

WOMAN'S DUTIES.

BY GENEVIEVE.

WHAT a vast amount has been said and written on the duties of woman, and how severely she is censured for the non-performance of those duties. We will admit there are many, ah, too many who never learn what their duty is, or learning it, neglect it most shamefully.

On the other hand, there are thousands who bravely battle with the trials of life, seeking to render their homes comfortable and attractive, striving to assist and benefit their partners in life, but whose career, shut out from public ken by the seclusion of home, is never known beyond the retirement of the home circle, and consequently never receives its just meed of praise. The name of the conqueror—the statesman—may illumine the pages of history, while self-sacrificing, heroic woman sinks into obscurity, and her name is forgotten.

Woman was created as a helpmate for man, and while it is his duty to provide for and protect her, it is no less her duty to assist him in all the minor affairs of life. Her province is home; there she should reign supreme, her busy steps never flagging, her watchful eye never wearying; the welfare of her children, the happiness of her husband, her constant care. She should strive to make her home the most delightful place on earth to him, that when the toils of the day are ended, and he seeks it for repose, he may find in it his cares lightened, his sorrows soothed; that he may go forth again to the contest with renewed vigor and with cheerfulness and encouragement in his heart.

Home should be rendered a pleasant place to her children, that they may not be driven therefrom to seek pleasure and amusement elsewhere, and, as a natural consequence, mingle with the vain, the frivolous, and even the vicious. Let their chief delight be found at home, and they will not easily be led astray. She should strive with never-ceasing energy to instruct their minds and their hearts; to cultivate their moral natures, and by kindness, gentleness, and love, twine their affections about her, and forever retain them. She can exert a greater influence over them than any other being on earth, and when that influence is properly directed, it is their greatest safeguard in after life, when the days of trial and temptation shall come, and they can no longer claim the protection of the parental roof-tree. Then how great is her responsibility! Immortal souls are intrusted to her care to be fitted for eternity!

The training of future men and women, who must one day go forth to take their parts in the active drama of life—and whether they perform the parts assigned them well or ill may rest with her! Then how can any right-minded

woman give herself up to the pomps and vanities of this life, or sit in listless idleness, and neglect the performance of such duties as devolve upon her?

Domestic duties, and even, as is often the case, household drudgery must necessarily fall to her lot, and though she does not shrink from the performance of these, there are those of a different kind which have no less a claim upon her. God has given her a mind, has bestowed upon her intellect, and it is her duty to cultivate it—it is a religious duty, for it was given her for a noble purpose, that she might be her husband's pride, a fit instructress for her children, an ornament in her home. She should not suffer the common details of everyday life to render her manners coarse or sour her temper, but always strive to be mild, refined, and polite.

But woman—"the weaker vessel"—frail, fragile woman, does she not need encouragement and assistance? Is her life, though spent in obscurity, exempt from trials, snares, and temptations. Are there no rough places in her pathway, no difficulties to surmount?

Her task is great, very great, and while she endeavors so earnestly to perform it, should she not be strengthened and encouraged by words and tones of affection and approval? This is due her. If her husband desires a pleasant home, he should prove to her that he can appreciate one. If she must soothe his troubled spirit let him not become impatient should he sometimes detect a cloud upon her brow; let him remember that poor human nature cannot always bask in the sunshine, and that one cheering, loving word from him might dispel the gloom which rests upon her spirits. He desires her to be delicate and modest, refined and elegant, mild and affectionate, then let him not shock her by coarse and unkind manners and profane language.

A good wife, a true woman is a real heroine and an accomplished actress. She puts her own grievances out of sight to drive away with pleasant smiles the clouds that gather around her husband's gloomy brow; she pours oil on the troubled waters of her own soul, that she may soothe his sorrow; she dashes the teardrop from her eye that she may remove the cup of bitterness from his lips, while he suspects not there are sorrows weighing down her aching heart. She cultivates cheerfulness, and endeavors to banish despondency, for she is a true philosopher, and knows that a gloomy spirit but aggravates the ills of life.

Perhaps if husbands were more considerate and good wives better appreciated, happy homes would be more numerous. But many a good wife goes down to death and they raise not a stone, carve not a line to tell of her many virtues, but as she fades from earth her self-sacrificing, noble nature fades also from the memory of the living. She does not seek her

reward in the world's praises, neither is it to be found there, but if her duties are rightly and well performed, her reward will surely come.

GEORGY, AGED THREE.

BY MRS. T. P. B.

LITTLE Georgy, aged three,
What a rosy rogue is he!
Ever romping, very trying,
Often laughing, seldom crying.

What a worry, too, is he!
And yet what joy he is to me!
In every mischief under the sun
Is our darling little one.

His tiny shoes and tartan frock,
His chubby hands oft smeared with rock,
His little prattling, lisping tongue,
As he his treasures plays among.

How he plagues his elder brother!
And for his shelter runs to mother,
And hides his little dimpling face,
With all a childish hero's grace.

Fingers into every pie,
Which causes ma to say, "Oh, fie!"
But naughty Georgy has no shame,
And watches for his chance again.

With what a funny mimic grace
He holds the paper to his face,
And feigns to con the printed sheet
In a papa manner most complete.

And he can read best upside down,
With comic jabber like a clown,
And counts reverse, and here and there,
And ends by tumbling from his chair.

And when he's in his little bed,
He will not sleep till prayers are said;
Although he can't know half their meaning,
He shuts his eyes with solemn seeming.

His little nose and nut-brown hair,
His wee blue eyes—a twinkling pair,
With rosy lips which hide his pearls,
His little strut 's as proud 's an earl's.

His sunny life, how will it pass?
Oh, could we look in Future's glass!
Yet better not, for weal or woe,
Our Maker has ordained it so.

God bless you, Georgy! break and smash,
Your infant life too soon will pass;
From childish pleasures to life's reality,
Before we bask in Heaven's eternity.

Play on, dear Georgy, aged three,
Your little life 's worth much to me;
And many years may you see here,
Ere you attain a nobler sphere.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.—We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

A POOR CHANCE.

BY EDWARD GORDON.

IF Caleb Stanford, situated as he was, could ever amount to anything in the world, then there was a chance for every one. This was the substance of the remarks continually made about the above-mentioned individual by all who knew him, but the reason for such expressions was not so apparent.

One would suppose Caleb to be an ambitious man who expected to amount to very much, whereas such was by no means the case. Why he should forever be singled out as a target in this respect was incomprehensible, unless he was a man who caused every one to dislike him, and made himself disagreeable.

But no such man was Caleb. Never was he known to trouble his neighbors, or set up his own opinions against them, nor did he ever express any desire or expectation of being advanced above his present humble station. He had a rather sorrowful air in all that he said and did before people, and for this reason he was thought to be discontented with his position, and ambitious for a better.

Well, supposing such to have been the case, where was the harm in it? Where is the true man with a large family to provide for, and but very limited means to do it with, who would not be justified in wishing he might in some way increase his business, to bring in a surer means of livelihood!

Caleb was in this situation. He was poor, and had a large family, for whom he cared most tenderly and worked faithfully. He may have worn a sad appearance to the outside world, but he never did in the presence of his wife and children. Ah, no! He was so light and gay, as though he had a fortune to live upon. How much more of a fortune did he really have, and how much happier he was than some of the neighbors he could mention, whose coffers were filled with gold, but whose hearts were hard, and selfish, and miserable! What cared he that people said he stood a poor chance of success? He never had boasted to the contrary; he knew it well.

Caleb was no fool. He would not give up a certainty for an uncertainty, and so he adhered faithfully to his humble occupation, while he kept eyes and ears open for any chance to better himself.

The occupation of fruit vendor, on the small scale Caleb managed, was not one involving sudden riches by any means. Yet this man had established a sufficient business to support his family from day to day without getting ahead enough to lay up anything for the future. Indeed, he had risen in the business of late, for from having begun by travelling about with a basket, he had now established a small stand in the gateway of an old, unfrequented ceme-