud, and hence, very sensitive. He foolishly imagined that some persons looked with disdain upon him because he was a farmer's son. He thought he discovered pride in others, when he possessed the larger share himself. The thoughtless little girl called him "Bub" merely because she did not know what else to call him, and he foolishly imagined it was because he was a "country boy."

* * * * *

"What has my Little Humbug been doing to-day?" questioned the merchant, who had caused our friend Winthrop so much trouble.

"Pa, I really wish you would never call me a 'humbug' again; because I really guess *I am one*."

"Well, well; I 'really guess' you are, too; but I wish the world was crowded with such. But what is the trouble now?"

"Why, pa, I never do what I want to. I am always sure to do the very *wrongest* thing. I try to make people happy and have a good time, but I most always go wrong. You know that nice little boy that cut old auntie Conner's wood for her when she was hurt? Well, he came here to-day with some apples, and I asked him just as good as I could to take them into the pantry, when he just banged the

door, set the apples down as hard as our teacher does the little boys when they do n't know the lesson, and then drove away as fast as he could. What made him act so, do you suppose?"

"Well, really, I don't know. Think a minute. Tell me just what you said."

"I didn't say anything at all, but 'just take them into the pantry, Bub.' That was every rag."

"Ah, yes, Topsy, it was that little word 'Bub' that made the mischief. Boys of his age are very sensitive. His name is Winthrop; call him so if you meet him again."

"Why, I will call him General, if he wants me to; but I would like to call him Bub once more, just to see his eyes flash."

The stars shone into the little maiden's room and twinkled a benediction upon her as she kneeled by her little bed and repeated, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," adding, "Father, please send an angel to tell that boy I did not mean to make him angry."

The same stars shone into the more humble apartment known as Winthrop's room, out in the old farmhouse. Winthrop kneeled by his little sleeping sister, smoothing the tangled curls and resolving that by his own unaided labor he would secure for her wealth and position. This young lad had accepted the false belief that money can secure every possible good and happiness. Life, with its beautiful realities; its grand possibilities; its Christian chairities, is before him. He will live to learn, that happiness consists, *not* in

lands, stocks, or greenbacks alone, but in the power to extract some pleasure from every passing moment; every situation in life; every friendship and every duty. God has crowded life with beauty and blessings, if so we only keep bright the key which unlocks the mystic door. That key is unselfishness.

Winthrop's selfish pride had received a blow, he could not say, "forgive us our trespasses;" his evening prayer was omitted, and his sleep was troubled; the distant child's was sweet. Meanwhile the angels are guarding them.

CHAPTER III.

MARJORY THROUGH OTHER SPECTACLES.

Ah! Prejudice and Ignorance strange spectacles you use,
For they give to every object a tinge of their own hues.

"'Pon my word, where did you come from, child? and so early in the morning too; I thought you city folks did n't eat your breakfast until dinner time, and here you are as bright as a lark."

The 'pon honor, truth is, John, I never was up quite so early; and then I am up two ways; up early and up high. When I was a *very* little girl my papa used to tell me about the sun rise on the prairie, and so I coaxed Albert to nail some boards on the roof so I could climb up, and its just pretty jolly. But is it true, are those trees thirteen miles away?"

"You just start afoot to the nighest tree and I guess you'll believe it;" hastily replied the man, who had come over to the farm "to help 'em a spell;" not that he was obliged to work for his living, (as he had explained to Marjory,) "but that he could n't be mean enough not to help a neighbor out of a tight place."

This Marjory being our veritable little friend who made her debut seated upon a mossy tree, admiring her own shadow in the waters of a little brook, and who now makes her appearance seated upon the roof

of a large farm house situated on one of the broad prairies of Illinois. The child has been gifted with a true love for the beautiful, and her young, pure soul is thrilled with delight by the beauty of the scene, and who can witness the sublime pageant of a sunrise on the prairie and not be thus intoxicated with pleasure. Along the rose-tinted grey of the morning there seems to be autographed that sublime sentence, "Let there be light, and *there was light.*"

Perhaps, in the spring-time, you have observed the chequered fields—one, brown with rich, damp earth; she next, green-tinted by the ambitious, early wheat; while bordering the horizon is a fringe of trees, brightened by the delicate blossoms which we gladly hail as prophets of delicate fruits.

A little later we see the waves of golden, gleaming wheat and seem to hear the rustling winds whisper to the tasselled corn, of long-forgotten Indian princesses who prayed so long and fervently to the "Great Spirit" that he would send the "maize."

Yet again, the scene is crowded with beauty. When the grain is gathered; when the wild prairie flowers burn in thrills of color everywhere; when the tall grass swings and bends, yielding in wildest grace to the caresses of the Autumn wind—the wind which ever like a fickle, beautiful maiden, for a moment bends and prostrates all before her, and yet leaves but a ripple in her wake to whisper of her conquests. Aye, the prairies are beautiful in the Autumn. To-day the quiet, waving grass; the silent inhalations of the flowers; the lowing of cattle, or the soft echoes of

the wild deer's footsteps. To-morrow, all the wild excitement of the fires. We weary of it only when Whittier's lines are realized—

"No cloud above—no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow."

But to return to Marjory, whose pleasant reverie was disturbed by the rasping voice of the "hired man."

"I say, Miss 'McFlimsy,' if you 'low to go to the timber with me to-day, you'd best run into the house and change your harness. You can't get through the bushes with all that finery."

"Nobody expected to go to the woods with a wrapper on, but I can change it in a minute. Can't I go with you to milk first? Won't you teach me how?"

Well, yes, I reckon, you can go if you will run the risk of having all the turkeys after you, 'cause our turkeys aint used to such things."

"Used to what things, John?"

"Why, little girls running around of a morning all sprinkled out with ruffles and ribbons."

"Well, I will help you carry the buckets to the gate any how." And a little, white, dimpled hand nestled close to the farmer's broad, brown one, causing the poetry of the man's nature no escape in the following soliloquy: "I vum, if that don't remind me of a dove and a prairie chicken sitting side by side on a fence." Meanwhile Marjory's little feet fairly danced in attempts to keep pace with the larger pair beside them.

"Them feet o' yours won't kill much grass, I reckon?"

"Oh! John, why won't you love me a single bit? my dear papa is dead, mamma is so far away, and nobody loves me, and Oh! it makes my heart hurt so." The large, loving eyes looked up pleadingly into his. Then plash came the great, hot tears down on his hands, and then the little unhappy, grieved child nestled down 'mid the grass at his feet, her little quivering form telling of sobs and heart-ache.

"If ever I saw the beat o' that, my name ain't John Thompson. Why, God bless you, child, I would rather have lost my best three-year-old colt, than to have made you feel that way. Now forgive me and tell me all about it."

The rough man seated himself on the grass, tenderly took the little curly head between his rough palms, and awaited her answer. In a moment the words came trickling through her sobs as she said:

"Why, John, you know my papa died. God took him up to live with him, and then the lawyers came and told mamma the house must be sold, and that uncle Thomas was to be my guardian, (just as though my dear mamma could n't take care of me better than any one else in the world;) and so uncle Thomas sent me out here because board was cheap. But mamma says I shall come back just as soon as she can settle things; and you know I get so lonesome, and then out here you all laugh at me because I am a girl and do n't know how to work. This morning I asked auntie to let me help about the dishes, and she just turned up her nose and said, "you help." Then I asked uncle to let me help him milk, and he said, "we do n't milk

ducks on our farm." Then I asked you, and you laughed at my little feet, and I guess I will just be sick and go to God and papa. But, John, I asked God to make my hands bigger, and I think they are beginning to grow."

"God bless you, little one, and punish me if I do n't stand by you until the last gun is fired. Here I've been thinking that you was so proud of your little hands and feet, and you have been praying to have 'em grow. I'm just downright ashamed of myself. But there's your aunt calling you, so run to the house now. Could n't you give an old fellow a kiss? Seems as though 't would ease my conscience."

"Half a dozen, if you want them;" and two little arms clasped his neck, and two pure lips kissed his forehead. Then Marjory started for the house, while her friend murmured to himself, "May God forgive you, John T., if you ever let your prejudices get the better of your judgment again."

Marjory had many times been made very unhappy by the thoughtlessness of the family into whose care her guardian had entrusted her, and while the children of the prairie thought her proud and vain, she was starving for love and sympathy. Had she worn a sun-bonnet and dressed in calico, they would have taken her to their hearts at once; but they envied her dainty ruffles and broideries, and so clothed her with the pride of their own hearts—since Marjory, who had ever been accustomed to dainty clothing, thought no more of her gay dresses than did these more plainly dressed children of a new calico or gingham. Thus

do all of us, oftentimes clothe others with our own bad tempers, and have not accepted as a fact, that in all humanity there is something of the angel; that underneath velvet and home-spun, satin or calico, broad-cloth or "jeans," beat loving hearts that in various ways each day progress towards angel-hood.

"Madge, Oh, Madge—Marjory, where are you, child?"

"Right here, coming as fast as these ugly little feet will let me. What is it, auntie?" (Marjory had bestowed the title of uncle and aunt upon the farmer and his wife, to the extreme annoyance of a very aristocratic aunt who wrote to her: "Marjory, do n't make relatives out of all creation; but then you will—you always would smile on a darkey as sweetly as you would on a President.")

"Nothing very particular, only 'Squire Larkin's boy just came along with a letter for us from an old friend of mine who lives out in your State. His boy is coming out this way, he says, and that for the sake of old times they would like to have him make us a visit. The letter has been a good while coming, and I would n't be surprised to see the boy at any time. Now his mother is a prime housekeeper, and I want the house to look cheerful like; so, suppose you gather some flowers for the front room. Do n't go very far from the house, and you had best take your deer with you, so that I can hear its bell and know where you are."

That was a busy day for Marjory. The old farmhouse fairly overflowed with blossoms and sweet

perfume, while every corner was invaded by her merry songs. Music seemed to be her natural method of expression. Every thing being finally arranged to her entire satisfaction, she "curled up" on the doorstep to rest, when a strange idea occurred to her, and she hastened away to the old garret.

* * * * *

"And this is my old friend Reuben's son. You are right welcome, my boy, right welcome. You have had a warm ride across the prairies, I reckon. Take a seat out here on the old porch; I guess it is cooler here than in the house. I suppose you won't object to resting a little."

"No, sir; I am a little tired, and yet I enjoyed the ride cross the prairie very mnch. It is a beautiful sight."

"Oh! yes; it's a very good region for corn; but then I do n't see any great beauty in it; but there's Marjory, she is always clapping her hands and saying, 'Oh! how pretty;' but where is the child, I wonder? Mother, where is Madge?"

"I declare I have n't seen or heard her for an hour. I had just forgotten her. You had better call her, Israel."

The farmer's rough voice rasped the summer quiet, and in a few moments the surprised group looked upon an improvised tableau. There in front of them was Marjory, leaning upon her little fawn; her little white shoulders peeping through a torn checked

apron; her curls tortured into two straight braids; her little feet almost lost in a pair of auntie's old shoes, and the small hands encased in enormous mittens. Despite the disguise, her eyes retained their usual expression, and since a familiar face is ever gladly greeted, when one is far from home and friends, the stranger boy-guest sprang forward, and in a moment the little hands were imprisoned, and the surprised child recognized the boy Winthrop, the very same one which she in her own home had insulted by calling him "Bub;" and so she looked at him a moment and then—ran away.

CHAPTER IV.

A TANGLE OF QUESTIONS AND CARPET-RAGS.

"O, lift your natures up;
Embrace our aims; work out your freedom. Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed;
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of *emptiness, gossip, and spite,*
And *slander, die.* Better not be at all
Than not be noble."

"Wintie, what are little girls good for? What can they do?"

"Another of your odd questions. What are little girls good for? A great many things, I should think; as much as boys anyhow. You can feed the chickens, and make bouquets, and oh!—do a great many things."

"Yes, but I do n't mean *such* things. I mean something to do *always*. What are you going to do *all* the time when you get big? How are you going to earn money? Do n't God mean for little girls to work as well as boys?"

"Oh! I expect so, but I tell you what I'm going to be, I intend to be a lawyer; but you—why you will grow up, and be a beautiful, young lady and—get married."

"Well, won't you grow up to be a "*beautiful,*" young man—and *get married too?* Now, I'm going to be a preacher—I *am*, certain, sure. This morning

auntie said, I tell you what, Marjory, if you was a boy we would make a preacher of you, and I guess you'd make your mark. Now, Wintie, why can't I make the mark and *be a girl*? I went to school one day and the teacher said I made the best pot-hooks there was. Oh! Wintie, God is so good; He made all the beautiful flowers, and told the little birds how to sing, and the cunning, little chickens how to get out of the eggs, and then He sent you to me, and I don't believe *at all* He would be so bad to little girls. I will tell you what I think if you won't *ever* tell. Now, *certain, sure*, 'pon honor, nor you won't laugh? Now, I see the laugh coming in your eyes. Now, Wintie, I *know* boys don't know much about such things, but now *try to learn*. You see, every old woman tells me I must be a good little girl, and stay at home with mamma; but I can't, 'cause I have to preach, when I grow up, and so I am just going to buy a little girl for mamma—for me and mamma. Don't you think t'would be much nicer than dolls?"

"Oh! Madge, what in the world would you do with a baby? Would n't you look like a cat with a kitten, and what would you do when it cried?"

"Why just give her a little dose of catnip tea, and roll her up in a little piece of flannel. I think t'would be better than dolls, 'cause the *saw-dust would n't always be spilling*. You need n't laugh so, 'cause I know you will cry to hold her."

"But where are you to get her?"

"In New York, where the man told us about in Sunday-school. He said there was lots of 'em there.

But sometimes I think I won't try to be good any more, 'cause I can't be an angel anyhow."

"Why not, I think you're pretty near one now. What's the trouble about that?"

"Well, I've been looking at the pictures, and every single angel has pretty, light hair, and mine just grows blacker and blacker every day."

"I'm in luck this time; I think I can help you out of this trouble. I found a little piece of poetry this very morning about that, and cut it out to read to you, so, listen:

THE LITTLE EARTH-ANGEL.

I used to read of angels,
But their eyes were always blue;
And as mine were black, I'd wonder
If I could be one too.
I tried to love my Savior,
And my neighbor as myself;
But when people saw my eyes,
They said, "a wicked little elf."

I loved God's birds and flowers,
And the spark'ling little springs,
Wandering down the mountain side,
With such strange murmurings.
I longed to be an angel,
And dwell with God in heaven,
But thought I never could because
My hair was black and even.

In vain I searched the pictures,
Since everywhere I found,
That angels all were very fair,
While I was tanned and browned.

But one glad day, when dreaming
Of all that was to be,
There came like light'ning's gleaming
This happy thought to me:

Altho' like angels up in heaven,
I may not ever be,—
Yet like an *angel on the earth*,
My Father would have me.
So, kneeling in the sun-light,
Among the flowers and birds,
Out, through the forest's stillness,
There went to God these words:

"Oh! Father, though I am too brown,
To dwell with angel's fair,
Yet let me be one on the earth,
And serve Thee everywhere.
And make me live a long, long time,
Until my hair *turns white*;
Until in Thy sight I am fair,
And like an angel bright."

"Oh! yes, that is it exactly. I can be a little earth-angel until I am old and grey-headed, and then I can go to heaven; and I think I will commence right away and go to see old auntie Jones, and read to her a little while."

"Well, I have no objections to that; but, Madge, I do wish you would give up teaching Jack Lawson to read. He is as poor as Job's turkey and nobody has anything to do with him. His father does n't own an acre of ground."

"You say nobody has anything to do with him; then I am *very glad* that I tried to be good to him, poor boy. His mother is dead, his father is poor, and

nobody has anything to do with him. No wonder he is bad. Why, Wintie, *you* would be bad too, if you had nobody to be good for. Yes, I think you would be very bad, because I work pretty hard to keep you good now; and me, when it is so hard for me to be good now, why, if nobody loved me, I would be—would be—a perfect Mrs. Jack Lawson. He waded into the water to get me some lilies once, and I know a boy that will do that has some good in him. I mean to treat him just as good as I can. But I must go now; so, good-bye."

We watch her, as she trips across the prairie, now stopping to gather a cluster of brilliant flowers, or to bestow a caress upon her fawn, and yield her an earnest benediction.

"Good afternoon, auntie. Think you must be getting better. Sitting up, and, what! sewing, too?"

"Ah! you 're welcome, honey; and thanks to your good nursin', I'm mendin' fast. No, not much sewin', bless your purty eyes; I allers call this next to nothing; but then I can't sit still and do nothin'. But it does my old eyes good to see you, child; you look as fresh as the roses. Did you come to read to me a spell?"

"Yes; but if it will do just as well, I would like to help you sew those strips first."

"We do n't call 'em strips—they 're only rags. I used to do my own weavin', but now I just sew the rags, and then I get 'em wove for twenty cents a yard, and then I can get a dollar a yard for the carpet in any of the stores. Last winter I earned nigh fifty dollars just by sewin' rags."

"Oh! the *very thing*. I can do it, can't I? That's the way I can buy my little girl. Could n't I do it?"

"To be sure you could. But what on airth do you mean by buyin' a little girl?"

Marjory attempted to tell the old lady her secret, but as she was somewhat excited by the discovery that she could earn some money, and as the old lady was quite deaf, I fear she did not exactly understand the plan, in-so-much as, when the child paused for breath, the old lady said:

"Yes, that's a very purty story, but 't was too bad the child was *drowned*."

Marjory did not exactly *walk* home—she pranced and danced and skipped and frisked, and in fact I think she did every thing but walk. Her future resolved itself into a tangle of brown, blue, black, yellow, white, and grey rags; then in imagination they were wound into beautiful balls, and then she stepped daintily as though walking upon a new carpet. When she came in sight of the farm-house, or rather, as soon as Winthrop caught a glimpse of her blue dress, he hastened to meet her, and, of course, was speedily informed of her discovery.

"Oh! Wintie, who would have thought that I would find something so soon? There is something girls can do—they can make rag carpets, not weave them, but just sew rags. Aint it splendid?"

"I told you if you would only keep your eyes open, you would find something to do. I guess there's plenty of work in the world for those that want it. But how much will you give me for a letter?"

"Oh! any thing you want. Give it to me quick.

It's from mamma. You read it to me, 'cause you can do it faster."

They sat down upon the grass and read the letter, which changed all their childish plans and sobered both of them. Marjory's mother could not endure the separation any longer, and would send her brother for her in a day or two.

"Oh! Wintie, I shall miss you dreadful, but I *do* want to see my precious mamma, and my dear teacher, and the horse, and Rover; and you can come to see me, and I guess 't will be nicer than it is now."

"No, it won't. I never expect to go to see you—so there. You will go back to your fine home, and your fine clothes, and you will grow up to be a lady, and I will be just a farmer, and you won't want to see me. I know you think you will, but you won't."

"Well, I guess I know. What if I do grow to be a lady—won't you grow to be a gentleman? What if I do wear nice clothes—won't it be *me* in them? God will take care of us just the same. I shall ask Him every day to make you the *goodest* boy, and, oh! I mean to try harder to write plain, and I'll write you the longest letters. So, there; now let's go to the house and talk to auntie about it."

CHAPTER V.

THREADS AND THRUMS.

"First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on 't;
If she will do 't, she will; and there's an end on 't;
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice."

"If ever I see the beat o' ye in my life. What upon *airth* are ye up to now?" (and housekeeper Jane dropped a stitch in her knitting, and stopped rocking so suddenly that she almost pitched forward, so much astonished was she at Marjory's appearance.) What hev you been rumagin' for, and 'twas just last week that I packed them things away in pepper and camphire?"

"Yes, I guess so, 'cause my head is pretty much sneezed off, but I guess its being shoooken out now. I am going to sew rags, so put up your knitting and help me cut these all into little strips, won't you?"

Many days have passed since Marjory's visit to "Auntie Jones," but not until now, the first surprise of finding herself once again in her own home being over, has she been able to execute her project in regard to the rag carpet. This afternoon has been devoted to a voyage of discovery, and she has spoiled the old garret of its treasures, to the consternation of housekeeper Jane and the amusement of her brother and mother.

"Well, Madge, if you do n't look like a rag-picker. What's up now?"

"Not much up garret any way, 'cause I've brought most everything down. These are to sew; I am going to make a carpet to buy my baby with."

"But I thought you did n't like rag babies?"

"Oh! that aint it; but you're a boy, you don't know anything 'bout such things, does he, ma?"

"He only wishes to tease you a little, Birdie, you cannot buy a baby. They used to sell little black babies, but, thank God, that wicked practice is ended. I am glad you wish to do something for the poor, little children, and you can save your money and send it to some good man or women who will buy clothes and food for some little ones."

"No, no, I don't want to do that, I want a little girl of my own. That man said they sent out a car full sometimes to people that had n't any, and oh! I want one so bad."

"Well, well, don't cry about it, and when you finish your carpet, pet, we will see what can be done. See here, look at this little pair of pants. One day your brother came home from school crying as though his heart would break; he said 'ma, you do n't make my clothes one bit like the other boys, they all have a *little piece, a little, square piece of another kind*, right over each knee.' I promised him that he should have a fashionable pair, and that night I put a large patch over each knee of his new pants, and he went to school perfectly happy."

"Yes, and if you 'll excuse me for sayin' it, that's

jest the way you spile your children ; humorin' every notion, and lettin' Marjory tear up the whole house to make a carpet that you know she'll never finish."

"Pet, will you get a glass of water for mamma?"

Marjory flitted away, and in her absence, Mrs. Warner said, "Jane, I do n't know that Marjory will finish the carpet, but I am glad she has a desire to commence it. God seems to have given her a loving heart; she is a real, little philanthropist, and, being a girl, she will be sufficiently hedged in without my assistance. There is seldom any need for suppressing unselfishness. At first her idea of buying a baby seemed absurd, but it actually brought the tears to my eyes to see the cunning, little toad seated in her little chair, working so patiently to earn money to buy a poor, little baby. I doubt not the good Father accepts such pure, childish endeavors, as his sweetest praise. She says she wants to be a *preacher*, and that her little girl is to live with me, and to take care of me while she preaches, and I really wonder if God gives little girls such desires without designing that they should be heeded?"

Her questioning had grown into a soliloquy; and how many mothers seated by girl-children, watching with tenderest love the first, faint indications of genius, taste, or individuality, do not thus soliloquize, and hesitate ere they attempt to crowd the little soul into the straight-jacket woven by the old tyrant, Custom, which renders them custom-made articles instead of God's free angels. God gives the child genius for art, and the world *needs art*; but Custom produces

the straight-jacket, and says, "God has made a mistake; *art* is for boys; you are to wash dishes and keep house." God sends the gift of song and bids his girl-child *write*. Write earnest, tender, womanly words—mother-words for the great, sin-sick world. But, Custom says, "God mistook you for a boy; He meant you should live for *love*; touch literature, and, being a woman, you fail of love, therefore, bury your talent, hide it, toy with the broom, let not an ink-stain soil your fingers, so shall you win a husband."

God says, to another loved one, "The world grows tired of the masculine voice; go use your woman's tones; go plead with men and women to leave off selfishness and come up higher. Think what my Christ hath done for you; will ye not confess Him?" The woman's heart beats back an earnest, "yea, Lord." But the christian church writes over its pulpits, "*sacred to men*." In the christian prayer-meeting, good brothers lament the scarcity of laborers. They urge that the field is white for the harvest but the laborers are few. A woman, one of the teachers of the world, arises, and in earnest tones says, "here am I, send me." These christian men, shrink back aghast! "God has made another mistake, my sister, your desire to work for Christ comes from the evil one; overcome it, hush these thoughts, crowd back the high resolve, and dumb and silent learn of men."

Better that an ignorant world continue in idolatry, than that it hear of Christ through woman's lips. *Because of Paul*, say they. We answer, if you accept the command, "Let your women keep silence in the

churches!" then, banish at once every woman from your Sabbath-schools since they not only speak, but *teach*. Do not intrust your children to the care of teachers who are deprived of the benefit of spiritual consultation.

These and similar questions will confront Marjory's maturer thought, but as yet she is all unconscious of woman's peculiar position in the world of usefulness and labor, and so crows and sings, although, the rags tangle and her needle is sticky. She has commenced her life-work, she has chosen a live baby rather than dolls; she will never be satisfied with toys, she is destined to get "out of her sphere," since even now she is dreaming of winning her way. God has given her wings; she is poising for flight. The world may shut her in a cage, but genius and love will open the door; she is destined to fly.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMING WOMAN.

"Talk not to me of woman's sphere,
Nor point with Scripture-texts a sneer,
Nor wrong the manliest saint of all,
By doubt, if he were here, that Paul
Would own the heroines who have lent
Grace to truth's stern arbitrament,
Foregone the praise to woman sweet,
And cast their crowns at duty's feet."

SATURDAY MORNING.

"Hurricane Hall."

MY DEAR BROTHER:—If you was here I would make you guess what has happened; but as you aint, I guess I won't. Just the *most beautifullest* thing you can think of, and that's why I have n't sent you a letter for so long. Well, one morning I was washing the dishes, and every thing went wrong. I put the biscuits *in the closet*, and set my pan of dish-water in the oven, and then hunted for it, (and oh! you know what funny things I can do;) and then I commenced talking to myself, and I said it's just another "every day;" I don't have any more best days at all. They are all real *calico* days, and faded calico at that; and so I leaned on the old table and looked out the window, and just wished and wished that I was a boy, so that I could earn money, and go to college, and be

somebody. And it did n't do a bit of good; and the dish-water was just as cold and greasy, and I was as cross as—a saw-buck, when, oh! the splendid thing happened. It seemed just like 't was fairy times. I looked out the window once more, and there was a carriage with two horses, *white* horses, coming right up to the front door. It stopped, and that little girl that called you "Bub," and that was out on the prairie where you was, she jumped out, and.....now guess what she wanted? She wanted me to go home with her and make her a visit, 'cause you was good to her; (aint I glad you was good?) She brought a note from her mother, and at last mother said I could go, and I hardly thought it was Daisy when I was going fast in the nice carriage, with the *beautifullest, blackest* driver.

I staid three weeks, and don't you think, Marjory wore calico and gingham dresses all the time, 'cause mine were that—even to a party, though she had prettier ones. Oh! I tell you she's splendid and jolly! I like her better than the girls in the Sunday-school books, I think; but I do n't think she will die very young, 'cause she likes to play hide-and-seek, and she does get a little spunky sometimes; but she says her prayers a good deal. But *she* do n't want to be a boy. She says she intends to do whatever God wants her to, and *be a girl*; thinks may-be she will preach. Aint that a jolly joke? My arm aches dreadful, so good-bye.

Your loving sister,

DAISY WRIGHT.

This letter was given to Winthrop by Warren

Huntington, a wealthy bachelor from New York, who had gone to the prairie to rusticate, and who had conceived a real friendship for the boy Winthrop. After giving him the letter, Mr. Huntington had seated himself upon the grass beside him, and as Winthrop finished reading the missive, he said: "Come, my boy, do n't be selfish; share your pleasures with your friends, and unless that is a love-letter, read it to me, in-as-much as I have n't any of my own to read."

Winthrop was remarkably proud of his little sister, and so gladly read the letter to his friend, little dreaming what a service he was rendering not only Daisy, but Marjory. The moment he ceased reading, Mr. Huntington said: "Tell me every thing you know about this little girl she writes about. I tell you, that is just the most graceful little act of self-denial I have ever heard of. One little girl wearing calico and gingham because her little guest had n't any thing better. Does n't want to be a boy, either! If I was a betting character, I would venture half my fortune that she will develop into a strong-minded woman."

"Oh, no sir, indeed she won't. Why, she is even now making a rag carpet to sell, in order to buy a baby. You mistake, I said she did not want to be a man, and you know all these strong-minded women do."

"I do n't know anything of the kind; they are the most womanly women in the world; womanly, not feminine. You will understand the distinction when you are older; I see you have gained your ideas from the newspapers. Read the carefully written accounts

of their lives and you will discover, my boy, that these women are happy wives and mothers.

They are possessed with souls; that though they have happy homes and friends, and love, they see daily, many women who have no homes; women who are struggling with poverty, and who cannot secure equal wages with men for equal labor, and these women consecrate to their suffering sisters their intellects and powers, and it is a true christian philanthropy. Tell me, boy, who has told you most about your country? which of your parents have explained to you the Fourth of July—your father or your mother?"

"Oh! mother of course, father is always too busy."

"You think then she knows as much about the country as you do?"

"Why, yes, what a question."

"Well, then, when you are twenty-one don't have the impudence to turn around to that good mother and say, 'I don't think I am quite prepared to have you vote.' However, I think I may safely commit you to the care of your friend Marjory, but in the mean time I must see her; my house is a home for just such girls. You see it is all selfishness on my part. When I am old I want to hold a niche in the hearts of some of our noblest women, and they are to be made out of just such girls as this one. When I find a little girl with sufficient moral courage to wear a calico dress to a party because a friend has nothing better, I am just as sure that she will develop into a noble womanhood as I am that these silly, young girls

who take the trouble to assure wife-hunting young men that they are not at all strong-minded; (little geese, nobody ever suspected they were;) and that they have all the rights they want; I say, just *as sure* am I that these girls will develop into silly, selfish, exacting wives. Ah! I tell you my lad, I am not an old bachelor for nothing; I know girls—I have studied them, and now let me give you a little advice.

"When you meet a prudish, clinging girl, a girl who says, with a sweet, womanly voice that she *cannot understand* how some girls can sing in public, even for the benefit of the poor, or that she would do anything, rather than stay in a store as some other girl does, you be sure to find out if she is not also unwilling to wash dishes for the benefit of a poor mother who is a slave to this little idler. *Be sure* that this indifference to all good objects is not an out-growth of intense selfishness. "Still waters run deep." Give me the impulsive, clear, laughing, wayward brook that dashes on to the sea, brodering its banks with fragrant blossoms, quenching the thirst of cattle, or of weary laborers, or of little children hunting for butter-cups—aye, give me this veritable laughing water, with all of its wild impulses constantly getting out of its "sphere," but running and prattling and blessing wherever it goes, and finally reaching the great ocean of usefulness, rather than that quiet, grum, little pool growing green with jealousy, and sometimes trembling with vexation at the audacious little brook, but never, oh! never forgetting its own identity as a *very proper pool*.

"And it is just so with boys, although, for some reason, I have not found them as fascinating a study as girls. Whenever you see boys or hear them saying, that they do n't want their sisters and mothers to vote, because they would receive insults from bad men, rest assured that they are the *very kind* who hold the morning papers up close to their faces, and are entirely *unconscious* of the fact that ladies are standing up in the street-car or in the ferry-boats.

"They are exactly the boys who, with long faces, assure their sisters, that they would be happy to take them to the minstrels, but *really* it is n't just the place for a girl, and then order a carriage and take some *other boy's* sister. Yes, and some of these days when it becomes fashionable, they will declare they always have been in favor of woman suffrage, and they will engage a carriage a month beforehand to take some other man's sister to the *polls*. How do I know? because true men have faith in manhood; because he knows that he would protect his mother or sister at the polls just as effectually as he does at the post-offices, in railroad cars, or on the streets. A true man would not thus thrust aside a *grand idea*, nor desire to have a right yield to expediency. But I have sermonized enough, and so, Winthrop, if you want to be a complete success, try to win a strong-minded woman."

"I'll never do it," replied Winthrop.

CHAPTER VII.

MARJORY KNOCKS AT GATES WHICH ARE SACRED TO BOYS.

"This world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings;
Grasp it firmly, it stings not.
(*Disfranchised*) a woman is too slight a thing,
To trample the world without feeling it's sting.

Five years have passed. Five years have written their story on our Marjory's face, for her's was a face with a story to tell. And what do we read in her fair, girlish face this morning? High resolves for a noble life-work? We might yesterday; but to-day, on this glorious autumn morning, we read a sad, sad story. With her small, white hands, (hands destined to become thin and mournful,) she endeavored to open the golden gate of womanhood—the gate leading up to the temple of usefulness—when she suddenly found herself stunned and bruised by the ragged edges of a stolid wall. Quite near her was a crystal gate, but over it was written, "Sacred to boys." Through this gate her brother had entered; he had received a "welcome" and "God speed" from the learned and good, and in the first enthusiasm of a successful *entree*, had forgotten the little, mournful sister, standing cold and hungry outside the gate. Not hungry for bread, but soul-hungry for an education. Yes, on this autumn

morning, Marjory's only brother had entered college, while she sat in her little room, glancing vacantly at a little note which politely assured her that for such as her there was *no room*. Silent and motionless as a statue was she for a time, and then the hasty, bitter, rebellious thoughts came crowding and surging through her soul, until she cried out, "Oh, God! why didst Thou give me these intense desires, and then allow me to be mocked? Why must women bear not only the physical pain, but the mental anguish of the world? If being a woman, prevents me from serving Thee on the earth, then I pray Thee, take me to Thyself."

"My child! my child!"

Ah! what depths of tenderest sympathy can a mother crowd into just two words?

"Yes, mother, I know I'm wicked, but *being a girl*, it does not matter. Men like a touch of wickedness, they say, and all I have to do in life is to *catch a husband*, since that is a girl's peculiar work. Why did God send me into the world with this intense desire to preach His beautiful Gospel? Why has He given me this intense desire for education, and then bound me hand and foot? Ah! He has not done it. My heart tells me that my Heavenly Father has not made a mistake. The fault is the world's. But, mother, with God on my side, I will succeed yet; but, oh! this world is a hard place for girls."

"My child, custom and prejudice have not only manacled girl's hands, but in so doing, they have deprived boys of much needed assistance. Your

brother, strong, manly boy that he is, wept as bitterly as you do now, this morning, because he could not be an artist. He said, with a widowed mother and a sister dependent upon him, he must adopt some profession which would insure him a competency, and so he gives up his cherished idea, and adopts an irksome profession. Meanwhile his grandfather and many of his friends are greatly disappointed because he does not choose the ministry."

"Oh! mother, he shall be a preacher. He shall preach through his pictures, and I will preach from the pulpit, and he shall not study law in order to support us. We will support ourselves. Ah, there are three of us, and with each other's love we can defy the prejudices of the world. I feel so strong now. It seemed to me that I could not tread the thorny path for my own sake, but *I can for brother's*. Ah, God has given me something to do—save my brother for art, and once out of my sphere, I will find my pulpit."

"But, my child, you need love. You will need it as you grow older, and possibly, if you adopt this independent course, you will sacrifice to it love and a home."

"Possibly—and yet—God will take care of that. With his approval, and a consciousness of duty performed, I can walk alone, if needs be. And now, what can I do? They will not admit me to college; I cannot afford to go from home, and so, mother, you and I must *educate myself*. We will do our best, and I think God will help us over the hard places."

"There is that fifty dollars you earned—your

rag-carpet money. You hav n't found your baby yet, and I think you might take that and hire a teacher for a time, at least."

"Mother, it would seem like stealing if I touched that money, and now, since you say I am destined to be an old maid, I shall try to buy the baby, so that she can take care of my parsonage. No, I will not touch *that* money."

The autumn sunshine shimmered through the room and glorified the world. God created it for shining, and it shone. The birds sang out fearlessly the tunes He taught them, and every flower preserved its own individuality of coloring, form and fragrance, and honored the Creator in blooming. At the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting the good president prayed that God would send additional students to their "Institution," and another prayed that "laborers might be found who would go forth into the fields, now white for the harvest;" meanwhile, Marjory, kneeling in her room, prayed, "Father, guide me in my life-work; help me to teach myself; and, if it be Thy will, let me work in Thy vineyard."

Oh! prejudice and custom, how much longer will ye refuse the great reserve force God has in store for the purification of the world?

How long shall the church rivet chains of silence upon *two-thirds* of her children and so deprive the world of a knowledge of two-thirds of its religious experience?

How long shall "Alma Mater," (unnatural mother

that she is,) continue to recognize only sons as her children. Think of it, that ignorance and prejudice have written upon temples erected to *Minerva*, goddess of wisdom, (why was a woman chosen?) "Sacred to Men." They woo the *goddess* of eloquence, pleading at Calliope's shrine for the wonderful gift, and yet sneer at girls who aspire to the lyceum or pulpit. And yet, and yet, we bide our time, confident that ere long we shall secure a little, mystic talisman, which shall prove to be a key to this crystal gate—for when women legislate, they will not tax themselves to build colleges from which they are excluded.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A GIRL OF THE PERIOD."

"Beauty and wit her shoulders bare,
 Strode with her diamond front in air.
 There beauty walked too oft a shell,
 A bower of roses 'round a cell;
 A casket exquisitely bright,
 With not a jewel hid from sight."

Since brevity is the soul of wit, we will be brief, nor linger for the preluding music, but at once utter the magical, presto! when lo! the curtain rises and we have entire change of scene, and, *dramatis personæ*. Avaunt! ye maidens and bachelors possessed of strong minds and "strong-minded" ideas. Life is not a glorious battle, it is a rose-colored dream of love, and here shall beauty and weak-mindedness reign supreme. According to "Thackery," remember, I quote the man "Thackery," you gentlemen, (if perchance a gentleman yields his attention to *only a girl*,) will at once take this new heroine to your hearts, while women will skip the chapter. For, turn to Vanity Fair and read this assertion. "But though virtue is a much finer thing, and those hapless creatures who suffer under the misfortune of *good looks* ought to be continually put in mind of the fate that awaits them; and, though very likely the heroic female character

which women admire is a more glorious and beautiful object than the kind, fresh, smiling, artless, little, tender, domestic goddess whom men are inclined to worship; yet the latter and inferior sort of women must have this consolation, that men *do* admire them after all, and in fact I am inclined to think that to be despised by her own sex is a very great compliment to a woman." That last sentence might supply thought for a sermon, but we crowd back the indignant protest, and calmly assert that our heroine number two, whom we now introduce as Maude Johnstone, (the "e" being added by the last generation, which is entirely represented by our heroine,) has always been admired and loved by men and disliked by women. Why?

Not solely because men admire her, but because she is not lovable or lovely to women. She is invited out to tea with a party of girl friends; she comes late, mopes in a corner over the last fashion plate, won't sing a note, "would n't give a cent to play croquet with girls," and scarcely rouses or moves until supper is announced; evinces a creditable degree of energy at the tea-table; brightens perceptibly when the girls go up stairs to "primp" for the "boys," and when the door-bell rings and a masculine voice floats up from the hall below, she actually brightens sufficiently to tell the girls some story so tinged with indelicacy that the gay, impulsive, strong-minded girls actually blush at her lack of womanliness. Down stairs by gas-light, in the presence of young men, she is everything that is modest, brilliant, and fascinating, and the boys wonder why their sisters don't like her and think it *must be* girlish jealousy.

But let no one dare to cast a stone at her. She is the legitimate outgrowth of the teaching of society. From baby-hood she has been taught that her life-work was to secure a living, a support for her widowed mother and herself, by winning a *rich husband*. When at one time she even proposed to take a few music scholars, her bachelor uncle said, "no need of a girl with such eyes and hair as yours, working for her living; you can *marry* an 'establishment' any day."

And so Maude accepted the situation and "with all the rights she wanted," with no desire to "get out of her sphere" she adopted as her life-work, husband-hunting. Possessed of tact, wit, and energy, she employed them all, and was destined to achieve success. She knew that successful lawyers *studied* law faithfully; that successful physicians studied the art of healing; she knew that study was essential, and so she studied the art of winning masculine love; she studied the novelists who were admitted to be the most faithful portrayals of human nature, and she discovered that beauty, artlessness and simplicity were the characteristics men worshipped, and so she jealously guarded and cultivated physical beauty, learned the delicate accomplishments of being artfully artless, and could at command be queen of all that was tiresome. In fact she deserves credit for her energy; and if she succeeds the world will applaud.

Come with me now into the home of our heroine and listen to this "little, artless, domestic goddess" prattle about her sphere.

"Come at last, mother. The plot thickens. That

thirty dollars was the best investment I ever made. Listen:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MISS MAUDE JOHNSTONE:—*My Friend*:—One of my bachelor eccentricities is a desire to know every good, generous girl in the country, and hence I wish to see you. Recent discoveries cause me to appreciate the self-denying sacrifice you made in sending thirty dollars to the Howard Mission. Allow me to express my appreciation by tendering you the hospitalities of my home during the coming holidays. In fact I anticipate living in a sort of earthly paradise in so much as half a dozen "earth angels" have promised to wing their way hither. Please accept this enclosed *pass* and oblige,

WARREN HUNTINGTON.

"Heigh, ho; is n't that peaches and cream; rich, and a bachelor; calls us angels. I wonder if an angel in these modern times could trouble the bachelor pool of his affections? Mother, I guess grandmother's pearls must be sacrificed now. I must have an out-fit. Nothing risked; nothing gained, you know."

"That is about all that is left to be risked. I did hope to keep *them*; but you must have an out-fit." And so the pearls were quietly sold to a lady who had often attempted to purchase them, and in lieu thereof, there came to the cottage various bundles and packages, and in a few days the old mirror reflected many piquant tableaux. Even little Miss Quirk, the village dress-maker, who had been used to girls' bare

shoulders and arms for *years*; even she grew complimentary and said, meanwhile letting the cold scissors rest on Maude's neck, (but what wouldn't a beauty, or any other girl, endure for the sake of a compliment?) "Well, I've seen a heap o' necks and arms in my time, but I don't think I ever did see sich soft, white, dimply ones as your'n. Why, with sich arms as them about his neck a man would n't hardly care about going to Heaven; but, law me, what a pity 'tis *they don't last*. You'll be as large as your mother by the time you're as old."

By this time the cold scissors irritated and in no gentle voice Miss Quirk was requested to proceed with her work. But that night when the filmy purple dress was finished, and Maude tried it on, the delicate ruchings rendering whiter still those matchless shoulders; when, with great golden-hearted pansies nestling in the wavy gold of her hair, and with the same suggestive blossoms nestled in a film of lace that thrilled with every heart-beat, Maude was almost beautiful enough to cause a man to forget Heaven and honor, and as we look at her we longed to whisper in the ear of the good, generous Warren Huntington, just as a single word—the little word—Beware!

CHAPTER IX.

PREPARATION.

"For the blessings life lends us, it strictly demands
The worth of their full-usufruct at our hands,
And the value of all things exists, not indeed
In themselves, but man's use of them feeding man's need."

"Surely a 'beautiful time' is in store for me, mother; only listen to this letter."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MISS MARJORY WARNER:—A little bird has whispered to me some very pleasant things in regard to you, and I have a real desire to see the little girl who wore calico for two weeks because a girl guest had nothing better. My home is to be filled with girls during the holidays, but the best room is reserved for you. Do not disappoint me.

Your grum, old, bachelor friend,
WARREN HUNTINGTON.

"Oh! it does not seem possible; only think of it, mother, the Capitol, the marble room, the bronze doors, and, oh! the Senate, and House,—but it seems almost selfish for me to enjoy so much, and you and brother left lonely at home."

"There you go, Marjory, I was just a wonderin' how long 'twould be before you'd begin to mourn 'cause

somebody else could n't go; but what are you going to wear?"

"Oh! a dress I suppose; don't begin to talk about clothes; just think of the Capitol, and the White House, and Arlington, and who cares for clothes?"

"Who cares for clothes? Why, everybody, I guess; and as soon as you get over your crazy spell you'll care too."

Just at that moment, Marjory was almost out of the body with delight, but, after a time, she descended to the practical and condescended to review her wardrobe with her mother; meanwhile, bubbling over with fun, and poor Mrs. Warner at last entreated her not to be as funny as she could.

"Here, mother, we hav'n't taken an inventory of my jewel case, yet?" The jewel case was represented by a blue pasteboard box, and the jewels consisted of two broken ear-rings, one large cameo pin, half of a gold pencil, the ghost of a necklace—principally string, with an occasional gold bead—and a ring with a cornelian heart.

"Oh! 'my country, these are my jewels!' and, mother, tell me, which of all these must be sacrificed?"

"Madge how you act—what is the matter?"

"Don't you remember, I tumbled down stairs once, and, in consequence, was crazy for a day or two? I think I am suffering from a relapse."

While mother and daughter were merry-making over their treasures, housekeeper Jane had been *struck with an idea*, and for the very first time in her

life, she yielded to her own impulses, and attempted to put the idea into execution. Forgetting her coffee, which was even then commencing to burn, she donned her gingham sun-bonnet, and walked over to Senator Browne's.

Forty-five summers had passed since Jane first winked at the world, and during all these years she had pursued her journey in the most proper manner, and as she hurried along, every neighbor wondered what had happened at the widow Warner's.

What had happened? Marjory had received an invitation to go to Washington, and *Jane had let the coffee burn.*

Senator Browne's house was dreary, and desolate, and dark. But a few months had passed since the angel of death had claimed their only child, and the great house seemed a tomb. The sunshine excluded, the piano locked, and the mother selfishly indulging in the luxury of grief, forgetful of her duty to the living.

Into this gloom and quiet, comes housekeeper Jane with her idea. She did not falter or hesitate, but with the air and manner of one who is thoroughly possessed with her subject, she thus began: "Mrs. Browne, when your daughter died, you told me, if there was ever anything you could do for our Marjory, to let you know. She has been sent for to go to Washington, and she has n't any thing to wear, that's all." And ten minutes later, Jane stood the picture of despair, with a pan of burnt coffee in her hand.

The autumnal day was deepening into twilight.

That perfect day which had come to Marjory freighted not only with a wealth of beauty, (it was nature's carnival of color), but with brilliant anticipations and high hopes. Now, in the deepening twilight, with weird shadows, tracing Rembrandtesque groups on the wall, mother and daughter sat side by side, planning and thinking, and at last Marjory's voice invaded the silence.

"Well, I like pretty clothes, and would enjoy them just as I enjoy flowers and shells, and clouds, and all beauty of form or color, but if I cannot have them, I will not allow myself one moment's unhappiness because of it. The capitol will be as beautiful and the speeches just as interesting to me, in my black lustre, as they would if my robes were velvet. The only difference, I suppose, will be, that I will not be quite so interesting to the speakers. But don't boys have jolly times? Who ever asks how boys are dressed, and, by the way, I suppose I should have said *coated*. We ask if boys are intelligent, which means, I suppose, do they have brains? We inquire if girls are stylish? which means, have they plenty of ribbons, bonnets, and gloves to match. Wax figures are stylish. It reminds me of Gail Hamilton's capital hit. Do you remember it? I copied it into my journal—'Suppose you have been boarding or visiting for a month or two in a stranger-family, and some one asks you if they live well, what do you understand him to mean? Is he inquiring if they are honorable, if they conduct their lives on Christian principles, if they are courteous, self-respectful and

self-controlled? Are they just in their dealings, disinterested in their motives, pure in word and work? *Nothing is further from his thought.* He means—and you at once understand him to mean—do they have highly spiced and numerous meats, much cake and pie, many sauces and preserves? To what degradation have we descended? To live well is to eat rich food. Honor, integrity, refinement, culture, all chopped up into mince pie.'

"And it is just so with girls. We may be selfish, silly, ignorant, and vain, but if we wear good clothes, *they* make it all right."

"Be careful, Marjory, don't allow yourself to speak bitterly. Do you respect a girl just in proportion to the dry goods she wears?"

Oh! no, of course I do n't, because I have a dear, good, sensible mother, who has taught me the value of truth and honor, and taught me to respect true womanliness always, whether clothed in velvet or calico."

"Then don't you see, dear, that you indulged in a vain speech? Many mothers are teaching their daughters these same ideas. All over the country the precious seed is being scattered, and I believe the girls of to-day, many of them, will develop into self-reliant, true women. Charity is one of the most Christ-like virtues, and I hope you will remember that many of the young girls you will meet in Washington, have lived in a very far different atmosphere; do not judge them too harshly, but try to discover some good in every one. But, hark! some one rang the door-bell, violently."

In a few moments, the shuffling, heavy tread of a man, evidently bearing a heavy burden, resounded through the hall; the door opening into the room where Marjory and her mother were sitting, was thrown open, and a large trunk was rolled into the room. Senator Browne's colored man meanwhile beaming with satisfaction as he tossed into Marjory's lap a key and a letter.

Her face flushed scarlet with excitement as she hastily opened the letter, but paled with feeling as she read the following note:

DEAR MARJORY:—We have never forgotten your kindness to *our child*, our Birdie, and have endeavored to think of some way in which we could evince our gratitude. The opportunity has arrived, and we ask you to accept the out-fit which was prepared for her when we expected to go to the mountains. The clothes were never worn, and I do hope you will accept them, and enjoy them, remembering that she for whom they were made, would not return to us if she could.

God bless you, and grant you all the happiness you can bear.

MARY BROWNE.

"Oh! mother, I don't believe I can ever wear them. Poor little "Birdie;" it don't seem right; anyhow, I wont unlock the trunk until morning."

"Mrs. Browne requests you to accept them; and as they have never been worn by Birdie, I see no reason why you should not. You will constantly discover,

my dear child, that the world is not entirely selfish, and I hope you will remember that this kindness emanates from a fashionable friend. It is just as I told you, truth and charity may be discovered everywhere, if so be it, we open our eyes to see, and our hearts to receive. I remember a few weeks since, attending a Sabbath-school teacher's meeting, the lesson was the parable of the good Samaritan, and one or two, good, old deacons shook their heads and said we were growing worse and worse all of the time, and that they did not know what the world was coming to. Entirely forgetting, that it was not allowable for a woman to express her thoughts in the weekly meeting, although she could *teach* them on the Sabbath, I spoke right out, as you say, and said: I believe the world is coming to the bright light of christian love, and charity; so long as our neighbors enjoy the use of the same powers that we possess, we recognize their power of self-protection, but if a neighbor loses his eyes we are glad to read to him, to guard and guide him, to be eyes for him. If he is well, we recognize his power and right to care for himself; so soon as he becomes incapacitated, we gladly render him assistance. It is a reflection upon the wisdom of God's government, to assert, that He is developing only evil; no, the years have wrought out peace, charity, and love, as any one may discover by comparing the history of ancient civilization with that of to-day; and when the great, reserve force of woman's morality and christianity is taken into the councils of the nation, unto what heights may we not attain?"

"Why, mother, I am surprised; I did not know that you could talk so."

"And God grant, my child, that you may not be obliged to go all through life as I have done, with a consciousness of unused powers, and feeling verily guilty before God, because of the talent buried in the earth."

"What a pity that you was n't a boy?"

"No, dear, since I could not have been your mother."

CHAPTER X.

"ON TO WASHINGTON."

"What if with her sunny hair
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare,
Cleopatra-like as of old."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, and as the bell rung and two short whistles were heard, Maude Johnstone rushed on to the platform, sprang into the car and flushed and breathless, bade a hurried good-bye to the frightened, nervous little woman,—her mother—who could not keep back the tears, when she saw her darling safely on the train. Maude wore a stylish suit, carried a new stylish satchel (borrowed from the dress-maker,) with a silver cup chained to the outside; *and so*, two young gentlemen (also dressed *a la mode* with traveling satchels and new shawl straps—runners for Field & Co.,) speedily arose and offered her their comfortable seat, which Maude—Alas!—accepted as her right; which she took without e'en so much as a thank you; thereby, speedily convincing every one who had observed her, that she was not a born princess. In another part of the car nestled our friend, Marjory; dainty as a wood-bird in her suit of brown, with a little bird's nest of a basket resting beside her. Something in her face told of recent tears,

because the cry would come when she bade *mother* good-bye and received her benediction. However, the pain was subsiding, and her attention had been arrested by the noisy entree of Miss Maude, and an indignant well, "She is no lady," escaped from her lips as she observed the lack of courtesy referred to. The car was not crowded when Marjory entered, and the conductor learning from her mother that she was commencing a long journey, had given her two seats. When the generous gentlemen started, in quest of vacant seats, she quietly turned the one opposite, over, and with a smile, quietly remarked, "I am always glad to return courtesy for courtesy." Don't you begin to see that she is destined to get out of her sphere?

Somebody else was in that car—a fine looking gentleman in grey; and he had been an interested observer of the two maidens—a strange expression, a shade of disappointment had crossed his face, when Maude Johnstone was before the foot-lights; but now a satisfied smile beams from his eyes as he watches our little Marjory—not very little either, for the years have been busy with her, and to strangers she seems almost a young lady.

Meanwhile, the train rushes on, now gliding through the darkened hush of a tunnel, now shivering on the brink of a precipice, then coiling through meadow and forest; then with a shriek darting through busy streets and unattractive back-yards, and stopping short at the depot. At one of the little stations, a weary woman entered, carrying in her arms a pale-faced baby, while on each arm, hung a heavy basket. Suddenly, Miss

Maude sat erect in the end of the seat opposite the window. As suddenly, old gentlemen became intensely interested in their papers; the young gentlemen lost in observation of some distant object, while Marjory stowed her basket away and said, "Will you share my seat?" at which the weary woman looked a "God bless you;" and the gentleman in grey smiled again.

On and on they glided until just as the moonlight yielded to that wonderful alchemist, the sun, they crossed the river and for the first time our heroines stood upon "sacred soil." Ah, the memories and anticipations that met and blended, when we, for the first time, breathed the atmosphere of the "Old Dominion." Virginia—the land of brave men and beautiful women—the Mecca of our sorrowing hearts, where in the first of those cruel years was fought, the *then* terrible skirmish of *Romney*. As we journeyed rapidly through the uncultivated fields and gaunt, old towns, memory discovered other and more war-like pictures, painted by loyal hands, with sometimes a dash of sentiment, such as one we this moment recall:—

"Sitting to-night in my chamber, —
A bachelor, frigid and lonely;
I kiss—the end of my pipe-stem;
That, and that only.

Memories rise with the smoke-wreaths;
Memories tender surround me;
Girls that are *absent* and *loved*,
Gather about me."

Marjory was absorbed, however, by the present, and her artistic soul yielded to the witchery of beauty. The gentleman in grey watched her soulful eyes, and when they began the ascent of the mountains, in a very fatherly manner, asked her if she would like to ride on the platform for a while? Her eyes said "yes" before her lips could syllable it, and so she followed him, holding firmly to the brake, while soul and eyes inhaled the scene. It was a wondrous panorama; the rugged, scarred, old mountains, green, fringed with laurel, and brownly brodered with fading autumnal leaves, brightened by contrast with little flecks of snow, while the sun-light burnished the Potomac's tributaries into liquid gold; and yet they climb the mountains. We wonder if Marjory caught the invisible chorus of those mountain echoes; if, to her ear, there sounded an anthem, led by the nation's Beloved, re-asserting that governments of the people, for the people, shall not perish from the face of the earth. Something must have whispered to her, that this was consecrated ground, for suddenly amid the roar and rush of the train, a sweet voice, wedded to music the words,

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my father's died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring."

Ah, tell me, was not country, native land, country's honor, and her flag, as dear to this American

girl as it could be to an American boy? Sing on and work on little maidens, develop your powers, cultivate your gifts, for in the swift coming future your country will proudly proclaim you, an *American citizen*.

Meanwhile, Marjory ceases her song and yields to the intoxication of the scene. Harper's Ferry, the ruins of the arsenal, and the veritable house from which, to the music of the Union, John Brown's soul went marching on. To the left Maryland Heights, then, crossing the Potomac one catches glimpses of the Shenandoah, and seems almost to hear the echoes of Lee's bugles, and the tramp of his men. Then, on through the battle field of Monocacy where,

"Under the sod and the dew, waiting the judgment day.
Under the laurel, the "blue"—under the willow, the "grey."

Meanwhile, the daylight has yielded to moonlight, and our kind friend in grey, advises her to take a berth and try to rest a little ere they reach the city of "magnificent distances."

Miss Maude is weary and sleepy, but she remembers her "frizzes," and the old adage about "first impressions," and so assures the conductor as it will be but a few hours ere they reach Washington, she will sit up.

Alas, poor Maude, you have already produced the first impression, for the elegant gentleman in grey is none other than your bachelor host, who, by some strange fatality, is hastening home on the same train with yourself. When the long whistle announces the

approach to Washington, first stopping at a crossing, a polite black man springs into the cars, and inquires of the conductor if there are any ladies on his train traveling with passes signed by Warren Huntington. The conductor designates our friends, and with a low bow, "Jim" presents Warren Huntington's card first to Maude, then to Marjory saying, "Huntington called away on business; have to go; told me to fetch the carriage, and tell you to make yourselves to home—but, lud a massy, here he is, sure enough."

"Oh! I am so glad you are the one!" exclaimed our frank, impulsive Marjory.

Maude bowed in the most approved style, saying, "I am happy to meet you, Mr. Huntington, but I am a little surprised that you did not introduce yourself; you must have known that we were your proteges."

"You must remember that I am a bashful, modest, old bachelor, and I thought, inasmuch as you were to suffer from my eccentricities for some time to come, I would not disturb you to-day; and then I wanted to see how self-reliant you were, &c."

"Just my luck," thought Maude, "I would have sat by that old woman all day if I had known he was on the train."

Yes, the first impression Maude had made was not a very happy one, but Warren Huntington was mortal, and Maude Johnstone was beautiful, and her blue eyes sent a thrill e'en through that bachelor heart, and when they entered the carriage, he seated himself by Maude.

CHAPTER XI.

"A CHIME OF BELLES."

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow—
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."
Ring in with all that's pure and good
A higher type of womanhood.

Christmas eve in Washington—Christmas eve in Paris—Christmas eve in palace and hovel; in crowded cities and broad prairies. To-night, the civilized world bows down with gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. On this festival night, the pealing bells and chorus of childish voices ring out, and sing out praises to the "Erst-time babe of Bethlehem." Merry Christmas is shouted, whispered, lisped, and chimed. Methinks vivid pen-pictures of Christmas eve, would startle an infidel from his unbelief.

In quiet, country homes, little chrysalis yeomen hang their home-made stockings by the wide-mouthed chimney, and on Christmas morning, shout and rejoice, and hold as high carnival over their sugar hearts and pop-corn, as do the richly robed children of luxury over their imported toys and costly bonbons. The homes of rich and poor, alike, are haunted

by little, white ghosts, that flit from chimney-corner to trundle-bed, with eyes that *will* come "unbuttoned" like little, juvenile Macawbers', "waiting for something to turn up."

But one home claims our especial attention. The household of Warren Huntington render his "Villa Eden," the Mecca of many masculine hearts. Think of it, a bachelor surrounded by six young ladies. Six representations of youth and beauty flit through these elegant apartments this Christmas eve, and among them we recognize three friends. Maude Johnstone resembles a snow-drop in a dainty dress of blue, bordered with whitest, softest down. Marjory, at the earnest solicitation of her friends, has taken from that gift-trunk a beautiful white merino, brodered with delicate vines and scarlet fuchsias, while rich clusters of the same flowers, depend from her hair and nestle at her throat. Daisy Wright is here also, and seems a veritable, household fairy in her dainty drab merino, with a cunning, little pink-bowed apron (a present from Madge), and a cluster of apple blossoms in her hair, so natural that, as Marjory remarked, "you could almost taste the apples." With the other three, a regal brunette in garnet, and twin sisters, in green, our story has no connection, and so we ask their pardon for apparent neglect. These maidens had been at work, however, and the elegant home seemed metamorphosed into a bower of beauty. From the centre of the arch which divided the parlors, depended beautiful baskets overflowing

with bloom and fragrance, while above it, in ever-green letters, was inscribed :

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR HOST—"

"W. H."

In every niche nestled flowers and vines ; love and beauty reigned supreme ; and if this home was typical of the homes of the land, then, indeed, one might assure these merry maidens that "their duty was but to be fair, and their souls were their beauty." But alas, even now, poverty, want, and starvation are about to invade this Eden of plenty and luxury.

Warren Huntington was hurrying through the crowd, when an old friend slapped him on the shoulder, and a familiar voice said, "Christmas gift, old fellow ; take time to say that to an old friend, won't you ? I am not surprised at your haste, however ; if I had such a houseful of youth and beauty as I understand you have, I would be tempted to fly."

"Glad to see you, Charley. glad to—— curse such carelessness !" and in a moment Warren Huntington had dragged from 'neath a crowded omnibus ; not a beautifully dressed little one, not "somebody's darling," but a poor, little vagrant who had attempted the street crossing without the protection of the police. At first, there was a ripple of excitement, but so soon as the crowd were assured that 't was only a "little sweep," the ripple became less apparent, and our bachelor was left standing on the side-walk with the little insensible waif in his arms. Motioning to a hackman, he bade him drive to the nearest hospital,

and in a few moments the best medical skill of the city was at his service.

"Will she die?"

"Oh! no, she is only stunned, I think."

Slowly the large, pleading eyes opened; a faint flush of crimson thrilled through the brown cheeks; then two little arms twined around Mr. Huntington's neck, and through sobs a sweet voice wailed, "Oh! why did you jump for me? I wanted to go to mamma, oh! I did want to go to mamma!"

"Well, you shall go, little one, where does she live? tell me where your mamma lives?"

"Why, don't you know, she lives in heaven; up there with God; and when the horses kicked, I really thought I was going."

"But where do you live now? where is your papa?"

"I do n't live at all, and I never had any papa; no home at all."

"Yes, you have a home, little one; will you go with me?"

Quietly, those childish eyes surveyed him, then the little, mournful face beamed with a beautiful, trusting smile, as the sweet voice queried,—

"Is you Santa Claus?"

Imagine the surprise of certain gay, young widows and fastidious belles, when the elegant Warren Huntington stepped into a street car with this strange bundle in his arms.

He was rich, and a bachelor, and so, alas! the little wanderer became the objective point of their interest

and sympathy. Not because of her poverty,—any one of those gay creatures would have passed her with a frown had she stood on the street corner and asked them for a penny—but because she was an object of interest to their wealthy, patrician friend. He recognized this fact, and received their expressions of sympathy in dignified silence.

"Merry Christmas! merry Christmas! but what in the world have you there?"

"Guess? It is the only present I could find worthy of your acceptance."

"Old clothes?"

"No; a real, little Christmas child. Who claims it?"

"I do;" and Marjory reached forward and took tenderly into her arms the strange bundle, and tears filled her eyes, as a sweet voice warbled out,

"Yes, I guess I'm your Kissmus child."

Then there was an avalanche of questionings and flittings to and fro, until the child sobbed out, "Oh! I am so hungry!"

"So hungry!" Into these flower-wreathed apartments, into this home of luxury, had drifted a little starving child, with the pleading cry, "so hungry!"

Ah! and now the cry comes up into all the homes throughout our broad land, into every mother-heart, *so hungry*. Ye women who wear the purple; ye, to whom God has given love, protection, and home, as ye hope to receive the benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant," turn not away from the great army of toiling, suffering women, who, from the

depths of poverty and want, send up the sorrowing wail "*so hungry.*"

Yet, again, reeling through our streets, out from behind the screened doors of our fashionable saloons, thence through desolated homes, down to drunkard's graves, file a great procession of our beloved, who wail out, "mother, help me," we are *so hungry* for freedom. American women, while such things exist, will you not with influence, voice, pen, and the ballot, assist the true fathers of the republic in their endeavors to save its sons?

"So hungry" for work; "so hungry" for education; "so hungry" for a purer legislation, is the cry of the age in which we live. Mothers of the republic, when your sons ask for bread, will you give them a stone? When the good and the true ask for co-operation, sympathy, and assistance, can you bestow upon them only indifference, prejudice, and that selfish assertion, *you have all the rights you want?*

If so, then in the swift, coming future, shall this grand country write your epitaph, "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.*"

But while we have thus digressed, dinner has been announced, and the little hungry waif seated beside Marjory, on a high chair improvised for the occasion. The tears would come as they watched the little, starving child eat the strengthening soup. The choicest grapes were selected for her, and so soon as her hunger had vanished, looking up into Marjory's face, she said, "everybody so good to me—shall me sing for you's?"—and, without waiting for permission, she warbled out the little ballad, "*Rose of Lucerne.*"

A yet greater surprise was in store for them. After dinner, when they had assembled in the drawing-room, and Maude was wooing sweet sounds from the Steinway grand, our little waif glided from Marjory's arms and requested her to unbutton her dress. She loosened the clumsy fastenings, when out stepped the little Christmas-child, seeming a veritable fairy in her dress of tinsel and white. Then, stooping down, she tugged at her coarse shoes until the slippered feet appeared, and then, trilling a low, weird song, she circled around the room, until finally exhausted, she kissed her hand, made a low bow, and sprang into Marjory's arms.

"You little sprite; who are you, and where did you come from?"

"Well, I fink I'll tell you. Me runned 'way from the theatre. Oh! please do n't send me back."

CHAPTER XII.

SEEKING A PLACE IN THE WORLD OF WORK.

"We two part; each to work out Heaven's will; you, I trust,
In the world's ample witness; and I as I must
In secret and silence—you, love, fame await—
We meet at one gate

When all's over. The ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side
May we stand at the same, little door when all's done,
The ways they are many, the end it is one.
He that knocketh *shall* enter; who asks shall obtain,
And who seeketh, he findeth—"

"Ah, Miss Marjory, here you are; I thought I would find you, castle building in the moonlight."

"No, not building castles in Spain, but admiring the capitol. How beautiful it is in the moonlight. It may be unpardonable ignorance on my part, but I did not know the capitol was considered so grand a structure until to-day. I chanced upon a speech of Charles Sumner, upon "Art," and he says some writers rank it fifth among the buildings of the world."

"Oh, yes, it certainly is very beautiful; but come, I would like to talk with you in regard to our little 'Christmas Child.' Were you really in earnest, when you said you would take her? If so, I wish you would give me your reasons, for I assure you it is a new phase of human nature to me. This idea of a young

girl in the first bright years of youth and beauty, desiring to adopt a little girl. Why it may injure your prospects for getting a husband, materially. In this extravagant age it requires no small amount of bravery for a young man to promise to support one person, to say nothing of two."

If Warren Huntington had sometimes thought Marjory almost too void of spirit, temper, or righteous indignation, he soon discovered his mistake. Her soft, brown eyes kindled; a thrill of indignation crept into her voice; one little slippered foot went crushing among the velvet roses as she replied,

"Mr. Huntington, I did not expect to hear such a speech from you; but I guess every body talks so excepting my own dear mother. Just think of it; think how you teach us? In all my life nobody has ever said, 'be pure and good, noble and true, because it is a grand thing to do,' but, 'because men will like you better. Never mind, do n't fret about the education; *your chances* will be quite as good if you do n't know so much,' said the old ladies, when I wanted to go to college; and now, you, when I want to take this poor, little, homeless child, and give her home, happiness, and love, you advise me not to take her, because, perhaps, if I do, some man won't marry me. If I ever do marry, it will be for down right love and not for the sake of being supported."

This was an entirely new phase of human nature, or girl-nature, to Warren Huntington; and, in fact, he rather enjoyed it, and in order to provoke further remark he continued; "Why, Marjory, you surprise

me; where did you get these ideas? Come, now, be honest, don't you believe that a great many girls marry just for the sake of an establishment, and a new wardrobe?"

"Yes, I do; it is the fault of their education. But I don't believe they are much worse than you gentlemen, even in this respect. Don't you believe some gentlemen marry for the sake of getting a good-looking housekeeper? Yes, and hav'nt you known young men to marry for the sake of *her* establishment? I've heard the boys talk with my brother, and when they were speaking about some new girl they would ask, 'Is she pretty?' Answer—'Well, no, not very.' 'Accomplished?' Oh! no, not much of that sort of thing, but then I tell you, *the old man has got plenty of checks.*"

"Ah! y-e-s, only daughter too, you say? Much obliged! I don't care if I do!" Ah, Mr. Huntington, you need not abuse the poor girls, for, after all, I doubt if they have very much the advantage, even in this respect. If you would only give girls something to do, some aim in life, they would not be so apt to marry for a home. That is one reason why I want to take little Christine. They say I cannot go to school any more, and so I must have something to do; I won't sit idle and wait for a husband. In fact, I don't want a husband yet; I have a great deal to learn, because school or no school, I intend to be a preacher some day. I wanted to teach school, but mother and brother would not permit it, but I can teach little Christine, and then she will be company for mother when I go away to preach."

"Heigh, ho! here is something new under the sun! *A preacher?* But where did you get these notions? since you have been here, you've been merry as a cricket, and I would never have suspected you of such thoughts."

"Well, I've been thinking them for a long time, but, somehow, they never got *said* before; and now, since we are talking, I want to ask you about something else; my brother, my only brother, who is in college now, has a real genius for art, but thinks he must study law, in order to make more money for mother and I. Now, I am *determined* to save him for art, and can you tell me how I can earn some money?"

"This appeal produced a strange effect upon Warren Huntington, for he had known during all these years what it was to go through life with a consciousness of unused power; for he, in his early boyhood, gave promise of genius, and so he did not laugh or sneer at Marjory, but sat there, in the moonlight, thinking, wondering, and thinking, what these, willing, girl-hands could find to do." What work could she engage in without losing *caste* in society? Think of it Americans. We who have proclaimed to the world that in America labor is dignified, and the honest workman more respected than the rich idler. Think of woman's position, and see and know that the work is but half done. Labor is dignified for man, but woman rises in the social scale in proportion to her idleness:—with one servant she ascends one round of the social ladder; with two, another; and when

she can boast of a retinue, she looks serenely down from the topmost round. If this young girl endeavored to work, to perform honest labor in order to save her brother for art, she would lose caste. If *he* should remain idle and not endeavor to assist his mother and sister, the whole world would deride. Is there not something false about our civilization while such things be?

Think of it: a father with a large family to support, burdened and overtaken with business cares, finds his strength failing. His wife who has excellent business capacity could render most timely and needed assistance. She could afford to hire a housekeeper for a time, and it would be a rest and change for her, and really lift the burden from his shoulders. She would glory in so doing; her husband knows that she could assist him; but Mr. Smith, with a head *as large* as an apple, or Mr. Jones, who always says "have saw," and spells Woman's Rights "Wimmens' Wrights," might think she was out of her sphere; and so the weary man toils on for a short time, then lies down to *rest* in the village graveyard; *and then* the widow, singly and alone, *must* go out of her sphere, or see her children starve.

Ah! men, until God provides all women with "natural protectors" and comfortable homes, your advice to them to remain in their own peculiar sphere—the domestic—is *mockery*. These women ask for *bread* and you offer them a stone, then wonder that they are not content.

Some such thoughts disturbed Warren Huntington,

as he went, in imagination, through the world of woman's work, searching for something for Marjory to do.

"Eureka! I have found it. Everybody tells me I write a good business hand. Mr. Huntington, do you think you can get me some copying to do?"

"Copying? yes, I am sure I can; but, Marjory, you seem to have some original ideas, and I really think that if you will cultivate and develop your powers you may become a writer."

"Oh, yes, I must learn to write before I can preach; but here comes my little poem, and she looks sleepy. Come, 'Christine,' kiss 'Santa Claus,' and then we will go bye-bye."

As Marjory danced out of the room with her little 'Christmas Child' in her arms, our bachelor murmured, "what a strange mixture of love and intellect she is—but then all women are queer. I don't believe we men half understand them yet."

Neither do we understand ourselves. A century hence, when we have secured equality of education, equality of development, the right to exercise our powers in matters of church, society, and state, then may we understand the latent power of American womanhood. Educate girls for womanhood—not wifehood. Educate them as responsible beings before the law, human and divine; and, at the same time, educate American men to admire such womanhood.

If, during past ages, men have been too much occupied with their flocks, herds, and merchandise, to devote much time to the study of womanly

characteristics; women have found time to learn their lesson, and have accepted the old truism, that "the proper study of *womankind* is man;" and we know you, pretty well, gentlemen. Maude Johnstone had inherited the combined wisdom of all her *auntecess*-tresses, and now, as Marjory danced out of the library, Miss Maude glided in. In appearance, so beautiful, so meek and dependent,—so womanly. Her black velvet bodice, open almost to her belt, with just a film of illusion shading her snowy throat and bosom; her long, light hair rippling and waving over her shoulders; and herself, the embodiment of all that was *artfully artless*, as, in a childish voice, she said, "Mr. Huntington, unless you are very busy, I would like to talk with you a little. I want some advice."

"Never more entirely at leisure in my life; so, come and sit down beside me, and tell me all about it. Has that young McGregor proposed, and you want me to write to mother for you?"

"Nonsense! Do you suppose I would have that stupid fellow? He is too sanctimonious for me. No indeed, there is no danger of my losing my heart while I am here—for the minute *you* walk into the room, these young boys seem so insignificant that I am almost tempted to say, '*shoo-fly*.'"

Alas! Mr. Huntington, was mortal, and Maude was bewitching, and so one arm went around—the top of the sociable, and his patrician fingers were caught in the golden meshes of her hair.

"Now, you won't laugh, nor think me silly? but,

you know I hav'nt any father, or brother, and it is so hard to be dependent, but, I always am obliged to have some one advise me. Well, you know, the property dear papa left us is almost all gone; mother has always been used to living well, and I can secure all these things for her, if— I consent to keep house for a certain rich widower, who is silly enough to want me for his wife; but, I am afraid I do n't love him. I thought I did before I came *here*, but I find myself continually comparing his queer, rough way, with your elegant, courtly manner, until I almost hate him; now, I wanted to ask you, if you thought I could teach myself to love him, for mother's sake?"

The large eyes were prophetic of tears—tears, because that rich widower was all a myth—the soft, white bosom heaved under the illusion, and Warren Huntington's arm twined around her, and he whispered, my advice would be other than that. I would say, darling, teach yourself to love me!"

When Maude Johnstone left the library, she was betrothed to Warren Huntington.

Artful! deceitful! do you say? Softly, softly; think, before you speak, lest your own lips condemn you. She is the legitimate out-growth of the teachings of society. Society, which teaches girls that the supreme business of their lives, is to marry, and yet, which says, at your peril, let any one discover that you seek to win a husband, thereby instilling deceitfulness and artfulness into pure, young hearts. A young girl is accused of loving a certain boy; she avers that she does not, and *lies* when she says so.

Society knows she has told a lie, and yet applauds her for tact, modesty, and womanliness. Suppose you would say to a girl-friend, "I believe you love Harry White?" and, this girl would answer, "yes, he is pure, and good, and true; he is worthy of being loved, and I love him; I intend to win him if I can." Your mental comment would be, she is a fool. We act as though pure love was a sin; and came from the evil one, when we know that it glorifies life, and had its origin in the bosom of God.

Whoever is without sin among you, cast the first stone at Maude Johnstone. She has accomplished her laudable mission, and remained in her sphere.

CHAPTER XIII.

"RESERVED MORAL FORCE POWERLESS TO LEGISLATE."

"Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day?
 What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray?
 Aid the dawning, tongue, and pen;
 Aid it hope of honest men;
 Aid it paper, aid it type;
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 Clear the way."

"A happy New Year, girls;" exclaimed Marjory.

"New Year's gift, and here's something to put it in;" and, blithe, bonnie May Browning danced across the room, e'en her little, white feet dimpling with fun, as she flitted to the canopied couch where Daisy and Madge were sleeping, presenting an exquisite jewel-box as a receiver for her invoked gift.

"There seems nothing left for *me*, but to wish you a comfortable Fourth of July, and a vast capacity for Thanksgiving day; and also to request you to rise immediately and adorn yourselves for the day's vanities. As for myself, I shall confiscate the bay window, and

observe how you Romans do. I already begin to enjoy a realizing sense of hollyhocks and marigolds, should you attempt to tie me up in your exotic bouquet. But, then, I think protracted city life has rendered your lives a little artificial; and, perhaps a little, wholesome, practical country air will benefit you. At least you can shine by contrast."

"Daisy Wright, never let me hear you compare yourself to hollyhocks or marigolds. You are a sweet, beautiful, useful branch of apple blossoms; and, as much more desirable for all practical purposes, as luscious fruit is to delicate exotics."

"Apple blossoms always remind me of you, Daisy, and, I bought this wreath of them with an eye to your adornment. But, speaking of hollyhocks, reminds me of an experience I had last year with an old woman. Now, girls, this is really *true*; not any of my imaginary stories. Several of us school-girls went out walking, and, as we walked, we became thirsty, and, went into a little cabin for a drink. The old lady, whose home it was, was very talkative, and, gave us a slight sketch of her life. She said, 'Oh! girls, I've seen heaps 'o tronble in my day; but, I do wish you could a seen my old man when he was in his coffin; his forehead was as smooth, and white as *chany*; and, then he had on a doubled-ruffled shirt, and I clear-starched and ironed it myself; and, them ruffles just stood up around his neck till he looked for all the world, just like a white hollyhock.'"

"Oh! May, that must be one of your own coining."

"No, indeed! It's, 'pon-honor, true; but what's the trouble, Maude, slippers too small?"

"No, they're a perfect fit; but I was just thinking that the two things I love best, are 'olives' and 'New-Year's day.'"

"The young ladies occupying adjoining rooms were wide-a-wake now, and ready to commence their preparations for the day's festivities. These young girls, standing on the threshold of womanhood. Life with its beautiful realities, its grand possibilities, its Christian charities, is before them. They are destined to wield a wondrous influence. Blithely and merrily they flit through the elegant apartments, donning dainty slippers, and exquisite flutings, and ruffles, apparently accepting the false idea that woman's *duty* is but to be fair. And yet, in two hearts, at least, there is intense desire for right living and consecration to humanity and God. Marjory Warner has commenced the day with a prayer for guidance, and the request that, under all circumstances, she may use her influence for good.

Leaving the young ladies at the toilette, let us look into a cosy, book-lined, picture-hung library, of another Washington home. In this room is a handsome woman in widow's robes, and seated near her are two young men; the one, her only son, the other, our erst-time friend, Winthrop Wright, who has accepted the invitation of his college chum, and come to Washington, for the holidays, and is e'en now anticipating his sister's surprise, and wondering what little, saucy Marjory Warner has developed into.

"Mother, you look a little sad; what is the trouble? Sorry we have arrived safely?"

"You *know* that I am not, Herbert; but I am always a little sad on New-Year's morning, and while waiting for you to come down, I have been wandering in imagination through the homes of the country, and wishing, until the wish has become a pain, that I could banish from every side-board and table, every form and drop of liquor. Wine in the hands of women, is a terrible temptation to young men; and so, my boys, on this first morning of the year, I do pray 'our Father,' that he will keep you from the evil."

"Thank you, mother, I need your prayers. New-Year's day is one of peculiar trial to me, for oftentimes a young man is placed in a position when it seems actually impolite to refuse a glass of wine."

"Better be called impolite, than to be stigmatized as a drunkard." This mother remembers that on her bridal morn, the young man who stood by her side at the altar, was so like his son to-day. She thinks of him now sleeping in a drunkard's grave, and with a thrill of fear haunting her voice, says, "but my son, you have not a taste for liquor, have you?"

"Not an acquired taste, but an inherited one, I fear. I feel that if I should yield once, I would become a drunkard in spite of myself, of reason, and you. I do not believe young women realize at all, the influence they have over us, and what circean tempters they are."

"Evince your preference then, my son, for temperance girls, and thus influence them. God bless you! a happy New-Year! and sufficient manliness,

to say no, to a woman; and, remember, that your mother trusts you."

* * * * *

Our girl friends have descended to the parlor and announce themselves ready to receive. The sunlight is excluded, while little jets of gas escape from baskets of bronze lilies; flowers nestle in mossy baskets; trailing vines remind us of summer's wealth of greenery, and the very atmosphere is laden with fragrance. The Christmas decorations still remain, and underneath the evergreen arch, clusters our girl bouquet.

Helena Moreton, the brunette, seems a veritable pansy in her yellow satin robe, with its broderies of black lace, while great purple and gold heart's-ease nestle in the dark braids and curls. Daisy wears, filmy white, and wreath of apple-blossoms.

Merry May Browning, wears roses in her cheeks and hair, and a robe of the same rosy hue.

Maude Johnstone is superb, in her garnet satin, with wreath and corsage of brilliant autumn leaves, (presented by Warren Huntington, who is as proud of Maude's beauty as he is of his horse;) and who looks a sybil as she touches Marjory Warner's shoulders with her jeweled fan, saying, "Come, now, make a New Year's wish, and see if I do not secure it for you?"

"You seem a witch, and are bewitching, Maude, but I fear that not e'en you could secure my desire."

"You have not faith enough. What is the coveted object?"

"If, at this moment, some fairy would confront me, and tell me to make one wish, and it would be granted, I would ask for the power to discover to the young girls of the country, the *ruin they will effect in the name of hospitality, to-day*;"—and Madge pointed to the reception room, where sparkling wines glittered in costly decanters.

"Oh! I see beautiful women, bewitchingly dressed and adorned, winning, and wooing some easily tempted ones, to the destruction of drunkenness. Women, too, who will have no excuse, no sympathy for the drunkards they have made. God forgive the women who will to-day pledge heartache and sorrow to wife and mother, when they drink a 'Happy New Year,' to somebody's darling!"

"Why, Madge, you annoy me; the *idea* of a New Year's reception without wine. I am glad Mr. Huntington did not hear you. If a man has not *sense* enough to know when he has taken enough, he *deserves* to be taken home drunk! that is all I can say for him. But, Marjory, you surprise me—you do indeed—I thought *you* were *amiability* itself, and, it seems you do know how to become indignant, and 'storm,' just like us common mortals."

"Righteous indignation is allowable, I believe. You could understand my feelings better, perhaps, if you had an idolized brother exposed to these temptations. If you could have witnessed my mother's agony, and experienced my own, when, on last New Year's night, my only brother was brought home, not dead, but what seemed worse to us, *dead drunk*;

tempted by women, who accused him of rudeness when he asked to be excused from pledging their health in wine. You claim that a man of *sense* will know when he has taken enough. I must remind you, that on New Year's day we intoxicate men's senses. Everything is changed. We exclude the sunshine and substitute artificial light; everything that beauty, art, wit, and e'en music can effect, is used to charm the senses. Here, in this very room, permeated by the intoxicating perfume of rare flowers, radiated by the presence of beautiful women, do you not seem to lose all sense of personal responsibility, and, does not life resolve itself into a dream of pleasure? To these accessories, add woman's influence over man, and, then be not surprised that in such an atmosphere, with such surroundings, they meekly do your bidding. Oh! though you pledge your hospitality in wine during all the other days of the year, I beg you banish it from the first."

"Madge, I do hope that you will not refuse to drink with our friends to-day. It looks so silly, so prudish—so—so countryfied."

"I am sorry to disoblige you, and yet I cannot do it. I claim that any woman who drinks wine with a gentleman, forfeits all right to protest against his drinking with his gentlemen friends; nay, more, to frown upon him if he becomes a drunkard."

"Ah, you believe in the old story—the one preached to us ever since Eve ate the apple—that we poor women are to blame for all of man's wickedness. If I drink wine with a gentleman, and never become

intoxicated, and he goes away and becomes a drunkard, I am to blame, and he is not. Is that your creed?"

"No, not at all. Of course the man commits the greater crime, but you have no right to cast a stone at him. Men are governed by the opinions of women to a great extent. So long as drunkards can have access to the society of pure women, just so long do we make drinking respectable. Women are governed by the opinions of men. Men shrink in horror from a drunken woman, and but few women drink."

"But I thought you desired to vote because you think women more moral than men, and now you attribute the vice of the world to them."

"Our women do constitute *the* most powerful temperance party in the world, but so long as one woman or girl countenances drinking, there will be room for reform. But I see that callers are entering. If I have said anything harshly, forgive me for the sake of earnestness."

CHAPTER XIV.

MOTHERS, TO THE RESCUE!

"Lo a cloud about to vanish
From the day;
Lo the right's about to conquer
Clear the way!
A brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall,
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey."

The first day of the new year has passed; twilight deepens into starlight, and yet the goddess of hospitality retains her throne. We discover our girl-friends in the midst of a brilliant scene; music lends its witchery to the occasion, and the festivities of the day are to be consummated in dancing. Notice, carefully, the young men. Merely an occasional glass throughout the day, but e'en that has affected reason and manner. Young men who boasted of rare gentlemanliness and courtesy, are, to-night, rude, silly and, impudent, and fair women shrink in disgust from their weak devotees; victims of their own charms.

E'en Miss Maude becomes pale with indignation, when a silly, half intoxicated man claims her hand

for a quadrille; and draws back indignantly, when, placing his arm around her waist, he attempts to whirl her across the floor.

A friend interferes, saying, "Charley, you had better excuse yourself: you are drunk, my boy."

"Drunk—drunk, hey? Who says I'm drunk? Well, s-spoins' I am, who made me so—why *you*, my beauty, so come and help me dance it off?"

The friend again interfered, when, suddenly, a swift, sharp report clanged through the brilliant saloon. The friend, who had interfered, staggered, and fell, blood streamed from his side, women shrieked and fainted, and when people read the morning papers, the patrician readers exclaimed, "terrible!" "horrible!" Why? because a drunken man had almost committed a murder? Ah! no; because the shot was fired by a *gentleman*; one of "our set," in a patrician residence, in the presence of women. The same thing occurs daily in club-rooms and coffee houses—in dark alleys and hovels—and the respectable portion of the community pass by, on the other side, and makes no sign.

Ah! would to God all women might look *once* upon such a scene. Let the blood flow until a spot shall appear upon every fair tempter's robe, so that the mothers of our country may know into whose keeping they entrust their sons. Ah! that each American maiden might be consecrated to purity; and, in her own peculiar life-work, exert purest influence, and thus, each day move on, towards angelhood.

Marjory Warner did not witness the painful scene described; annoyed by, and disgusted with the silliness and rudeness of the young men, she had escaped to the conservatory, where, amid beauty and fragrance, she thought and wondered how woman could restore to the world its lost Eden. Here she was discovered by Winthrop Wright, who had been sent in quest of her; and, ere he told her of the sad termination of the day's festivities, he queried: "Why have you deserted your friends in this manner, Mademoiselle Truant?"

"You remember that my life has been passed in a quiet little village. To-day, I have looked for the first time upon fashionable excess. One year ago, my most gifted, brilliant friend, took his own life; choosing to go to God rather than to live and battle against his inherited appetite for liquor. We know that everywhere our brave and best are being sacrificed to this remorseless, blood-red Moloch! and it grieves and pains me to know that there are girls and women who encourage the dreadful, horrid evil. We may have temperance laws forever, and we *will* have them when women can legislate, but above all legislation we must have a *social* law—a law that will call it perjury for a pure woman to go to the altar, and before God and His witnesses *promise to love, honor, and obey a drunkard*. I have never been accused of prudery, but it seems sacrilegious—perfect profanation—for those silly, drunken, red-eyed men up stairs, to clasp pure girls in their arms as they do in the waltz,—not that I think dancing is wrong—but, that I would have

every young man in this nation thoroughly convinced that impure hands could not touch pure maidens."

"And, my friend, you are right; just such earnest, fearless, young women as yourself, are needed all over the country, and I have come to you now to thank you, to speak one earnest, 'God bless you!' and to put my heart into the sentence, for your timely warning this morning. But for you, I might have sacrificed sense and reason at the shrine of wit and beauty to-day. A fearful occurrence has transpired up stairs. A young man, who, this very morning, assured me that any man was a fool who did not know when he had taken enough, has shot one of his best friends. Mr. Huntington sent me for you, in order that you might quiet the terrified girls. And now ere we go, accept as a New Year's gift my solemn pledge of total abstinence through life! But for you, I might have ended the day in a drunken row."

Many maidens that New Year's night rejoiced over costly gifts, but no one, I ween, was happier than Marjory, with Winthrop Wright's "God bless you!" singing through her soul.

When, entering her own room, she found her little Christine sitting up in bed, pale and trembling, and, who sobbed out, "Oh! little mamma, somebody screamed so; scared oo' little girl so bad."

"Hush, darling, do n't be frightened, little mamma will stay with you."

Aye, and in this, also, our Marjory is typical of the spirit of the age in which we live. Out from happy homes, out from selfishness and thoughtlessness, come

a great army of little women, mere girls, oftentimes, joining the list of workers; and these women, these wives, mothers, and maidens, assure the suffering, the tempted, the overcome, that they will help them and uplift them.

Sweet, womanly voices proclaim to the timid, weak, and sorrowing, to all of God's suffering children, "don't be frightened, darlings, little mother is coming to help you."

CHAPTER XV.

"THE SPHERE OF A CIRCLE."

"Is it true," asked a lady aggressively fat,
 Who, fierce as a female Leviathan, sat
 By another that look'd like a needle, all steel
 And tenuity.
 The needle seemed jerked by a virulent twitch,
As tho' it were bent upon driving a stitch
Thro' somebody's character.

Mrs. Larkin's sewing society was a success. In the first place, Mrs. Larkins had just moved into a new house, and the ladies had a sociable time discussing the cost, texture, and quality of the new furniture; and, in the second place, there was a *topic*. Something new under the sun, and this time it was neither silk quilts, rag carpets, or sweet pickle—it *was* Marjory Warner. These women, many of them, good, christian women, members of the same church with Marjory, would have recoiled in horror from the thought of stealing a five-cent piece; and, yet, with tongues oiled for the occasion, they proceed to steal a young girl's *entire fortune*—all that makes life well worth living out—*her character*—her pure name. Mrs. Jones placed her chair very near Mrs. Smith, and utterly ignoring the weather, at once put the question: "Well, what do you think about Madge

Warner? Of course you've heard that she intends to deliver a lecture?"

"Well, I must say, I've always liked Marjory. She is right good-hearted, but it's a great pity she is so ambitious; but then I think her mother is partly to blame—I am really sorry for the girl. Its a great pity that she will make such a fool of herself."

"Well, *you* may just be mealy-mouthed about it, if you want to, but I think when a girl starts out to do a man's work, she ought to be treated like a man, and I think these women's-rights' folks get better than they deserve. They're a set that *my* daughter should not go with—free-lovers, every one of them. I've always been a little afraid Madge would go wrong; she is so independent-like. I reckon, the young men wont admire her so much now." The black eyes gleamed with not exactly a christian expression, and Mrs. Jones looked at Mrs. Moore, and she touched Mrs. Martin's foot, and they all looked wise—for the speaker had been something of a free-lover in her youth, and was now the anxious mother of four marriageable daughters.

"Well, for my part, I do n't know what the world's coming to. I think Marjory had better stay at home, and help her mother. They say she do n't know how to sew, at all; now, I say that's a disgrace."

"Little Mrs. Moreton had not sufficient moral courage to say anything, although Marjory had hemmed the very ruffles which adorned her dress."

Ah! Vanity Fair—vanity fair; ah, prejudice, ignorance and blindness. These women, christian women,

who deemed Marjory good enough to teach in their Sabbath-school; who had known her from babyhood; known her to be conscientious and true, and yet, now, because she had taken one step out of her sphere, no one had e'en one kindly word for her; and yet, when this same girl had accepted an invitation to address a girl's society, they were the first to encourage; but now she, who was to deliver a "*pay lecture*," and so earn money, was unwomanly, immodest, and masculine. Mrs. Jones' daughter was to sing in a *concert*, next week; Mrs. Moreton's daughter was to represent the Goddess of Liberty, in a *political procession*, and these mothers were *proud of it*. But, Marjory Warner was to *read a lecture*; and, worse still, "people must pay to get in."

"Ah, here comes Miss Maude Johnstone. Is n't she a stylish girl? Have you noticed the diamond ring she wears? A present from the gentleman she is engaged to. People say she is going to do well. He is rich, they say. Well, she has been poor all her life, I do n't wonder she wanted to secure an establishment. I guess she is *pretty cute*, notwithstanding she looks so innocent."

Ah, yes; custom has made it possible for a woman to sell body and soul for a home—for money—and yet, be considered pure. But, above all custom, all usage, all assurances of society, we hear the message from God, spoken by Christ on the mountain, "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The world, that little village-world, applauds Maude Johnstone's cunning, and shrinks from

Marjory Warner's truth. The one wears on her soft, white hand, a jeweled seal of love, and reigns a queen in society. The other, in the quiet of her own moonlighted room, kneels by the Little Sleeper, whom she has rescued from starvation and crime, and prays, "Oh! Father, for the sake of these little ones of thine; for the sake of the toiling and suffering, help me, give me strength and courage to speak the truth. My prayer to-night, is simply this, "Father, guide, for Jesus' sake."

While frolic and fun, and gossip, reigned supreme at the sewing society; when the excitement was greatest among the young people in regard to our friend, Winthrop Wright and his friend, Frank Hastings, entered the room. Winthrop's three years at Ann Arbor had developed in him, grace, as well as thought; and he and his college friend—home for their senior vacation—were the lions of the hour.

"Good evening, gentlemen, you are just in time to defend a friend. Everybody seems disposed to criticize Marjory Warner, this evening."

"It is seldom our young people select so good and pure a subject," replied Winthrop, with an air that convinced the young ladies that a friend of Marjory's had arrived.

"Well, really, Mr. Wright, you surprise me. You do n't believe in woman's rights, do you?"

"Well, Miss Susie, in-so-much as my *mother* was a woman, I think I do believe that women have some rights, that even *their sons* are bound to respect."

"Oh, yes, of course; but I mean voting. You do n't believe that women ought to vote, do you?"

"You must remember that I have never enjoyed the privilege of voting but twice, and hence, am a little selfish in regard to it. Being a young voter I do not see the great necessity of women voting; but, now, Susie, you must know that if I was a girl, I would want to vote, and I must say, that I do admire a woman possessed of a strong mind; but, some one is singing in the library, shall we enjoy it?"

Wendell Phillips' appeals; Mary A. Livermore's oratory; Elizabeth Cady Stanton's rhetoric; Lucy Stone's persuasiveness; and, Susan B. Anthony's earnestness, all combined, would not have been as potent arguments to "Susie," in favor of woman suffrage, as the fact, that a handsome Ann Arbor student had said, "if he was a girl, he would want to vote."

Dear, little, innocent Susie's, throughout these United States, there are thousands of young men, *handsome* young men, who are keeping up a terrible thinking in the same direction. These young men, —and with all their faults, we love them still—are making the discovery that it requires brains to keep house, and just now, e'en *strong-minded* housekeepers are in demand.

Late that night, Winthrop Wright and Frank Hastings, discussed the sewing society, and the girls, etc., somewhat in this manner:

"What a little, flirty, silly, sentimental girl, that Miss Jones is."

"Oh! well, it isn't the girl's fault, Frank, it is her mother's. After all, I do n't wonder that girls are so

silly and soft, we encourage them in it. I tell you, if girls were as partial to ignorant, silly boys, as we are to what we call dear, little, lovable women, it would, at least, be a *great comfort* to a lazy fellow, and would certainly deprive us of a great incentive to action."

"Well, really, old boy, something to see you down in the valley of humiliation. What's to pay now?"

"Well, the fact is, I'm ashamed of myself. I prided myself on having some independence and manhood, and I've just about sold my birth-right to-day—that's all. I hate myself after I have done a mean thing, and I have been a coward to-day."

"Well, this grows interesting. It does, 'pon my word. The plot thickens, but out with it, 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' Come, now, I await your revelation, and in the language of Mark Twain, would inquire, 'is she dead?'"

"Come, don't be nonsensical. The facts are just these. This Miss Warner, they were all talking about, is the best friend of my life. I met her when she was quite a little girl. We have corresponded for years; her letters have saved me from much that was impure and unmanly during my college life. Last New Year's day she prevented me from taking my first glass of wine, and I pledged to her, life-long total abstinence. Well, the fact is, I loved her, and, I presume, she recognized the fact. I had expected to arrange matters with her during this visit, when, to my astonishment, I find that she is announced to deliver a lecture on Woman Suffrage."

"Well? What if she is? You admired Annie

Dickinson so much, I would have imagined that you would be quite proud of her, provided she gives a good lecture. That would be the point with me."

"Yes, I did admire Annie Dickinson; but, somehow I don't want Marjory to lecture. It seems different. I would 'nt want to marry a woman and have her traveling around the country lecturing."

"Go with her, old boy. You love to travel. And then, I tell you, unless you develop a more practical turn of mind, you will find the checks very convenient to have in the family."

"Come, now Frank, this is a serious matter with me; would you marry a woman who lectured?"

"That would depend *entirely upon the woman*; they most all lecture, if we accept the testimony of our married friends. You know I am a firm believer in love founded upon congeniality of souls and intellects, and so I would—yes, I would marry the devil, if I loved him and *we were congenial*. But, to be in earnest, if I was standing in your boots—figuratively of course—the question which would agitate me, would *not* be, shall I marry a lecturer? but, will this gifted woman marry me? Your prospects in this behalf do not appear remarkably brilliant, young man; you say she had reasons to know that you loved her, and yet, without consulting you, she quietly commences a life-work which may lead her away from home and love. I tell you, chum, you have some work before you; you have some winning to do."

"That is where I think you are mistaken; I do

hope it is not vanity in me; Marjory is as frank, as artless, and as independent as a child, and, she has almost told me that she loves me."

"Are you sure that she does not mean pure, true *friendship*? From what you have told me, I judge that she is a superior girl, one of the true, pure maidens, capable of pure, true love. But, where does she live, and why hav n't you proposed to call on her with me? Come, old fellow, I do n't wish to see you indulging in selfishness at your time of life."

"She lives here in the village—is a sister to young Warner, the rising artist; and, unless I am mistaken, here he comes now."

"Good evening, gentlemen; excuse my inexcusably late call, but I have just learned that you were in town, and knowing how badly you would be accommodated here, I have come to take you home with me; not a word—never mind about the time—Wright, you were kind to Madge, and that secured my friendship forever; you know she is my idol. Only think of it; that same little woman has 'saved me to art,' as she terms it; actually earned money enough while I was in college, to support mother and herself, so that I could devote myself to painting. You will pardon my enthusiasm, gentlemen, please, but everybody tells me that Marjory is my weak point. But, come now, go right home with me; my room is always ready."

That night, Marjory gave this thought to her journal: "At times my woman's heart shrinks from entering upon this new work, lest it should lead me

away from home, and love; but then I know my soul would never recognize her king in any one who would love me less, for duty performed, and so I walk forward, hoping to realize Margaret Fuller's thought: 'The woman in me kneels and weeps in tender rapture; the man in me rushes forth, but only to be baffled. Yet the time will come, when, from the union of this tragic king and queen, shall be born a radiant sovereign self.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

PRO AND CON.

"At last

She rose upon the wind of prophecy,
Dilating on the future; everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

A perfect June morning. Sunshine everywhere. Rollicking, little sunbeams with their tiny, golden spears, engaged in a noiseless, merry battle with the shadows; chasing them from every nook and corner, every cove and glen. The shadows entirely vanished, sunshine reigned supreme. Two, or three, poor, little discomfited shades, wandered into Marjory Warner's eyes, thinking to find a safe hiding-place 'neath their silken fringe, but the irresistible sunbeams discovered them and chased them out. They found a safer retreat in her beautiful hair, and there, for a time, a battle waged, but, at last, the sunbeams conquered, and resting in the meshes, gleamed and gleamed in saucy triumph.

The sunshine radiated Marjory's heart as well, and this glad morning she felt brave and strong, for life's labors and duties. All unconscious of the arrival of her brother's guests, she yet arranged her toilette in

harmony, with the pure, bright morning. A pure white wrapper was donned, and a fresh rose and some dewy geranium leaves placed in her hair.

Little Christine prattled and skipped as she led her "little mother" to the library, where Winthrop and his friend, somewhat impatiently, awaited her *entree*.

"Does she wear bloomer, and is her hair short and parted on the side?" queried Frank Hastings; while as if in reply, Christine entering the room at the moment, and expecting to find Marjory's brother there, said, "Say, uncle Hugh, aint my little mamma boo'ful this mornin'."

"Very 'boo'ful,' darling, but you must not tell her so, for she might think it was flattery."

Amid the mutual surprise and explanations, Winthrop merely introduced Marjory to Mr. Hastings, as his friend, neglecting to give her name—or rather deeming it unnecessary; but Mr. Hastings, not being aware that Marjory had adopted a little girl, supposed she was a married sister of, and so continued to expect, the strong-minded. Before breakfast was concluded, however, he found himself wishing that this charming young woman was a widow;—"Old Vanity!" How did he know, that e'en such a state of things, would benefit him?

After breakfast they returned to the library—a room to *live in*—and yet, void of brussels, mirrors, or damask: merely, delicate wood-color and green in-grain, mossy baskets, clustering flowers, choice chromos, and the best of books.

Christine had been wooed to Winthrop's side, and,

as he toyed with her curls, he said: "Will you ask your mamma if she will give us some music?"

"Oh! yes her will—her always sings for me when I'm good, and I've been the verwy bestest this mornin', said my prayer, and had my face washed—and all."

Marjory replied to the question by seating herself at the piano, and without any prelude of affected excuses, rendered some simple ballads very beautifully. When she concluded, Mr. Wright expressed surprise, that she had found time to keep up her music. "Married, of course," thought Mr. Hastings.

"Oh! no, Mr. Wright, I deem it just as much a woman's duty to cultivate every gift which has a refining influence upon home-life, as it is to pray; and aside from duty, it is a real pleasure, a genuine comfort.

A few more songs, and the conversation became general. After a time, Mr. Hastings, who could no longer curb his impatience, said: "Winthrop, are we not to enjoy the pleasure of meeting Miss Warner this morning?" Then addressing the supposed widow, he asked: "Do you not think it strange, that I have never been honored with so much as an introduction to one of your strong-minded ladies. I admired Miss Dickinson from a distance, but I never had a real *talk* with any of them; and so I am quite anxious to meet Miss Warner. Your sister, I infer?"

"No, sir, something nearer than a sister, since I represent that same belligerent young woman, or would represent her if I possessed a vote."

"Is it possible, that *you*, who have impressed me

with your intense womanliness, that you, are one of the strong-minded? Pardon me, but it is rather surprising to a man, possessed of my vanity, to have his opinions shattered, and completely upset, all in a minute. Excuse me again, and if you deem me impertinent, tell me so. But how can you make up your mind to submit yourself to the personal criticism of a large audience?"

"I became somewhat accustomed to it during the late war. You remember, it was quite customary, during the war, for young ladies to sing, recite, and speak in public. *They were consecrating their powers to the service of men*, and so all mankind applauded and we were 'bouqueted,' and serenaded, and praised. But now, the war being over, if the same girls, before the same audiences, attempt to speak for the benefit of their own sex, the prejudiced world cries out, 'unwomanly,' 'unsexed.'"

"But, Miss Warner, that was the out-growth of necessity, only a temporary affair. But now, suppose a woman becomes a lecturer,—does she not, in choosing that profession, sacrifice to it, home and all possibilities of wifehood and motherhood?"

"Not at all. She would, if to be a lecturer, required her to absent herself from home three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. But, fortunately, the season does not last but a few weeks, and only a very small minority of women could lecture, if they would."

"You mean publicly, of course, in-so-much as we all admit, that the gift for private lecturing is universal among women."

"Ah, yes; I won't quarrel with you on that point, merely would express my sympathy with the poor women, in that they so often are obliged to take such *miserable subjects*."

"Now, really, do you think it would be right for women to hold office? Just think of it; the right once granted, there is no stopping place. A woman may march right up to the White House."

"Do you deem it a very absurd thing for a *queen* to reign in England? It always amuses me a little to hear you gentlemen talk about women holding office. You most always portray a vivid picture, with all the women of the United States rushing to Washington, and all the fathers standing in the front doors of desolate homes, with sobbing children clinging to their knees, wailing,

"Come back! Come back!

My highland chief—

And I'll forgive my highland daughter,"

after the manner of the Third Reader (McGuffey's). One would suppose that every woman *could be a member of Congress, if she chose*, and that any woman could appropriate the presidential chair. Now, in *our own State*, only one woman in each congressional district, would be allowed to go to Congress, and, in each district that I have any knowledge of, there is, *at least, one woman who could be spared*; and, usually, there is one who is not married. In fact, I believe we could find enough widows in the country to represent us in Congress; and hence, we need not interfere with the marriage relation at all. Again, I

have been informed, and by gentlemen, too, that no one could become President of the United States, without receiving a majority vote. Now, do you suppose that we "angels" would be selfish enough to object, if a majority of all the people of these great States, would desire to have a woman president? Think you, we would dare oppose our puny will to yours?"

"Well, really, you have a direct way of putting questions, and I think I will read up a little on the subject. But, depend upon it, whenever you are a candidate, you shall have my vote."

"The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Marjory's brother, who announced that the horses were at the door; and, giving Madge a brotherly caress, bade her don her riding habit, and guide them into the most charming localities."

When Winthrop Wright heard her argue with Mr. Hastings, his mental comment was, she was born for friendship; I will win her for my life's best friend. But, when she came gracefully down stairs; when he observed her dainty gloves and cunning gaiters; and then, just before they started, when little Christine came running down the steps, saying, "Your little girls wants one more kiss, little mamma;" and he noticed the tenderness of her answering caress; he could but think, "she will make somebody a true wife."

Out into the leafy woods, receiving a benediction of beauty, our Marjory was no longer oppressed with the sorrow and want of the lowly and poor, but, seemed a

very sprite of merriment and life, sunshine and pleasure; a typical sunny-hearted maiden, but ever and always 'neath the velvet glove of youth, hope, and enthusiasm, was the pure iron ore of principle and moral courage. The waters ever pure and life-giving although the play of the fountain was beauty itself. Destined, it seemed, to a life-long conflict between heart and head. Hungry for love, yet scorning any but the purest. Destined to be forever misunderstood by the impure and prejudiced, and yet sure of winning the love of the good. With a heart like a sensitive plant, the soul of a warrior, and the brain of a strong man, life to her *must be* composed of rarest happiness, purest pleasure, and, also, alas, daily martyrdom.

Her heart said, "win love and home, or you will die." Her brain said, "sacrifice your gifts to your heart, and God will demand of thee thy talent." Wait for a love that will not fear your brain. Her soul said, "possess thyself in patience, and trust in God."

* * * * *

But what did the world say? The world—her world, said, "an ambitious girl, a coquette, discontented; wants to be a man." Some of her loved, said to her, "you are fitted to make a beautiful home; you are wrong in refusing to adorn one; you are in love with an ideal."

Her own womanly heart said, "I believe in my inmost soul that I could love Winthrop Wright, and

will love him, if he proves to be brave enough to *believe in me*, notwithstanding prejudice. But, I must perform my whole duty—I will perform it, and, if it leads me away from home and love, I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Thus her life was unfolding. Into every day she endeavored to weave some act of kindness, some labor of love. Out into the world for a time, leaving little Christine as her proxy, at home; then, back again to her loved ones with a new zest for home-life and renewed consecration to her work. The days came and went, and still her prayer was, "Father guide me."

CHAPTER XVII.

"MARRIAGE BELLS."

"Fairy gold? moss and leaves? and the young Fairy Bride?
Lived there yet fairy-lands in the face at his side."

* * * * *

"Perchance 't was the fault of the life that they led;
Perchance 't was the fault of the novels they read;
Perchance 't was a fault in themselves; I am bound not
To say; this I know—that these two creatures found not
In each other some sign they expected to find
Of a something unnamed in the heart or the mind;
And missing it each felt a right to complain
Of a sadness which each found no word to explain."

"Gala Days" at the old Wright homestead; unusual bustle and confusion in the usually quiet farmhouse.

The sweet orchard-fragrance was overpowered by the aroma of oriental spices and tropical fruits. The quaint, blue china has been wooed from its hiding place; tempting loaves of cake are congregated under a snowy table-cloth; mountains of ham (a figure of speech;) and hillocks of tongue (another figure;) and above all, the merry din of girlish voices and giggles. Everybody endeavors to appear merry, and yet good Mrs. Wright has suddenly ceased work, her mother-hands yielding to the mother-heart, which protests against these preparations. The good, old father wanders in

from his work, and asks Daisy to sew a button on for him; not that he cared anything about the button, but he liked to keep her near him; and Winthrop has persistently remained out in the field at work, because he cannot endure to witness the preparation in doors. Daisy, the pet, the idol of the household, is to be married. To-morrow she is to bid good-bye to this happy home of her girlhood; leave all the girl-friends who have loved her during these years. Bid good-bye to her sterling, honest father; yield a mother's tender care, and go forth a bride, to live in a crowded city among strangers.

Ah, young husband, remember this, I beg of you; and yield your pure, young bride, such a largesse of love, of tenderness, and thoughtfulness, that her heart shall never grow hungry for a father's caress, a mother's love, or a brother's tenderness. How is it with you? Do you sacrifice as much? You have lived for years in a boarding-house; your wash-woman has sent home to you buttonless linen; and you have, with bacheloric-awkwardness, endeavored to repair it. You have returned at the close of the day, to a dreary room. Now, you retain your friends, your business, your home, and also gain a companion, a linen-mender, and a wife.

Daisy had written to Marjory:

MY DARLING:—For the sake of "Lang Syne," put aside your public work, and come to me for a few days—the last of my glad, happy girl-hood. Come, dear;—I want your loving heart near mine, and I want your artistic taste and skillful hands, to adorn

the old home. The new love does not so over-shadow the old, as to take away the pain of this good-bye to home. Winthrop refuses to be comforted, and when he holds me in his great, strong arms, and says, "God bless you, little sister," I sometimes wonder if the new love will be as forgiving and tender as his. Do not think I do not love my future husband—I do. But there is so much tenderness evinced towards me by father, mother, and Winthrop, that I feel verily guilty and selfish in leaving them. Come to me, dear"

And Marjory was there. Just now we find her surveying the effort of her labors in the "front room." Aunt Jane's favorite ornament, a pitcher of asparagus, had been evoked from the fire-place, and the brown and blackened niche, glorified with mosses and trailing vines, until that erst-time, practical fire-place, seemed a veritable grotto, from whence, at any moment, one might evoke a genuine fairy. Chairs were whisked out of life-long positions, until they almost stood upon two legs in surprise. The square tower of family pictures was smoothed down into irregular hillocks. The snowy, white curtains were rescued from their life-long frigidity of straightness, and wooed into snowy curves, looped back with evergreens and vines. The truthful, old mirror was so adorned and decorated, its heavy mahogany frame brodered and trellised with vines; the two gilt knobs converted into mossy baskets, and a beautiful hanging-basket suspended in front of it, until its very reflections became some-what worldly.

A large flag drooped gracefully across the press-doors; and, in fact, the whole room was completely changed. Marjory found it in proper trim for a very proper funeral. She left it, suggestive of a bridal.

Yet, more than this, had our "strong-minded" effected. She had so completely won an entrance into Mrs. Wright's heart, that three entire widths had been coaxed from her best black silk, while the front one was actually gored,—so that Mrs. Wright would be fashionable in her resemblance to a churn, rather than out of fashion in her resemblance to a tub.

These duties performed, Marjory chose the shaded back-porch, as the most comfortable place for the making of cream-cakes. With sleeves looped above her dimpled elbows, she commenced preparations, all unconscious of Winthrop's presence in the adjoining hall, or of his earnest attention.

The requisite number of eggs had been broken, when Mrs. Mehitable Green stepped on to the porch. Taking off her bonnet, and fanning herself with a "turkey-wing," she invaded the silence with the words, "the law me, if that do n't beat me. Why you're as handy as a rollin'-pin, and as spry as a cat. I never lowed you city gals knowed anything 'bout cookin'. But, may-be you just learned a little, so as to ketch Mr. Winthrop. Wonder if you did, now? There's a heap o' girls arter him. Can you make bread? If you can't, your cake's all dough, so fur as he is concerned. But what is that you are mussin' in?"

"I am attempting to make some cream cakes."

"Cream cakes? Does Miss Wright know it? 'Cause with all the folks they've asked to the weddin', I rather guess she'll need all her cream."

"Oh, we do n't use real cream; it is made of sugar and milk."

"Yes, I'll be bound! cream cakes and not a thimble full of cream in them. For my part I believe in calling things by their right names. But, say, I heerd that that gal that lectures was out heer bossin' round considerable, and I would like mighty well to see her. Now, you have a mighty obleeging look about ye; could n't you call her out here for something? I do want to get a peek at her. They say she is right decent lookin'. How a woman can get up and talk right before men folks, beats me. Law! *I could no more do it than nothin'*. I jest know I'd faint on the spot. But, then if a body can, I do n't see as a body ought ter say they shan't. Now I'm as ignerant as an Injun, and I do n't know nothin' 'bout politics, but, if I had a vote I would walk to town every-time jest to vote agin whisky. I tell ye, if we do n't know much 'bout taxin', and them things, we'd do about right when it come to whisky, and some other things, I tell you mothers know what is ruinin' their sons, and my old man aint a bit more sensible than I am, and my boys allers votes the way I want 'em too. But, how I have run on. I hope you'll 'scuse me."

"You have given me some valuable ideas, and I thank you for them. It is because I believe that the mothers of the country do know what their sons and

daughters most need that I have summoned courage to speak before our, 'men folks,' as you call them.

"Oh! goody gracious! You don't tell me? You aint the lecturer, be you? Why you do n't look a bit like a man, and you 're as easy as an old shoe. Well, it jest beats me, and I must run right home and tell Israel, and fetch him over."

* * * * *

Out on the old porch at the quiet evening time, amid a snow of blossoms and a shower of bird music, Marjory and Winthrop are seated. The bridal is a memory, and their blithe, bonnie "Daisy" has been transplanted into city life, and a city home. Winthrop's brother-heart rebels, and in vain has Marjory endeavored to comfort him, and now they silently listen to the chirping crickets and re-iterant "katydids."

"Marjory, you are an enigma; you seem to possess two distinct natures. During these two days you have seemed a fun-loving, merry, frolicsome girl; a veritable household fairy "to the manor born;" and I had almost persuaded myself that it would not be selfish to endeavor to win you to private life. When I took up this paper, and when I read this glowing tribute, I knew you had a public work to do; but will you not allow me to be your life's best friend? you have made me a better man, and no one will ever be able to do for me what you have done. No matter where you are, or what your life-work, ever and always command my services, and they are yours."

But what have you been thinking about so earnestly? Come, now, honest confession!"

"I have been thinking about your sister, and about how much more marriage means to a woman, than it does to a man. Now it seems to me, that when a woman is married, a man is married also; and that he is just as much married as she is; but the world does not think so. For instance: Your new brother-in-law was married this morning. He takes his wife to his boarding-house, loves her, and is certainly married, and yet his business goes on; he has a life-work aside from all that. But how about Daisy. With all of her sewing done, she goes among strangers, into a boarding-house, with nothing in the world to do, but to be married—nothing to do. I do not wonder that some brides are homesick, exacting and peevish."

"Now let us imagine that your sister had cultivated and developed her taste for music; that without losing caste she could secure a few music scholars, and thus employ her time, and what is better still, assist her young husband in earning their home. Or, imagine, that she had studied law. With womanly taste and tact she converts her husband's dreary office into a *home*, and remains with him during the day, as companion and partner. Think you, she would be less happy, less wifely than if she was shut up alone in a boarding-house? Ah! my good friend, you gentlemen do not dream of the extent to which you are defrauded."

"Marjory, I believe you are one of the few women who believe that *men* have some rights that *women*

are bound to respect, so expose to me some of the ways in which we are defrauded."

"Well, in the first place, you have been obliged to do all of the preaching, healing, money-getting and legislating of the world; and I have known many young men deprived of love and home, for years, in order that they might earn enough money, to justify them in indulging in the luxury of a wife; and then, how often after marriage does the husband toil day and night in order that he may support his wife and daughters, in idleness."

"Really, that is true. But you forget one thing. The duties of motherhood would conflict with a profession."

"Not nearly so much as one would at first suppose; and then children don't remain children forever. They have a habit of growing up, and then the mother, with all her wealth of experience, and, in the maturity of her powers, is crowded into a corner to knit stockings for the grand-children."

"But, you take a different view of this subject from most women. I thought women complained that they were over-taxed, &c."

"Ah! no—the trouble is not that women have too much to do, but that so many are obliged to perform distasteful labor, and that they are so poorly paid for their labor. I made a discovery a few days since. Mother and I invited a hundred persons to an entertainment; two-thirds of the married men asked to be excused because they could not leave their business, while not a half dozen women declined. Now

almost every one of these gentlemen are depriving themselves of social enjoyment, and all recreation, in order that their wives and daughters may be "ladies." A false step, a runaway horse, some slight accident, and the strong, right arm is powerless, and wife and daughter left helpless and dependent on the world. Ah! when I have seen so many helpless widows dragged down by poverty, merely because they were not educated to be self-reliant, it makes me tremble to see a glad, young girl, become a wife, unless she is, or can become, self-supporting."

"But what will become of our housekeepers?"

"What *has* become of them, my good friend? Your sister does not expect to keep house. If they would take possession of a house to-day, Mr. Ray would hire a cook. Women lose caste now in fashionable society if they are housekeepers. No, you have put a premium upon woman's idleness, and the world is deprived of a wonderful amount of labor. Julia Ward Howe, beautifully says: "If I could enter the nurseries of the land I would say to the petted inmates: put aside your toy-loves, and toy-friendships; the age is full grown; there is blessed work to do,—blessed work, with blessed wages."

"Marjory, how do you find time to think so much? You are a constant surprise to me."

"It is just as easy to see these things, if one will only keep one's eyes open. Then I have been visiting among my married friends, and these girls' husbands are obliged to *work*; they come home three times a day to *eat*. And these girls, with their education

and gifts, have adopted as their life-work, keeping a boarding-house *for one*, for but very few of my school friends are mothers."

"Well, what do you intend to do when you are married?"

"I hope to live with my husband. I do n't propose to bid him good-bye, three hundred and sixty-five mornings of each year, and live my life entirely apart from him. I want to share his labors, be interested in his business, and know his friends. I want to preach, and I hope to marry—well, say an editor—then in our cosy sanctum we could sit together, and he write his editorials, and I could write my sermons.

"Strange, is n't it? But I am suddenly seized with an intense desire to become an editor."

There was silence for a few moments, then Winthrop laid his hand on Marjory's head, saying, "Confident that after knowing you I can never love another woman, I yet feel that I would not satisfy you, and that you could not yield to me the intense love my nature demands, and so, darling, good-bye."

He went to his room, blind to his own mistake, while Marjory sat, still as a statue, quietly, calmly, icily accepting her fate. Recognizing that her work, if performed, must be wrought out *alone*, since not yet did even the best men fully understand how intense love and intense womanliness, could be united with self-reliance and consecration to the public good.

Looking calmly into the future, it was not all dark. She had much to live for. Life was worth living out, but, oh! it seemed *so lonely*, and the woman-soul

quivered and agonized in view of the uncrowned life-work; and yet she asked God that he would give her strength to live and perform her entire duty. And so, her heart did not break; and the next morning when Winthrop heard her singing, not knowing what a struggle it was for her to conquer self and sing for Daisy's father, his mental comment was, "is it possible that her intellect has dwarfed her soul?" *And thus they drifted apart.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE LYCEUM.

"A woman cannot do the thing she ought,
Which means the perfect thing, she can
In life, in art, in science, but she fears
To let the perfect action take her part
And rest there; she must prove what she can do
Before she does it. * * *

There's no need to speak;
The universe shall henceforth speak for you
And witness, '*She who did this thing was born
To do it—claims her license in her work.*'"

A delightful day for driving, and all the world is on wheels. The fashionable "Saratoga world." We watch the panoramic procession of glittering vehicles and prancing steeds, and, after the survey we *do not* envy the riders or drivers. The faces are not happy, for the most wearisome life-work in the world is the pursuit of pleasure; *especially during* the summer months.

Ah! ye happy maidens of village or farm house, indulging in the luxury of cool gingham and loose sacques; at liberty to patter barefooted over mossy stones in sparkling brooks! Ah! out under the shadowy oak you read the last story of "high life at a

watering place," and, like dear Faith Gartney, really believe that there are beautiful times in the world which you are not in. Would that I could lift you from your shaded retreat and set you down in Saratoga. Doomed to wear your Sabbath clothes, to be stabbed by hair-pins and incarcerated in corsets, new shoes and flutings, and dress for dinner and dress for the evening. Surely ask not to be placed on exhibition during the *summer* months. If your good clothes must be displayed, hire a wax-figure to wear them, and you stay at home and revel in comfort and loose sacques.

However, my advice is given too late in the season, and Saratoga is in the midst of its gaieties, and on this afternoon there is a flutter of excitement. Saratoga is to be invaded by the new reform. Marjory Warner has been invited to lecture there, and the fashionable world does not know exactly what to do about it. Young girls who have dressed for exhibition, and stood unblushingly 'neath the bright gas-light, now shrug their immodestly bare shoulders, and *wonder* how a lady can face an audience and make a speech.

Dissolute young men, who have no right to enter the presence of pure maidens, assure their sweet-hearts that true women abide at home, &c., &c.

But, to return to our procession. An elegant *coupee* attracts our observation, and surmounted by satin and lace, and decked with jewelry, we discover our friend Maude Johnstone, now Mrs. Warren Huntington. She has taken a cottage for the season, and the friend, sitting opposite, is visiting her, and is one of the

reigning belles of the "season." Maude's husband remains in the heated city, toiling on, alone, weary and homesick for his—children. His wife has ceased to be much company for him.

Mrs. Huntington is indignant that Marjory, her erst-time acquaintance, is coming to Saratoga; and Mrs. Huntington's friend, who has the misfortune to be a distant relative of Marjory's, is in a "perfect fever" lest she should hunt her up and proclaim the relationship.

"What would we do if she should call upon us?"

"Send word that we are not at home, of course; but I would like to hear the lecture, just to see how she does."

"Well, I do n't want to hear her. I shall be in terror so long as she is here. At first I really thought of taking a trip to New-York, but—ahem, it is hardly safe to leave my bacheloric cavalier yet. Would n't his highness be horrified if he knew the 'strong-minded' was *my cousin*?"

"Well, really I do n't know. These men are queer compounds. Mr. Huntington thinks Marjory the noblest woman he has ever met, and when she lectured, in Washington, he took her out driving, and presented her with exquisite flowers, and treated her as though she was an empress. He was so determined that we should entertain her, that I was compelled to go down to mother's and stay a week. Do you know that Mrs. Montague is to entertain her? Your bachelor seems to endorse whatever his widowed sister does."

"What? You don't mean that the elegant, wealthy, fastidious Mrs. Montague is to entertain her?"

"Here it is. You can read for yourself. I brought it for your special delectation, but thought it best not to break the news too suddenly."

Miss Grafton seized the paper, and readily discovered this paragraph,

"MISS MARJORY WARNER."

"This gifted, accomplished, and we must add, beautiful young lady, has arrived in our city, and is the guest of Mrs. Mary Montague. As the lecture is given under the auspices of the Young Men's Library Association, we doubt not the *elite* of our city will honor this modern Portia with their presence."

Twice was this read by the mortified, terrified cousin, and then the haughty belle exclaimed, "I do n't believe it. Some one has put it in for a joke. But, here comes his honor; now, I will ask him. Andrew, drive to the left sidewalk."

The ladies inclined their heads, and Gustave Adair, (the one-armed soldier, the "ex-general," and "the lion of the season"), with hat in hand, approached the *coupee*.

"We merely wished to congratulate you because of your distinguished guest, and to tender our assistance and willingness to come to the rescue, in case she endeavors to deprive you of your rights."

"Ah, thank you—thank you—I have not met her yet, but have been gliding through back doors and side entrances, perfectly overpowered by the presence

of so much strong-mindedness. You will attend the lecture, of course? If for nothing else than to see how *I do* the introduction?"

"You? Are *you* to introduce her?"

"Certainly; I am president of the Association, you know. Now do n't fail me, for I shall depend upon your eyes for my inspiration."

The carriage rolled on, and after an exhaustive mental effort, Miss Grafton pronounced this planet in which we dwell, a "queer world."

"I think I *will* go to-night. Will you *chaperone* me, Maude?"

"Oh! I do n't know. It is such an effort for me *to dress*. You do not know what an effort it takes for me to go anywhere. Since my marriage, I have been so tired with poor servants and bad nurses, that I am perfectly worn out; almost tired of life;" and the young wife of the wealthy Warren Huntington, sank back amid her cushions wearily and listlessly. She had sold herself for an "establishment," and the coveted "mess of pottage," had turned to ashes in her grasp.

As Gustave Adair entered his sister's drawing room, there floated through the air the sweetest voice he had ever heard. Remaining almost motionless until the song was concluded, he advanced, in order that he might be presented to the singer. He was surprised when he looked upon her delicate, *spirituelle* face; when he observed her delicate filmy dress, brodered with exquisite lace ruffles; but, when she glided towards him with the air of a born princess,

placed her small hand in his, with the assertion that, "she always gave her hand to a returned soldier," he yielded his earnest admiration. For the first time, this proud, princely man had met a woman who could look calmly into his eyes, as his peer. Their eyes met. *His* drooped 'neath her pure, soulfull gaze, and, although all unconscious of the fact, Marjory held his heart in the hollow of her little hand, for he had found his angel.

Sitting there, conversing with her of books and authors, of places and faces, of parties and principles, spell-bound by her earnestness, and then by her flashing wit, this man of the world recognized the exalted beauty of symmetrical womanhood. Womanhood indigenous to the temperate zone of life, the zone where head and heart co-operate in symmetrical harmony.

* * * * *

The Opera House was crowded. The first arrivals looked anxious, but very soon Deacon Croaker arrived, and then the timid ones settled calmly into their seats and awaited further developments. Several very orthodox clergymen balanced on the edges of the seats, as though expecting a cry of fire, and, with an expression of surprise at finding themselves there, visible on their faces. Occasionally some stylish belle would rustle in, and attract as much attention as though she represented the *dramatis personæ* by the manner in which she shook her jeweled fan in surprise at the presence of other fashionable friends—

friends who had probably assured her during the day, that they would not attend the lecture. You see, it was before they heard that the lecturer was to be entertained by the wealthy Mrs. Deacon Croaker, and to be introduced by one of the lionized Mr. Croakers. There is a suspicion of Vanity Fair at Saratoga.

Suddenly the sweet notes of a silver band are heard, and ere the liquid notes are lost in the distance, the auditors whisper, "how pleasant is to have music in the lyceum; strange the Committee never thought of it before. Ah! a woman is on the other side of the screen; and look, see! flowers, too."

An expectant hush, as Gustave Adair escorts the fair lecturer to the platform. The audience glanced at the soulful face; then at the delicate lavender silk, covered with a filmy, delicate, black lace shawl; at the small hands and little feet; and ere she had spoken one word, she evoked the applause of the large audience, *by the power of womanhood alone.*

Graceful as a lily, with slightly bowed head, she listened to the introduction of Mr. Adair, which must have been inspired by somebody's eyes. Every ear was attentive as he said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—As a citizen-soldier, it is with genuine pleasure and pride, that I introduce to you, one, who during her girl-hood, was brave to speak, write, and sing in public, for the benefit of the 'boys in blue.' Patriotism and love of truth wooed her from a happy home to labors of love for the public weal; and now on the brink of womanhood, she consecrates the powers developed in her country's service, to her own sex, to humanity, and to God."

When the applause had subsided, Marjory's earnest, womanly tones were heard, as she commenced her plea for a purer, higher civilization. As she assured men that this reform did not mean antagonism between men and women; as she assured women that instead of taking women from their homes, its aim was to render homes *possible for all women*, the chains of prejudice were loosened, and people knew that they were listening to the *truth*.

When she had uttered the concluding sentence, and the audience was dismissed, foremost among the many who crowded towards the stage, for the honor of an introduction, was her "mortified" cousin, Miss Grafton.

"Why, Marjory, I am delighted! I am proud of you, child! It did not seem a particle bold."

"Allow me to say, Miss Warner, that it reminded me of 'Lallah Rookh,' of pearls, and fountains," exclaimed a sentimental young rhymester.

"And the flowers and music were *so nice*," chimed in a little blue-eyed doll.

Miss Warner, I must say that I enjoyed your essay very well," acknowledged a stately editor; his manner indicating that if he had spoken his real thoughts, he would have added: "But you had better go home to your dolls, 'sissy,' too much thought is dangerous to women."

Ere Marjory could reply, a real, live specimen of "Young America" presented himself. Evidently, he thought his question was to throw the entire woman suffrage movement off the track. This young,

downy-lipped boy, who must have been in the nursery during the late war, inquired if "Miss Warner would be willing to fight if she could vote?"

Marjory replied: "My dear, *little fellow*, I must answer you, as Mrs. Stanton did a certain editor, one of the old Roman Tribunes, when he arose one evening in the midst of one of her lectures, and inquired if she would take the bullet with the ballot—"

"Oh! certainly? Just as *you* did during the late war, by means of my substitute."

Young America looked as though the car of Progress might roll over him, if it wanted to; and the attention of the circle was arrested by a good, motherly, but ignorant woman, who grasped Marjory's hand, at same time asking her, "if she really, *did write it herself?*" Then, an earnest, grey-haired clergyman laid his hand on her shoulder, saying, "Daughter, such thoughts must come from a noble soul. You have done me good, and may God bless you."

And that repaid Marjory, and sweeter than aught else, than the fragrance of the flowers, or the liquid, musical notes was that good, old man's, "God bless you!"

When the young ladies observed how tenderly Gustave Adair placed her wrappings around her, and assisted her into the carriage, one, little, "Bright Eyes" remarked, "Girls, its all a humbug about the boys not liking strong-minded women. I tell you, they treat her as though she was an empress. If a girl is pretty and lady-like, everybody will respect

her, and, the fact is, I'm converted. I believe I have just as much right to vote, as that little goose of a fellow, who asked Miss Warner if she could fight. Goodness! I could tumble him over with my fan. I think he would do for Fanny Fern's cemetery; let's go now and cover him with rose-leaves."

Ah, little "Bright Eyes," you discovered the truth at a glance. God has made us women, and wherever we go, be it to the polls, into the lyceum, or pulpit, we will take womanly accessories and reign, and overcome by the power of womanhood alone. God has made us nurses. The whole body-politic is sick, wounded and diseased, and poor, bacheloric "Uncle Sam" is in despair; there is need for womanly patience, womanly tenderness and care, and if you will only be patient, poor, wounded, diseased, old Body-Politic, womanly hands will attempt to restore you. Since the mission of woman has ever been that of "Mercy."

"The mission of woman—borne to nurse,
To soothe and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her."

CHAPTER XIX.

"NOT FOR SALE."

"I say, no, no!
 I tie up "no" upon God's altar-horns,
 Quite out of reach of perjury! At least
 My soul is not a pauper; I can live,
 At least, my soul's life without alms from men,
 And if it must be in heaven instead of earth,
 Let heaven look to it,—I am not afraid.

"Farewell! And since help
 Must come to me from those who love me not,
 Farewell! all helpers; I must help myself,
 And am alone from henceforth.
 If I married him
 I would not dare to call my soul my own,
 Which so he had bought and paid for."

Two summers have come and gone. Twice have the dear, old apple trees blushed into beauty and blossoms; twice have the birds made their nests, and our friends, Winthrop and Marjory, greeted their birthdays. Both have performed faithful, honest labor; both have achieved fame; and yet both of them are fully conscious that something is needed to render their lives complete. Not yet have they tasted the pure vine of life.

Winthrop Wright has become a successful journalist, and is the editor and proprietor of a most popular

journal. To-day he is seated in his pleasant sanctum; handsome, courted by women, admired by mothers, and envied by men, he is yet dissatisfied and unhappy. He has a warm, loving heart, and, as yet, he has found no home for it; and on this bright day, he feels himself to be a veritable orphan. This morning, especially, has been freighted with memories of out-lived pleasures, and some little sprite has been continually whispering to him, "you have made a mistake—a mistake—mistake." He holds in his hand a copy of Marjory's book. He has been writing a review of it, and as he carefully notes the contents, as he reads the beautiful truths, and interprets, for the first time, her strong, brave, tender, loving, womanly soul, he seems to realize that when he talked of friendship to her, and endeavored to suppress his love, that he put a flaming sword to ward off the angel of his life. Again and again, he reads some of the best passages, and then putting the little volume aside, he congratulates himself upon the fact, that he has never loved any other woman; and he now determines to ignore all prejudice, to bid her write, lecture or preach, —to perform her entire duty—and yet to accept his love; to be his wife.

He has yet to learn that a rare gift once refused, is seldom attainable afterward. Well may he fear, for at this very hour, the elegant, wealthy Gustave Adair, is telling Marjory of his love for her; telling her that his physicians have told him that he could not live many months, and pleading with her to bless and glorify the remainder of his life; and, as Marjory

hesitates, while endeavoring to couch her refusal in the kindest words, he almost crushes her little hands as, taking them in his own, he says, "Oh! my darling, I cannot give you up. Just for a little time devote yourself to me, even if you do not feel assured that you love me as a wife should love her husband. Yet, be my wife; learn to love me, and be to me as a precious sister. You do not know how much I need you. I shall be better prepared for heaven after looking into your soulful eyes, and listening to your pure words. I believe that the good Father above will bless such a labor of love."

That was Marjory's temptation. Pride whispered, "think how you can triumph over the uncharitable women who have repeatedly assured you that you must be an old maid; that no man would ever marry a woman who had traveled over the country lecturing." Charity said, "only think how much good you could do with the vast wealth you would inherit as his widow; you admire and respect him, you can render the remainder of his life so happy, and then you can place your mother and brother, and little Christine in a luxurious home, surround them with every comfort, and make life so beautiful for them." But after all these suggestions, she resorted to the great test question, "would it be right?" Her true, woman soul beat back an earnest, "no;" and after remaining silent for a few moments, she laid her hand tenderly upon Mr. Adair's shoulder, looked calmly into his eyes, and then gave him this answer:

"Gustave, you have been a kind, true friend to me;

I gladly accept the brother-love that you offer, and, God helping me I will be to you a true sister, but I cannot be your wife. I believe marriage to be a sacred ordinance from God; and I would not dare, I could not perjure my womanhood by going to the altar and promising to love, when my soul denied the declaration. You have shown yourself to be fearless and brave, in ignoring the prejudice of friends, and asking as self-reliant, and independent a woman as I have been, to be your wife. I greet, and accept your brother-love, eagerly and gladly. Now listen; you shall come right into our cosy home, and my good mother will treat you as a son, and I will be a true sister to you."

Mr. Adair seemed disappointed and sad, as he replied, a mournful pathos thrilling his voice: "Marjory, you forget that we live in a very tyrannical world, and that your proposed plan would call down upon you the gossip of the village."

"At times I fear that I care too little for the world's opinion so long as I know my motives are pure. God seems to have decreed that I should be an Ishmaelite among women. I have always been misunderstood, always the subject of gossip, but never, that I know of, basely slandered.

"I recognize the existence of a pure, true friendship, based upon congenial tastes and aims, neither prompted by, nor subsisting on ulterior motives. The world deems such friendship, visionary, platonic; it cannot, and does not, recognize its existence.

"To me, the girl who deliberately sells herself at

the altar for money, position, or home, is as guilty before a pure God, as she who falls through love. Yet the world applauds the former, and condemns the latter.

"My mother's fame and name are as pure as snow; then why may you not make your home with us for a time, thus conferring upon us the privilege of alleviating your sufferings? There can never be real freedom for woman, until the world recognizes that a true, pure woman may be trusted anywhere, under all circumstances, and that excessive prudery is neither essential to, nor always indicate of virtue.

"It really saddens me when I think of the vast amount of womanly charity and kindness, the world is deprived of because of the manacles of women. Suppress your words of friendship; speak not your true words of love and faith, says custom; keep silent in our churches, proclaim from their pulpits our Christian ministers.

"Stay at home; home is the place for woman; set at home in supreme idleness; if you have nothing to do, sleep your life away, and gain the reputation of being a 'good woman and so domestic,' rather than to go into your husband's office, or store to assist him in his weary tasks. Oh! my friend, when I reflect upon the inconsistencies of our world of customs, I am thankful this world and I are at variance with each other.

"My entire life has been passed in this village. The people here have known me from babyhood, and if my character is not sufficiently known, to admit of my taking care, with impunity, of an invalid, who comes

to my mother's home for care and comforts, then I do not think reputation amounts to much. I would prefer to do some good in the world, even though I be misunderstood and misjudged, than to receive applause of the world bestowed upon a selfish, aimless life. *God knows*, and He will send the benediction more blessed than all others, 'She hath done what she could.'"

At first, Mr. Adair declared himself to be unwilling to remain and subject Marjory to the gossip of the villagers, but as the hours passed, the persuasions of Mrs. Warner, and the pretty prattle of Christine, caused him to yield a little, and to his weary mind and body this peaceful, quiet home seemed so like a little heaven that he lingered in it, day after day. Tenderly as a mother, Marjory cared for him, devoting her energies and talents to his entertainment, reading, writing, and singing; deeming the sacrifice of her valuable time as nothing, when compared with the fact that she was rendering the last days of her friend's life happier, better, and purer. And happy would it be for all women, could they render such acceptable service to the men who love them.

During these days, Winthrop had looked into his own soul and discovered that none other than Marjory's had ever been, or could be its queen; and as "Romney" wrote to "Aurora," so he decided to say to her, "Write woman's verses, and dream woman's dreams, but bloom out your youth beside me, be my wife." Aye, more he had decided to say: "Speak, your brave womanly thoughts, not only to

the public, but to me, in private, and teach me the nobility of complete, educated, christian womanhood."

Ah! Winthrop, you have made a brave, and wise decision, but you have a sad lesson to learn. It is this: That if we once blindly refuse a rare gift, it is seldom attainable afterwards.

One bright, beautiful morning, our editor bade good-bye to his sanctum, placed his paper in the care of "the Local," and with confident hope, commenced his journey to the village in which Marjory lived. She too, enjoyed the beautiful morning, and its beauty and brightness seemed tangled in her voice, as she went singing through the house right merrily, as if some bird, or sprite, had whispered to her of the coming of her lover. Marjory was unusually happy at home, and Winthrop was buoyant with love and hope, and discovered not the attendant inexorable fate, e'en now ready to ward off the blessing. Patience, beloved, since it seems to be God's plan to purify his co-laborers, through suffering.

Winthrop looked from the car window, as they were whirled through scenes of beauty and of roughness; gliding now through a flower-broidered meadow, and now, through an untidy back-yard; and saw nothing. He was lost in a day-dream, when he was suddenly remanded to earth by the rasping voice of one, Miss Mehitable Green, who wished to know "if he had any objections to her taking a seat beside him?" at the same time seating herself before he had time to reply.

Miss Mehitable had a tongue, and was altogether industrious in its use—and so she commenced her task with the inquiry: "Traveling far sir?"

"No, madam, only to the next station."

"Why, that's my stopping place, too. I've lived there all my life. Do you intend to stay long?"

"Only a few days."

"Oh! going on business, I suppose?"

"No, I am intending to visit an old college friend of mine—Mr. Warner. Do you know his family, and can you tell me if they are at home, and well?"

"Mr. Warner must be a *very* popular young man. It does beat all, the number of young men that visit him; but somehow they always seem to visit a good deal with his sister. One of his friends is there now;—has been all summer, and there's a great deal of talk about it. Some sad, consumptive, from the city, and Marjory and her mother just wait on him like a baby. At first people did not quite make out whether it was the mother or daughter he was courting, but they are pretty well decided now that its Marjory."

"Why does n't she marry him, then?"

"Well, I have heard it said that his folks are mighty 'ristocratic, and that they told him he never should be recognized by the family if he married her, because she is one of the Woman's-Rights lecturers; but then I guess he has some pride about it himself. He loves her though—anybody can see that—he wont scarcely let her be out of his sight a minute; and she, why a wife could n't be more devoted, and some people believe there has been a secret marriage."

Just then, the long whistle sounded, the train began to move more slowly as it was switched on to a side-track to let another train pass, and as it passed, Winthrop swung himself on to it, and was soon being swiftly borne back to the city.

It so happened, that, at this moment, Marjory was reading, and she suddenly exclaimed, "How dark it has grown."

"Yes," replied Mr. Adair, "a cloud has just passed over the sun."

Patience! patience little, hungry heart: you are guided by Him who came into the world for its redemption, and the world knew Him not, and who "Came unto His own and His own received Him not."

Winthrop returned to his sanctum, wrote cynical, severe editorials; frequented the theatre and opera; paid arduous attention to a wealthy belle, and was so unlike himself that his friends wondered what could have produced such a change.

The days came to Marjory freighted with bitterness and sadness. There is a great deal of human nature in people, and Mrs. Warner was but mortal; she had struggled with poverty all through life, and now as she became conscious of Mr. Adair's wealth and realized what a position Marjory would occupy as his wife, she really became impatient of Marjory's refusal to marry him. Other mothers spoke to her of their married daughters and grandchildren in a manner that piqued her, and at last she commenced asking "Why must my daughter make a martyr of herself?" Marjory discovered her mother's thought, and

with the discovery came the bitterest anguish she had known. Mr. Adair was constantly growing weaker, and consequently more exacting, and the days passed wearily by. Little Christine was her only comfort, and her sweet "Good morning my precious mamma," lightened the burden of each day and re-echoed in her ears like a blessing. One morning as Marjory loitered in her room for a little romp with Christine, there sounded through the house, a quick, sudden scream. Mr. Adair had ruptured a blood vessel, and in a few moments life was extinct. Then the cottage home was the scene of sorrow. His friends from the distant city were summoned, and e'en in the first surprise of grief, remembered to be grateful to her who had been so faithful to the dearly loved brother. They insisted so perseveringly that Marjory should accompany them on their sad journey back to the city, that she could not resist, and so, all unconsciously added fuel to the gossip fires already kindled. There was an imposing funeral, and, after the last honors had been paid to the dead, the family assembled and the will was read. Mr. Adair had recently become an orphan, and his only heirs were two sisters and a brother, and they were wealthy; to them he bequeathed a generous amount, but, to his adopted sister Marjory Warner, he left the larger part of his fortune.

Here, was an item for the omnivorous newspapers. Soon the civilized, American world, was apprised of the fact, that the wealthy Gustave Adair, just deceased, was engaged to the brilliant, young lectress,

Marjory Warner. Many young "locals," who were opposed to "women who lecture," adding to the announcement such facetious remarks, as "the gentleman is dead; fortunate man, he has made a lucky escape—between two evils he has chosen the least, &c." Could the good, philanthropic gentlemen who conduct many of our popular journals, realize how much real heart-ache is caused, and often real injury inflicted by the column of "personals," they would see to it that the selections were made by true gentlemen—men worthy to be classed among the representatives of the press. Believing in the wonderful power of our free press, we yet hope to see the day when, at the head of every column and every article, the editor's or writer's name shall appear. We have a free press now, but not until individuals are made as responsible for the words they put in print, as for the words they speak, will we enjoy the luxury of a *purified* press. And especially should the reading public demand that if any journal reports the proceedings of any meeting, speech, or lecture, that such proceedings, speech or lecture, be reported *correctly*. When we think of the many, gifted and good men who have devoted their lives to journalism, it is with real sorrow that we hear good people declare that they have long since learned to doubt everything published in a newspaper.

Such have been the accounts published of many prominent advocates of woman suffrage, that we have heard persons express the greatest surprise at discovering them to be womanly women in womanly attire. And yet, when we remember the courtesy,

kindness, and genuine assistance rendered the cause by some of "the knights of the quill," we long to tilt a lance in their favor, rather than point out the defects in their mode of warfare.

Oh! brave knights, humanity is so weak and selfish, do not stoop to please its vitiated tastes, but fling a pure, white ensign to the breeze, and draw the minds and imaginations of our people up towards the pure, sun-lighted hills of truth.

One morning Marjory chanced upon one of these impertinent personals, and as she thought of the friends who would read and believe, she realized more fully than ever, how utterly she had been misunderstood, and how wrongfully she had been judged. The tears would come, and little Christine found her weeping bitterly, and twining her little arms about her, she begged to know the cause.

Marjory pointed to the newspapers, and said, "Oh, it hurts mamma darling, to have her sorrow and trouble made so conspicuous."

That evening as little Christine was lying in bed, watching her "little mamma" who sat at the table writing, she suddenly queried, "mamma, aint that nice Mr. Winthrop a newspaper man?"

"Yes, Birdie; but why do you ask that?"

"Oh, for nothing much—just cause."

Some days after this conversation occurred, Winthrop smiled with curiosity, as he discovered among his morning mail, a letter addressed to "Good Mr. Wright, the newspaper man." Opening it he discovered a letter from Christine; said letter being the

exponent of an idea which occurred to her that sleepless evening. We quote it, giving the meaning not the orthography:—

"DEAR MR. WRIGHT:—My little mamma cried like everything the other day, because one of the bad newspaper men said she would have married uncle Gus., if he had n't died. Now *I know she would n't*, cause I heard her tell him so. They did n't know I heard though. She said she did n't love him quite good enough; but she would be his sister; and she was. He used to be pretty cross though, and I heard him scold once cause she would always wear that pretty locket you gave her with your picture in it. Uncle Gus gave her one that was prettier, but she always wears yours. I think she likes you best, 'cause sometimes she talks about you in her sleep.

"Now, you make newspapers, too, don't you? Well, you just tell them other men, that she would n't marry him, and that she is the goodest little mamma in the world, and I will always love you.

Your little friend,

CHRISTINE."

"Curse that gossiping woman, and bless little Christine. What sad, lonely days these must have been to Marjory; I will go to her to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said Winthrop; "not to-morrow!" re-echoed his "Nemesis." While he sat in his quiet sanctum, planning for that same to-morrow, the interposing fate was at work; the chandelier came crashing on to the table, and Winthrop's plans were all forgotten in the pain of a broken arm. Many days

elapsed ere he was able to visit the cottage, which had become the Mecca of his hope. At last his desire was accomplished. The journey had been made in safety, no talkative gossip had discouraged or dissuaded him. He stood near the window of his room in the hotel, from whence he could distinctly see the cottage home of the "Angel of his future." His whole soul hungering and yearning for the companionship of the woman he loved.

Summoning a boy, he sent a note to Marjory, asking when he could see her, and begging her to name the earliest possible moment.

He watched the boy as he frisked down the street, and longed to shake the young urchin when he loitered to shoot a marble, or trundle a stick along a fence, for the evident purpose of irritating a cross dog. At last the boy reached the cottage, and Winthrop thought he would yield almost anything just to see how Marjory looked when she received his message.

If that boy seemed slow as a turtle in going, he appeared a veritable snail on his return; and never, so it appeared to our impatient hero, did so many things happen to lead a boy into temptation. First, there was an organ-grinder with a monkey, then a circus cavalcade, and last of all a dog fight; and what mortal boy *could* walk straight onward when beset by such temptations as these?

At last, however, he returned to the hotel and placed in Winthrop's hand a note. Alas! it was the very same one he had taken with him; unopened too. What could it mean? A single sentence written

on the margin of the envelope gave the explanation. "Miss Warner, accompanied by her brother and adopted daughter, had sailed for Europe just one week since."

The change from hope to disappointment was so swift and sudden, and Winthrop was so entirely unprepared for such an announcement, that he seemed powerless to summon courage to meet it, and so bowed his head and sobbed aloud. Then in a few moments the strong man kneeled in prayer, and poured out his soul in earnest request to God, that He would guard his loved one, and guide her back to him.

CHAPTER XX.

DRIFTING.

"Get leave to work
In this world, 'tis the best you get all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts,
Than men in benediction."

Marjory is in Europe. Her day dream is being realized. Everything seems to conspire to promote her comfort and pleasure, and yet, even in "Italia, the peerless;" in acient Rome; in the beautiful, brilliant, intoxicating capitol of the French; when floating down the Rhine, or loitering amid the galleries of art: everywhere, she is conscious of incomplete enjoyment. The music is very sweet, but it is imperfect, because of the absence of a tone. Everywhere, and at all times, she longs for the congenial companionship of her friend Winthrop, since these are the very scenes of which they had so often read, and which they had talked of visiting together.

She wanders through Rome, and constantly recalls the beautiful evenings when they first visited the "eternal city," in imagination, guided by the most graceful of all guides, Hawthorne's bewitching "Marble Faun," She loiters on the "banks and brae's of bonnie Scotland," and wishes that some friend was present to make good his promise, of sometime

writing "Tam O'Shanter," to her, at the very scene of the wild ride, Little Christine did not realize what a trial she imposed upon her "little mamma," when she asked for that same weird poem.

But the "Holy Land" was the Mecca of Marjory's thought; and so, leaving Christine in a good school, she, accompanied by her brother, set her face towards the sacred spots of the Orient. There she discovered that our missionaries were not allowed to teach their religion to women; when she saw that in Mohammedan countries, women were not allowed to enter the churches, she realized more fully than ever what the Christian religion had done for women, despite the false interpreters who would have us believe, that women are more devoted to the customs and forms of society, than they are to the Giver of all good gifts, who will demand of every one a strict account for the talents committed to their care.

Back from the Holy Land, into the gay capitals of France and England where she was presented at court, and where she learned yet other lessons. Here she observed that if a woman be of noble lineage, she may be placed on the proudest thrones of the world. She learned that she may become an abbess, a countess, a queen. Such a premium is put upon feminine aristocracy. As Henry Ward Beecher says: "It is only woman *without a title*, that must have no privileges. Woman, in her own simple self, with nothing but what God gives her, plain, democratic woman, is not deemed worthy of honor and publicity. With a crown upon her brow she may enter parliaments and

govern empires. With only her own simple, personal virtues, she may not lift up her hand to cast a vote. If she represents a power, a State, an art, a class, if she only stands upon an aristocratic basis she is indulged." Marjory, as a christian democrat, asserted for her every right and every privilege that aristocracy accorded her.

She remembered that in the Republic of America, women were more utterly ignored than in the monarchies of the old world. She pondered upon these things, and treasured them in her heart; meanwhile her beautiful face, beautiful with a pure expression, and her graceful manner attracted much attention, and she became known as the "beautiful American." Her rare conversational powers and her independent ideas, attracted many to her through curiosity. These she speedily won for friends and soon became quite the lion of the hour. Alas! such a strange mystery is the heart. Often she would linger in her room, indifferent to the rare floral offerings of friends or would-be lovers, meanwhile thinking of some little compliment paid her in the morning paper, and wondering if that little item would find its way into a certain "sanctum" over the waters. And yet the days were far from sad, with so much to be enjoyed, and so much information to be gained, meanwhile retaining her desire to preach, and ever confident that in some manner she would find her pulpit. She endeavored to perform the duties of each successive day, faithfully and cheerfully, and left the result with God.

CHAPTER XXI.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

"I'm dead, I say,
 And if to save the child from death as well
 The mother in me has survived the rest,
 Why, that's God's miracle, you must not tax.
 I'm nothing more
 But just a mother.

* * * * *
 If they talk of law,
 I talk of law. I claim my mother dues
 By law—the law which now is paramount."

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

MY DEAR MARJORY:—During the years which have passed since our merry party passed the holidays so cherrily in that delightful home at Washington, strange changes have been effected in our lives. And now, you, courted and admired in the court circles of Europe, may stop to wonder who it is that thus intrudes upon your pleasure, and for the sake of *lang syne* asks you to listen to her sad story. For it is a story full of sadness, and I had almost said crime, for by bitter experience I have learned that it is a crime for a girl to sell herself for money and home. And that was what I did when I became the wife of Warren Huntington; my heart was wholly another's,

but that other one was poor, and I sold myself for gold.

The world thought I had done well; and for a time I almost convinced myself that I had. I had all my life been proud and poor, and I enjoyed the luxury of my husband's home; was proud as a child of my new jewels and laces, and luxuriated among the cushions of my carriage, and really enjoyed my position. But it all became a perfect mockery. After a time suffering and sickness came; my babies were born, and I almost hated their father. He discovered that I did not love him, and for a time seemed crushed and broken-hearted. But as he realized how deceitful I had been, his love seemed turned to hate; and for years our home *was horrible*. Now I am a widow. My husband's will has been read, and I find that I am not only penniless and a widow, but *almost childless*, for he has willed my youngest baby, my only boy, and my idol, to the guardianship of his parents, living in Scotland. And, oh! Marjory, the courts have decided that the will is legal. The law must be vindicated, though it gives a dead father more power over the child, than the living mother. *But they shall never have my child!* I believe I would rather take my children and go to God to answer for the crime of suicide, than to leave the little baby which I have brought into the world, to the care of strangers. Now, in my agony, I turn to you as the friend of woman, and ask you to help me. In order to deceive these dispensers of justice, I shall make no show of resistance, but take passage for Europe. I want to

come to you, and with your help, find a hiding place, if there be a spot on this great earth where a mother has a right to the child of her own blood. Oh! now, I see that there is need for the work you are doing, and I pray God to forgive me for my blindness and selfishness. Oh! Marjory, as you would be done by, do by me, and in mercy help me.

Yours, anxiously,

MAUDE HUNTINGTON.

"Shame, shame, that such things are," exclaimed Marjory, as she read this letter which was safely borne to her across continent and ocean, reaching her as she sat at breakfast in a little *chalet* among the mountains of Switzerland. And its safe progress reminds us of Emerson's thought when he wrote, "Another success is the post office, with its educating energy, augmented by cheapness, and guarded by a certain religious sentiment in mankind, so that the power of a wafer, or a drop of wax to guard a letter as it flies over sea, over land, and comes to its address as if a battalion of artillery brought it, I look upon, as a fine metre of civilization."

"What is a shame, Marjory? What so excites your indignation?"

"Read that letter, brother, and see. It is about as absurd for women to talk about living in a free republic, as it used to be for the slave on southern plantations to point to our beautiful flag as the emblem of freedom."

"Take care! Why really, that sounds bitter and

severe, very unlike your usual calm logic. You surely do not mean that American women are slaves to the extent the negroes were?"

"No, not in the same way; but, although half the slaves of the south had been treated well, and been really better cared for than they would have been in a state of freedom, yet so long as any were bought and sold, and whipped, it made slavery a terrible wrong, and as it has proved, a fearful curse. So with women; though three-fourths of the women of the United States were blessed with kind, generous husbands, or fathers, and the remaining one-fourth are deprived of their earnings, if a drunken husband choose to collect them; if they are underpaid, and if they do not possess the *same rights* to their own property, and above all, *equal, if not greater claim to their own children*, as do men, then the government is a tyrannical one for them."

"But this law from which your friend is now suffering is not a law of many of the States; only a very few."

"If it was the law of but one State, *or one county* in the Union, it should excite the indignation of every mother throughout the land. Even in Boston, not six months since, in the courts of that most progressive city of intellect and wealth, a similar case was tried; the Judge decided in the dead man's favor, and the children were taken forcibly from the arms of the mother, by the officers, in the court-room."

"Well, what will you do in this case; assist your friend to evade the law?"

"Certainly, just as I would have assisted a fugitive, slave-mother, flying from those who would sell her."

"Of course you will; true woman that you are, and I will be only too glad to help you."

A few months after this Maude Huntington found a comfortable home in a little *chalet*, nestled among the mountains of Switzerland. There, in the society of her children and nature, chastened already by suffering, she developed into a nobler, more unselfish woman. Living in exile a year or two, she accidentally heard of the death of the grandparents, who held the legal claim to her child, and so she returned to America, and entered the lists of woman suffrage advocates. She, by telling the story of her own wrongs, made more converts than she could have done by eloquent appeals, and unanswerable logic. But we anticipate. Let us return to Marjory.

CHAPTER XXII.

LITTLE CHRISTINE'S SPHERE.

"Back she came from her long hiding place at the source
Of the sunrise;
The world came and shook hands, and was pleased and amused
With what the world then went away and abused.
From the woman's fair fame it in naught could detract,
'Twas the woman's free genius it vex'd and attack'd.
But its light, careless cavils, in truth, could not reach
The lone heart they aim'd at."

Alas! why is genius forever at strife
With the world, which, despite the world's self, it enobles?
Why is it that genius perplexes and troubles,
And offends the effete life it comes to renew?
'Tis the terror of truth; 'tis that genius is true.

"Wake up, mamma! wake up! How can you sleep in this rickety place when it is my birthday, and when we are going to see grandma tomorrow? Aint it nice to be off of that tumbling, sea-sicky old ship, too?"

"Yes, Birdie, so delightful, that I can sleep even in this 'rickety' place, as you call it, right here in noisy New York; and so you have a birthday, well, what do you expect your good fairy to bring you?"

"Why don't you know? You promised to write me a little poem, all for myself, all about that time

when you was a little girl and fell into the water, talking to your shadow. Do n't you remember?"

"Oh! Christine; the idea of my writing poetry the very first day after reaching America. Can't you excuse me to-day?"

"No, no, you said you would, and I will help you, and it won't take us long."

After breakfast, Christine again reminded Marjory of her promise; then placed her writing-desk on a table before her, saying "come, mamma, it is time to begin."

"But you are to help me, you know; so tell me how to commence."

"Well, *just say*, how you was sitting on the tree, and how the little shadow looked, and what you said to it, ~~and~~ how you tumbled in, and who pulled you out—that's all."

"Marjory laughed merrily at Christine's suggestions, and after various attempts, effected the following rhyme:"

THE LITTLE BROWN MAID AND HER SHADOW.

The branches of a fallen tree
Green fringed a sparkling stream,
While through the weird embroidery
A wee, brown maid was seen;
While her glad voice warbled, sweet and clear,
Oh! come, little shadow, come here, come here.

I know where you are, for I see you there,
'Neath that pearly cluster of lily-bells,
With sunbeams tangled amid the brown hair,
While your sweet eyes deepen like sunny wells.
Come out from the lilies, and ferns and vines,
Come, dance through the water; see how it shines.

O, saucy shadow, there you are,
Deep down 'mid the mosses, and wild mint sweet,
Your blue eyes twinkling just like stars,
And the sunbeams dimpling your wee, bare feet;
Shadow, come near; a secret for thee,
Dimples, tangles, and all—you're just like me.

Two little bare feet, exactly like mine—
Apron all torn, and but one bonnet string;
And now, I'll give out a song, line by line,
To see how nearly alike we can sing.

* * * * *

Why, shadow! the queerest thing under the sun!
You open your mouth, but the sing do n't come;
I'm really afraid that you're deaf and dumb,
Though you're frolicsome, jolly, and brimful of fun.

Somebody's calling me—now do n't you hear?
You can't, I forgot; so, now kiss me good-bye;
One, two, I'm ready—now shadow come near—
Wait, there goes a sunbeam right into your eye.

Splash, goes the little, brown maid in the stream;
All frightened, the shadow glides swiftly away:
The forest resounds with the frightened child's scream,
And a farmer-boy's footsteps hast'ning that way.

"Oh! wee, bonnie lassie, you've been vain I fear,"
But then 'tis the way of the world after all:
To watch our own shadows when waters are clear,
Forgetful that pride ever goes before fall.
And all lassies who would true womanhood win,
Avoid vanity's breakers lest ye tumble in.

"Oh, mamma, that is just what I wanted. Thank you ever so much; and now I will go read it to 'uncle,' and then he is going to take me to 'Bar-num's.'"

As Christine and "Uncle Hugh," as she called

Marjory's brother, were wandering on their sight-seeing, Christine conceived another idea. "Uncle Hugh, does n't that nice Mr. Winthrop live in this city?"

"Why, bless my stars! yes. I declare, I had almost forgotten it. The fact is, I scarcely realize yet that we are in America. His office is n't more than two squares from here. Shall we go to see him?"

"Oh! yes. I want to see if he will put my little poem in his paper."

Let us take one more survey of Winthrop's sanctum. As usual, during business hours, he is seated at his table. Although some uncorrected "proof" awaits his criticism, he utterly ignores it. No spicy editorial engrosses his attention, but rather a little, dainty, rose-colored note—written by the wealthy belle who has been evincing marked preference for the gifted journalist—an invitation to join a small, select party for a two week's sojourn among the White Mountains.

"To go, or not to go; that is the question? Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the delicate advances of a beautiful woman, or to take arms against the sea of bacheloric troubles, and in firm wedlock, end them."

"Well, well, Wright, have you turned Hamlet, at your turn of life? Surely I have a fine item for the morning papers;" exclaimed a brother editor, who was writing at another table.

"The facts in the case are these,—and mark you, this is friendly confidence, no newspaper item—I am invited to join fair 'Helen's' party to the mountains.

To go is dangerous. Think of her in bewitching woodland costumes, or on horseback, or of floating with her in a boat just large enough for two, and listening to her wonderful voice, floating out over moonlighted water. She pleases my senses, and yet she does not satisfy my soul—in fact, I never saw but one woman that did, and—and I don't know what to do. What is your advice?"

"Why go, of course. The lady Helen is accomplished, beautiful, and rich; what more can you ask? The fact is, you are in love with an ideal, and the sooner you recognize the fact the better it will be for you."

"Possibly. At any rate I need a vacation, and I will go; so here goes my answer."

"But what little sprite, or fairy, have we here?"

Christine might have been called a snow-drop, in her soft, white merino dress, edged with swan's down, and her beautiful hat, composed almost entirely of soft, white feathers. Fairy, she really was, since she is about to be the means of bestowing on Winthrop an invaluable gift. In the years long passed Marjory had guided little Christine out from the darkness of poverty, ignorance, and crime, into the beautiful sunlight of a christian home; and now little Christine in turn is to be the means of freighting her "little mamma's" life with choicest blessings.

"Well, really, Warner, I am delighted to see you, and am surprised, too. I thought you were so much in love with art that you could never be wooed from the grand pictures of the Old World. Did your sister return with you?"

"Oh! yes; I never could have left her. You know she is my idol. But for her perseverance I never could have devoted myself to the art I love so well."

"And she is my 'little mamma,' Mr. Winthrop, and I want to show you what she wrote for me to-day; and won't you please put it in your paper, and say that it is all true, too?"

"Certainly, pet, if your 'little mamma' is willing; but I think I would rather ask her permission first, and so, if you will let me, I will go with you right now, and talk to her about it."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CO-LABORERS.

"We will measure the field together,
Where labor was maimed and dumb,
When shadows wrought in the furrows:
Where sunshine at last has come."

LARAMIE CITY, WYOMING TERRITORY.

October 1, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND MARJORY:—You have been so constantly in my thoughts during the past few days, that I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you; so prepare yourself for an infliction, for when I do attempt to write a letter—which is seldom—my pen rushes on like an eight-day clock.

Well, what do you think has happened? Would you believe it of me, Madge; of *me*, who used to declare that if every other woman in the world voted, *I wouldn't*? Well, I have done that dreadful thing. In broad daylight, I took my husband's arm, walked up to the polls, and deposited my ballot, and, Madge, nobody thought of insulting me. I was neither crowded nor abused, but was presented with a beautiful bouquet, and never went anywhere in my life where gentlemen seemed to think me worthy of more consideration. My pulse is steady, and I feel as

much like a woman, a wife and mother as I ever did in my life. I went home *the same day and cooked dinner*, and the coffee did not boil over, and my salt-rising came up as early as usual; I sleep well, and my appetite is good.

But what *do you suppose* I did with the children? Of course, I have left them often to attend church or parties, but never before on election day.

"Well, early this morning one of my neighbors came in and said, whenever I wished to go down street she would take care of my children. Her husband *is one of the candidates*.

Another delightful feature of the day, was a drive with my husband; the first I had enjoyed for a long time. At breakfast he said, "what time shall I come for you, Daisy?" Just for fun I replied, "Oh! I guess you need not come at all; I don't feel very well to-day; guess I am not equal to the exertion." "Oh! if that is all, I will bring a carriage; in fact I think a ride will do you good, and I am obliged to have one running anyhow, as there are several gentlemen and ladies that we will be obliged to take to the polls." I was absent from home *two hours*, and found the children alive and well on my return. Madge, when I remember my old, ignorant prejudices, I am perfectly ashamed of myself. And, lo! I have been guilty of something else than voting, I have been on a jury. And as a wife and mother, I was thankful to God for an opportunity for assisting to indict saloon keepers and dance-house keepers, and the most earnest prayers of my life were offered while I was

discharging that, to me, sacred duty. You have doubtless seen the published opinion of the judge, in regard to that same jury. I have thought of you so much, and have longed to witness your enjoyment of the fulfillment of your prophecies.

"And now, dear, I will attempt to answer your question in regard to my own happiness; and I can answer it much more readily now than I could one year ago. When we were first married I was not altogether happy. My husband was good and kind, but he was very poor, and I did not know how to accept the situation, or how to help him. I felt that I must assist him, I wanted to, and so I attempted to do my own work and take a boarder or two. Unfortunately, household work, especially cooking, is exceedingly distasteful to me. The atmosphere of a kitchen, where vegetables are being cooked, is sickening to me. I am awkward and extravagant. I soiled my clothes, burned my fingers, worked from morning until night, accomplishing but little, and was often cross and untidy when my husband came home at night. Although I worked thus hard, my husband did not realize that I earned anything. He never gave me a dollar, unless I asked for it. I felt like a beggar, and he never dreamed that I felt so. At the close of the first year we moved out here. One day I sat down and calmly surveyed the situation, and soliloquized in this style: 'Daisy you are certainly good for something, but you are certainly not a success as a housekeeper. What are you good for? What can you do?'"

"Give music lessons; you like that work, and hence will succeed," responded my good fairy. In a short time I had donned my walking-suit, and was out in the village in search of music scholars. Before night I had secured twelve; twelve scholars, to pay me, twelve dollars per quarter; think of it, five hundred and seventy-six dollars, a year. On my way home I engaged a poor girl who had been killing herself by taking in sewing, to come and live with me, as my housekeeper. She was then living in a garret. I could give her a comfortable room, and pay her three dollars a week. She disliked sewing and enjoyed housekeeping; so that two persons at least would be benefited by my plans.

"That night I unfolded my plan to my husband. At first he seriously objected. 'Why, Daisy, people will think it very strange if I cannot take care of my own wife.'

"But, my dear, you cannot take better of me now. I have worked hard, and at very distasteful labor, ever since we have been married. It will only demand twenty-four hours of each week. I will have much more time for culture and improvement, will be a better wife, and will make about four hundred dollars a year more than the girl's wages, and that will be very convenient to have in the family; and then this girl is a good cook, and our domestic joys will not be marred by heavy bread and burnt meat."

"You forget the girl's board."

"No, I have not forgotten that. I do not believe in a year it will amount to but little more, than what

we have paid for washing and doctor's bills for me, and the difference in the expense of my own clothes. You know that I am awkward, and you have looked with dismay on the grease spots on my dresses. And then you know I shall have four hundred dollars for the family treasury; and you will have a much more aimable and tidy wife."

He was at last convinced. I am now performing congenial labor, while my housekeeper says, she is confident that her change of employment has saved her life, and we are all happier and better.

Now convince me that I have not wearied *you*, by sending *me* a long letter in regard to your own, dear self; your plans and purposes.

Always your friend,

DAISY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN HER SPHERE.

"A power hid in pathos; a fire veiled in cloud;
Yet still burning outward; a branch which, tho' bow'd
By the bird in its passage, springs upward again;
Through all symbols I search for her sweetness—in vain.

Judge her love by her life—for our life is but love.
In art, pure was hers; and the dear God above
Who knows what His creatures have need of for life,
And whose love includes all love, this *much patient strife*
Led her soul into peace."

"Good afternoon, sister Green. Have you heard the news? It does beat all. In these days there is no knowing what will happen next. Madge Warner is going to be married, and going to do right well, they say, too. Some man from New York; editor of a paper. Law! won't that just suit her; won't she flourish in that paper? Well, I wish her much joy; I do, indeed. I never had nothing against her, but if she does marry, and marry well, it will be a bad thing for the rest of our girls, because, you see there's several of them that have been reading about woman's rights and hearing their lectures, until they half believe it. Here's my Mary Ann, if you believe it, has got an idea that she wants to be a doctor. Well, the only way I could talk her out of it was to tell her

that gentlemen would make fun of her, and that she would be obliged to live an old maid all her life. Well, right on the track of that, here comes the news that Marjory Warner, who has always been as independent as the Fourth of July, and been through the country lecturing, and all that; that she is to be married, and married well. You see it rather spoils my strongest argument. But Madge is pretty, and you know, sister Green, that ever since Eve ate the apple, a pretty woman can convince a man that most anything is right. But do you suppose we will get a bid to the wedding? I am mighty glad that I have never talked about Marjory as some folks in this town have, 'cause I would kinder hate not to go to the wedding; and you know Mrs. Warner gets up beautiful suppers. But you just mark my words, if Marjory does marry and gets a rich husband, some of them folks that made the most fun of her, will be the very first ones to make a fuss over her, and just as sure as they do, I mean to tell on 'em. But how I have run on, I expect my bread is burned to a cinder."

The village was filled with rumors of Marjory's wedding, and Dame Rumer was right. Little Christine guided Winthrop to Marjory, and when they separated she had promised to become his wife. When Marjory said, "What about my lecturing, dear, do you expect me to give that up?" Winthrop replied, "I want you for my wife, and I never wish to stand between you and any duty. In your married life as through your girlhood, I believe you will endeavor to perform your duty in all circumstances.

Let us only love and assist each other in every duty, pleasure and trial."

In a few weeks there was a beautiful wedding, and while persons criticised and prophecied, Winthrop and Marjory, with a united, earnest prayer to God, for guidance, commenced their married life.

Marjory, happy as a *good* queen, in her cottage home, full of good books and pictures, did not clamor for rights, but quietly performed each duty, and awaited developments. One morning her husband loitered in the library longer than was his custom, and at last, gave expression to his thought in this manner, "Darling, I do not see any reason why I should bid you good-bye twice a day, and go to my sanctum to write, and leave you here in yours. I want you with me. You can assist me, and I can assist you. Come, put on your hat and go with me to-day. You asked me for some data in regard to the article you were writing yesterday, come with me, and I will give it to you."

And thus Marjory was again guided "out of her sphere" by the loving hand of her own husband. But what of her home. The good housekeeper attended to that. But what if all women should rush into editorial chairs and lawyer's offices—speedily asks the short-sighted people—where would we find any housekeepers? We answer, all women are not fitted for such occupations, any more than all men. But some women are, and they should have a right to enter any place where they can perform the best and most effectual service for humanity and God.

Men have crowded women out of their peculiar sphere. Go into any of our towns and cities, you find men conducting large bakeries, making bread, and pies, and cake. You find them canning and preserving fruit. You discover them sewing on machines, and weaving, and knitting, and spinning. They have owned the capital, and have thus been enabled to work on a larger scale, than women. If it is right for a men to bake pies, and bread, and cake, to sew, and knit, and spin, then it is equally right for a woman to do any work that she can do well, be it to sell goods, write editorials, preach, or lecture. Every avenue of labor is open to men, we ask the same privileges for women.

God had bestowed upon Marjory the gift of expression. She had a genius for writing, and so she entered her husband's sanctum, and soon sent out to the world, through the medium of his paper, earnest appeals in behalf of her sex—asking that room be given to women in the world of honest labor—pleading with women to educate themselves, and prepare to do their work so thoroughly that they could command equal wages, with men, for equal labor. Her husband rendered her such assistance as she could have procured from no one else, and they were, in fact, mutual helpmates.

Previous to their marriage, Winthrop had been greatly interested in a mission Sabbath-School, and ere long they were working together for that good object. Winthrop, as Superintendent, often invited Marjory to talk to the school. And one day as she

closed some earnest remarks, a number of the older scholars crowded around her, insisting that she should preach for them a little. Many of them were poor, weary women, who never attended church, and had but little conception of God and truth, and yet they felt that Marjory was interested in them, that she sympathized with them, and so they loved to have her talk to them of a better way to live and to hear her assurances, that God had provided rest and comfort for them in another world.

When Marjory heard their request, that she should talk to them, instinctively she turned to her husband with the question: "Will you assist me, Winthrop?"

Winthrop looked upon the hungry faces, and could not turn away; and so entering the little desk, he told the waiting groups to take their places, and they would spend an hour in worship. First they sang one of the familiar sabbath-school hymns; then Winthrop offered an earnest prayer, and then Marjory commenced her sermon,—if that earnest, quiet, practical talk, may be called a sermon.

The next Sabbath a much larger congregation convened, and again did the little mission chapel resound with prayer and praise. As the weeks rolled by, many of the poor, who could not enter the fashionable churches, heard of the new preacher, and ere long the little church was filled with men and women, asking to be instructed in regard to right living, and the true God. Marjory was blessed with the consciousness that she was doing much good; and so

with renewed consecration to this new and beautiful work, with the assistance and encouragement of her noble husband, she moved forward—and thus God guided her into her pulpit. She met with opposition, of course. Her own pastor called upon her, and begged her not to forget the commandment, "Let your women, &c." But she assured him that if she believed that command applied to the present day, then would she be obliged to advise every woman to give up teaching in the Sabbath School, since the same inspired writer had said: "I suffer not a woman to teach."

Confident, assured beyond a doubt, of the approval of her Heavenly Father, she pursued steadily forward, doing with her might whatsoever her hands found to do. Those whose privilege it was to enter their beautiful home, ever recognized the fact, that the duties of true, noble, and exalted womanhood, and tender, loving, thoughtful wifehood, never conflict.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CHAPTER WHICH HAS NO CONNECTION WITH OUR STORY.

You, that have kindly followed Marjory through her varied life, until she was the mistress of a beautiful home, may deem the picture purely imaginary, hence I ask permission to state some facts, and invite you to one more hour with other American women, who have been guided "out of their spheres."

To a far greater degree than we imagine are we the slaves of Custom, and the subjects of the tyrant, Prejudice; hence we applaud a woman for singing an opera, or personating a fallen queen of history or song, but shrink in dismay from her presence in the lyceum or pulpit. Jennie Lind sang, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the civilized world applauded; but when Phoebe Hannaford, and Celia Burleigh, in sweetest womanly tones, *assert* the same beautiful truth, many of the civilized shrink back, exclaiming, "*Paul* suffered not a woman to teach." Young, beautiful girls may be placed on exhibition as goddesses of "Liberty" or "Justice," at the head of wild, excitable, tumultuous political processions, and, *as it is customary*, no sense of delicacy is shocked. But, if these same girls, on election day, should attempt to deposit a ballot, womanhood would be lost,

and virtue exist alone in memory—thus proclaim many modern logicians. Yet, again; during our late war, fair, young girls, to whom God had given unusual talent, recited, read, and sang, in public, for the benefit of our soldiers, and the entire world applauded them; but let them so much as publicly ask legislation in their own behalf, to secure equity in the laws, or plead for justice; for their own sex, and the cry is, "unwomanly."

And yet, good friends, the cry of the world does not prove that we are wrong; for ever since the ancient Jews proclaimed their choice of victims, the world has re-echoed their cry, and, from the Divine Teacher of Nazareth, to the latest philanthropist, each successive reformer has heard the old, familiar cry "away with him."

And, to-day, living as we do in this nineteenth century, habit and custom seem stronger than justice and right; hence, let us go back to our nursery days, ere habits were fixed, or customs understood, and select our text from Mrs. Whitney's "Mother Goose:"

"There was an old woman and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the whole of her diet,
And yet this old woman scarce ever was quiet.

Ah! many a woman goes starving I ween,
Who dwells in a palace and fares like a queen,
Till the sorrowing heart and the famishing brain,
Have spelled out to life's end the long lesson of pain.

Yet the mass of mankind is uncommonly slow,
To acknowledge the fact it behooves them to know,
Or to learn that a woman is not like a mouse,
Needing nothing but cheese and the walls of a house.

But just take a man shut him up for one day,
 Get his hat and his cane, put them snugly away ;
 Give him *stockings to mend*, and three, sumptuous meals,
 And then ask him at night, if you dare, how he feels !
 Do you think he would quietly stick to his stocking,
 While you read the news and 'do n't care about talking? "

Ah ! you know he would not ; he would have his evening paper or there would be a revolution, just as in the case of the wives, who, becoming weary of ignorance, secured a "Revolution" for themselves.

During those early years passed in weaving, spinning, and knitting, American woman were thinking ; but, the numberless cares incident to housekeeping in a new country prevented these thoughts from being transcribed. But, now that labor-saving machinery has lightened their labors, they find time, both for thinking and reading, and what is the result ?

Women looked into the journals and papers of the period, and made wonderful discoveries. Women, who, in quiet homes had accepted the verbal teachings of their lords and masters, their big brothers and sophomorical lovers. Women, who really believed that men admired weakness and silliness, peeped into the papers on that fatal day and discovered such pleasant paragraphs as, "Frailty, thy name is woman ;" "Weak as a woman ;" or some writer excusing the waywardness of some man of genius, because his wife was too ignorant to be the congenial friend of so gifted a man. In fact they discovered that they were invariably designated as an extravagant, silly, vain portion of the race ; that in endeavoring to please *everybody* they had failed to please *anybody*, and so decided that

the safest, surest, and best way was to endeavor to please God and themselves, and to trust to the result. Conscientiously to perform their entire duty as responsible citizens of a Republic, believing in the truism, "God helps those who help themselves."

In the summer of 1848, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton issued a call for a Woman Suffrage Convention. In response, the first meeting of the kind ever held in the interests of that subject, convened at Seneca Falls, New York ; and, although the demands made for women by women then, were exactly the same as those made by such thinkers as Henry Ward Beecher, George William Curtis, Bishop Simpson, John Stuart Mill, and Theodore Tilton, to-day, yet the entire country was convulsed with laughter, and the women who presided over that first convention were subjected to the ridicule of the nation.

Men responded, women are naturally inferior to us. They have no artists, authors, designers, or actors. If they are equal with men, let them demonstrate it in the arena's now open to them. The American women read these questioning sneers. Twenty years have passed. Harriet Beecher Stowe has written "Uncle Tom's Cabin." God willed, she wrote, Lincoln signed, and the slaves are free. Julia Ward Howe gave to us the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and, inspired by its patriotic fire, our grand heroes marched to victory ; thus securing *peace*, for which she now so grandly pleads.

Rosa Bonheur has painted, in letters of glory,

woman's name upon the scroll of art. Harriet Hosmer has graven it in marble; while Anna Dickinson has convinced the world that an American maiden may become a peerless orator.

In a series of remarkable conventions, held in the largest halls of the great cities of the Union, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Mary Livermore, and Julia Ward Howe, have so presented the right of woman to the suffrage, that to-day it is "recommended" in the platforms of the great political parties, as a subject demanding immediate attention; while, in one little corner of our great West, women are voting, and are tried by a "jury of their peers."

Thus, much have women accomplished unaided by colleges, schools of design, or that wonderful, little lever, the ballot, itself. The old saying is changed, and men assert, "give women what they ask."

"For what our women *can*, they will,
You may depend upon it—
And *only* what they *can't*, they won't.
And that's the end of it."

Long years ago women saw their homes invaded, and their happiness destroyed by the crime of drunkenness. They longed to secure assistance from the strong arm of the law, and in the winter of 1848, Susan B. Anthony called a State Temperance Convention at Albany, New York. In the May following, one at Rochester. A State society was formed, and three delegates appointed to attend the Men's State Temperance Convention, to be held in Syracuse, in

June, but these delegates were denied admission on account of their sex.

Two women who had battled bravely in the anti-Slavery cause, were denied membership in the anti-Slavery Convention, held in London in 1840; their credentials were left unopened, and they, after their journey across the ocean, were obliged to sit dumb and powerless among the spectators, merely on account of their sex. What was the result? Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Stanton returned to America, convinced that, before women could assist in the great reforms of the day, they must first help themselves to political power.

Miss Anthony made her *debut* as a public speaker, in behalf of Temperance; lecturing on that subject and forming temperance societies, while engaged in teaching school. After teaching for *fifteen years*, by the closest economy, she had saved *three hundred dollars*; since, although the school superintendent *complimented* her school as the best disciplined in the county, they gave her but *eight dollars a month*, and the *un-complimented* gentleman *thirty*; so that from actual experience she renders effective her lectures upon the effects of the ballot, upon woman's work and wages.

In this, we discover the varied discipline by which the women destined to lead this reform, were brought up from that selfish plane where women calmly cling to selfishness, because they "have all the rights they want." Mary Livermore, hungering and thirsting for a classical education, being turned away from

"Harvard" because her great brain throbbed in a girl's body. Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Stanton, having presented their credentials in vain, to a convention, to attend which they had crossed the Atlantic. Susan B. Anthony finding herself powerless to effect anything for temperance and learning by better experience, that not yet in free America, is a woman laborer considered worthy of her hire.

And yet these women are the high priestesses of beautiful homes, and many in each home circle, rise up to call them blessed.

Says Lucretia Mott, "My life in the domestic sphere has passed much as that of other wives and mothers in this country. God has given me *six children*—not accustomed to resigning them to the care of a nurse, I was confined to them during their infancy and childhood. Being fond of reading I omitted much unnecessary stitching and ornamental work in the sewing for my family, so that I might have time for the improvement of my mind."

Right here we would like to ask our girl friends, if they are willing to have their mothers' brains and intellects stitched into their tucks and fluted into their ruffles? A pitiful story might be told of loving mothers, who have made the fatal mistake of neglecting self-culture, reading and accomplishments, and devoting their time to sewing for their daughters—ornamental sewing—these daughters meanwhile progressing, and at last ungrateful enough to become ashamed of their ignorant mothers. Imagine a brilliant girl returning from a summer tour, accompanied

by an educated gentleman friend. Said cavalier, anxious for nameless reasons to secure favor in the mother's estimation, attempts a conversation with her. Refers to the summer tour, and queries, "if *she* ever visited the Natural Bridge in Virginia?" The poor, nervous, little woman, whose ideas have been stitched into her daughter's out-fit, replies, "Oh! yes—I—I visited there some time ago, but that was before it was finished." Far better, that our mothers should give *ideas* and refined tastes to their daughters, than an infinitude of tucks and ruffles.

Women are crying for *time*; say they have no time for reading, for self-culture, for social enjoyment; what shall they do? Give up reading? No! Forego social enjoyment? No! What then? Sacrifice one-tenth of the ruffles and flutings; and, now, that Paris has yielded her sceptre, let American women be sensible enough to adopt some comfortable fashions, and adhere to them. Our country has been passing through a fiery ordeal. The fire fiend has desolated our cities, prairies, and woodlands. Thousands of women who, but a few short weeks ago—safe in the luxurious retreats of elegant homes—folded their jeweled hands, sneered at the woman movement, and complacently exclaimed, "I have all the rights I want;" to-day, from the depths of poverty and helplessness, cry out, "My sisters, we pray you to come over and help us. Homeless and helpless, we demand a place in the world of work and equal wages, with men for equal work."

Ah! women of Chicago, would that we could

strengthen the weak, untrained, unskillful hands. Would that we could enter our legislative halls and legislate in your behalf, just as men will legislate for men.

Widows of fatherless children! Until your taxes are lessened because of your womanhood; until the State makes the same provision for the education of your daughters as it does for your sons; until you have the same property rights that *widowers* have; then must you sit in your desolated homes and know yourselves *unrepresented*.

In that same city, are many grey-haired fathers, who, on that fatal night, witnessed the accumulation of a busy lifetime swept away. Alas! that in these hours of poverty and trial, many fathers will secretly regret that their children are not all sons. Why? Because their daughters have been educated in the false idea, that labor and industry are foreign to rich men's daughters; because their daughters cannot command the same wages as their brothers; because their daughters have no political power. And why? Are these daughters inferior to their brothers? No! *But they belong to a disfranchised class; taxed the same; hung the same;* and yet with no political power for self-protection.

But girls, see to it, that no father shall have real occasion for bemoaning his daughters. Let the new city, the "Phoenix City," which is to arise, become a monument of economy, industry, courage, and toil of our Western girls and Western women.

Right here, we imagine some reader asserting, you

ignore the grand, beautiful duties of motherhood. No, we exalt them. There is nothing more beautiful than maternal care and labor, if so be, the mother is noble and true; but there is no sadder sight than that of ignorant, silly, selfish women, educating their children to lives of uselessness, or positive wickedness.

"But what of the motherhood of the suffrage advocates?" speedily inquire the prejudiced and unbelieving.

Would that in reply we could portray in panoramic succession, the homes of the leaders of this reform.

Go with me into the beautiful home of Mary A. Livermore; enter the cosy library where the husband writes his sermons, and the wife corrects her proof and writes her editorials. While that home was in Chicago, it was our privilege to visit the little printing office adjoining it; and, when we saw those eight cheerful girls setting type for the "Agitator," when we observed the floor, white enough to be suggestive of grandmother's kitchen; caught the perfume of flowers, and listened to the bird's singing, we were reminded of other printing-offices we had visited, and the comparison recalled Dr. Milton Gaine's soliloquy, "The Lord had printing offices in view when he said, 'it is not good for man to be alone.'"

For nine years Mrs. Livermore did not leave an afflicted daughter for one hour. Nor was she ever wooed from the home-life she so much enjoyed, until the necessities of the war seemed to make it a duty; and, for the sake of the noble work she then

performed, should our citizen soldiery accord to her the ballot to-day.

Our opponents constantly tell us we are not eligible to the ballot, because we cannot fight. Would not our patriots who so grandly "marched down to the sea," gladly have given the women at home power to ballot for freedom? Would it have demoralized the patriotic women at home to have voted for Lincoln, and to have voted supplies for our soldiery?

But, let us return from the war to enter the peaceful home of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, where she reigns a queenly mother of seven children. Twenty years of her life she devoted to her children, and when they had outgrown her care, she devoted her maturer years to loving, maternal care for society, for humanity.

And who that has listened to sweet voiced, persuasive Lucy Stone, has not recognized the fact that twenty years of earnest, public work, has not detracted one jot or tittle from the true womanliness of the loving wife and mother.

Listening to these women, hearing them plead for a new evangel of womanhood, observing their womanly manner, and catching their motherly tones, all recognize the fact, that a true, pure woman may go anywhere on this broad, green earth, doing with her might whatsoever her hands find to do, retaining her womanliness and commanding the respect of the pure and the true, by the power of womanhood alone. True it is that some of these women have been obliged

to walk alone, and use for stepping stones their own weary, lacerated hearts; but the majority have walked royally as queens, every step of the way rendered beautiful by the assistance of true soul-princes, and so aided, have erected upon the heights, not only a temple of fame, but the most beautiful of structures—christian homes.

And now, in conclusion, a few words in regard to the suffrage:

"A persecuted people left their native land, and amid the wilds of a newly discovered country, proclaimed the watchword of the new government to be 'equality before the law.' Years passed—'Lincoln' issued a call for troops to save the Republic. The men of the Republic sprang into a nation of warriors, and the women of the Republic occupied their vacant places, and became citizens; and now make their demand for 'equality before the law.'"

If, as some believe, the right to the ballot is not a natural right, but a right bestowed by governments, then we ask, who in this country has a stronger claim upon the ballot than the *unrepresented*, childless widow, who has given *husband and sons to save the government* under which we live?

The "Pilgrim Fathers" proclaimed to the world, "taxation without representation is tyranny." The pilgrim's daughters *take up* the cry, and are sounding it throughout the civilized world.

When Wallace met Bruce, in the "Highlands," and fought him such a battle with reason and

kindness, the voice of Bruce was from that hour, for "Scotland and Freedom," instead of England and oppression.

Let us educate mind and heart, clothing our arguments with so beautiful a garment of kindness, that the voice of every Bruce, who to-day shouts "rebels, felons, idiots, and women," shall be changed to a glad acclaim, equality and the enfranchisement and elevation of humanity.

But now that Tilton, Higginson, Curtis, and a host of others, have argued our cause so logically, bringing to bear the masculine logic which women are not supposed to possess, the reading public admits that abstractly woman suffrage is right.

Still many of our journalists even yet demand utter impossibilities of women, since to satisfy their requirements; any woman desiring to enter the lyceum, should be *young, beautiful, well dressed, accomplished, a superior housekeeper, and the mother of at least six children.*

The Hon. Horace Greeley's white coat, was accepted as an eccentricity of genius, while the entire world has grown tipsy with laughter at Susan B. Anthony's spectacles. But a drunkard, you know, always supposes all the world drunk, and himself the only sober one. Just so the future generations will discover that the world made a sorry spectacle of itself, in refusing to see through Miss Anthony's far-sighted glasses. From whose glasses the grateful women of the future will gladly drink to her fame and memory.

Some men seem to write their biographies thus: "Rules by the grace of God so long as we're not obliged to compete with women." To all such timid ones we would say, be of good cheer, you are centuries in advance of us, with your colleges and the prestige of your name, and, although, if entirely unfettered, we might win the race, yet a wise God has preserved the balance of power for all the future, by fastening upon woman golden weights. He made us *mothers*, and rest assured that we will always, and ever, loiter and rest, and slacken our steps in order to guide and guard *the children*. You may wear the crown of power, and we will retain our sceptre of motherhood.

Women will never wander out of the sphere of motherhood, until we enter that other world, so pure and perfect that there shall be no need of *mothers*.

* * * * *

"God helps those who help themselves," comes echoing down the ages.

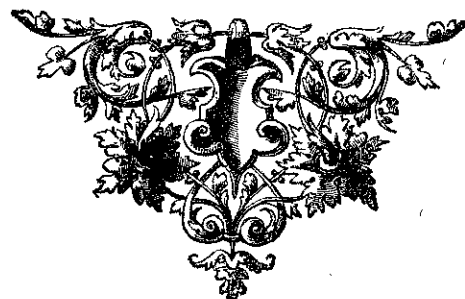
"The world belongs to those who take it," reiterates our eloquent Anna Dickinson.

Healthy agitation precedes all true reform.

Therefore "agitate" and "revolutionize," says woman suffrage.

But who shall agitate, who revolutionize? Who? The young, enthusiastic, pure women of the republic; those to whom life, with its grand possibilities, its beautiful realities, and Christian charities, is only waiting to be possessed; those who are free from any

actual experience of personal wrongs; into whose souls the iron has not entered, but who come with a grand faith in justice and truth, to assist in this reform. A reform which means temperance, morality, elevation and christianity. Aye! and which also means, the establishment, for the first time, of a republic into whose white walls or crystalline pillars, shall not enter a stone of caste, class, or sex.



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AND

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

CONSOLIDATED AUGUST 13, 1870.

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JULIA WARD HOWE, LUCY STONE, HENRY B. BLACKWELL, and T. W. HIGGINSON, *Associate Editors.*

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