

abroad with her governess to a retired district in France. Mr. Bridlington had, however, thought that my female mind would be too much flurried and troubled if I knew the whole state of the case, so he had kept the fact of Sir Giles Overton's existence concealed from me. As Mrs. Rothsleigh was also a woman, and moreover a woman in very weak health, he had hidden from her Sir Giles's intentions with regard to the child, and the fact that he had sent Alba to reside in the old French *château*. This was why he had forbidden the girl to write to her mother.

Mrs. Rothsleigh's health had improved unexpectedly, and she had started for England, sending a telegram, just as she set off, to Mr. Bridlington to announce the fact. Hereupon Mr. Bridlington, in a state of frantic excitement at the news, despatched a telegram to meet Mrs. Rothsleigh at Marseilles, and to explain to her, in some degree, the condition of matters with regard to her daughter—a telegram which, however, in his hurry and confusion of mind, he had expressed so blunderingly, that Mrs. Rothsleigh had gathered from it exactly the reverse of the truth, namely, that Sir Giles Overton was trying to hide her child from her in the *château* of Belleville, in Normandy.

This had made Mrs. Rothsleigh hasten at once to Avranches, and send her confidential servant to watch at the *château*. She was the woman who had lingered at the gate. When I had left the avenue the servant had no difficulty in leading away the docile, trustful child, by telling her that her mother had come back suddenly and was waiting at the end of the lane to speak to her. When Alba found that she had been hurried into a carriage and driven off, instead of finding her mother, she had begun to cry bitterly, but her tears had soon been dried in her mother's arms. The child had tried to explain to her mother that it was Mr. Bridlington himself who had brought her to the *château*, but Mrs. Rothsleigh had supposed that the girl had been cheated by some specious story invented by Sir Giles.

Several years have passed since that night at Avranches, and from that time forward I have never left my Alba and her mother. Alba is now a very white rose of English early womanhood, and old Mr. Bridlington, as he watches her ways among the tenants and the poor on her property left her by her father, and her bearing in society, is inclined to think that he has at last found a woman who may be entrusted with a secret.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.



MORALISTS, satirists,

and divines have been eloquent in depicting the defects of woman, with the manifold evils that flow therefrom; but very few comparatively have taken the same amount of trouble to point out her many virtues. Without taking either side, it may be useful to insist on the surpassing influence exercised by her upon the world in general, and mankind in particular.

In trying to prove how great woman's influence can be, when used

either for good or evil, we begin by saying that we are no advocate for "Woman's Rights," as commonly understood in our day. Certain rights, of person, of property, of privilege, we are ready to maintain, but for equality of position, whether in professional or political life, we are no advocates. We do not wish to see women becoming solicitors, surgeons, engineers, and members of Parliament, or in any other form of public life heretofore held by men.

It is urged that the introduction of women into public life would soften its asperities and smooth its ruggedness. This may or may not be the case, but with all due deference to such opinions, we maintain that woman's place in the world is to be domestic, and her mission at home, although of course there are exceptions to this as to every rule, to some of which we shall afterwards refer.

In order that woman's influence should be for good, it is necessary that girls be trained to be thoroughly truthful, free from all vulgar pretensions, active, helpful, and charitable in thought, word, and deed. Such girls make good sisters, good wives, and good mothers. They are congenial companions to their husbands, wholesome guides and instructors to their children, and capable of aiding and strengthening all with whom they come in contact. If young girls could have the true friendship of one such noble specimen of their own sex, it would be the strongest earthly safeguard they could possibly possess.

The influence exercised by women upon manners has long been notorious, and to them must be attributed in a great degree the laxity, as to speech and behaviour, of modern customs. When women permit themselves to be approached and addressed in a free and easy manner by their male acquaintances, without showing that they resent such freedom, certain it is that this liberty will very seriously affect the behaviour of men, and lower their estimate of womankind. Thus, it behoves all mothers, wives, and sisters to set a good example in themselves. The old must be honoured, the weak assisted, the illustrious deferred to, and without any distinction all persons respected. Women have this matter entirely in their own hands, and can compel men to be well behaved, and the men who know how to treat women will soon learn to behave politely to each other, and thus all classes will be benefited.

Literature also is greatly influenced by women. They read much more than men, having more time to devote to this kind of recreation; therefore they decide to no small extent what books shall be written and circulated. Unfortunately by their predilection for certain styles, the supply of sensational novels in the present day has been multiplied and their quality deteriorated.

Speaking of woman's home influence, it has been said that the most conspicuous test of her goodness is cheerfulness; it is the sunshine of life, and blesses the world by its power of producing happiness. Home is where the heart is, and it is woman's work to keep the hearts of husband and children where she is. There can be no doubt that wives have great influence over their husbands; they can aid them in all their good resolutions, and by quiet, gentle encouragement bring out their better qualities, and by their own bright examples implant in them noble principles, which are the seeds of the highest virtues.

Innumerable historical instances of such true wifely influence might be given, but we must content ourselves with a few. Luther said of his wife that so great was her influence for good over him, that he would not exchange his poverty with her for all the riches of Cæsar without her. Tom Hood, in one of his letters to his wife, says, "I never was anything until I knew you, and I have been a

better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since." Prince Bismarck, when speaking of his wife to a friend, said, "She it is who has made me what I am." And Lord Beaconsfield, in his dedication to "Sybil," says, "I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathise with the suffering, to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose good taste and judgment have ever guided its pages, to the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."

Of mothers' influence—the strongest of all—many examples might be given did space allow. Mothers, above all, need faith, and genuine loving trust in God. A life of glad acquiescence in His will, lived daily in the presence of sons and daughters, is an immense power for good. Such mothers had Washington and the Wesleys.

Of sisterly influence, too, examples are not wanting; we will, however, mention only two. That of Caroline Herschel over her brother, the great astronomer, whose grand achievements in science can be traced in a great measure to her willing help and good advice; and of Dorothy Wordsworth over her brother William, whom she inspired to renewed efforts, when he was depressed by hostile criticism, and bewildered by the abstruse speculations in which for a time he was involved. He says he was indebted to her for—

"Those sweet counsels between head and heart,  
Whence genuine knowledge grew."

He also acknowledges her service to him in the following lines—

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,  
And humble cares, and delicate fears,  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and thought, and joy."

If we turn to Bible history, from Eve downwards we have striking examples both of good and bad influence. Rebecca was beautiful, and in some points good, but her influence over Jacob led him to deceive his father, betray his brother, and to be exiled from herself.

Jezebel's influence over Ahab led to the murder of Naboth, and to the destruction of herself and her family. On the other hand, Esther's influence over Ahasuerus resulted in the saving of the lives of the Jews throughout all Persia. St. Paul attributes the beautiful character of Timothy to the careful training of his mother and grandmother.

To return to secular history, it was through the influence of Queen Philippa that Edward the Third spared the lives of the noble citizens of Calais; and what more striking proof of woman's influence could we have than that exercised by Joan of Arc over the French? They had become inert and dispirited, and scarcely cared even to try and save their country, when a woman's heroism and self-denial awakened the whole nation, and resulted in the expulsion of the English from France.

To Catherine de Medicis's evil influence may be attributed the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. Of Madame Maintenon it is said that during part of the life of Louis XIV., ministers, generals, affairs of state, justice and religion were all in her hands, and these reins she held for upwards of thirty years. No more stupendous event ever was chronicled in the world's history than the first French Revolution, and yet no event was ever more largely influenced by women. One generation worked at the causes, and the next guided the effects. The Pompadours and Du Barrys crushed out the old monarchy. To deck *them* with jewels, and load *them* with luxuries, the poor were ground down and starved, and a fierce hatred of the upper

classes generated, which culminated in the Reign of Terror. During that terrible time woman's influence permeated every phase of society; they spoke at the clubs, decided the fate of prisoners at the tribunal, and were worshipped as "goddesses of reason!" Yet even in that dark time there are traces of their softening influence; for example, that of Eléonore over Robespierre, of Lucille over Desmoulins, and of both his wives over Danton.

Of all the heroines of the Revolution, Madame Roland was perhaps the greatest. In contrast to her previous quiet, uneventful life, at its outbreak she became one of its leading spirits. All the letters urging on the destruction of the monarchy and the establishment of the republic, which roused the nation, and were renowned for their power, were written by her, although they bore her husband's name. But she little anticipated the terrible crimes which were to usher in her great desire; and afterwards, when too late, used every effort within her means to check the outrages, and we all know how, in the end, she fell a victim to the cruelty of the very party which she had in so large a measure been the means of bringing into power.

In writing upon woman's influence we cannot close without mentioning the deservedly honoured names of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, to whose unremitting labours much of the greatly-needed reform in prison discipline throughout Europe is due; of Miss Robinson, who has done so good a work among our soldiers; of Miss Weston among our sailors; of Miss Marsh, who devoted her life and talents to improving the lives and morals of navvies; and last, but by no means least, of Miss Florence Nightingale, famed for her labours in reforming the sanitary condition of the British army. To this end, she visited and inspected civil and military hospitals all over Europe. Her labours during the Crimean war are too well known to require comment, and yet pages might be filled with accounts

of the marvellous influence she exerted. Her health at last succumbed to the physical and mental strain to which she subjected herself, and for years she has been a confirmed invalid; however, it may not be so generally known that her sick-room has been and still is the scene of arduous and constant labour for the improvement of the health of the soldier, and its result may be seen in the present condition of hospitals all over Europe and India as contrasted with those of former days.

Having tried thus far to give some little account of what can be done by woman's influence, we will conclude by saying that although we cannot all do great works, yet, in order that we may be beneficial to the world about us, we must strive so to live as to merit the praise bestowed upon Mary of old by our loving Saviour: "She has done what she could."

"Go forth! and in thy Saviour's strength  
Thy voice shall yet be heard,  
And wandering souls shall turn and bless  
A feeble woman's word."

M. K. M.

## NEW MUSIC.

ENOCH AND SONS.

*If Sighs had Wings.* Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by Edward Oxenford.—We can recommend this charming song as being likely to please, the light style of the accompaniment suiting the words, and within the capabilities of many of our girls. It is set in two keys: No. 1 in D, compass C to F; No. 2 in C—B to E.

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will become a favourite. It likewise has the recommendation of being easy.

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*Sing Me the Songs I Used to Sing* Words by John Saffery. Composed by Alfred Rawlings.—A cheerful and good song set in the key of G.

*Mélodie for Violin or Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.*—A very pretty little piece well adapted to moderate performers on either instrument.

A. COX.

*You Needn't Say a Word.* Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Madame Sainton Dolby.—This indefatigable song writer has portrayed a somewhat wayward little sister, whose very desire that "not a word should be said" proves a sense of wrong doing, which although very prettily told and sung, should not be imitated. Madame Sainton Dolby's style is always pure and musical.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

*Auntie.* Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by A. H. Behrends.—A charmingly-written little song, full of tenderness, which well pictures an auntie's love. The music is simple and pleasing, written in the key of F.

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## THE GIRLS OF ENGLAND.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c

In Imitation of "The Homes of England," by Mrs. Hemans.

IN the stately homes of England  
Stately the maidens grow,  
And wonder in their silken ease  
To hear of human woe;  
And many a noble spirit strives  
To do her woman's duty,  
And cast in furrows by the way  
The seeds of love and beauty.

In the cottage homes of England  
Dwell maidens bright and fair,  
Though early may the youthful brow  
Be shadowed by world-care.  
How soon they learn to give their strength  
To prop the old and weakly,  
How soon the hopeful heart is tamed  
To bear life's crosses meekly.

How blest is many a hearth to-day  
In daughters, whose one dower  
Is affluence of love, that makes  
Their lives a silent power!

Who, Una-like, control the strong,  
And loose and bind at pleasure,  
Who meet life's rapids with a song,  
And well employ its leisure.

How tender is their task when age  
Creeps o'er their parents kind,  
And feet they must be to the lame,  
And eyesight to the blind.  
Ah, then they feel how strong the tie  
That binds each to the other,  
How large the debt the child must owe  
To father and to mother!

May God bless the homes of England!  
And each one do her part  
To serve Him in her low estate  
With steadfastness of heart.  
With His love all the rest will come,  
The little sphere increasing,  
Until it touch the eternal home  
And end in joys unceasing.