

must support yourself—and, possibly, some weaker one whom you love as yourself—and if you have not been blessed with an education that will enable you to teach or to be a book keeper or a stenographer, or that has qualified you for any of the positions toward which your eyes first longingly turn, do anything that you can do well so long as it is honest and honorable, and do not be ashamed of it. Remember, your work is as you make it; it is the index to your own character. Whether you stand all day long behind a counter and sell yards of ribbons and laces to whimsical customers, or stitch, baste and seam from dawn till dark in the back room of some dress making establishment, or stand at a printer's case and listen to the monotonous clicking of the types, do your work cheerfully, obligingly and well. It is not the work, but the soul and the will that make the woman. It is easy to talk, I know, but the truth is self-evident that many girls are ashamed of their work. They are rather inclined to deck themselves in cheap, showy gowns on holidays, and are averse to mentioning to new acquaintances that they work. They are always, too, looking for snubs and slights, while in reality they should hold themselves above all those who do not earn their own livings; for God meant that we should all work. Yet, how many girls do you and I know in the middle classes who sit down with soft hands to their embroidery or their paper bound novels, while their parents toil early and late that they may be idle? The one idea in the minds of these parents and these daughters seems to be that work will lessen their chances of making eligible marriages. Whereas, the truth is that by working and studying and holding yourself very high you will escape all the brainless snobs who do not notice working girls; and by waiting and feeling independent you will probably make a good and sensible marriage.

In America you may grasp whatever you can win or earn. There is no prize so high but by setting firmly your will, you may work your way upward until your hand is upon it.

"Silently sat the artist alone,
Carving a Christ from the ivory bone;
Little by little, with toil and pain,
He won his way through the sightless grain."

The toil and the pain are always with us; but live them down. Plan your work carefully, and "little by little" win your way. The very instant you respect your work, your work will command respect. Be young, be girlish, be true. Of course, I know how you all love pretty things—soft furs to nestle about white throats, dainty boots and gloves, soft laces, round gold bracelets for round white arms—and my heart aches because you can not all have them. But do not ever buy what you can not afford. The light that comes to the invalid mother's eye or the joy to the little sister's heart, when you bring home a bunch of purple grapes or a trifling toy, is more beautiful than all the finery you could wear, and "smells sweeter up in heaven." What is this? You are about to waste twenty-five cents on the last novel by The Duchess! My dear girl, "Adam Bede" lies beside it and costs no more. Take it home instead; read it and study the heroine. If you will try to be as brave and as fearless, as simple and as earnest, as sweet, as pure and as true as Dinah—that "lily rooted in sacred soil"—you will see your way clear to the day when you may proudly say "I have worked, I have waited, I have won."

The soft, faint flush of sunrise in the white east is like the first tremulous dawn of love in a young girl's heart.

Envy shoots at others and wounds itself.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous Philadelphia physician, recently received as a present from a young lady whom he had cured of nervous invalidism, a cord of white oak wood, chopped down and sawed by her own hands, and sent as a substantial evidence of the health she had gained by following his advice to live an open-air life in the woods. It is safe to infer that this young woman will make a better wife than the girl who can only paint on velvet all day, and who would faint at the exertion of lifting a tea-kettle off the stove. If mothers, as well as doctors, would start in sensibly and practically with their girls, we would have finer women in our next generation. There is another thing, too. If the girl who is vigorous enough to saw wood doesn't choose to get married, she will find a way to earn her own living, and not be dependent on any one.

Sometime in the springtime of life, a man, wandering aimlessly through a wood, comes unexpectedly upon a half-blown flower, hidden under mosses and weeds, which thrills him with keen delight. He longs to possess it; yet he knows that if he plucks it, he must wear it forever, and though it is so pure and sweet-scented, he fears he might weary of having that pure atmosphere about him always. So, he passes on. But when summer comes, and he hears that the bud has developed into a rare and radiant flower, he hastens back to pluck it—only to find that another man is wearing it, proudly and without satiety.

It is well to fight shy of the neighbor who is inclined to wax "lonesome," and to run in at all hours to be "cheered up." It is not because she is in trouble, you know, and needs sympathy, but because she is an idler and can not fill in her time profitably. She settles herself in your favorite chair for the afternoon, and rocks and yawns and talks. If you will gently intimate that work or a vigorous walk are remedies for the "blues," it may save you from becoming her daily "remedy."

Each flower has at least one fault; one has a thorn, another no perfume, one is too pale, another too gaudy, one is beautiful but not sweet, another is sweet but not beautiful. In selecting one for constant wear, it is best to select the one having the least fault. Flowers, it may be added, are very much like women.

The lilies rocking on the moonlit river's breast,
Fold creamy petals round their hearts of gold, and rest,
And only blue waves kiss them. So, my tender love,
Fold innocence and purity from heaven above
About her heart—and only God and I may know
That it is as rich as gold and pure and white as snow.

One of the sweetest names in literature is Margaret E. Sangster; and her tender poems tell us that the name is worn simply and gracefully by one of the sweetest of women.

Sometimes our friends have so high and exalted an opinion of us that we are irresistibly borne upward until we really become what they have always thought us to be.

One may bear with a great fault in another, but to live daily, face to face, with a small, mean nature—O, that wears out patience, hope, love; yes, even life itself.

If you will but look closely you will always find grains of gold in the grayest sand.