

NEWS AND VIEWS WOMEN

Fashion Tyranny.

What an insidious tyrant fashion is! It makes a live man or woman so ridiculous and often so contemptible; dictating everything, from the cut of a mantle to the expression of a thought—from the etiquette of "a call" to the propriety of an experiment, and as silly as it is humiliating; and, unpleasant and uninviting as the task may be, it is our duty to good naturedly affront it and protest that the first duty and right of a live man or woman is the duty and the right of self-possession.—London Light.

Empress of Russia.

Mrs. Analia Kussner Couderc, the American miniature painter, says in an article in "The Century" that she never heard the words "Czar and Czarina" used by any member of the Russian royal family. They say Emperor and Empress, and in their private life they all speak English. The Grand Duchess Helene, daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir and now Princess Nicholas of Greece, told Mrs. Couderc that she could not remember ever speaking anything but English to her father.—New York Tribune.

Mrs. Swanson's Striking Riding Habit.

One of the prettiest women in the whole State of Virginia, able critics assert, is the wife of the Chief Executive of the Old Dominion, Mrs. Claude Swanson. Hundreds and hundreds of her photographs have appeared in newspapers and magazines, for she is of a rare type, having golden hair and dark brown eyes and lashes. Mrs. Swanson spends much of her time in Washington, in spite of her duties in Richmond, and she is entertained frequently in her black cloth riding habit, with a big soft felt hat with drooping plumes, she looks her best. Mrs. Swanson has a striking habit, the jacket of which is made entirely of fine yellow leather. She effects the very short riding gown, and her bright yellow boots, made of the same material as the jacket, and a cap of the same, give her a jaunty appearance, especially when she rides a light bay horse almost the shade of her yellow trimmings.—New York Press.

Change of Shoes.

"Lots of shopgirls would be more polite to customers if their feet didn't ache so," is the dictum of a working girl. And the same might be said of a snappy, nagging, nervous mother—she would be more amiable if her feet did not hurt. For a woman who has to stand many hours a day there is rest in simply changing from one pair of boots to another. It is easy to keep a second pair of slippers behind the counter or in a convenient corner of the sitting room or kitchen, out of sight, and to put them on when one's feet begin to feel tired and drawn. There is economy in buying good stockings, and in darning them carefully with fine thread when they begin to give way. There is also economy in buying good shoes, for cheap shoes have a desperate way of pinching or grazing in some unexpected place, and they hardly ever keep their shape like a good article. Money spent on the feet is never wasted.—New York Tribune.

The Cookless Dinner.

The riddle as profound as the Sphinx's, "how to live without a cook," has been solved, a Brooklyn caterer believes, by his own scheme, which is beginning to bud and blossom into fact, says the New York Evening Sun. He has already opened in the heart of one of the restricted resident sections a place that he is pleased to call, unofficially, a "neighborhood supply station." A family can eat its three meals a day in the cozy, home-like dining-room, or a representative may call with a gift upon a basket or box stocked with dishes and carry it steaming with savory comestibles, to be eaten under the home roof-tree.

If company comes unexpectedly, if a luncheon or dinner party is to be given, whatever the exigency of domestic complicity—the cook's goings and comings cease to be of interest to the housekeeper. The caterer promises not to "give warning," nor pack his trunk and start off, whatever his grievance. He says he has come to stay, and that the new establishment is only the first of many to follow it in other localities.

Bad Taste in Overdressing.

There are a few things that are applicable to so many women, one cannot err in discussing them. One of them, a great one, is the tawdriness of finery after its first freshness is gone, says Elizabeth Anstruther in "The Complete Beauty Book." Let us take for granted that no one presuming ever so faintly to the title of a gentlewoman would be guilty of wearing dirty or mussed finery on any occasion, either where finery is in order or where it isn't.

But renovated finery isn't much better. You may read reams of stuff about washed and ironed silks and ribbons and gasoline cleaned chiffons being "equal to new," but you know as well as I do that they're not, and that there is always something unsatisfactory about them. For that reason women of taste buy fripperies with nice discrimination. Women who invest heavily in proportion to their means in perishable apparel or apparel

suitable only to a few occasions are bound to be caught often in the predicament of having to wear highly inappropriate and ill-looking clothes.

Probably more women look ill because they are trying to "get the good out of" finery that is no longer fine, than for any other reason.

Separation Good For Love.

The happiest marriages are undoubtedly those where a certain amount of daily separation takes place between husband and wife. He and she both mix with outsiders; their ideas are enlarged and freshened; they have a chance of missing each other, which is one of the truest secrets of preserving affection, and when they meet again it is with renewed pleasure, and a certain restored sense of novelty, which lasts till it is time to part again.

And when there are little absences, what a renewal of charm succeeds! We never value a thing till we lose it; and even the temporary loss of another's society makes us think it more attractive than if it were always with us. So let the married resolve to spend at least a little portion of each day apart. Do not understand by this that I mean to advise such an amount of separation as shall produce in them a difference of tastes, pursuits or friends. But it is wise to lead just so much daily life apart as shall lead a new zest to the time spent together, says Woman's Life.

One grave drawback in seeing to much of each other is the tendency in human nature to treat with slight respect the thing with which we are too familiar. A husband and a wife are apt to lose that courtesy in their mutual intercourse which is the very salt of happy family life.

Keeping Well.

Doctors tell us that if we would spend the greater part of our lives out of doors, taking a reasonable amount of exercise, diseases could scarcely find a place to take hold on us.

Consumption has long been considered an incurable disease, but now we know that, by living in the open air and taking light, digestible food, three-fourths of those who have consumption recover.

Isn't that a strong proof that fresh air is a wonderful medicine? And even the poorest can afford this medicine.

Mothers who insist on their children going out into the fresh air each day, often forget that they themselves need this air as much as the children do. You say you cannot find time to go out. Think for a moment! When an errand has taken you out of doors for a little while, have you not worked all the faster when you came back? Were not your thoughts fresher and better?

If only for a little while, mothers should be sure to go out each day. Leave your work behind you and go out. Take a long walk if you can; if you can't, take the longest that is possible. In summer take your sewing and sit out of doors, pare the potatoes out of doors, do everything that you can out of doors. If you live in a town, try to go to the parks or squares each afternoon.

When you are in the house and must stay there, keep the windows open wide as you can and let in as much fresh air as possible. Summer and winter, all the windows should be thrown wide open several times a day, that the air may change. It makes one dull and heavy to breathe the same air over and over again; we become peevish and irritable, and are not pleasant companions or good examples for our children.

God gave us the sweet, fresh air that we might be strengthened and made better by it. Let us all try to benefit by it, then as much as possible.—Elizabeth Roberts Burton in the Mothers Magazine.

Fashion Notes.

White is oftenest chosen to soften the somewhat trying stone and mouse grays.

Small silk crochet buttons and simulated buttonholes border both sides of the front or side panels on some new skirts.

Fanciful ornaments for dressy gowns are wide-open ribbon roses with tiny silver tassels dangling from their centers.

Wood brown velvet and creamy tea roses with fluff of brown maline combine to make a dainty hat for a rosy checked girl.

Many of the newest skirts are almost severely plain but with long sloping lines, graceful curves and decided flare toward the bottom.

If you want to make your velvet walking suit very smart, line the short skirt around its flaring lower edge with several rows of silk frills.

A hint of pink in the huge sateen rosette upon the side of the brown hat worn with a brown velvet street costume lends a becoming color note.

The caracul coat is one of the favorites of the season with handsome dressers, and there are the usual number of chinchilla wraps, especially in the evening.

Instead of passing entirely around the arm, the wide lace cuff on one of the stunning evening wraps runs up the full sleeve toward the shoulder and is edged all around with a tiny frill of lace.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. C. L. PALMER.

Subject: God's Unspeakable Gift.

Kingston, N. Y.—The following impressive discourse, appropriate to the season, was delivered here Sunday in the Reformed Church of the Comforter, by the Rev. C. L. Palmer. The subject of his sermon was "God's Unspeakable Gift," preached from the text 2 Cor. 9:15. "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." He said:

It would increase our gratitude to recount the blessings we have received during the past year. God has been very good to us as families, communities and states. Even the distant lands have not escaped His Fatherly consideration. Our sentiment for Providential care finds expression in the words of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits toward me."

But God has bestowed upon us another blessing which is not temporal or material. He has given us His Son, the Lord of Glory, to be our greatest treasure. While we should not cease to mention life's daily comforts, and constantly thank the Giver for them! nothing should make us silent respecting the greatest of gifts in the person of the beloved Son. And if recalling the material blessings which have come to us from the hand of God has the effect of making us more thankful for them, surely a short study of the text will have the tendency to make us more grateful to our Father in heaven for the incarnation of the Eternal Son. It is to Him that Paul refers in this text, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

It will not be a breach of homiletic law to intentionally disregard the context, because the text bears but a general connection with it, since this passage is an abrupt expression of thanksgiving which is not unusual with the apostle. For example, in Romans 2:23-26. "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past tracing out; for who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counselor? or who hath first given to Him? and it shall be recompensed to Him again. For of Him are all things. To whom be the glory forever and ever." 1 Cor. 15:57. "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 1:5. "To whom be the glory forever and ever." Eph. 3:20. "Now unto Him that is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations forever and ever."

An examination of the immediate Scripture in which each of the above examples are located, confirm the assertion that it is the habit of the apostle to introduce praise-songs into his writings without logical reference to the context. If we are as thankful for the material and spiritual blessings of life as we ought to be, like the sacred writer, we, too, will break forth in doxologies of gratitude to the source of every good. And the one gift to which most frequent reference will be made is the Lord Jesus Christ our Savior.

I. In What Respects May Christ Be Considered a Gift.

The term "gift" is employed by Paul to teach that Jesus was given to be our Redeemer, and to invite us to thank Him for the gift. If we are as thankful for the Savior being a gift, makes it possible for every one to obtain His benefits, and impossible for the sinner to blame any one except himself for being unsaved.

A gift is presented voluntarily. Jesus is, therefore, such, because He is given to us as our friend and deliverer without the intervention of man. It was an act of the divine will alone, that the Son should become man, that He should reside on the earth for a season, that His time be occupied in teaching the fundamental principles of His Kingdom, and that the cross should satisfy the justice of the Almighty. The most acute human intellect could not have thought of such a means of making our salvation possible, and even if it had flashed in some mind its own apparent impossibility would have smothered the spark. We can claim no credit for this gift. Divine volition deserves all the praise.

A gift is often presented undeservingly. It often occurs in the reception of a gift that one feels unworthy to receive it, but on account of circumstances is indisposed to decline it. Christians constantly realize that the daily return of God's goodness is more profligate than they deserve. Absence of this feeling indicates a lack of appreciation. But if consistent disciples feel unworthy to receive the material blessings of life, because of their disinclination to honor God as they should, how much more undeserving we should feel of the great gift of the Son of God. This is not mere language; it is fact.

A gift is gratuitous. It is free. This is true of Jesus; He cost us nothing. His coming to earth has numbered us with no financial obligation, but has made possible the liquidation of a debt we owe God which otherwise could not be canceled. "God so loved the world that He gave." "Herein is love, not that we first loved Him, but that He first loved us, and gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." The best of gifts cost us the least. The invitation of both the Old Testament and New is "to come every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye buy and eat, yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price."

The Son of God was given lovingly. The only reason why the Lord Jesus vacated for a season His omnipotent throne and lived for a little more than thirty years among us, was that He and His Father loved humanity and would leave nothing undone to save lost souls. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay

down his life for his friends." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." If our Creator had possessed no love for fallen nature, He would not have sent His Son to die for the sins of the world.

II. Paul Directs Our Attention to the One by Whom He Was Given.

"Thanks be to God." Not the text alone but other sections of the Bible contain the same truth that it was God who gave the Lord Jesus Christ. "God so loved the world." "God commendeth His love." Christ said to the Samaritan woman, "If thou knewest the gift of God, Jesus is like eternal life, 'the gift of God.'"

God alone knew our condition and need. Many centuries have elapsed since the fall of man. Each period has revealed some new phase of the corrupt character of the unsaved heart. Still we are unable to fully appreciate the horrors of an unwashed soul. And even if man had acquired a full conception of his natural state, he could have devised no way of escape. But God, who not only knew just what we were, but what we should become in sin, devised a way by which we might avoid the loss of our souls. Our condition sinful, our need a Savior.

Even if it had been the strange fortune for some one to procure full information concerning our state and requirements, it would have availed nothing, for only God could have sent His Son. It is one thing to know what we need, and quite another to supply it. In the order of things it occurs that to our ears comes the information that a certain thing is needed. And even if we were too glad to furnish it if it were within our power so to do, but how often it is not. Our conception of our actual condition must ever remain the same incomplete and imperfect notion, and even if it should dawn upon us just what we are and need, all we could do would be to appeal to Divine grace in prayer. We cannot ascend to heaven and bring Christ down. Only God would be willing to make such a sacrifice for sinners. If we were controlled entirely by human nature, we would let sinners live and die sinners.—What difference does it make to us? we would say. And if their redemption could be obtained at a nominal price, many would be willing to give of their means to satisfy Divine justice. Rare are the instances in which even the people of God are willing to make sacrifices or undergo hardships for the kingdom's sake. Are there any who would be willing to allow a son to become what Christ became? To live and labor as He did? and to close this life on the cross? Very few. If any thought in connection with the heavenly gift that not only could God give His Son but that He would. It may be that the reason Paul called attention to the one who presented the Son of God, was that we might not obtain the notion that it was an act independent of the Lord Almighty, but that the Father gave His Son to buy us back to Himself.

III. The Value the Apostle Attaches to This Gift.

"Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." By which Paul means that its full value is so great that it cannot be either estimated or expressed.

The gift of God is unspeakable because of the source from which it has come. Before His incarnation He resided in heaven, where He is to-day. In different ways and at several times He appeared to chosen ones during the old dispensation, but the centre from which He radiated was the city of God. Coming from the New Jerusalem we prize Him the more, since we are striving to enter the golden gate. Sometimes a gift which in itself is of but little value, becomes of inestimable worth on account of its source. Without undervaluing the intrinsic worth of the Lord Jesus Christ, we cannot but feel that the very fact of His coming from heaven makes Him more dear to us.

The value of a gift is controlled in part by its nature. If it is constructed out of material that is but little worth, we esteem it less highly than we would if made out of fine gold. The nature of the gift to which Paul alludes is divine. The body of the Lord was human like our own, but it was simply the vehicle of His heavenly character in which He tabernacled during His short earthly stay. The perfection of His personality was a living demonstration of His divine nature.

The purpose for which a gift is intended has considerable to do with its value. The Son of God came to us from the mansion in the skies for the sole purpose of teaching us what we must do to be saved, and to make atonement on the cross for us.

IV. Paul's Expression of Gratitude.

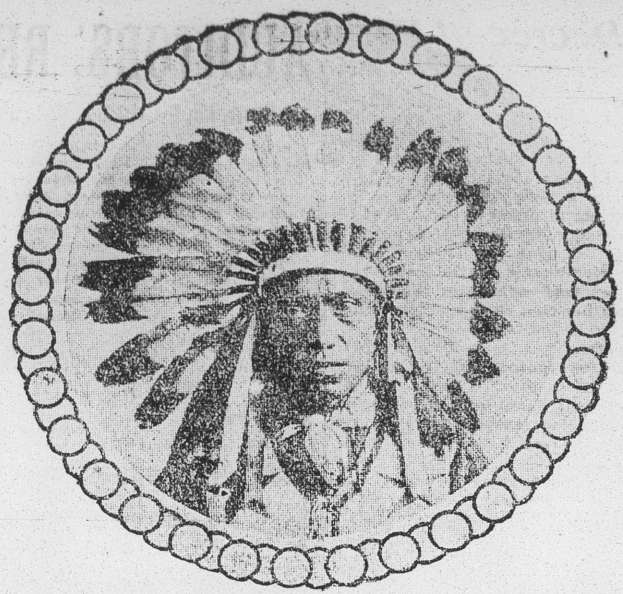
"Thanks." He was thankful to God for this gift because it was by means of the Lord Jesus Christ that he was saved and made an apostle. At one time he was lost but now is saved. And the same effect was realized in the experiences of others. Like Paul, they were lost, but through Jesus were saved. And we can join with the apostle in the same praise, for those who are saved, are saved because of the gift of Jesus to be our Savior.

The Progress of the Church.

The progress of the Church of Jesus Christ is strikingly depicted by the pen of John, the disciple of love. I call you to follow the progress of the growth of the Christian Church in John's writings. First there was only one man who believed in Jesus—John the Baptist. Then we read of two, then of three, then of five, then of twelve, then of seventy, then of 120, then of a great multitude which no man can number, all singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and strength and honor, and glory and blessing."

Winsomeness.

He who would win a soul must have a winsome spirit. It is not enough to be a good man. Some men seem to be good, but they are not attractive. They have long faces and sad countenances, and are cold as ice. The Spirit of God will make the heart warm and the countenance cheerful and bright.



CHIEF WILLIE SITTING BULL.

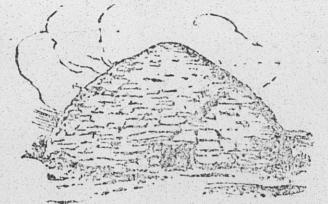
Said to be the only son of the great Sitting Bull, now dead, and future head of the Sioux Nation.

EARLY SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

Many of Them Flourished a Thousand Years Ago.

Quite small children were sent to school in ancient Ireland, and, writes Jane Barlow in Youth's Companion, like children of to-day, began their studies with the alphabet. The letters were sometimes stamped on bread or cakes, which the youthful scholars might eat when their lesson was learned—a sort of kindergarten device.

The chief school-founding period in Ireland was in the seventh century. We learn from the chronicles



Early Christian School in Ireland.

of the Venerable Bede that about the middle of it great crowds of Anglo-Saxons, among them Egbert and Saint Chad, came over to Ireland, and were kindly welcomed by the Irish, who provided them gratuitously with "food, books and teachers."

During the same century two foreign kings were educated in Ireland—Dagobert II. of France and Aldrid of Northumbria, who has left an Irish poem in praise of the country. Irish geometers, geographers and astronomers were then far in advance of their age, and the study of Greek, which had all but died out in the countries farther east, was common in Ireland. "At one time," says M. Darmesteter, "Armagh, the religious capital of Christian Ireland, was the metropolis of civilization."

The earliest of celebrated Irish schools was founded more than 1400 years ago by Saint Enda, the son of a King of Oriel, on the wild, rocky island of Aran More, off the coast of Galway, whither "flocks" of scholars came from all quarters.

Other schools as famous and nearly as ancient were Clonard, close to the River Boyne, and Clonfert on the Shannon; but greater than either of them was Clonmacnoise, founded by Saint Claran beside a wide curve in the Shannon not far from Athlone, almost in the centre of Ireland.

Although many beautiful works still bear witness to Irish achievements in art and letters, testimony ever stronger to the nation's constant love for such things abides in the

fact that it never was quenched by all the water of affliction through which it passed. Wars, massacres, pestilence and famine swept in wide waves over the land.

A time came, and lasted for generation after generation, when it was a felony for the greater part of the people either to teach or to be taught, or even to own a book or a manuscript; a time when children might be seen furtively learning their alphabet from letters chalked on their father's tombstone.

Yet in the worst days schools continued to exist, however secretly and perilously, and a scholar was always an object of respect and admiration.

This Little Pig Stayed at Home.

It was formerly the custom of the country folk to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher, which meant that from time to time he was supplied from various quarters with food.

One day a boy named Tim Moorehead breathlessly sought the teacher, exclaiming:

"Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork."

"Indeed I do, Tim," was the reply.

"Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat that I like better than pork."

Some time passed, and there was no pork from Tim's father, a fact that in no way surprised the teacher, for the old man was known throughout the county as a tight proposition. Nevertheless, one afternoon the teacher took the boy aside and asked:

"How about that pork, Tim, that your father promised me?"

"Oh," answered Tim, "the pig got well."—Harper's Weekly.

The Passing of Courtroom Oratory.

Inspiration is a lost art in the courtroom. Nowadays no true lawyer advises, prepares documents or tries a case without a careful preparation. Forensic oratory has passed away. No longer does the crowd gather in the county courthouse to listen to and be moved by the wit, pathos and eloquence of the advocate as for hours or days he addresses the jury. The courtroom may be filled, but it is largely with the ubiquitous reporters, many of whom are as destitute of tears as Sahara of water and as callous to emotion as the mummied sleepers of Egypt. No longer is it true that weeping men and women with handkerchiefs to their eyes are moved by the eloquence of counsel. Time is a pressing factor. Facts rather than eloquence is the demand.—D. C. Brewer, in Atlantic.



"Cards to tell yer kerrect age, a penny, lily."—Tatler.