manages to conceal her annoyance. Her cousin calls in vain to take her for a drive. "Very sorry; but really I have no time," she says, with perfect truth. "Where is Eva? I have got that duet at last," says the musical brother, her own special crony; "we will try it after dinner." Eva agrees, but is so out of practice that she cannot make much of it. "Oh, dear!" says the brother, "I can't think what has made you go back so; you used to play much better at sight. I don't believe you ever practise now." "I never seem to have any time," says Eva, again very truly. There is no one to take the governess's place now, if she is ill or away; she must get on as best she can, or the children must run wild and get in everybody's way. Eva still copies her father's manuscripts; but she sighs when she takes them, instead of smiling brightly. She knows they will entail long hours of weary nightwork or the omission of some other work she feels she ought to do. She has made up her mind now that her sisters must do their own millinery; it is bad for people to be dependent upon others; and she groans (not without reason, perhaps) over the selfishness of country people who seem to imagine that their friends in town have nothing to do but to execute their commissions. Nevertheless, her love of helping others is not extinct, and she prides herself specially on never neglecting home duties; so she seldom refuses to do any little kindness she is asked. The difference lies in her manner of doing it. Formerly it appeared a pleasure; now it is manifestly an unwelcome task. Her temper, once so rarely ruffled, is now uncertain and irritable; she sees other people's faults much more clearly than of old, and has much less hesitation in pointing them out. She labours under a continual sense that too much is required of her. As a matter of fact, she is overtasked in body and mind. She requires more rest, more recreation, and less work and worry. She could do her parish work well enough if she had nothing else to distract her. She could live her useful, beneficent home-life peacefully enough, if she had no outside duties; but she has been led to believe that God requires both of her, and the effort to accomplish the two, little as she imagines it, is wearing her out prematurely, and slowly turning her into a fretful, nervous valetudinarian, or an impatient, discontented cynic.

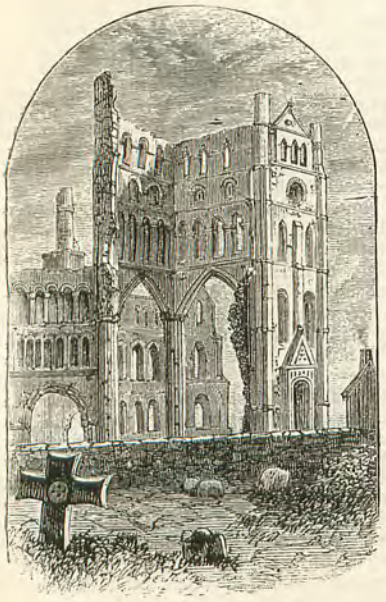
What then is the outcome of these remarks? That young ladies ought not to be allowed to help at all in parish work? A thousand times no!

But that young ladies should look carefully to their motives, examine themselves faithfully and frequently as to the object of their labours, not be weary in well-doing, discriminate between duties and duties, and finally avoid attempting too much.

It is not true in all cases that change of work is as good as play. God is not a hard taskmaster, but a living Father, and what kind earthly father would desire his child to fill up every moment with toil, so as to make it impossible to use the means and opportunities of enjoyment he himself had bestowed upon him? Besides, the policy is shortsighted. The value of work done by a tired, overstrained hurried person cannot be equal in value to that performed by one in a tranquil frame of mind, full vigour of body, and able to give plenty of time and undivided thought to the matter in hand. Furthermore, overwork sooner or later breaks down the worker. She may die, and her work be prematurely cut short by her own folly, but she is more likely to live and become one of a class which the conditions of modern life unfortunately render larger year by year—a class composed of persons with no definite complaint, but permanently out of sorts. They always feel languid, and nothing interests them vividly. They are forbidden to exert themselves. They must not work their brain, they must not overtax their bodies, they must not on any account "worry." They may eat and drink, and amuse themselves (if they can), and be as happy as possible under the circumstances. Nature is having her revenge for the way in which they treated her in youth. They are not old, but they are worn out, of little use to other people and a weariness to themselves.

Two words of warning in conclusion and I have done. Do not be too ready to urge others to add to their responsibilities, or too hasty in condemning good women who, while manifestlyadorning their Christian profession, in other respects seem backward in taking up outdoor work. On the other hand, do not, when you read this paper, run over in your minds your friends and acquaintances, and try to settle which of the characters sketched above will suit them. Consider instead if any one of them reflects yourself. If that cannot be because you do no direct work for God at all, ask yourself if there be any good reason for such a state of things. It is quite possible, as I have shown, that such a reason may exist, but it is also true that many who ought to "Come to the help of the Lord," are kept back by nothing but sloth. Self-indulgence, indolence and careless frivolity eat up many a young life, and destroy in the bud many a promising career.

A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.



THE following interesting and instructive letter was written to his daughter by the Rev. Horace Bushnell, a celebrated American essayist and divine, during a sojourn he made on the Continent of Europe in pursuit of his health in the year 1845. It has been transcribed from a volume entitled "Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell," published by Sampson Low and Co:—

Geneva, October 6th, 1845.

My dear child,—Your mother has said to me once or twice that you were preparing a letter for me. I should be most happy to receive one as good as you can write, partly because I love you, and partly because it will do you good to compose it.

I have thought many times of the possibility that I may never see you again; in which case I should wish very much to have left you a father's message and counsel; and it is this, in part, which moves me to write to you now.

I expect, of course, to see you again after a few months are past; but you know, my dear child, that we are certain of nothing in this world. How much I long to see you again I cannot tell.

No earthly prospect is so bright to me as to be once more in our pleasant, happy home, where I may hear the voices of my dear children, and see them gathered at our simple table, saying father and mother, as before I left them.

I think of you at night; every child and family calls you to mind by day. I tell the French people and the German people by signs—for I cannot speak their language—that I have three daughters at home, one *so* long, another *so* long, and another *so* long. The fathers and mothers, I find, will understand me; for they know how fathers and mothers feel, and they show by their smile of sympathy how quick they are to catch my meaning. Your dear mother tells me that you are now at your studies at home, and are doing well in them. This I rejoice to hear. I want to have you get a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, and then of French and German. The very first day that I went out in Geneva to call on a gentleman, two lovely daughters were interpreters between me and their mother. They spoke English very well indeed, and it gave me so much happiness, as a lonely stranger unable to speak their language, that I could not but wish that my dear daughter may be able hereafter to make somebody else as happy as they made me, and thus repay my obligations. You are now precisely of the age to study, and there is nothing I so much desire for you on earth as that you may have a truly accomplished mind and character. I do not wish to excite in you any wrong or bad ambition, and yet I wish you to feel as you grow up that you are not doomed to any low or vain calling, because you are a woman. I have no son upon whom I can lean, or in whose character and success I can find pleasure. God, you know, has taken away the one that was so dear to us all. Therefore I desire the more to have daughters whom I can respect, and in whose beautiful and high accomplishments I can find a father's comfort. You cannot be a soldier or a preacher, but I wish, in the best and truest sense, to have you become a woman. This you cannot be without great and patient cultivation of your mind; for neither man nor woman has any basis of character without intelligence. You must be able to maintain intelligent conversation; and *this requires* a great deal of intelligence of every sort, and the more in a woman, because she must not seem to be book-wise and scientific, as men may do, but to have her fund in herself, and speak on all subjects as if she had the flavour of all knowledge in herself naturally.

But if intelligence is necessary to make a fine woman, other things are quite necessary. Her mind and heart must be perfectly pure as that of infancy. She must be the very expression of modesty, and without the least affectation in her manners. Here, the best rule is always to feel beautifully, and she will act beautifully, of course; whereas if she undertakes to fashion her manners by rule, or to copy others, she will as surely be stiff and affected. As to her looks, she will look best if she is never conscious that she has any looks at all, provided only that she has enough beauty and refinement of feeling to clothe her person out of it; for dress itself is never happy or becoming, if it is not the natural clothing of a lovely spirit.

As to temper, a woman should never seem to have any. A sharp temper pricks through the garment of softness, and it seems to be only a covering of thorns, of which the observer will be duly cautious. She ought never to vent or entertain a harsh judgment of others, but to cast a mantle of sweetness and charity over all she looks upon; for harsh judgments savour of passion, and imply a kind of grossness which is unbecoming to a woman. Study contentment, look on nothing with envy: for it is half the merit of a fine woman that she can bear so much with so beautiful a spirit.

The bright side of life is in her; therefore she is to make adversity and loss smile by her patience. The angel who comes down to cry peace and goodwill to mortals must not fret himself because there are clouds in his way; and if his locks are wet by the rain, or singed by the thunder, he will not justify the beauty of his message if he is not able still to smile and to sing.

Do nothing to excite admiration, for that is the way to excite contempt, and, what is more, to deserve it. The woman who flatters, and fawns, and studies her methods to attract the admiration of others seems to ask for it, and, in asking, to confess that it can be gotten only by means that are without the scale of merit.

The humblest flower is never so unwise. It gives out its colours and sheds its fragrance in the air because it has the secret stores of colour and fragrance in its sap, and not to please some casual observer.

Above all, the fine woman must be unselfish. We demand that she shall seem to have alighted here for the world's comfort and blessing, and all the ways of selfishness are especially at variance with her beautiful errand.

I have said nothing thus far, my child, of what is the first and radical ground of security for all I commend; viz., that a woman shou'd be a Christian. Her character should be the very blossom and flavour of piety. No goodness or beauty is truly natural which is not the flower of this germ in the soul. Most men agree that a woman ought to be religious; in which they say more than they think, both for woman and for religion.

What is that without which the most perfect loveliness cannot be made to subsist? And what is she whose character can be finished only by assimilation to God? To be conscientious in duty, to go on errands of charity to the poor, to have the passions laid and the tempers sweetened by a habit of prayer, to draw from the fountain of truth that truthful habit which expels all affectation and makes a creature at once confiding and worthy of confidence. This is the soul of all that enters into a woman's accomplishments; and without this her woman's accomplishments must want a soul, which is the most grievous of conceivable wants. Therefore I am anxious, my dear daughter, that you should begin the Christian life now, and grow up in it. If I have proposed to you something angelic in the model of a woman, I am far enough from believing that any mere self-cultivation will enable you to reach it. Such is man and woman, such all human nature, that only grace can raise it into beauty and true goodness.

Man is not so good or susceptible to good that he can fill out the ideal of goodness without proximity to God, or drawing himself up to his mark by the assimilating power of God's love and communion.

Besides, I do not see that there is anything angelic in the earthly lot of either man or woman, unless that in the midst of much deformity and sorrow he may aspire to be an angel.

In a few years, my child, I shall probably leave you and the world together. I know not what roughness may be in your lot after I am gone, or what wrongs or sorrows may fall upon you. And you must bear them as a woman. Your victory, too, will be a woman's only—the victory of patience, purity, and goodness. God only can be your sufficient defender and upholder. And if, when all these earthly trials are over, I am ever to greet you in a better world, it will be only because we are sanctified by the Spirit of God and forgiven through His Son. Be it, then, your first thought to be religious. Let your childhood be religious; your girlhood, and thus your womanhood; your whole life, and thus your death and all beyond.

I took up my pen, not knowing that I was going to write such a letter; but I had nearly finished before my candle burnt out. The language and the sentiments, I am aware, are often beyond your age; but your mother will interpret them. In the meantime, as you grow older and more cultivated, you will be able to see their meaning more perfectly, and, I hope, to respect them and value them highly. I wish you to keep this letter as a father's counsel. It is written partly for the future. Perhaps when I am gone it will be the dearest remembrance I leave you. To God, my dear child, I commend you; with Him I leave you. Farewell.

Your loving, but not your best nor only father, HORACE BUSHNELL.

SALUTATIONS.

THE many forms of ceremony observed in the salutations of different countries have, in most cases, a curious and interesting history. In tracing some of the more striking influences which have moulded certain modes of salutation, we may, in the first place, notice that of climate. Indeed, it is remarkable that just as the national characteristics of a nation depend, more or less, on a variety of causes—such as its situation, physical condition, and advancement in culture—so, in like manner, may be explained the origin and development of its various usages in ceremonial etiquette.

Referring then to climate as influencing the formation of social customs, it is noticeable that some salutations which would seem to display a want of refinement or delicacy, assume a different aspect when one is acquainted with the nature of the country whence they proceed.

Thus, it is easy to understand how the inhabitants of a hot climate, in which mosquitoes abound, would in process of time use as their ordinary morning salutation, "How have you been used by the mosquitoes?" In the same way an expression much used in Egypt is, "How goes the perspiration?" Amongst other salutations which have arisen from a like cause may be mentioned one of common occurrence in Persia, "May your shadow never grow less," a form of speech which would be meaningless to one unfamiliar with the physical characteristics of the country. And to quote one further illustration, the usual Oriental phrase, "Peace be with you," to which the person so saluted replies, "With you be peace," is exactly the mode of expression which one would expect to find among a people who, naturally inactive through living in a sultry and relaxing climate, devote their time to pursuits which do not require much exertion—indulging as far as possible in the enjoyment of peace and quietude. The same principle may be found in other countries exerting considerable influence, as in the French salutation, "Comment vous portez-vous?" which very tersely sums up the distinguishing features of a people conspicuous for their wonderful buoyancy. Similarly we may also compare our own familiar expression, "How do you do?" It has been observed that to a thoroughly business people like ourselves, it would be difficult to find a more expressive phrase, for, "whatever may be the employment in which one is engaged, it is only natural that by a common bond of sympathetic feeling each should be anxious to know how his neighbour does." Then there is the well-known Dutch salutation, "How fare you?" or, "How travels my lord?" illustrative of the voyaging and trading character of the Hollander. Truly, as Mr. Tegg notes, in his "Meetings and Greetings," "does not this salutation at once present to our imaginations a big Dutchman, well fed and well clad, travelling at his ease in a gaudy treeschuyt on one of his superb canals, and hailing a passing friend to inquire if he also travels as conveniently?" Again, the popular German salutation, "How goes it?" or "How do you find yourself?" indicates their quiet and solid stability, evidences of which are afforded in their independent and persevering character. Once more, the old Greek salutation, "Rejoice and be glad," admirably expressed the characteristics of this active people, who, satisfied with their own resources, and proud of their position, were desirous that every person should be cheerful, of good courage, and ready at any time to meet any emergency that might happen. The Roman salutation, also, "Be strong and healthy," was most appropriate for a people who "set less value on pleasure, and were more interested about that strength which constituted the basis of a warlike character. Such a phrase paints well the character of the Roman, who distinguished himself more by force, energy, and power, than by activity, talents, and serenity of disposition." The old Scandinavian expression, "How can you?" or in other words, "Are you strong and vigorous?" was worthy of a brave, hardy, and daring nation whose exploits have from time immemorial been famous.