

same time, she is possessed of a strong desire to do. She is able neither "to choose nor refuse," but must wait and see. What is harder than to wait while others do, or do not do, that which is of vital moment to yourself and yours? Yet this was Portia's lot. Happy all like her who are fortunate enough to have things turn out well, for the vehicle of events does not always drop results so favorably in real life, but often, along with a gnawing discontent, is bitter misfortune, with all its attendants. However, for the fair Portia, there came a successful wooer and a happy chooser. Alas! ere the marriage rites are over, comes trouble for Bassanio. Hastening to the church, their fortunes are made one and the bridegroom takes a loving departure for a brief time, to thwart adversity and redeem his honorable name. Immediately we see developed in Portia's character the noblest trait of woman—the power to rise equal to emergency. No longer listless and aweary of the world, but with a determined purpose, she bends every faculty to its attainment. "I never did repent of doing good," she said, "and shall not now." Disguising themselves, she and her maid repair to the scene of Bassanio's trouble, where, with surprising ease, Balthazar frees the defendant and convicts the plaintiff. How often it happens that women, living in retirement, are unknown until something occurs to draw them out, when it seems as though the heart develops the brain.

As with Portia, so with many in real life; discontent comes through aimlessness and inactivity, and can be overcome only with removal of the cause. Let useful activity take the place of idle passiveness; let purpose supplant listlessness; and weariness and discontent

Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

The kitchen should be one of the brightest, cheeriest rooms in the house, especially if there are children in the family and the mother does the cooking, dish-washing and many other little things which must be done daily. A bright, cheery room imparts these qualities to its occupants; but a dark, dismal one renders its inmates nervous and foreboding; and this is no more true of any other room than the kitchen. The kitchen should also be sufficiently large and commodious to allow the presence of half a dozen persons in it at one time without interfering with each other. A nicely growing vine or two in the windows adds much to the cheer of the room, and such articles as are needed for use, which are not a few, should be pretty

and attractive. But let the room be ever so pleasant and attractive, and the person who is to occupy it be ever so pretty and fascinating, if she have not knowledge required to perform the work, the kitchen is a failure. This is a day of books—books on painting, books on fancy work, books on dress-making, books for the nursery, and books for the cook. The last named are in every complete kitchen. Cooking, is the chief art of the kitchen and the most useful art of the home, for health and good nature depend upon it as upon nothing else. The good cook is progressive, wide-awake, tries new recipes and studies the chemical qualities of food, that she may know what is nutritious and desirable.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear conceit,
That steals so gently o'er the heart,
And gives it a new impulse unknown before.

Woman seeks to make home beautiful because of the refining, pleasing, quieting effect of beauty upon the occupants of home. When the master of the house comes in nervous and tired, he finds rest in the change of his surroundings, and the more pleasing the change the more perfect the rest. Then the boys—the boisterous, romping boys—step lighter when they enter a beautiful home. They love it better because it pleases them, and seek not so soon to spend their evenings away. Girls, too, are more refined and winsome in a beautiful home. Naturally, and often of necessity, woman uses the arts, whether great or small, to which she has attained. Not the least among these is fancy work—the most abused and most adored of all home arts. It is abused, however, because it is overdone; not because it has no merit in itself. It is wrong to do fancy work to the exclusion of necessary reading; to the barring out of needed work outside of home, a certain portion of which every woman owes to humanity. However, there often come times in the experience of every home-keeper, when a diversion from daily routine is needed. At such a time, a pleasing piece of fancy work relieves the mind of care and revives the spirits.

What is more fitting and right than that woman's pen should defend woman's cause? Woman alone can put herself in woman's place. A Hindoo lady, who some months ago had a letter on infant marriages published in the *Times*, of India, has recently sent in another thrilling contribution to the same paper on "Enforced Widowhood." Strongly and bitterly she speaks of "brutalized human nature" in this regard.