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THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MRS. ELIZABETH W. ANDREW,
DEAN OF THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF WILLAMETTE
UNIVERSITY, BEFORE THE M. E. CONFERENCE
AT EAST PORTLAND ON AUGUST 19, 1881.

I am impressed with the contrast of two utterances made by two women in real life, under the stress of the same great sorrow; for both were widowed within the same month. One was devoted to the "fashion of this world," and her eyes had been for years so dazzled by its glitter that she caught no glimpse of the shaded side of life till she was suddenly ushered into the cypress gloom by the open grave of her husband. The other was a thoughtful, intelligent woman, who held all her relations in life as most sacred, and above all was an earnest, spiritual Christian. The first uttered this wail of sorrow: "My hopes are all buried in the grave with my husband!" The second, with the light of holy purpose shining through tears in her earnest eyes, said: "My greatest desire in living is to be helpful to others." She had caught the secret of a more powerful alchemy than was ever dreamed of by the sages of old—that should surely and gloriously transmute her very griefs into joys and her losses into victory.

May I be permitted to use the brave utterance of that noble woman as the watchword of our undertaking known as the Woman's College? The women and friends who are carrying its burdens and planning its welfare would be "helpful" to the young women it is designed to benefit. How?

First—In helping to form the habits and manners that belong to true "gentlewomen." (I like that old-fashioned, expressive word far better than "ladies.")

These are the "sweet observances" which throw a charm about the life, however hedged in by poverty; that reveal the disguised princess in the plainest garb, and give her her own dominion. I well remember hearing one of our representative women speak of being entertained in a home where very few luxuries could possibly be afforded, but the taste and refinement of the hostess were shown in the vase of exquisite violets that adorned the home-made dressing table and breathed a fragrant welcome to the guest as she entered her room. Under this head we include the healthful care of the body, and all the habits that combine to make up a well-ordered life.

Second—In helping these young women to broad mental discipline and intelligence.

"Freedom and knowledge are the guides to every form of nobleness." Who can be narrow that once catches a glimpse of the infinite riches—the worlds of intelligence—that lie open to his seeking vision? We talk often of "the world;" but what an empty name unless we mean by it "many in one"! For our universe is made up of a complex system, of circles within circles of interest, beauty and wisdom, and an introduction to the mysteries of each is like the entrance into a new world, complete within itself, and like gaining new and finer senses than those the student hitherto dreamed he possessed. You all know the familiar lines concerning the ignorant rustic—

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

But to the botanist and lover of nature this little blossom tells a wondrous story of its origin and family, of the alchemy of soil, sunshine and shower that has clothed it with perfection of form and exquisite coloring; yes, and to him who believes in the "Invisible," that image of grace and loveliness gives promise of unfading beauty that will satisfy the yearning that rises within him on its contemplation, and he cries with Wordsworth—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It is the same with any realm of art or science or truth of any kind. Said Dr. Marcy, of Evanston, to his students: "Once pass into the sanctuary of science, and the very rocks will talk to you." So also with the beautiful forms of statuary and the vivid representations of the speaking canvass—the expressions of genius throughout the ages—and the thrilling, searching harmony of music, that nearest approach to the pure language of spirit that we can hope to know this side of Heaven. Here are broad realms into which we would direct these young women, that they may gain treasures to enrich their own lives and to enjoy the rarest good of all—the blessedness of giving.

Third—We would help them to prize themselves; not riches, not culture, not any extraneous advantages, however great and however much to be desired and sought after, but themselves.

There is, we are told, a curious contrivance in the service of the English marine. The ropes in use in the royal navy, from the largest to the smallest, are so twisted that a red thread runs through them from end to end, which cannot be

extracted without undoing the whole, and by which the smallest pieces may be recognized as belonging to the crown. So God sets his seal of individuality upon every soul sent out into the world, setting it apart from all others, and insuring to that soul upon its consenting allegiance a special and holy relation with Himself. And to him will He give to "eat of the hidden manna and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." How God guards this sacred individuality! Can you ever forget the moment when your consciousness revealed it to you? How vividly it is present to thought as I speak—the hush of a Summer twilight in the country, and the soft cadence of my mother's voice as she sang an evening hymn and rocked my baby brother to sleep in the quiet veranda, while I—a little child—lingered under the great forest trees where shadows gathered, pierced now and then by a red shaft of light. How can I tell by what subtle process my soul awoke and asserted itself? Yes, even in the lulling harmony of the voice I had known earliest in my brief life, in the presence of my mother, whose existence seemed most inextricably woven with my own, suddenly there came a flash, as if from the Throne of Eternal Truth, and I stood alone, nevermore to be wholly identified in thought and being with any other human soul, whispering to myself in awed accents, "This is I!" Then quick as thought came the question, "To whom, then, do I belong?" And my soul answered by the measure of its yearning toward Him whom I already knew as "Our Father who art in Heaven," and whom I instinctively realized would not leave His child desolate in the universe. We would teach these young women to treasure this personality with which God has clothed them as His peculiar sacred gift, bringing it up to the fullest perfection possible, that they may be ready for the happiest and holiest relations in life, or if debarred from these, fitted to remain alone, strong and serene, a source of sweetest refreshment and blessing to themselves and to others. A grand woman says: "What in the midst of the mighty drama of the world's history are girls and their blind visions? They are the yea or nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections." We all bear witness, with full hearts, to the preciousness of woman's fulfilled destiny as wife and mother. How much I owe to the benediction of a pure and loving mother I shall never be able to tell. But oh, friends, this happy fate does not come to all. And even if possessed for a time, the most hallowed relation is open to the invading step of Death and Loss as well as the most hateful bond. Does He who so loves us then suffer us to be the "fools" of loss? Nay; nay. In the empty desert, or through the fury of the tempest, or when we stand on the shore watching the hopeless wreck of our dearest wishes, through and in the midst of all and every experience, we hear the immutable, the infinitely tender voice, saying, "I have set before thee—there—an open door, and no man can shut it." Here again is the divine assertion of that sacred law of individuality—that bestowment from His own hand of a gift which cannot be taken from us and a relationship with Himself that forbids the possibility of utter loss and loneliness, and instead brings satisfying fullness. But we are already within the limits of what was reserved to the last as being infinitely grander and higher than all else, and, being so, naturally includes and transcends all other culture, however noble, and naturally also must enter into the delineation of every personality that has reached its most perfect development.

Fourth—Beyond everything else, we would be helpful to these young women in finding and realizing for themselves the Spiritual Life—the Divine Culture.

Some one has said, "The heart is insatiable because it aspires after the infinite," and we trace this universal longing, this unwearied search, in every age, among all people. Many of you, doubtless, have pondered, in wonder, over these touching words of Sekesa, the Kafir chief, who, as recorded by Sir John Lubbock in his "Progress of Civilization," when the missionary brought him news of a Savior, thus answered him:

Your tidings are what I want, and I was seeking before I knew you, as you shall hear and judge for yourself. Twelve years ago I went to feed my flocks. The weather was hazy; I sat down upon a rock, and asked myself sorrowful questions; yes, sorrowful, because I was unable to answer them. "Who has touched the stars with his hands? On what pillars do they rest?" I asked myself. The waters are never weary; they know no other law than to flow without ceasing from morning till night, and from night till morning; but when do they stop, and who makes them flow thus? The clouds, also, come and go, and burst in water over the earth. Whence come they? Who sends them? The divines certainly do not give us rain; for how could they do it, and why do I not see them with my own eyes when they go up to heaven to fetch it? I cannot see the wind, but what is it? Who brings it, makes it blow, and roar, and terrify us? Do I know how the corn sprouts? Yesterday there was not a blade in my field; to-

day I returned to the field and found some. Who can have given to the earth the wisdom and power to produce it? Then I buried my face in both my hands.

Or think of the poor haggard Fakir, or religious ascetic, of whom we read in the early days of religious effort in India, forty-two years of age, who came to visit the missionary, and told the story of his unsatisfied longing for God and attempts to find Him. From his childhood he had been anxious to find God. The books of native religion given him to read did not satisfy him; he wanted more. When eighteen years old, he became a Fakir. He built himself a hut, forsook all his friends, and gave himself up to the search. After some time he realized that he was coming no nearer and that "the world was within him" (to use his own expression). So he had a cave dug deep in the ground, and for two years he sat there, seeing neither sun nor moon, and never speaking a syllable to any human being. If food was set before him, he ate it; if not, he went without food. At the end of two years, he came from his underground dwelling, broken in health, but no nearer God. Then for eighteen years more he lived in his hut in yearning, seeking contemplation, but a prisoner in the darkness and silence of unbroken ignorance. Finally came the missionary within his reach, who told him of Christ and of how He meets all the longings and wants of the immortal spirit. He cried out, "He is a Savior such as I want!" And the life-long bonds were broken; the prisoner was free. Or take that intensely sad picture of the monastic life led by the ascetics of Rome in the Egyptian desert, as described by Gibbon:

According to their faith and zeal, they might employ the day, which they passed in their cells, either in vocal or mental prayer. They assembled in the evening, and they were awakened in the night for the public worship of the monastery. The precise moment was determined by the stars, which are seldom clouded in the serene sky of Egypt, and a rattle horn or trumpet, the signal of devotion, twice interrupted the vast silence of the desert. Even asleep, the last refuge of the unhappy, was rigorously measured. The vacant hours of the monk heavily rolled along, without business or pleasure, and before the close of each day he had repeatedly accused the tedious progress of the sin. In this comfortless state, superstition still pursued and tormented her wretched votaries. The repose which they had sought in the cloister was disturbed by a tardy repentance, profane doubts and guilty desires; and while they considered each natural impulse as an unpardonable sin, they perpetually trembled on the edge of a flaming and bottomless abyss. Wretched state of Mysticism! which is no longer the free and enlightened devotion of a living soul; but the entire and blind abandonment of self, of will, of being, in a barren contemplation of thought, in a prayer without utterance and almost without consciousness.

But even in these subtle and devious ways many of the brightest and most earnest minds have sought to find the Invisible One. Even St. Augustine, the most illustrious Latin father of the Church, with all his varied gifts and vigorous mind, often consumed on mystical problems an amount of sagacity which would have sufficed for the most sublime conceptions. Neither is the time utterly gone by for error. Many still seek God in the spirit of penance and mysticism. Many still grope in the shadows of that suicidal belief that to deny every natural emotion, and to annihilate personality itself, is to please God. Many still cry, "Show us the Father!" and their ears are deaf to the clear loving voice that answers, "Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." What words are comparable to His who teaches us to enter into this spiritual realm? "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." "He that hath the Son hath Life." Profoundly does the sacred poet strike the depths of the soul's need when he cries:

"Thy gifts, alas! will not suffice—
But give Thyself to me!"

And the reply comes, "I will dwell in them and walk in them." To know Jesus as the personal friend, the lover of the soul—by this "Way" do we enter into the realm of the spirit, where the promise is that we shall be guided into all truth, and the truth shall make us "free." Here the springs are unfailing, and the flowers never fade; the azure of the sky is cloudless, and the music has no despairing notes; for the sources of beauty and delight are found in Him who is infinite. Here time and space flee away and are lost in the "Eternal Now" of the Great I Am with whom a thousand years are as a day, who suspends the mountains in a balance, and "taketh up the Isles as a very little thing." What could we so desire for these young women, and for all humanity, as the possession of the Spiritual Life? It is the saving of the soul—it is the inheritance of the earth and of all eternity besides. Sheltered within the understanding heart of Christ; what rivers can overflow, what flames can kindle upon us with power to destroy? None; none. Hidden from "the strife of tongues," no fear of "evil tidings" "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Here is garnered up the perfect blossoming of all pure associations and relations in life never to wither. You speak no farewells in this vital air, for the spirit knows no loss and no separation. That which so thrilled your soul with

love for your friend, the earnest spirit, the pure play of intellect, the true affection, that smile of holy victory which your dear one left as his legacy while he whispered "Jesus" and left the shores of time—these are not lost! They are yours—everything true and spiritual is yours—now and forever. Hear the charter written in living light by the Father of our spirits: "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollus, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

"MARRIAGE INSURANCE."

PORTLAND, September 8, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:
For the satisfaction or information of the public benefactor who in your last issue endeavored to impress upon your readers not acquainted with him that there still dwelleth in this city, in the person of himself, a real philanthropist, who will protect this "gullible" community from imposition, I would state that the directors of the company he alludes to are neither fools nor knaves, nor can they or any one of them afford to put a scheme on foot that is fraught with fraud. On the contrary, they are all well and favorably known as intelligent business men who have all succeeded in their various vocations, and could not be induced to father a company unless the success of it to the policy-holders as well as themselves was proven by figures none can dispute; and the writer is ready to show the same calculations to the public benefactor above referred to, and if they be not satisfactory, he has my consent to continue spinning public benefits through the columns of your paper as long as he pleases and you deem it of interest to your readers. Allow me to add that no solicitor will get an applicant to invest without first explaining the workings of this company; besides, none will insure except the provident kind, and they are usually convinced by actual figures that any one can readily understand; none other have as yet been insured in our company.

A. S. Gross,
Sec'y N. W. Mar. Ins. Co. of Portland, Or.

"O. P. H." AND "H. O. P."

CHENEY, W. T., August 28, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:
I am glad indeed you are opening your columns to equal rights in religion as well as politics—for one abuse is just as tyrannical as the other. For ages, outsiders, even if good people, have not dared to avow their disbelief in what they conscientiously believed to be myths and fables of a by-gone and ignorant age, and teach the religion of humanity without superstition, because of Christian intolerance. But, thank Justice, she is beginning to allow the other side to be heard.

Yours for universal mental liberty,

H. O. P. E.

From the Pendleton *East Oregonian* of last week: "Mrs. Salling is a woman of whom Umatilla county may well be proud. Mr. S.'s sheep-herder became alarmed at the bears in the mountains and ingloriously deserted his chalice. Mrs. S. thereupon packed blankets for a bed five miles up the mountain-side on her back, and guarded the sheep until her husband could come to town and return with a herder, her only weapon a shepherd's crook." Is not this woman better entitled to the ballot than the inglorious deserter?

It is proposed in Iowa to present a testimonial to Kate Shelley, the brave Irish girl who, at great risk to herself, saved a passenger train from going through a broken bridge into a river during a storm. Kate's father, it is related, lost his life in the service of the Northwestern Railway Company some years ago; her brother was drowned two seasons since, and the family now consists of Kate, who is fifteen or sixteen years of age, her mother, who is in poor health, and two younger children of six and nine years respectively.

Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby delivered a very eloquent lecture before the Nebraska Woman Suffrage Association, on July 4th, at Lincoln. Her remarks were spicy and to the point. After the lecture, the Association tendered her a vote of thanks for her valuable assistance in carrying out the celebration programme, and also for encouraging remarks in the evening.

The women on the School Board of Saratoga, New York, have a hard time. They are in the minority and are completely antagonized by the majority of the Board, who are too afraid of being controlled by women to do their duty, and so uniformly oppose every motion made by the ladies, without inquiring into its merits at all.

Mr. Webster has sold the *Coast Mail*, of Marshfield, to Mr. John Church, a practical printer, who will hereafter conduct it.