ETERNAL YOUTH

ADDRESSES TO GIRLS
1913 - 1930

By

MARY CRAMP

and

MAUD C. EDGAR, B.A.

HEADMISTRESSES OF
MISS EDGAR'S AND MISS CRAMP'S SCHOOL INC.,
MONTREAL, CANADA

ETERNAL YOUTH deals with the problems of girlhood and early womanhood.

It is interesting not only to the young but to all who are baffled and perplexed by the difficulties of adjusting the restless spirit of youth to the ideals, strengthened by experience, of maturer years.

For Your School Library

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The Authors

Given to Edgehill by
Miss Edgar &
Miss Crampton
March 1933.

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PREFACE

The addresses contained in this volume have been delivered during the past twenty years, one group to school-girls at the moment of their graduation, the other to those returning to continue their studies.

They deal with the problems of youth, which, with superficial variations due to time, place and circumstances, remain ever essentially the same.

In the hope that what was primarily directed to a few may be of some interest to others with similar problems to solve, we venture to commit to print words first spoken to a small, but sympathetic and indulgent audience.

THE AUTHORS.

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PART I

ADDRESSES TO PUPILS

BY

MARY CRAMP

INFLUENCE

JUNE 1913

IT seems but a little while since I addressed you a year ago as to the part which is yours in the building up of our school.

So loyal has been the response of many of you to that appeal in the large graduating class for next year, that I am encouraged to speak to-day of another aspect of your responsibility in contributing towards the possible greatness of the community to which we belong. That aspect is the influence of the older girls, especially those in the seventh and eighth years, on the other girls in the school.

In referring to our school as a community I speak advisedly, for that indeed is what it is; and school life offers, I think, the double advantage of the communism which is the ideal of mediaeval times and of the individualism which is the distinctive characteristic of the Renaissance, and indeed, to a large extent, of our own age.

Perhaps the most perplexing problem which faces the young serious-minded men and women of to-day, as those who are in earnest among you will discover when you leave school, is the adjustment of the relationship between self-development and the claims of others. It is the problem of late girlhood and of young womanhood, which is solved by the years as we learn to know that

"True self love and social are the same."

In school you are not and you ought not to be

asked to face this problem; and yet school life, if rightly lived, should go far to minimise the difficulty of its solution in after years. There at least you can be individuals and members of a community, with very little clash between the respective claims of your own development and of what you owe to others. Let me explain what I mean. In school life, whether you will or not, your individuality is considered, but by others. You are not called on to make claims for yourself. Your work is all mapped out for you. One thing only you are bound to do, and that is to accomplish as perfectly as you can the work assigned to you. At the same time, while the development of your individuality is to a large extent directed by others, and only co-operation in such direction is asked from you, you are members of a community, that is of a body of people who share a common life, a common work and a common aim.

Now it is quite impossible for human beings to live together for any appreciable time without exerting an influence on those by whom they are surrounded. This is a peculiarly solemn thought and one which will, I am sure, appeal to many of you. The responsibility of you older girls is great in this respect, and yet the realization of such responsibility should bring you a sense of joy. For here, young as you are, is an opportunity of service;—an opportunity, it is true, which may not be neglected or misused by you, without the penalty of loss to yourselves as well as to others; but on the other hand one which, if seized by you, will enable you to bequeath to your school a fair legacy and which will bring to you a more complete growth of mind and character than you can be aware of at the time.

Influence, as we all know, is exerted in two ways, unconsciously and consciously. Perhaps the

most far-reaching force in the world is unconscious influence. Moreover, I think, unconscious influence is always beneficent. Those who do wrong are always at least dimly aware that they are dragging others down with them; while the number is countless of those of whom Wordsworth speaks, in his "Ode to Duty", as

> "Glad hearts without reproach or blot,
> Who do Thy work yet know it not."

Every girl in the school, be she even in the first year, just in so far as she is loving and gentle in manner, and diligent and conscientious in giving always her own unaided work, is unconsciously exerting an influence for good and is "lifting our banner to a fairer height." And if this be so in the case of our little ones, how penetrating and how far-reaching must be influence unconsciously exerted by those among you, who, by reason of many years in the school, have learnt to approach their work with system and order, who have a certain repose in meeting the demand made on them, who have learnt the joy of duty, or it may even be have experienced a still more rare joy—that of "the glorious striving which dieth in victory." Among you older ones I believe, however feeble you may feel your efforts to be at present, there are some upon whom the idea, so beautifully presented to us by Masefield, is dawning:

> "O joy of trying for beauty, ever the same,
> You never fail, your comforts never end
> O balm of this world's way, O perfect friend."

There is nothing more stimulating, nothing more infectious than this search after beauty, and our school can never be grateful enough for the girls who so loved things beautiful in life and literature and

art, who so prized the pursuit of beauty, that they interested those about them in the same great quest, and raised, quite unconsciously, the tone of all those who came into contact with them. Is it not a splendid and an encouraging thought that in school, as in after life, devotion to duty and the pursuit of an ideal are in themselves among the greatest forces for good?

Were these things equally the pursuit of all, there would be small need of what we call conscious influence. But we do not live in Utopia, and while some are attaining the topmost round, there are others who are barely aware of any necessity to climb; some still linger on the low level in the mists of night, while those on the mountains see the light of dawn.

Here it is that the community ideal steps in, and asserting that we are members one of another, forces on us the necessity for the exercise of influence.

Year after year in the same school should have given you older girls a point of view. Certain tendencies in thought, speech and conduct should be regarded by you as undesirable, certain others as definitely advisable and right, and it lies with you to discourage the one, and to do all in your power to foster the other.

Girls know far more of girls than we teachers can ever know, both good and bad. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, felt this when he established the relation between the Sixth Form at Rugby and the school, and I think all Principals must feel with him when he said, "When I have confidence in the Sixth, there is no post in England which I would exchange for this, but if they do not support me I must go." That seems an amazing statement, but what did he mean? Simply this, that if his older boys, those in whom he

placed confidence, could not learn to understand his aim and to aid him in the fulfilment of it, none of the boys would understand it, and as he was at Rugby, not to make a living but to carry out a purpose, he would under such circumstances choose to go. I would repeat to you his words, addressed to the senior boys of Rugby:

"Speaking to you as to those who can enter into what I say, I wish you to feel that you have another duty to perform, holding the situation that you do in the school; of the importance of this I wish you all to feel sensible, and of the enormous influence you exert in ways in which we cannot, for good or for evil, on all below you; and I wish you to see fully how many and great are the opportunities offered to you here in doing good—good, too, of lasting benefit to yourselves as well as to others; there is no place where you will find better opportunities for some time to come, and you will then have reason to look back to your life here with the greatest pleasure."

I would not leave you this morning without some practical guidance as to the way in which you ought to make use of the great opportunity thus afforded you. I have implied that you can raise the tone of those about you. The failings of girls are mainly those of frivolity and emptyheadedness. The most regrettable phase in the modern girl's life is a love of dress and of pleasure wholly disproportionate to the rest of her interests, and a consequent tendency to get into debt when she has her own allowance.

It is the duty of you girls who are approaching womanhood to establish in your own mind, and to encourage in those of others, a more just and worthy standard; to set a limit to the amount of time and attention given to dress and personal appearance, to

smile at artificiality, to discourage scandal, criticism and frivolous and unworthy conversation.

You can and ought to distinguish between good and worthless books and plays, both for yourselves and for others. You can lend your support to those who are trying to live up to a definite standard, even at the risk of being unpopular; and above all, seniors and prefects should make it a point of honour to stand loyally by the head girl of the school.

More than once during the past four years it has been suggested that the position of head girl is to some extent a lonely one, as the girl who fills it is obliged to stand for principle, which does not render her popular. I trust this is not, nor will ever be, true; for it would reflect, not on the head girl but on her fellow seniors, whose place is beside her in all difficulties, who are bound to support the right on all occasions, and by their influence to make it, not themselves, popular. And the difference between seniors and prefects and those who have not yet risen to this rank is this, that the former not only "Must love the highest when they see it," but they must learn to recognise it instantly. Such a standard demands of course a surrender of mere personal aims and pleasures whenever these clash with the interests of the school, and obliges seniors and prefects alike to take a vital interest in all that makes for the good of the whole.

Conspicuous among such influences are the school games. Here even the organization rests with the girls, and also the responsibility of carrying through, with zeal and determination, all that has been decided on. Moreover, not even games can exist without stimulus in the way of novelty and growth, All these things call for thought and initiative on

the part of those who serve as officers, as well as an unselfishness that amounts to devotion.

But it is this very devotion that is the edifying force—the force that builds up. Do you remember Arthur's city that was—

"Built to music
And therefore built for ever."

The music is that consecration which so kindles enthusiasm in others that ideals and causes are not left to perish.

Progress must be your watchword, and you must summon initiative and inventive thought to your aid. Your heads must be in the cause as well as your hearts. You must endeavour to be great yourselves, and to enlist the school in all that makes for greatness. What is greatness?

"What makes a man great? Is it houses and land?
Is it argosies dropping their wealth at his feet?
Is it multitudes shouting his name in the street?
Is it power of brain? Is it skill of hand?
Is it writing a book? Is it guiding a State?
No, no—none of these can make a man great.
The crystal burns cold with its beautiful fire,
And is what it is; it can never be more;
The acorn, with something wrapped warm at the core,
In quietness says—'To the oak I aspire.'
That something in seed and in tree is the same,
What makes a man great is his greatness of aim."

And it is her aim that makes a woman great, too.

Yet I think a woman's greatness often differs from that of a man, as the ray of light seen through a prism differs from a white ray, and often it is not till a woman's life is over that the colours unite to form a

light that illumines the world. A rose in a green background makes manifest its beauty at once, but many daisies must be put into the same background before their bright radiance asserts itself. The greatness of only a few women can be like that of the rose; but the lives of all women can be bright with

"Little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love."

FRIENDSHIP

June 1914

Friendship, the subject about which I want to speak to you to-day, is a very old theme yet an ever new one. Whatever has been thought or said about it in the past we are always eager to hear what the present has to say. The mention of it comes lightly and carelessly to the lips of many, and the meaning of it often receives too scant consideration. Yet the great of all times have loved to dwell upon it; its spirit has been clothed upon by myth and legend; its nature has occupied the minds of philosophers of ages widely sundered alike in time and thought, and the glow and glory of it have inspired the poet in the epics of ancient India, Greece and Rome; in the lyrics and sonnets of Italy, France and Elizabethan England; and in the great elegiacs of Milton, Shelley and Tennyson.

It is real friendship with which I want to occupy your attention, not a relationship sought after for the sake of something extrinsic possessed by another; nor yet one of these merely emotional relationships which interfere with, rather than forward, the high aims and lofty purposes of life; not these nor any of the various counterfeits that often flourish in school and even when schooldays are over. "I want to go to such and such a school, because all my friends are there. I want to leave school because all my friends are leaving"; in these, and in all similar asseverations in later life, the word

friend is misused. Companion is usually meant, or one who is a member of some special social circle. In fact, as a rule, wherever the word 'all' precedes the world 'friend' in ordinary speech, that word 'friend' is a misnomer. Friends, in the real sense of the term, cannot exist for us in companies. Friendships are blossoms of such rare perfection and beauty, that the individual life can be graced by few of them; yet such is their intrinsic worth that, unless we can number friends among our gifts, it little matters to what else we can lay claim.

As we all value friendship so highly, it is at least worth taking some trouble about; and as you girls grow older, you ought to find out and read the best that has been thought and said on the subject; you ought to have definite views of your own on friendship; and you ought to try to put into practice in your lives the principles you hold.

Do not rely too much on the light ephemeral literature of to-day, nor satisfy yourselves with fragmentary maxims served up on calendars or in books of quotations; which, while they may kindle a spark within, in consequence of some view your experience had led you to hold, are not as a rule very useful; inasmuch as they do not sound the depths of that you would profess, and they perhaps blind you to the necessity of seeking loftier inspiration on this all important relationship.

Go to Cicero, Emerson, Bacon, and read what they have said; then interest yourselves in the friendships of great men and women, and see how far their lives are in illustration of the principles thus laid down.

Jesus Christ, although he gave no direct teaching as to the nature of friendship, has told us the qualities which he expected to find in friends. "Ye are

my friends if ye *do* whatsoever I command you." "I have not called you servants, but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you." The two qualities, then, that Jesus looked for in a friend, are moral worth and a capacity for spiritual insight.

Turning to Cicero we find he emphasizes just these qualities. He calls the capacity for spiritual insight by another name, but he means the same thing, the power to understand and to enter into the highest ideals and aspirations of another; and he lays the greatest possible stress on moral worth. In fact, he goes so far as to say that friendship can only exist between the virtuous, defining virtue, not as impossible perfection, but as honour, integrity, justice and liberality. To these two qualities in the nature of friendship moral worth and a capacity for spiritual insight, Cicero adds as a third essential, community of taste and of interests; and he makes opportunity of close asssociation a necessary condition.

Now I think a fact not uncommonly disregarded in the nature of friendship, is that its fundamental characteristic is mutual respect. Much kindness may, but true friendship cannot, exist where mutual respect is not. The wise old Roman points out that, because of their virtue and integrity, we love those whom we have never seen. You would agree to that. I know you love Portia, St. Francis of Assisi, Fra Angelico, Captain Scott, and many another creation of imagination or hero of history; and, if their loftiness of spirit kindles in us such a glow of feeling, is it any wonder that this is admitted to be the foundation of friendship, or dare we think of friendship without it.

So just because this moral worth must be known to exist, friendships must not be made hastily or thoughtlessly. When you have formed your judgment, then give your affection; and not when you have given your affection, form a judgment. Many a girl, carried away by superficial brilliancy, beauty of personal appearance or charm of manner in another, has showered upon her companion the whole wealth of her affection only to find later that her idol has feet of clay. However warm your feelings may be, do not let them outstrip your judgment and so cheapen this great gift; but remember that it is only in reverent recognition of the intrinsic worth in human character, that the balance and dignity inherent in real friendship can be maintained.

In fact, I would say to you girls, take care of the respect, and the affections will take care of themselves. For again it often happens in life, that one nature is the complement of another, and that in it are developed the qualities which the other lacks; and this among girls leads to another mistake, excessive admiration, and even to imitation. Yet we do our friend true justice, not by blind admiration, but by a loving and reverent appreciation of what in her is admirable, an appreciation born of the recognition that "every true gift and every perfect gift is from above." I have known girls so unstable as to seek to imitate, not only the manner and mannerisms, but even the very faults of those they admire. Yet if you truly realize what is beautiful in your friend's character, you will not make yourselves ridiculous by shallow imitation, but you will know that, if you want to be like your friend, it must be not by the adoption of expression, of personality peculiar to her, but by seeking to grow like

her in spirit. Happily human nature is so constituted, that this beauty of character—this moral worth always, in the long run, arouses respect and admiration and elicits fundamental sympathy; and, if identity of principle is found to exist, affection is sure to follow, provided that opportunities for close association occur.

Now school life provides those opportunities for close association. In the daily round of work and play, character manifests itself under quite natural circumstances, and the common task affords opportunity for the interchange of ideas and opinions in literature, music and art. In the discussions of characters real or fictitious, of their motives and actions, or of matters more abstract, personality reveals itself clearly and forcibly, and girls may grow to know each other in a very real way.

But it is most important to remember in this connection, that though identity of principle and community of tastes and interests are essential between friends, yet diversity of opinion is the very life and stimulus of such a relationship. "Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo," says Emerson. One of the essentials, indeed, to friendship, is individuality and independence, not only in matters of opinion but also in action. It is not till you are strong enough to stand alone, that you are worthy of your friend, and the first yielding on matters of principle or of duty is the signal for the dissolution of friendship. "I hate," says Emerson again, "where I looked for a manly furtherance or at least, a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession."

This loyalty to yourself is due in no less degree to your friend. As you would not yield yourself in matters of principle or duty, take care never to de-

mand such compliance of another. Respect her individuality as you must respect your own.

Such respect implies reserve, a quality always necessary in real friendship, and one which springs from two causes. In the first place, friends understand each other so well that there is much which need never be said between them. Explanations are not always possible, and surely they are not necessary where friendship rests on the right foundations. And, secondly, just in so far as friends recognise the spiritual side of each other's nature, they will instinctively avoid trespassing on it by vulgar familiarities and extravagances. Have we not all known the girl who expects her friend to "tell her everything", and who is ready to feel injured if she learns of any confidences she has not been asked to share, even when such a confidence may involve a third person. And not infrequently too, a girl will repeat things she has heard from her companion with an easy conscience, if she had not been requested in so many words "not to tell". But reticence, born of confidence and steadfastness, is necessary in every friendship; and the depth of this reserve is at once the test and the pledge of such a relationship. Finally, let loyalty take the form of perfect sincerity with your friend. Never condescend to flattery,—never condone a fault. Be tender, but be true. Like all great gifts, friendship has its responsibility as well as its joy. See to it that no exacting affection of yours interferes with your friend's usefulness, or limits the freedom of her relationship with others.

I do not think that many lifelong friendships are formed at school, partly, of course, because character is continually changing as development takes place in the young; and, also, because interests and

pursuits may differ widely when schooldays are over. It is not very likely that if, in the case of two girls who have been friends at school, one finds her interest in some social work or perhaps in the pursuit of science or art, and the other gives herself up wholly to society, that their friendship can continue for long. The one will outstrip the other in character, and will unconsciously attract to herself those more akin to her nature.

Yet, though rare, lifelong friendships formed at school are not unheard of; but when they do exist, it is always between girls of steadfast character, lofty purpose and definite aim, whose after life fulfils the promise of their girlhood. Perhaps the rarest and most beautiful friendships, however, are formed at college, at a time of life when the character is more stable; when every fibre of the being is alive, and eager to respond to ideas and ideals; when youth sees visions, and all things seem possible, and the claims of life lie lightly. It was at college that Milton met Edward King; Tennyson, Arthur Hallam; and Arthur Hugh Clough, Matthew Arnold; friendships immortalized in "Lycidas", "In Memoriam" and "Thyrsis".

And if, in after life, friendship is to come to you, and, without it, you would indeed be solitary, it must come in such natural way as the association of school or college life. We talk of choosing our friends; but, in reality, true friends are not chosen. Friends, like happiness, cannot be found by seeking. Like happiness, they come to us unsought, through natural interest in some common pursuit, or mutual devotion to some end or aim.

I hope that life holds for you all the priceless gift of true friends; but that hope implies trust that you may develop such nobility of nature as is capable of

friendship, and such real enthusiasm for things great and good as will place you side by side with those whose companionship will complete and enrich your lives.

HIGH DESIRE

JUNE 1915

"For women fail so far in high desire."

IN our study of 19th century literature this year, the poem that has perhaps interested us most has been "The Princess". Tennyson calls this poem a medley, and it is, of course, a strange mixture of the possible and the impossible, of the grave and gay, of the old and the new, of the ideal and the commonplace. The farcical element in it is very amusing; but the abiding charm lies in its serious rather than in its comic side. The poem was written at the time when the question of the higher education of women came first before the public, and Tennyson was dealing with issues of more vital interest than perhaps even he realized, when he created the Princess, and put into her mouth the words, "For women fail so far in high desire."

What is this high desire on which the Princess laid such stress and of which she felt that women fell so far short? She was a lover of her own sex, and a critic, if not a scorner, of men; yet she felt women failed in the high desire which, she tacitly implied, is to be found in those of the stronger sex. Her whole aim and ambition was to create this quality in her sisters; and she asserts that that woman would have a worthy claim to be called "the Great", who could arouse in her sex that loftiness of soul which, she believed, would be the moving force of the world.

The Princess, as we know, shut herself up with her maidens and servants in a castle, to which all men were denied access and where she expected, by teaching girls all that men are taught, to compass her end. Her means were mistaken and, proving a grievous failure, came to a speedy termination; but her insight as to what women lack was right, and its truth was proved in the fact that it intensified the Prince's love for her, and that this same high desire is to-day, as the Princess believed it to be then, the quality which, when present, elevates and ennobles the individual woman, to the strengthening and uplifting of her environment.

You have heard the old proverb, "The boy is father of the man." Similarly the quality which is the very essence of a woman's being, must have its origin in the girl. It cannot be a mushroom growth. It is inherent in the little child and must be developed, growing with the girl's growth and strengthening with her strength, if it is to be a lasting and a stable quality.

What then is this high desire? By "high desire" the Princess meant a lofty end in view, combined with a conscious purpose to attain that end. How does an end in life present itself to the mind of the boy? It comes in the knowledge that he will have to work for his living; that most men he knows, and all whom he respects, do work; and that, therefore, work is part of manhood. He then sets himself automatically to think what he would like to do, or as the boy puts it "to be"; and though his ideas in this respect may change from time to time, purpose is gradually formed within him, and it becomes his aim to accomplish successfully all preliminary work that may tend to bring his desire to pass.

Young as you are, you are not too young to see

how such a purpose tends to strengthen individuality and to form character strong and noble, in proportion as the end is good, and the pursuit of it constant and zealous. Think for a moment how disastrous it would be for a boy to know himself so rich that he would not have to work. Many such cases have been, and he is a rare youth indeed who, under such circumstances, sets before himself work in life and pursues it consistently and definitely, with no other coercion than the force of his own will.

In our 18th century literature we have been reading of Will Wimble, the younger son of a peer, who, lacking the ability to enter one of the professions, and being prevented from exercising his natural aptitude for the commercial world, by the false standards of his day as to what was becoming in the matter of a gentleman's career, was forced into a purposeless life—a mere round of visits to the houses of his friends, who appreciated his sunny, genial disposition and his anxiety to please, while they deplored his want of purpose, and realized that all he might have been is now for ever impossible.

In the life of a girl, is no such incentive necessary to bring about the development of her best self? Is there some royal road to perfection open to her, but closed to her less fortunate brother? Experience tells us this is not so; and the cry of the Princess echoes out of the past " Women fail so far in high desire".

What end in view can a girl have as she leaves school, or, indeed, as she lives her school life? What destiny does the Princess admit to be the loftiest that can fall to the lot of woman? In her early years, and later when delivered from the pernicious and misguided influence of the warped and soured

Lady Blanche, she agrees with the Prince that marriage is the first of all careers for a woman.

If you agree with the Princess, and I think you do, can any indictment be brought against the girls of to-day on the question of high desire? Do not all girls look forward to marriage as the summit of their ambition? Yes; but still the charge too often holds good, because what they mean by marriage and what the Princess meant are two such different things.

Marriage as conceived by many a girl to-day means the glamour of being known to be engaged rather than the peace and joy of reciprocal affection between herself and the man whom she loves, and of whom she wants to prove herself worthy; it means the thought of many new clothes and beautiful presents, and of a day when she will be the centre of attraction and the possessor of a house all her own; it means a round of teas and luncheons and dinners and 'showers' which leave her often exhausted, and deprive her of much of that deep and quiet joy which should be hers as the wished-for day approaches. These things are not of course unworthy in themselves and in moderation; but they are, after all, merely accessories, and to the Princess they would have appeared so. For marriage, as she conceived it, is a high and holy union in which the two natures form one perfect whole, and the greatest of all careers, because it affords wider scope than any other for the exercise of all the qualities of the woman nature.

Such a conception of marriage cannot fail to suggest to the thoughtful girl her own unfitness to meet the demands it will make upon her. The boy, as he determines his life work, immediately conceives the conditions, the faithful fulfilment of which will alone

enable him to make any sort of a success in it; and the girl, if she had made up her mind to be a teacher, or a nurse, or a doctor or a business woman, would also count the cost and plan very definitely and practically how she could best prepare herself. But for marriage, the highest of all careers, and the one which, in a sense, comprehends them all—for this alone nothing definite is needed; or at most a short course in cookery and the general care of a house, at some school of domestic science. Such training covers, at best, but a few months, and alas! years may, and often do, elapse, between the time a girl leaves school and the time of her engagement. Some girls fill these years in the best possible way, by giving that help in their homes, from which the regularity of school-life has freed them; by giving it, and learning to give it scientifically and ably; but there are many others from whom nothing of this kind is demanded, and whose lives are, like Will Wimble's, a mere round of social engagements or of visits, in the pursuit of which the girl hopes, somewhat despairingly at times, that she will meet her affinity. Day succeeds to day and nothing happens; life isn't very full and interesting; and occasionally that worst of all possible solution presents itself,—the acceptance of an offer of marriage from one whom the girl knows she does not wholeheartedly love; or perhaps she is too good for that, or no offer at all comes, and at twenty-five the girl wakes up to find the beautiful, vigorous morning years of her life slipping away; her spirit losing a little of its spring and gladness; and herself, with ideals possibly a little tarnished, and general development scarcely in advance of what she knows it to have been when she left school. A mournful—a pessimistic picture, you say! Mournful perhaps,

but not pessimistic, because, though sometimes true to fact, such a state of things need never be.

If marriage is indeed the perfect career for a woman, because it provides the widest scope for the exercise of every side of her nature, then every profession of which a girl is capable will enrich her individuality as a married woman.

Is it possible that the reason why good capable girls of wealth and leisure do not go to the University, or take some definite course in nursing, or teaching, or social work, is because they feel that to take such a step would be to renounce for ever the bonds of matrimony? It is true that in older days, work outside the home was considered a derogatory thing for a woman, just as a commercial career was considered beneath the dignity of the son of a peer. But every day the world is casting off its artificiality and its insincerity; every hour the numbers multiply of those who rise up to bless women workers; and every year—for your consolation be it said—men are looking for more in their wives than in early Victorian days, and to follow a profession is rapidly ceasing to be synonymous with spinsterhood. Will you not be persuaded to trust the vast unknown? As high desire formulates itself in the mind of the boy, through the knowledge that he will have to work for his living; so it should formulate itself in the mind of the girl, by the knowledge that she will one day be responsible for little children of her own; or, if that rich blessing never comes to her, for the lives of human beings who need motherly care and interest; for that woman is a poor steward who buries her talent, because she cannot use it on those who are bound to her by the ties of blood and affection.

Even in school you may begin to realize how

your victories may make you glad some day. There is no greater joy than that of helping another over intellectual difficulties, and no closer bond between a son and his mother than the boy's consciousness that she is able to follow, even to direct his work. If the mother is unprepared to kindle in her children a taste for the noble and beautiful in literature and in life, who is to do this? The difference between one child and another in school is not so much a difference in capacity, as in the home environment, and in all the interests that have been stimulated in the little mind, before the child comes to school. And progress at school largely depends on what interests the people at home, and what the general character of the conversation is there.

It is a question whether every girl, on leaving school, ought not to qualify herself, up to a certain point, as a teacher and as a nurse. In fact, the value of high desire in girls, that is of a true conception of their destiny as wives and mothers, lies in this, that they will never be content to waste the years when they are young and strong, in profitless pleasure-seeking; while any profession they choose to follow will not only tend to fit them for that which every woman counts her due, but will also enrich and fill their lives should marriage never come.

In England, a large proportion of girls of your social standing must seek a profession or a means of livelihood; but it is increasingly true that very many who have no need to work for their living do fit themselves for some profession; and so, of their own free will, make that demand on themselves, which the necessities of life make on their brothers.

Few among you are so blessed as that some definite aim must of necessity take possession of

you; yet I trust the sense of obligation may be exchanged, in your case, for the aspiration to be all that you may be, but which you never can be, unless you set before yourselves, even in your school days, some such purpose as I have described.

The terrible conflict waging in Europe bids us all stop and think, and, among other matters of thought, it is well to ask ourselves, "Are the ideals of girls all they ought to be?" The hearts of girls are warm and true and full of loving sympathy and the desire to help. But how pitiful it has been to see those who left school a few, or even several years ago, longing to be of service, yet so helpless, that they have had to set feverishly to work for two or three months, that they might be of any service at all to suffering humanity.

How valuable the trained individual always is. Was there no suffering before the war broke out? Have want and poverty invaded Montreal for the first time this winter? Above all, is not life full of emergencies and opportunities, which the wealthy among us should be glad to prepare ourselves to meet, by such means as will crush out of us what is poor and mean and trivial and develop and strengthen all that is worthy of love and respect. A European war should not be necessary to arouse mankind to a sense of what is lovely and lovable in character and conduct. Yet, I think, this conflict has taught us all many lessons which we shall not be likely to forget; and among others, this: that our girls must remember to buy oil for their lamps, lest, when the sudden emergency presents itself, their light be found feeble and insufficient.

THE SWORD

JUNE 1916

"There likewise I beheld Excalibur rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye—the blade so bright
That men are blinded by it—on one side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,
'Take me', but turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
'Cast me away'!"

THIS is the day of the sword. It is hard for us to get away from that fact; and if, for a few hours, we find distraction in other things, yet war encompasses us, and to it our thoughts return as their only abiding place. We would not, if we could, separate ourselves for long from the scenes where the best and bravest of our race play their part. Moreover, we know that strength comes by facing odds and grappling with circumstances. When the angel of the Lord appears, we must wrestle with him, and refuse to let him go till he blesses us with the new truth he has come to bring. And awful as this war has proved to be, disastrous and destructive as it still is, we yet believe it to be an angel of the Lord, with a flaming sword turned in all directions, to guard the way of life.

It was the jewelled *hilt* of Arthur's sword which so fascinated Sir Bedivere that twice he disobeyed his helpless and wounded king, before he could cast the weapon into the lake; but to-day it is the *blade,*

rather than the hilt, which holds our imagination,—that blade so bright that men are blinded by it—and with the mystic mottoes graven upon it,—on one side "Take me", and on the other, "Cast me away". Very faithfully has man responded to the command "Take me". From the days when, in his immaturity, he used it ruthlessly in wanton attacks on his foes, down to our own time, when he has drawn it in defence of the fundamental liberties of the human race, the sword has ever been regarded, in the last resort, as the only effectual argument, and though, perhaps, we cannot go so far as to say, with some, that all progress has been brought about by war, yet, history supports the fact that the realization of ideals has seldom been effected without the help of the sword.

Hence the sword figures largely in all literature. Its spirit pervades myth and epic, ballad and romance; it flashes through the stories of Homer and Virgil; it adds virility to Indian Epic: it lends majesty to the poetry of the Hebrews and a wistful charm to the great mediaeval cycles of Romance.

In earliest times, this bright, keen instrument of man's will seemed to its owner to have an individuality of its own, so that he treated it as a comrade and called it by a name. He appealed to it for assistance in times of peril, and bewailed its faithlessness if it did not answer to his need at the critical moment. His relationship to it was a very personal one; for the hero was almost invariably required to gain possession of his own sword. It did not come to him for the asking; and his acquirement of it was the sign that he was the appointed champion born to wield it.

Many had vainly tried to wrest the sword from the oak, before Siegmund made his appearance, and

in his might drew it forth from the tree; and Arthur alone saw the arm, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, rise from the bosom of the lake, bearing aloft Excalibur, and power of vision in him was rewarded, as physical force had been in Siegmund.

As the acquisition of his sword was the earnest of a man's character, so the loss of his sword, or its surrender, was the outward sign of his failure to fulfil the promise of his youth.

The sword was a man's weapon, offensive and defensive; it was drawn to defend his home and family, his personal honour, his country, and his religion. Christianity revealed in the hilt of the sword, the cross; and so knighthood, the consecration of man's power to the ideals of Christ, was laid on a man's shoulder with his sword; and, in the absence of the crucifix, the dying soldier could rivet his gaze on that symbol, for comfort and consolation.

Christianity, too, revealed to man the last and loftiest use of his sword, in the defence of the weak and the helpless, and as the stern advocate of higher truth.

Methods of warfare and fashion of arms have changed. In heroic and mediaeval times, though the hero wore his sword, the spear was the weapon of attack; and, in modern warfare, that has given place to the bayonet and the musket, and to unseen, subtle and deadlier methods of attack.

Still the sword remains the symbol. Still the summons, graven in the oldest tongue of all the world, comes to man; and we in the twentieth century have once more responded to the command, "Take me".

But turn the blade and ye shall see and written in the speech ye speak yourself, "Cast me away".

Mysterious words! which only find a solution, as we realize that there is another sword, the Sword of

the Spirit, which will inevitably replace the Sword of Steel, when we have learned to take it.

In the Library at Washington, among the majestic bronze statues which, from the gallery, gaze down on the readers below, is a most appealing figure of St. Paul. In his right-hand he grasps a sword, and, in his left, the gospel. The great warrior apostle realized that the new ideal could only come with the help of the sword; but, at the same time in his words "Take unto you the Sword of the Spirit", he gave us a command, obedience to which will alone enable us to cast away forever the sword of steel.

In fact, the acceptance of the ideals of Christ by each one of us and the consecration of our lives to His Service, is the only force which can make warfare a thing of the past.

There is not one of you girls, I am sure, who does not eagerly desire to be of use in this time of stress and trouble, and each one of you may realize your desire, if you only set about it in the right way.

It may be that some of you regret you are not grown up now so that you could do more; it may be that those who are grown up wish they were in England, or in France, where they have a notion they would be of more use. If this is so, I beseech you to lay aside all such regrets, and to begin by realizing that your place is here. Here you are already doing something, and you may do much more, to assuage the suffering in the present, and to bring about the establishment of an enduring peace.

Your work, believe me, is not to go as half-trained workers to a scene where only efficiency and experience can bring alleviation in pain, and assistance in distress; but as your fathers, and brothers and friends go forth to war, to consecrate yourselves

anew to the service of Christ, and to become Knights of the Kingdom of the Spirit. Your part is not to dress in khaki, but to put on the whole armour of God; not to practise military drill and shooting, but to seek daily to bring the body into subjection to the will, and to take to yourselves the Sword of the Spirit. To be armed with this weapon, is to hold, as your own, the standards and ideals of Jesus Christ, and the purpose of life which is born of them; ideals which radiate beauty like the jewelled hilt, and purpose which flashes and penetrates as the blinding blade.

Those of you who want to enlist will find conditions in this spiritual warfare pretty much the same as the Knights of old found them. You will have to gain possession of your own sword. Ideals and purpose will not come for the asking. If you have them we shall know that you are qualified for the fight; they alone can ennoble you; in them you will find strength for the present and comfort at life's end; and you will have nothing to bequeath to your friends of equal value.

This may seem to some of you a slow and an unromantic way of helping, but it is in reality the only way, for when we come to the root of the matter, the great wars of the 18th and 19th Centuries were caused by an utter disregard of the principles of Christianity under Louis XIV and Napoleon; and the frank disavowal of the teaching of Christ is no less the fundamental cause of the agony of today.

If then, we want this to be the last war; if we hope that the dawn of the next century may not see the ruthless waste and ruin which have heralded in the last three centuries, then we must now, while our men wield the sword of Steel, take our stand for

the ideals of Christ; we must be willing to give up our pettiness and foolish vanity, our selfishness and our aimless lives, and arming ourselves with the sword of the Spirit, we must go forth to do battle for the right.

Then, one day, perhaps, the Christian Warrior may again be immortalized in bronze; but the sword will lie at his feet and his right hand will hold the New Testament. Then, for the last time, will the Sword of Arthur have been cast away.

But the responsibility for this casting away of the Sword, in other words, for the abolition of war, rests on us and on you. It depends on what we are and on what we do.

For when the terrible conflict in Europe is at an end, history teaches us that we must be prepared to meet troubles that may arise in our very midst, acute suffering and poverty, conflicting interests and social inequalities.

Peace cannot come by Act of Parliament. Peace is a spirit, and it can only come by a great change in the point of view of many of us. Things which have seemed important, our own comfort, our amusements, our luxurious habits, our fondness for dress and pleasure will seem trivial; and new thoughts, and hopes and aspirations, not centred in self, will spring up within us, before the Spirit of Peace is here to stay. Then all of us who are richer will also be the happier, for we shall also know the joy of giving and the blessedness of sharing; then the trained and efficient worker will count the years spent in training a small price to pay for the happiness which the power to serve will bring to her.

This is no new task to which women are summoned in this day of visitation. All down the centuries heroic women have kept their place un-

waveringly in the ranks at home while their men went forth to fight, and, manifesting the ideal in their own lives, have kindled it in their children; and in this present war there are countless women whose names, though they will not go down in history, are recorded in the annals of God; women who have remained steadfastly at their appointed posts, working effectually and unostentatiously, and striving earnestly to build up there that spiritual kingdom, which will one day make war impossible.

But life is short, and you girls must be ready to fill the gaps of those of us older women who fall out of the ranks. Your task in the immediate present is, first and foremost, to accept for yourselves and the future generations, the ideal of Christ, for we know none higher.

All of you are eager to help, and some of you have counted the cost and understand that it means, not any novel or exciting adventures in the pursuit of tasks for which you are not qualified, but just the soldier qualities of courage, patience, and self-denial till your training is completed.

Here, in your own sphere, make yourselves valuable women and gain the capacity to bring about your own ideals. You will find that unity of purpose and steadfastness of aim lend a dignity to life, and that faithfulness to an ideal develops in you qualities not otherwise to be acquired. So only, can you help to bring about the day when the sword shall be cast away.

To us women and girls belong this part of the battle. To us, half dead in our self-centred trivialities, comes the cry from France, "Debout les Morts". We share with our soldiers the honour of being called up; but no sacrifice, no success on the part of our men will avail to sheathe the Sword of

Steel, if we, on our part, fail to recognize our Leader, or neglect to take to ourselves the Sword of the Spirit.

ENERGY AND POWER

JUNE 1917

I HEARD of a girl the other day who was present at a graduation ceremony when she was only half way through her course, and it depressed her because it seemed to her so long before she would have finished school. If she could have realized what graduation really implies, she might have felt more cheerful. It is my aim to explain to you the significance of graduation, that is, to tell you what school hopes to do for every girl who stays to finish the course. I do not think this morning will have any such depressing effect upon you, because you yourselves are so full of hope and expectation. You have done a good year's work, and though you are coming back to the limitations of school life in the autumn, you are, with hardly an exception, entering on a higher phase of that life.

You realize that subjects sometimes distasteful to you, yet necessary for your all round development, drop out of the curriculum for you, if you attack them bravely and vigorously, and most of you know something of that

> "Joy of most glorious striving which dieth in victory,"

and are on the lookout for fresh fields to conquer.

You set your hearts on the college course for McGill or Wellesley, or on graduation from your school, and that is well, for happily, illnesses are not the

only, nor the most contagious things. There is nothing so catching as goodness, nothing so infectious as lofty purpose.

"As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

High purpose obliterates for you all the drudgery of school life. As Jacob served his fourteen years for Rachel, as Ferdinand was willing to pile the logs one by one, if he might catch a glimpse now and then of Miranda, so the girl who has an end in view loses sight of the irksomeness of the tasks in the vision of her aim.

I am not here this morning to deny, nor even to minimize, the limitations and restrictions of school life, but rather to insist on them.

The words of our school song, "When it is ours at last to pass thy gate," emphasize the fact that there is a gate to be passed. School is a sphere of limitations and instruction. It is purposely and necessarily so; for it is, or should be, the place where power is generated, power to do real things and to achieve real results, in the larger world where you are destined to live.

Power is energy rendered usable. You girls come to us full of energy; energy of body; energy of mind; energy of spirit; and it is at once our responsibility and our privilege to help you make that energy forceful and efficient in the world of which you are to form a part.

But energy only turns into power when it is limited and restricted. Steam escaping from an engine with screaming insistency is energy effecting nothing but noise; that same steam confined within the iron walls of the engine is power, a silent force, conveying its load across a continent.

Or to borrow another figure: "The horse galloping across country at its own will is energy; that same horse harnessed is power. The power of the horse is no greater than the strength of the harness. Throw away the harness and you have destroyed that horse's power. He has just as much energy as ever, but energy in and by itself is mere impotence. Only when energy is harnessed does it become power, and the secret of that power is in the harness, in the restrictions and limitations which are placed upon the energy."

So school-life, if it is to be to you what it ought to be, must be a period of limitations and restrictions. And by school-life I do not mean just the hours in which you are at school, but certain years of your life. The Boarders, I suppose, should profit most from this function of the school; but I do not think they gain much more than many of you Day-girls, whose parents, sympathizing with our aims, order your lives in accordance with them. And when, as not infrequently happens, girls themselves place those restrictions on their life outside the school, which we place upon those in residence, then, indeed, "before living they have learned how to live," and the advantage is with them.

You cannot make a success of your school life, you cannot have reports of the first nor of the second rank, unless you are willing to submit to the harness. You cannot join a variety of circles nor go to matinees, nor sit up late at night, and, at the same time do good work. You cannot eat your cake and have it. You cannot use your energy in countless other ways, and then expect to find yourself capable of study that will bring its own reward.

School exists then for the purpose of transforming energy into power; but that power is wasted

unless it is directed towards an end. The restrictions of school-life which generate power are like a rich dark background throwing into relief the clear outline of a single aim, and making it visible in all its keenness and continuity. Gareth's purpose never manifested itself so clearly as when he endured the smoky vassalage of kitchen servitude for the sake of it; and that same purpose rendered those conditions of very small moment to him.

Nothing acts so powerfully to lift us above the actual conditions of life as a definite aim. It practically obliterates the sense of hardship. To work faithfully at mathematics, because we think it necessary as a training for you, is a good thing; but to do the same work because it is essential for the accomplishment of your aim in science or music is a good and also a glad thing; and not only does a single aim gladden life, but it does so because it is another source of power. It is the bit added to the harness; it lends direction to life and puts an end to aimless and ineffectual roaming.

If there is one thing more necessary than another for happiness in life it is singlemindedness. A more pathetic spectacle does not exist than that of the girl gifted with power, yet unable to make use of it, because she fails to direct it; the girl who mistakes Will-o'-the-wisp for the gleam; who yields to attraction, first in one direction, then in another; who plans a variety of degrees for herself, and who, unstable as water, never excels. Graduation should, and I fervently hope does, symbolize a consciousness of the importance of a single aim in those who graduate, and a sense of responsibility as well as of joy, as they take into their own hands the reins, by means of which they shall henceforth guide their own lives.

And finally, if school-life is to mean all it should to you, it must teach you not only to aim at something, but to aim at the right kind of thing. There are two sorts of goods at either of which we may aim: goods in regard to which individual possession is possible and goods in which you all share alike. In the case of material goods, food, clothing, money, houses, land,—if the supply is insufficient, what one person has is obtained at the expense of some other person.

In these days especially when, in the countries within the war zone, the bare necessities of life are unattainable for the poor and the sick; when progressive movements of our own land are suffering because money has been needed in other directions; when we hear that even surgical dressings are not forthcoming in the hospitals of France, then it is a grievous mistake for any of us to aim at more than we need, or to think it necessary to be, for instance, the happy possessor of five or six sweaters. Some of you girls, I am told, feel a little sad sometimes, that you cannot emulate your supposedly more fortunate companions and have a sweater to match each costume. At such a time as this it is rather our business to blush that we have a variety of costumes that need matching, and at all times, it is the function of the school to remind you that the only goods worthy of very serious consideration are those in which all can share alike.

If one girl has some scientific knowledge and is interested in flowers and birds and animals, that does not prevent others from knowing these things; on the contrary, it helps them to acquire the knowledge. If one girl is able to express herself in literature or art, that does not prevent her from writing books or painting pictures, but helps to

create the atmosphere in which such things are possible. If one girl is full of goodwill towards others, that does not mean there is less goodwill to be shared among the rest; the more kindness one girl has the more she is likely to create among others. It is in the pursuit of such goods as these that you can bless the world as long as you live, and these are the only lasting possessions you can bequeath to others. Aim, therefore, not at acquiring things which cannot be shared, or, at least, which, when acquired, are not very readily shared; but aim at bringing into the world and making available for use, the kind of goods in which there is no privacy and no possession.

Your whole school course is planned with the object of helping you to distinguish between the noble and the ignoble, the true and the false, the lofty and the base, the real and the actual, the enduring and the ephemeral things of life. And as, year by year, your natural ability is being trained to become a creative force, you are also learning to discern the things that are more excellent, and to realize the obligation of choice; till, into a world where human life cannot remain good without effort and change, your graduation may send you forth, with such high purpose as may light up the dark background of endurance, and enrich, with warm colour, the clear outline of a single aim.

TRADITION

June 1918

Before our school year finally closes, there are certain treasures which I want to give into the hands of the school for safe-keeping.

These treasures are our own school traditions.

We are not very old yet; we end to-day only the 9th year of our life as a school; yet we have our traditions.

There is a beautiful passage in the Book of Wisdom which teaches that length of days does not depend upon grey hairs, but that a short life beautifully lived has all the advantages of old age. In the same way, good traditions may be established in a very short time, when every member of a school shares the same ideals and strives to put them into practice.

Tradition is a word very much in our thoughts just now, as our men leave us to fight for freedom, actuated by the traditions of our race. "Sapper", in his fascinating stories, shows how heroes are made, and what a part tradition plays in the manufacture of the heroic soul. Every regiment has its tradition, its record of achievement, its standard of behaviour. Every officer on joining his regiment must learn its traditional manners and customs, its code of duty, its record of heroism, its standard of honour, for only when he has become thoroughly imbued with its spirit, is he able to make good soldiers out of the rough material at his disposal.

Every recruit who joins a good regiment soon learns to forget himself and his grievance, in a pride in his regiment. Tradition demands of him smartness in appearance, even to the last button, and when his knees quake, and his heart seems to stop, and an agony of terror seizes upon him as he first receives the command to go over the top, it is tradition that nerves him to be worthy of the regiment which, in a hundred years of service, has never had its records sullied by one case of desertion under fire.

I have been reading lately the school magazine of a boys' school which is still, like ourselves, in its infancy, and where such traditions as those of which "Sapper" speaks are in the making. And as I read, I realized what a glorious tradition this school is building up, and what an inspiration future generations of boys will draw from the annals of its early years. For the spirit of unflinching devotion to duty, of self-sacrifice for the sake of an ideal, is leading each boy forth, as he finishes his school course, to offer his youth, his talents, and if necessary, his life to the noblest of causes.

Future generations, we trust, will never be called on to make this supreme sacrifice; but the memory of the heroic deeds now being performed will spur them to the same devotion to duty and self-sacrificing labour, for the sake of lofty ideals.

Traditions then are a great unseen force in the world, whether they be those of the nation, the army, the family or the school. And our school is not without its traditions though like most of the best things in the world, they grow in secret; and I doubt, if I asked you to name them, whether you could tell me what they are. But I am going to call

them from their seclusion and ask you to guard them as our most priceless possession.

And I have chosen to-day rather than during our school year, as the right moment to speak about our traditions, because it is just during the long summer vacation that you need to realize them, in order to be faithful to them.

When you are at work, the very atmosphere about you helps you to be loyal to your school and to its ideals; but those hours of the long summer days, in which you sit and rock on verandahs, you are apt to drift into aimless talk and carping criticism, and to be faithless to all that is fine in your school, almost before you are aware of it. I say "rock on verandahs" designedly, for the happy, healthy hours spent in woods and on the water are not the dangerous ones; but those in which the knitting or the fancy work is taken out, and as fingers make the material thing, tongues unmake and leave threadbare and tattered and torn, the characters of our friends and the ideals by which we live.

As I unfold to you the ideals of traditions of your school to-day, I commend them to your loyalty at all times, but more especially in such hours as these. We are very fortunate, I might almost say blessed, in the school song which forms the bedrock of our traditions, which hands down to each successive body of new girls our ideals and calls on them to do their part in maintaining and adding to the traditions of the past.

What, then, are these traditions? As character and conduct are ever of more importance than knowledge, their handmaid, what is symbolized by our "unstained white"?

You will remember that Chaucer, in his picture of the "perfect gentle knight", unites "Truth and

honour, freedom and courtesy." Nothing is more characteristic of the good English public schools than the tradition of truth and honour which obtains in them. This is a national tradition fostered by school spirit, and recognized even by our enemies. Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador to London, at the outbreak of this war, says in his famous memorandum: "Prevarication is altogether foreign to English nature." Let us cherish this reputation, and regard as our first treasure this truth and honour, in our work, and in our play, and in all our relationships with others.

And second to it comes the tradition of courtesy and consideration shown by everyone to everyone. We want new girls coming into our midst to be sensible at once of an atmosphere of kindly helpfulness, which smooths over their difficulties and awkwardness, and makes them feel a part of the school. We want teachers to find their work a pleasure because the girls are so courteous and charming in their manners. We want arrogance and covert insolence and displays of moodiness and bad temper to be recognized as such "bad form", that no girl would ever risk the condemnation of her companions by showing them. We want self-control, gentleness and courtesy to be the distinguishing marks of our girls. These are the elements that, combined, make up the unstained white of our motto.

What of the unfaded green? May not our green suggest the leaves of our lily, which nourish the bulb and produce more lovely flowers? And is not this a symbol of work? Traditions have been laid down in this direction and are being strengthened year by year. That each girl shall do her work as perfectly as it is in her power to do it; that work

well done brings its own reward in as much as it becomes actually enjoyable; that difficulties and disagreeable subjects are not a matter for lament, but simply a challenge to your pluck, your endurance and your determination to face them resolutely and to overcome them; that "To spend too much time on studies is sloth", because it implies a lack of concentration; that the claims of duty come before those of pleasure,—these are the traditions that are symbolized by the green of our banner. And of them no one is more important for life than that the claims of duty come before those of pleasure. If you can resist the allurements of pleasure for the sake of some higher good, then temptation has lost much of its power. Moreover, you will be a tower of strength to your friends in all emergencies, for they will know that whatever you undertake to do, you will faithfully perform even though it be to your own hurt.

Another tradition which is growing up in the school as more and more graduates "launch their lives upon a sterner sea" is that life is a glorious opportunity for "wider love and service of mankind". We are very proud of the useful work that is being done by our old girls in many fields of activity. They are doing their part in the world; it is yours, in school, to receive these traditions built up by them, to guard them zealously, and to add to them day by day.

It is no paltry half allegiance to which you pledge yourselves, to be observed during term and to be forgotten in the holidays. The only sign of life is growth, and even these traditions, which have been handed down to you, will die, unless you add to them. Uphold, then, and strengthen the ideals which have been established in this school, so that you may, by

your loyalty and enthusiasm for all that is lofty and pure, raise our banner to a fairer height than it has ever yet attained.

THRIFT

June 1919

Last year we hardly dared to hope that Peace would be declared before another school year closed, and in the minds of the thoughtful among you was the knowledge that allegiance to your school included every effort and every sacrifice you could make, in the cause of righteousness and in the service of your country.

And now, under what changed circumstances do we stand here to-day. The strife is over; peace is soon to be proclaimed; the weariness and the watching have ceased; loved ones are back; the sick and wounded are in our midst; and the heroism and devotion of those who have paid the supreme price is gathering into a golden glow, which will cast its radiance and its warmth down through the history of Canada till the end of time. After 2,500 years we still catch the glory of Marathon and Thermopylae. Is it likely that Passhendaele and Vimy Ridge will be less long or less gratefully remembered?

Out of the terrible struggle through which we have passed, a new heaven and a new earth is to be built; and before we separate to-day, and as the last word of our school year, I want you to realize that you have your part in this work of reconstruction. You have been steadfast and cheerful through the long days of strife and anxiety, and you are just as much needed now in the time of peace as you ever were in the days of war. The world wants to-day girls suf-

ficiently independent to recognize what is true and beautiful; sufficiently courageous to stand up for the good even when in a minority; sufficiently devoted to lend their aid, even when the channels through which they can work seem commonplace. This is no time for neutrality. Even in peace there is a side to take. We have learned the fate of neutrals from Dante. They could not go to Heaven because they had done nothing good. Hell despised them and refused to admit them. Do not let yourselves then be swept away on the wind of public opinion; do not follow the banner that has the crowd behind it; take a side boldly and generously and dare to be in the right, with two or three. Be content, too, to lend your aid, even if what you can do seems unromantic. Remember Naaman, the Syrian leper, who, a misery to himself and a menace to others, refused at first to take advantage of the prophet's aid, because the method was so ordinary. Be content to be unsensational and to serve whenever you can, even though the channels of service be ordinary.

How then, can you serve? I would suggest that you unite as a strong whole in a Thrift campaign. But in speaking of thrift, I am not thinking of money nor of material things at all. A girl is of more value than the things she possesses, however rich she may be, and a poor girl is as valuable as a rich girl. It is the valuables that are immaterial and inseparable from you that I ask you not to waste, and I ask this for the sake of those poorer sisters of yours who have not your advantages. In a letter I had from England a few weeks ago, was this remark: "One feature which will not have disappeared from the streets when you come is the modern maiden, though you will not see her all glorious

without as she was in the days of munition wages. She is a much painted and powdered individual, who, in London, often wears an eye-glass tethered by a black ribbon. Her lack of any sense of congruity is simply amazing, for in snow or mud she wears high-heeled suede slippers and openwork stockings, with a fur coat. Her frocks end as high as they dare at the bottom, and as low as they dare at the top. Altogether she seems an alien product."

This is, of course, a description of the girl employed in factories and shops, and we see the very same type by dozens in the streets of Montreal. It is these girls I want you to help. They, perhaps, do not realize that God has given us our bodies in order that through them the soul may be expressed. They do not know that they might just as well paint a window and expect to see through it, as paint and powder a face and then expect the soul to shine through. They cannot realize that such processes tend to destroy the soul; that artificial means can never add beauty to a beautiful face, and that from a plain face they take away its only chance of beauty, as the soul that should ennoble it fades out of it. But you know these things very well. This is one of those cases in which you must take a side. The brotherhood of man is the foundation stone of the new kingdom, and you, just because you have been trained to think, ought never to set any standards, or lend countenance to manners and customs which tend to lower the tone of society.

God has honoured women and girls by giving into their keeping the moral conduct of society. Addison felt this when he wrote, in the Coverley papers, "When modesty ceases to be the ornament of women, society is upon a wrong basis." And if the educated, to whom others most assuredly

look for leadership in these ways, become increasingly luxurious; if we ape the manners and customs of men; if we lose our modesty and wear dresses too transparent or too short, too narrow or too low, then we are making the great refusal; we are numbered among the neutrals; we are a stumbling block in the lives of others, because we throw our influence on to the side of what tends to materialize and to debase, instead of using it to ennoble and uplift. Will you not unite in a Thrift campaign against this waste, this damage and injury to personality so common among girls who have not your advantages, and which appears occasionally even among you?

But the realm of the beautiful and of the moral is only part of the Thrift campaign to which we are called. To all of us are given powers and gifts, which, if not fully developed, are wasted. When the war started, many girls eager to be of service in the great emergency, regretted bitterly that they were not trained to do anything well, and during the years of the war girls have endeavoured to make up for that. Five years ago not one of our girls had had anything beyond the training with us. To-day six girls are doing well in Canadian, English and American Universities; one is a graduate nurse; and two others are trained gymnastic teachers. Now I notice a flagging of interest and enthusiasm as though war were the only condition that made such training necessary. I would ask you not to make this great mistake. If the years of war needed trained people, thrice necessary are they in the years of reconstruction. For though quite naturally for a little while we give ourselves to gladness and relaxation as the soldiers come home, yet that only lasts for a little, and the world will never be as it

was before the war. The new world is going to exalt the dignity of labour. In it only that man or that woman is going to count, who takes his or her full share of the collective necessity of working that all may live. Every woman must be trained to do something for her own sake, as well as for that of others. Her powers may not any longer be allowed to lie fallow. The kind of work she does matters little, but the way she is able to do it matters a very great deal. Be patriotic, avoid this waste of the power inherent in you. Girls often cannot see clearly what they wish to do or be ultimately; but each one can set before herself some aim for the year, or for her school life; and in the accomplishment of this end, she will see the next step. Nothing helps us so much to be thrifty as the possession of an aim. Occasionally I hear rumours of one or the other of you who, during the war, had made up your minds to go to college, but who, since peace came, have been tempted to abandon the idea. I beg of you who have good intellectual ability to consider, that only the full development of the power you have will result in the fullest kind of life for you and for others. You are tempted sometimes to listen only to those who have no such ambitions as should be naturally and normally yours. Get some other views of the matter. Ask your old school friends now at the University whether they are glad they went there. They will tell you the higher training adds fullness and sweetness to life; that it brings you into touch with many interesting people and with a variety of pursuits; that it gives a sense of self-realization which is one of the greatest joys life has to offer.

And finally with this Thrift in the realm of personal appearance, morality and ability, and as what must ever be the foundation and the highest expres-

sion of achievement in this cause, I want you to guard yourselves; not to waste and fritter yourselves away by making yourselves cheap. In his poem, "The Angel in the House", Coventry Patmore writes:

"O wasteful woman! She who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapened paradise!
How given for nought her priceless self,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift
Had made brutes men, and men divine."

It lies within the power of girls and of women to make man divine; to lead him on to nobler heights, and that is what really fine boys and men expect of them. Girls often behave as if they thought men admired them for silly and frivolous behaviour, but I have it on the word of many men that no greater mistake was ever made. Men look to girls to set a standard and to help them to realize their best selves. And there is only one way in which a girl can be true to the man who looks up to her, and that is, to be true herself to God.

In a poem published by Alan Sullivan, speaking to the woman he loves, he pays homage to her, not for her beauty, nor for the happiness he finds in being with her; but

"For thy spirit that survives
The drab assaults of life and living,
The inner spark that still contrives
To guard itself—though ever giving;
Thy proud allegiance to the mind
That sent thee forth, thy firm endeavour
To hold its flame so deep enshrined
That naught its mystic power shall sever."

Because the earth moves steadfastly in her orbit round the sun, therefore the moon, her satellite, moves round the sun too; and in the same way it is that proud allegiance to the Divine Mind that alone can enable a woman to hold the place God has assigned her in the world, and to exert a noble influence there.

Browning teaches that each one of us, even each child, has a part in God's great chorus, and that if anyone fails in, or rejects her part, "Creation's chorus stops." Your part and mine in the fulfilment of God's plan *does* matter, however insignificant that part may appear; and as we try to build the kingdom of the future, you, young as you are, may help to bring about conditions that are beautiful and dignified, strong and true.

INDEPENDENCE

JUNE 1920

You girls stand to-day as it were at the summit of one peak at least of the Hill of Difficulty. Looking back over the ascent you realize the drudgery, the pitfalls, the barren stretches, the green slopes of the climb. If you are conscious of some failures, you can rejoice in frequent success; if the year has not been without its difficulties, neither has it been without its delight, and the reward of your success is now what it always has been and always will be, harder work next year; a more responsible post. That you can contemplate that harder climb with composure and courage; that it serves as a challenge which you would scorn to refuse is, to us who watch your ascent, a proof that the end and aim of all education, growth in character, is taking place in you.

Education is not an end in itself; it is only the means to an end. Remember what we have read in Sir Francis Bacon, the study of Mathematics is a cure for wandering wits; a knowledge of history is a training in wisdom; poetry enriches our poverty-stricken souls with lofty ideals and lovely images. When all is said and done, it is character that matters. If a school sends out into the world girls of noble character, it has justified its existence; if it fails to do that it has failed in its purpose, even though its scholars should take all the honours universities have to bestow. There is nothing sadder than to see a girl pass examinations brilliantly and

know her to be wanting in the fundamental qualities of womanhood. When this happens a sense of failure overpowers me, as if Arthur's sword Excalibur had been forged anew, and placed in the hands of one blind to all claims on his knighthood, or too craven to respond to the call. She alone is educated whose character will stand the test of life; who is the master not the slave of circumstances; who rejoices in good fortune as a glorious opportunity; who accepts difficulty, and even hardship, as fuel which shall ultimately make the flame of personality only fiercer and brighter.

"Who welcomes each rebuff
That turns Earth's smoothness rough."
"Who doomed to go in company with pain and fear
and bloodshed, miserable train
Turns her necessity to glorious gain."

But character is complex, and it is one quality only of noble character that I am able to commend to your interest and consideration this morning. That quality is independence.

Never has there been a time when independence has been more necessary; perhaps seldom an age in which it has been less apparent. That glorious privilege of being independent is one scarcely valued now. To think as our neighbour thinks; to act as she acts; to entertain as she entertains; to dress as she dresses, seems to be the distinguishing feature in the society of to-day. We feel the deadening, devitalizing influence of this tendency to do what other people do, even in our school life; and we welcome the freshening influence of those girls, old or young, in our midst, who have tastes, aspirations, and ideals of their own, and the courage to stand up for them. Never was there a time in which the

world was more in need of individuality, of true independence of character.

But the development of true independence has been hindered now, as it has been often in the past, by something that parades as independence, but is merely a mockery of it. It is a false conception of independence which leads men and women, youths and girls to think that they can defy the principles of religion and set at nought the customs of decency and modesty, of refinement and beauty established by the good sense, delicate feeling and lofty thought of ages. It is independence, not license, we want to consider, and it is important to distinguish between them.

False independence is rampant, true independence is rare; and the difference between the two is the difference between the meteor and the planet. The meteor flames lawless through the skies, attracted by whatever is of biggest bulk, a menace to whatever it encounters, and finally its own destruction. The planet, held ever in place by the sun, proceeds on its ordered way, receiving light, bestowing light, fulfilling alike its appointed task and the promise of its being.

Independence of the right sort implies dependence upon a power outside ourselves ever making for Righteousness; dependence, in fact, upon God. All true independence springs out of obedience to the law of God. Antigone was independent; she dared to think for herself, to question Creon's decree; she dared further to defy the command of the king as she realized:

> "It came not to me from the King of Heaven,
> Or the Great Justice that is throned below,
> They too have published to mankind a law."

Edith Cavell was independent. She, like Antigone, had her course clearly marked out by reverence for Divine Law. All great men and women are independent. They are dependent upon the Higher and consequently independent of the lower. They are like planets moving steadfastly on their course because they are held in place by the sun, pursuing their way with calm and dignity:

> "The stars of heaven are free because
> In amplitude of liberty
> Their joy is to obey the laws."

What we want to-day is women of independent tastes, independent thought, independent action. As I think of the girls composing this school, I see a small proportion, perhaps two or three in ten, of marked individual tastes; an occasional girl who really loves the country; who can tell you where to find the earliest wild flowers; who knows the songs of birds; who loves a tramp over the mountain; who cares to watch a sunset, or even a sunrise; who knows how to use an axe, and how to build a camp-fire. One or two among you love gardens, though this is very rare. The test of love for gardens is willingness to contribute something towards the care of them wherever they may be; yet, how many among you who have a garden in town, or in the country, ever give even one hour a day to help make and keep it beautiful in these days when labour is so expensive, and so hard to obtain. When I think of the loving care bestowed on their gardens, even by the cottagers of England, I am inclined to believe it is this love in her people, for what is really worth loving, that has made England what she is. All sorts of fine qualities develop in one who loves a garden; forethought and patience, courage and de-

termination; ingenuity and a sense of the beautiful, and moreover, we are never alone there, for now, as in the far-away days of Genesis, "God walks in Gardens".

A few of you really love literature and rejoice in the thought and style of the great poets and prose writers. Pursue your reading, for to you will come insensibly, style in speech and in writing; you will grow to understand character; to see the relation between cause and effect; to have a lofty conception of individual and national responsibility, and a keen sense of international relationship; and above and beneath all that a consciousness of the Eternal, which makes us like the planet, and develops in us a right attitude in all the experience of life.

I have spoken of love of the country, of a garden, of great literature. A few other tastes manifest themselves among us: in one a decided bent for art; in another for music; in another a love of home; and all sincere when you are willing to sacrifice yourselves and other interests for what you love.

But still I am dissatisfied, because many of you have no strong bent, no ruling passion, and so just because you have no great wish, you have no longing to do anything greatly. You follow the majority; you do what others do; not because you really admire their tastes, often while you innately disapprove of them, but just because you have no bent of your own.

If I were a fairy godmother and could bestow on every child I love the two best gifts, I would give each one religion, or a consciousness of her relationship to God and man, and a decided bent in some one direction. For these are the essentials which determine individual thought and action; they are the very fundamentals of greatness in character. With-

out these, marked individuality is impossible; with them it is inevitable. They are to character what air and food are to the body; they strengthen and establish us; they give us the right scale of values; they show us that certain causes and pursuits are worthy of absolute devotion, while others are secondary; that certain things are important while others are unimportant.

They help us to be independent in thought; they force us to ask ourselves whether it is really worthy of a thoughtful woman to wear shoes that are ruining the shape of her feet; stockings much too thin in winter, and furs in summer; whether it is really well-bred in a girl to herald her approach into a room, or even on the street, by a strong essence of powder or perfume; whether it is not better to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and endure any kind of complexion that nature may have thrust upon her, rather than fly to subterfuges of which the beholders are so conscious; whether hair was really given us to tease to the appearance of a door-mat, or to torture into unnatural directions; whether some of us do not thoroughly deserve to be deprived of the ears which we so anxiously conceal; whether it can possibly be in accordance with the infallible unwritten laws of heaven for women to ape the habits and fashion of men; or whether God did not really mean women to be an instrument in His hands for the emphasis of the spiritual rather than the material side of our nature; whether, in fact, any or all of these things are worth while.

Are they not all mean and poor and second rate? Any girl endowed with these two fairy gifts would think them so. A true conception of her relationship to God and man would make these things impossible for her; the pursuit of her own individual

bent would allow no time or thought for them. War for a few years controlled these absurdities in our midst, for the work it entailed acted as a ruling passion in the lives of those who have no individual tastes. Now that is over, they drift with the stream.

But if you will strive to acquire the independence for which I plead, you will not accept the social conditions of any generation; as a matter of course, you will seek for a right judgment to test them, and if you find them unworthy, for the courage of Antigone to oppose them; you will not live your life on the average plane, doing what everybody else does, drifting with the current. You will follow your bent, your own highest ideals, which, you may be sure, will cause you definitely to clash with some of the unworthy habits in the social life about you. Thus, your every-day decisions will be made, and in the crises of life, when there is no time for premeditation, you will be fearless and unhesitating.

Fearlessness is a characteristic that develops by association with the good and true. The quality in those disciples who lived with Jesus when he walked this earth which most reminded men of Jesus was not gentleness, but boldness. "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John they marvelled and took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." And association with the Highest is the only thing that will develop that boldness in us.

We serve ourselves if we struggle to acquire this fearless independence, for its effect on us is daily growth in character. And we serve others. For the only way in which most of us can hope to serve the world is by trying to be true to our ideals and by daring to live, if the need arises, in advance of or even in opposition to the customs of our times. Conditions in society can be radically changed often by

one person who is wise, friendly, persistent, fearless, and who has faith in the better day yet to come for which he works. For the quiet beginnings of good will in the end become public and universal, and working with God and in the cause of righteousness, whatever be the immediate opposition, we must be on the winning side.

COURAGE

JUNE 1921

As our year's work ends to-day; as we lay down our tools and assemble to bid Godspeed to the eight girls who have been so many years in our midst, it is well, I think, for us who remain in the school, to remind ourselves once more what aim we are striving to accomplish, what end to serve; that we may keep our object in view even in the months of leisure immediately ahead of us and that, when we reassemble, we may build more successfully on the foundations laid by those girls who have been faithful to the aims of the school while members of it.

I use the word "build" advisedly, for the building of character is the whole aim and end of any school worthy of its name.

You are the builders. We teachers try to understand ourselves, and to interpret for you, the plan which God, the Great Architect, designs for each one of you. Infinite in variety are those designs of His; and beautiful in conception. It is our part to detect the beauty and recognise the individuality of which each is capable, and to seek, as for as we humanly can, to help you to develop that.

The great apostle of old, writing to the Corinthians, Greeks, who knew, if any people ever knew, what a building should be, uses, in his appeal to them, the symbolism which he felt they could not fail to understand. "The temple of God is holy," he says, "which temple ye are";—and again "Ye are

the Temple of God and His spirit dwelleth in you''; and the more I think about you the more it seems to me that the character of each girl is, in its fundamental conception, like a beautiful Gothic cathedral. Such buildings differ in detail, in size, perhaps, in simplicity or complexity, but the main features are the same in every one of them. And so of you. The foundations of this beautiful temple of character are sincerity and truth; the walls are wisdom; the columns supporting them are knowledge, and the buttresses strengthening them experience. The beautiful stained glass windows are imagination and fancy; they can be read and understood only when we are privileged to be inside the cathedral; and when the light of the sun shines through them they cast little pools of glowing colour on the walls and columns and floor, and on all those who come within their reach.

The spacious width is toleration; the length, vanishing into the dim mystery of the sanctuary, is vision; the soaring height is magnanimity. The vaulted roof, receiving all that God sends of sun and rain, and sheltering and protecting those beneath is charity; the tower is hope; the spire, piercing the clouds is faith; and the weight and thrust of the whole is borne on the four great central piers, prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude or courage. Looked at from the ground and from without, the striking characteristic is the upward reach or aspiration of the whole building; looked at from above, from an aeroplane may be, the plan of the cathedral is seen to be a cross, the symbol of sacrifice, the fundamental principle of the whole design. Regarded from within, the upper arm of the cross leans a little to one side, as Christ's head fell on the cross, an emblem of surrender and of submission

to the divine will. Dainty finials weight the buttresses; delicate tracery lends form to the windows; arcading or panelling relieves the walls; flowers and foliage creep round the capitals of the columns and not infrequently gargoyles peer out from unsuspected angles and recesses. These, the ornaments of the building, lend charm and grace to it; they attract our notice and engage our attention at a first glance; they win us to enter its portals and to desire a more intimate acquaintance with the whole structure; they symbolize all that we mean by charm—tact, modesty, courtesy, graciousness, spontaneity and a sense of humour.

Of this beautiful edifice it is ours, in schooldays, to lay the foundations in truth and sincerity and to begin to raise upon those foundations the columns of knowledge, the walls of wisdom and the four great central piers. For prudence, justice, temperance and courage, as Aristotle conceived them, and as Dante accepted them, are still, as ever, the mighty support of character and of the still loftier virtues, and it is of one of these four, of courage and its relation to the development of character, that I want to speak to you to-day.

Courage is a quality which appeals and has ever appealed to the heart of youth. It awakens instant response in the girl as well as in the boy; it is the quality which every woman expects to meet in a man and hopes to discover and develop in herself; it is a quality for which, I am sure, each one of you has the most wholehearted admiration.

And yet courage is, perhaps, a somewhat misunderstood or misconceived virtue. We are rather prone to recognise it only when manifested in the sudden emergencies or critical issues of life, and to forget that the very quality which enables us to

encounter danger without fear, or to overcome fear if it assail us on these momentous occasions, has developed such power only by being called into play daily on the Hill of Difficulty, in overcoming our weakness, in the exercise of our virtue, and in steadfastness to an ultimate purpose.

Courage, whether called on to aid us in any one of these tasks, must ever be an intelligent force. It is, as the Century Dictionary defines it, a quality of mind as well as of heart; of thought as well as of feeling; and earnest effort may be wasted, unless directed into the right channels and applied in the right way.

So, in the fight with our weaknesses, whether intellectual or moral, the really courageous girl will summon humility to her aid to enable her to fathom and to face the nature and the extent of her own inability at the outset. For though you all know something of the courage of effort, the courage with which you aproach a subject for the first time or return to the attack, after failure, without wincing or whining, only a few of you have the initial courage inspired by humility which enables you to know yourselves and to conquer because you have faced facts in the beginning; and so it happens occasionally that a girl of otherwise fine character limits her own chance and hinders her own development, by her unwillingness to gauge her own limitations. She wants to walk the way of learning but she fails to enter by the Wicket Gate; she will fight; she will work doggedly—perhaps too doggedly—but she beats the air, she fails to understand, because she has not that initial humility which enables her to face herself that she may conquer herself. Then with the failure comes a sense of despair and discouragement which are never to be found in company with

humility. Most beautiful it is to us who teach to watch the less gifted who, patiently accepting their own inherent weakness, rise above it, by simply accepting it and by placing themselves entirely in the hands of those who are waiting to be of use.

I know girls to whom English composition, or any original thought was, at one time, torture, who now write delightfully; and others also who, by the exercise of this same humble courage in mathematics, have become, if not the masters, certainly not the slaves of their problems. The fortitude which enables us to know ourselves, to sound the depths, to face facts, is necessary not only in the intellectual life. It enters into every department of our being, and it is only when we evade things as they are that we miss the growth which should be the reward of effort.

And yet, I think, if courage is necessary in the task of overcoming our deficiencies, it is even more essential in the exercise of our best selves. Augustus Hare says, "Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are". That, it seems to me, is too often true; not of little children, for little children are always just themselves; but of youth and especially of the young people of this country. Perhaps that is because the country is still young; but I am sure you will agree with me that it is old enough now to drop that particular manifestation of immaturity.

Seniors and prefects in our schools and colleges ought to be as responsible and as steadfast, both as individuals and as bodies, as they are in the schools of England, and yet I cannot admit that to be the case yet. Why is it that a girl who is really good fails to take a strong stand for the right in a moral emergency; fails to take a lead; fails in courage? Is

it because she does not want to appear superior? Dante rebukes such false modesty very severely. He defines a magnanimous soul as one who is not only capable of great things, but who knows himself to be capable of them; and he regards as a coward the individual who refuses the responsibilities thrust upon him by his own individuality.

Is not Dante right?

Knowledge brings its own responsibility, and a girl who does not come to the help of right when that is called in question or who refrains from taking the lead in some good cause, is in danger of becoming not only a coward but a slave, either to indolence or to her love of popularity.

> "They are slaves who will not choose
> Hatred, scoffing or abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth they needs must think.
> They are slaves who will not be
> In the right with two or three."

The Truth and the Right—accustom yourselves to stand for them, especially when they are only poorly defended or perhaps not defended at all. Do not let the desire for popularity make you a coward. "I know that I please those whom I would please," said Antigone. Who, after all, is it really worth our while to please? Besides, many a waverer may be strengthened by the stand you make; many a cause may be won through your allegiance. There are girls leaving school to-day whom we shall miss greatly in this respect; girls who, I firmly believe, will never shrink in silence when principle is called in question, or fail to be found in the right with two or three. They have played the game. Leaving us they fling that torch to you. Which of you will

stretch out your hands for it? To whom may we look to plant our banner higher in the future and to keep its white unstained? Try earnestly to be so steadfast and trustworthy, so high-principled and so courageous, that, as you enter the seventh year, we may have no hesitation in asking you to serve your school as seniors.

And finally, let your courage manifest itself in your capacity to wait for the end you wish to attain. Some of you will remember the vision Christian had, in the Interpreter's House, of Passion and Patience; Passion who would have all now; Patience who was willing to wait. The best things are always worth waiting for, and they can only come slowly, or after long delay. Twice the fishermen of Galilee drew in their nets with a large catch because, after hours of fruitless labour, they had the courage to throw once more. Often you may fail when you are on the very brink of success and when patience, exercised just once again, would enable you to succeed.

It is always a source of regret to us, when girls, who reach the work of the seventh year, have not the courage to finish the course and receive the reward of their labours. The mountaineer knows well that the summit of the mountain is seldom seen from below; that, as he climbs one height, another presents itself to be scaled; and to the bold climber those successive peaks serve as a challenge; for the summit is his goal and anything short of that is, to him, failure.

Remember Love's words in the "Masque of the Two Strangers":

> "They who sigh are only those who seek
> An earlier consummation than is just."

The mountain cannot be lowered for you, or it would not give the same view; the course cannot be shortened for you, or it would not be the same training. It is you who must rise to the demand each makes on you.

"Sursum Corda". Lift up your hearts. Develop this great pier of courage on which so much depends. Face your weakness with the courage of humility; stand for the right with the courage that seeks not popularity, but the approval of God; and pursue your aim with that patient courage which looks forward not so much to the height as to the view it offers to those who reach the summit.

WINGS

JUNE 1923

THIS, the last hour of our School Year, is a time full of significance for you all. You look forward to it as the close of your labours, but, even more, perhaps, as the beginning of three months of comparative freedom from restraint and from obligation; and, as you watch the graduating girls pass the gate, you are reminded of that much wished for morning, a few, or perhaps several, years hence, when you too will have won for yourselves the liberty which you envy them so much to-day.

There is an old saying often quoted, "Man is born free". That is a very splendid announcement and one which captures the imagination of most of us, because it so exactly coincides with what we desire. But

"Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves;"

and, like most comprehensive statements, this may be interpreted quite wrongly.

It seems certain that God means us to be free, because He has implanted the love of freedom so deeply in our nature; but He made us with a spiritual as well as an animal nature, and if, indeed, man is born free, it is too often true that he begins to lose that freedom even as a baby in the cradle.

You cannot be said to be free if you are unable to fulfil your destiny. A bird's destiny is to fly, and

its wings grow so perfectly proportioned to its body that it can fulfil its destiny; but if it has a wing clipped, or broken, it cannot fly; it is no longer free. Your destiny, symbolically speaking, is also to fly as well as to walk, for a spiritual nature is yours, and just in so far as your spirit is developed in proportion to your body, just in so far as you are uncaged, and set free from narrowness and limitations, you, too, can fulfil your destiny. If your soul is master of your body, you are free; but if your body becomes master of your soul, you lose your freedom and become a slave.

Freedom is often, I think, a very misunderstood term. Liberty is not, as perhaps some of you think, freedom from external restraint; a state of being able to do as you like. It is not just merely getting rid of a power that restrains you, or coerces you. That has been a mistaken idea all down the ages. Brutus thought that he and the other conspirators would be known as the men who gave their country liberty; but they had no authority, no law to offer Rome, in place of that they took away as they killed Cæsar; so that all they did was to deliver their country into a bondage far more galling than Cæsar's rule had ever been. France guillotined her king and nobles only to find herself in the hands of Marat and Robespierre, and the dread reign of terror; the Russian people massacred their royal family and their nobility, and all they did was to deliver themselves over into one of the worst tyrannies history has ever known.

This abolition of restraint, so disastrous in the history of nations, is no less so in that of the individual. The casting off of restraint before the power of self-government is developed, simply means the

exchange of external control, for a servitude that is deadly,—the servitude to self.

True liberty is not abolition of restraint, for restraint is a blessed thing. Restraint is an acknowledgment of the value in which you are held, and an expression of love. Plants of most worth are those of which the gardener takes most care. Grape vines are cut back, and tied up ruthlessly, and even when the clusters of grapes have formed, the vine-dresser cuts off and casts away countless bunches that vine and fruit may become and remain as good as possible. If such care were wanting, either the fruit would be poor, or the vine would be exhausted. This restraint and this coercion are evidences of the vine-dresser's love of the plant; a proof too of its value and of its ultimate worth to the world.

So the restraint and the coercion which you are inclined to think irksome; from which you long to be free, and which you sometimes seek to evade, are only proofs of love.

When a girl says "I am not often allowed to go to the moving pictures," or, "I have to go to bed at 9 o'clock," or, "Mother won't let me do this or that," I always think, "How that girl's mother loves her child." It is so much trouble to say "No"; it takes so much time and even strength to enforce that obedience; but in the long run this restraint and this coercion will have their reward; for one day your own conscience will relieve your mother of the burden, and will begin to say "you must"; and when that happens you will have won your freedom, for you will have grown your wings. If then Liberty is not abolition of restraint, what is it? And how can we obtain it?

Wherever we look for a definition of Liberty, we always find it expressed by means of *law* or its

equivalent. St. James says, "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty," and "So speak ye and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty." The dictionary says, "The native liberty of man is to be free from any superior power on earth, but to have only the law of nature for his rule." David says, "I will walk at liberty for I seek Thy precepts."

Liberty is the recognition and the conscious adoption by us of "God's precepts"; it is a sudden or a gradual awakening to the fact that there is a Law written within ourselves to which we must submit, accompanied by a determination on our part to be obedient to that Law; which resolution makes other laws unnecessary, and indeed frees us from any consciousness of their existence. This recognition of a law written in our hearts and the resolution to be true to it, are the wings which enable us to fly. You may call them if you will, knowledge and wisdom. They are the two halves of truth. Each is useless without the other. It is useless to know the law unless you obey it; it is equally useless to be ready to obey it unless you know it; but when you do know it and follow it, then you have won your liberty for "the truth shall make you free".

But what is truth? Truth is right relationship between things as they really are and our conception of them, and we can only come at truth by means of knowledge. Suppose, owing to some accident, you, on a journey, have suddenly to alight at a great city in which you have never been before. You know the city is famous, but you have no friend there; you know nothing about its streets or its buildings, or its hotels. You are, as it were, in captivity. You long to take advantage of a chance unexpectedly yours; yet, if you leave the station at all, it must be

with the greatest caution, and you can make no real use of the opportunities such a city holds in store for you. But suppose you know the place; which hotels are suitable, which are the objects most worth seeing, and how you can get to places of interest most quickly, the truth makes you free.

It is the same in all the practical affairs of life. If you visit other countries and can speak the languages of the places to which you go, your knowledge makes you free, for it brings you into intimate relationship with foreign peoples; if you have learnt something about architecture and pictures, your knowledge frees you from the toilsome bondage of wandering through buildings or through galleries which convention tells you you ought to see, and sets you free to go straight to the things you love; if your dinghy overturns and you can swim, your knowledge sets you free from the fear of drowning; if you understand the mechanism of your motor, as well as how to run it, it needs little imagination to conjure up an unpleasant situation from which your knowledge will free you. Whether in the realm of art or in that of science, directly our conception is in right relationship with fact, that is, directly we know the truth, we are free and independent. If you have a drawing to make, or a problem to solve, and your knowledge of each is correct, you can proceed. You are independent. The truth has made you free.

And if this is so in the material world, it is equally true in the realm of the moral and spiritual. There also the truth makes us free, not only from the control, but even from the consciousness of external law. Those who have no desire to steal, go into shops and never realize that detectives are

there to prevent people taking what is not theirs to take.

Are languages or mathematics hard for you, and are you sometimes tempted to hand in work which is not wholly your own, or to profit by a word or a figure seen in a companion's paper? Then you must be carefully supervised; you will be conscious that you are watched; that you are not free. But, should you begin to listen to the law within you, which tells you that nothing acquired dishonestly can ever benefit you, and should you resolve to obey it, then your tests may be entirely without supervision; in other words, you are free because you are governed by a law higher than that ever made by any school.

Is indolence your bane? Have you powers which you won't use? Gifts which you waste? Then authority must make you work and you will be conscious of coercion; but when, one day, some noble ambition takes possession of you; when you stand

"With feet earth planted
Yet with hands stretched towards visionary lands"

then you will lose all sense of coercion; then the goad will no longer be necessary, for you will be drawn by a magnet: "the truth will have made you free."

Truth is indeed the most powerful of all magnets because, as it draws us from the lower it frees us for the higher; and we are so constituted that "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

"When we see it." It is the seeing it that matters; it is vision of the highest we need to gain and it is this which School exists to give you.

Some of you thoughtful older girls feel, perhaps, that you are not exceptionally gifted intellectually;

that the wing of knowledge is not strong enough for you to rely on very far. Seek then, ever more earnestly, to develop the wing of wisdom; but remember that the vision you have gained at school will fade unless you enlarge it. And you can enlarge it. A book is in your possession which even the simplest mind may read and understand; a book which transformed Caedmon, the cow-herd, into Caedmon, the poet; Bunyan, the tinker, into a master of imaginative English prose; which has exalted many a simple soul into the ranks of heroes; and which gleams and glitters through onr English literature like gold in the path of the miner.

Think, then, of these school-days as years in which you are becoming free; in which you are growing the wings of knowledge and of wisdom, in which you are preparing to fulfil your destiny.

Such an attitude will make you humble in the acquisition of knowledge and patient in submission to authority; humble and patient as were Dante's Pilgrims of Hope, because freedom awaits you too; that only real freedom which comes hand in hand with truth.

WELLS AND CISTERNS

JUNE 1924

As, once again, I come to speak to you at the close of this fifteenth year of our school work, I wonder that anything is left to say, that I have any right to hope may be an inspiration and a stimulus to you.

Nor do I believe there would be, were it not that, though girls as a whole remain the same, yet no two individuals are ever alike, and it is always you and what seem to be your needs that suggest what I try to say.

If, then, this morning, I speak of wells and cisterns, it is because you yourselves, however, unconsciously, have led me to do so.

I may as well, however, be quite frank and tell you at the outset, what you will probably have discovered for yourselves before I cease speaking, that the actual stimulus which kindled in me a desire to discuss wells and cisterns, was a heresy which for a little while seemed to commend itself to some of you older girls, that the conditions incidental to school life are so limiting, that you have nothing to talk about when you go out into society. Now, I do not, of course, dispute the assertion that some of you may have nothing to talk about, though it does not often appear so to me. I do, nevertheless, steadfastly maintain that this lamentable barrenness has nothing at all to do with the limitations of school life. Before, however, I answer the main contention, there are two reflections on the subject I wish to make.

In the first place, we are all, I suppose at times, apt to take ourselves too seriously, and it is, I think, a very doubtful question, whether it be a matter of great consequence, either to herself or to society, if the girl of sixteen or seventeen has not very much to say. In the only society which is likely to be of any use to her, and which, therefore, is alone worthy of consideration, she would do well to aim at being an intelligent and sympathetic listener, and at gaining that repose and quiet dignity of manner which is in itself so winning in a young girl, as to attract the notice and to command the consideration of those whose attention is usually reserved for women of wider interests and larger experience. My sympathies go out to the young woman, much older than any of you, who on her introduction to society of mark, had the sagacity and the humour to remark, "I knew enough to keep my mouth shut and my eyes open." "Open eyes",—that is the essential. Alertness, absence of self-consciousness, absorption in the interest of the moment are all characteristic of such an individual, and, depend upon it, she is a welcome guest, one who makes music wherever she goes.

Secondly, it is impossible in this connection to refrain from thinking of those silent girls who, having left this earth, yet live, in the amusement or interest or wisdom they have contributed to life for all time; of Fanny Burney who taught herself to read and write, and who, from her corner in her father's drawing room, watched the society in which she would have been too shy to mix; of Jane Austen in the prim sitting room of the English parsonage, quietly composing her masterpieces of gentle satire, in the narrow environment of the daughter of a country clergyman in the early 19th Century; of Marian Evans, (George Eliot) living out her girl-

hood in the farm-house, alone with an imperious and bigoted father, and a brother, whose only claim to our consideration is the affection his sister felt for him. The lives of these and countless others remind us that solitude and silence and even narrow environment are all often instrumental in producing that richness of individuality, which never fails to command the attention and interest of others.

Life in these days is too fussy, too trivial. You think you must all be talking, and all be talking together, till the result is one incoherent babble. You effervesce, you think you sparkle, but if you do it isn't for long; for like an effervescing drink, when the bubbles of your airy sentiments and ill considered opinions burst, little real living water remains to slake the thirst of anyone, for what is left is oftentimes insipid, lifeless, even bitter, not only to others but also to you.

Which leads me to think about wells and cisterns. Your trouble that you have nothing to talk about when you go out into society is, I am sure, a very real one with those of you who feel it; and I suspect there are few of us in this hall so fortunate as never to have experienced the sensation. Yet, are we not all mistaken in allowing ourselves to feel it? for in doing so, we regard ourselves as cisterns, whereas, I am sure, God meant us to be wells.

What is a cistern and what is a well? And what are the fundamental differences between the two? A cistern is a receptacle for the storage of water, contrived by man. It has to be filled by artificial means, to have water pumped into it from some lake or spring. The water will remain in it till it is drawn, and such water will be clear and life-giving, or contaminated and devitalizing, not only according to the nature of the source of supply, but also ac-

cording to the clearness of the cistern, and the length of time it has remained in it.

In contrast with a cistern a well is merely a passage made through the earth, that we may catch the water at its source.

Wells are fed, directly or indirectly from springs, and if sufficiently deep they never run dry, and the water is forever fresh; for the well, though the water rise in it because of the vigour of its source of supply and its own depth, is not so much a container of water, as a passage to the source of water.

Now, as I said before, I am sure God meant you all to be wells, and He has given you the capacity to be what He meant you to be, if you will only see it. You do yourselves great wrong, and make a tragic mistake when you treat yourselves as cisterns. You behave just as if you were artificial contrivances for containing something which you think Society demands of you. The demand may come at any time, but especially at social functions, and what if you were found to have run dry! Appalling reflection! How to get filled?

Then you think, oh, so vainly, if you only knew it, that the latest novel, however false the sentiment or questionable the tone; a thorough acquaintance with the so-called stars of the moving pictures; or an instant recognition of the airs of the latest revues will save you. Society will turn the tap and the water will flow, and you will be saved.

But does it ever occur to you that Society is occasionally disappointed in you; that the demand is not always what you imagine it to be, and that even the boy friends you are so anxious to please are sometimes woefully disappointed in what you think about and in what you talk about? They have their ideals and how often do you shatter them? They

look for bread and you sometimes give stones. They expect fresh fruit and fragrant flowers and you sometimes offer them medlars, rotten before they are ripe, or flowers which fade because of the artificial heat in which they have been reared; they look for water sparkling because of its purity, and you give them the water of your cistern which you have filled with such mistaken zeal. You were never intended to be cisterns. God meant you to be wells, and your training and your education are merely the boring process towards the springs which will enable you to fulfil your destiny and to be channels of living water to others. Those springs are God-given. They are, or should be, within each one of you. Their names are Curiosity, Imagination and High Desire.

These are the true springs at which you may fill your natures; and, if you will do so, you will not again complain that you have nothing to talk about. That dryness, that sterility you complain of in yourselves is not due to your environment; it is due to your mistaken point of view. The girl who thinks her lack of conversational power is due to school or to any other environment is going to be short of conversation all her life unless she changes.

Most little children are dowered with these three divine endowments; many of you, though older, are still possessed of all three; but perhaps none of you realize what magical powers they are. Curiosity; interest in and wonder at the marvellous universe in which we are placed! To little children, nothing is flat or dull; everything is interesting. You must have this childlike quality. All childlike natures have it. Ulysses had it. That is what makes his personality so fascinating. He had travelled much but he was not *blasé*; he was never ashamed either to

feel or to express wonder. In years gone by this curiosity sought and found its satisfaction chiefly in geographical discovery; but no sooner has the world in which we live become known to us, than new sources of interest and wonder reveal themselves, most of which girls can share with boys. That you girls may have every chance of participating in such universal and real interests we have built the physics laboratory.

Do you remember those dramatic experiments with liquid air? You have not forgotten the soda biscuit, how steadily it refused to burn when held in the flame of the candle; then when liquid air was poured over it, how it flamed up.

If some of you, as I fear, ever feel yourselves rather like soda biscuits, dip yourselves once in this magical curiosity and interest, and you will find yourselves, or rather others will find you, vivid and glowing as little children are.

The second divine source of vitality for us is Imagination. By that I do not mean just the power to conjure up situations you have never experienced and to express them; nor even that of conceiving an idea and clothing it in words. I mean also the power of projecting your own individuality into the lives and fortunes of those among whom your lot is cast; of trying to understand what it is to be poor, though you have never known poverty; what it is to be ill or weak, though you are healthy and strong; what it is to be blind, though you can see; what it is to be a nurse though you have only been a patient; what it is to be a teacher though you have only been a learner; the power, too, of thinking about symbols, and of realizing that this world in which we live, is but the outward and visible expression of another, and that an unseen world.

God planted a divine spark within you, but in some of you it remains a spark, small and insignificant, as that you saw on the lump of charcoal; but develop that spark in the liquid air of imagination, and you will never again feel it hard to get into touch with others, for it will thaw the most torpid society, as that charcoal thawed and illuminated the ice in which it burnt.

And what of High Desire, the third of our divine gifts? The Princess said, you remember, "For women fail so far in High Desire."

Honestly, I do not think that is true of women. Many of you have, I think, High Desire, but your weakness lies in a certain cowardice or lack of steadfast purpose, which leads you to wish for the end without having to submit to the discipline by which alone you can attain your end. You are not always willing to submit to those conditions which alone can make you what you have it in your power to become, and curiously enough this revolt against limitations occurs in just those girls who can only reach their goal through these limitations. Some few gifted individuals walk this earth, who by the very loftiness and volume of their natures are a force in themselves and a source of power in endless ways, as Niagara is. Most of us, however, can lay no claim either to such loftiness or to such volume, and the lesser stream of our being must at some time be narrowed and pent in like the Yorkshire Strid if we are ever to acquire that swiftness and force which alone can give us individuality and make us effectual and useful. Surely it is only when you submit to conditions, which, at whatever cost, develop your best possibilities, that you can truthfully be said to be possessed of High Desire. But once your souls are animated by this same High

Desire; your hearts warmed by Imagination; your minds stored with Interest, you will be wells, not cisterns, and channels to others of much that is worthy of their acceptance.

CAPTIVITY AND FREEDOM

JUNE 1925

"The statue, Bounarroti said, doth wait
Throned in the block, for me to emancipate;
The Poem, saith the Poet, wanders free,
Till I betray it to captivity."

Two artists, one a sculptor, the other a poet, tell us here the secret of their art. Their object is the same, to reveal beauty; but Michael Angelo sees that beauty imprisoned in the marble, and he has to cut something away before others can see it. The poet, on the other hand, feels beauty, wandering freely, pervading the universe, and he has to capture it before it can be plain to others. The one sees beauty fettered and has to set it free; the other sees beauty free and he has to confine it.

In the creation of character, a work in which we are all called on to be artists, we have to be both sculptors and poets. Here, too, much that imprisons and fetters must be cut away before the true character is emancipated, and beauty that hovers and floats about the universe must be recognized and enshrined in character, before a human being can become all that she has the power to be. This cutting away and this capturing is the work of Education. It is what we try to help you to do while you are at school, and what you must one day be able to go on doing for yourselves.

As the object of the sculptor is to liberate the statue which he sees imprisoned in the block, so the first object of Education is to set free the individuality, to shape the character implanted in each one of you by God; and just as the sculptor cannot begin his work till he has some conception of what he wants it to be, so Education cannot really begin its work, in the formation of your character, till you have some idea of what you want to be. The sculptor must often have to modify his first conception as his work proceeds; his vision may gain in beauty, or the material in which he is working may limit his desire. So your aim for yourself may grow more lofty, or your attainment may be modified by circumstances; yet, the first essential for you, as for the sculptor, is that you should realize there is something beautiful within you which may become manifest, if you will steadfastly set to work to cut away all that tends to deface or to obscure that real self, and will seek to enhance its beauty by recognizing and capturing all that is good and true and beautiful in the world about you.

For you, then, as for Michael Angelo, the first matter is to have a conception, an idea, an aim, for yourself.

In "The Happy Warrior," Wordsworth lays down as the first condition of happiness, that the boy should have a plan, and that as he grows up, he should steadfastly endeavour to follow it. This, too, is what Pope means by the "Ruling Passion". It is an overmastering desire to be, to become something, which dominates our being and develops, even creates character. In the pursuit of it, the great virtues, patience, endurance, fortitude, develop. With this plan, this ruling passion, such character as you have

is bound to grow; without it you are likely to lose whatever you possess.

You girls of the Twentieth Century are singularly blessed in the fact that forces and influences outside yourselves aid you in this self-development. The Early Victorian girl, unless she married, had small scope for the development of her individuality; so that, with her, marriage was sometimes a refuge, rather than a choice. To the girl of to-day practically every profession is open, every occupation possible, and there are as many channels for the development of individuality, as there are types of individuals to be developed. When Florence Nightingale wished to be a nurse to aid the sick and suffering in the Crimean War, she had to follow this ruling passion in defiance of opposition from all those whom she most cared to please; but you, if you wish to become nurses, will encounter not criticism but sympathy and approbation. Fanny Burney, when she had written her first novel, confided the secret to Samuel Johnson, as if it were some great crime she had committed; and even George Eliot wrote under this *nom de plume,* knowing that the public would be more likely to read her books if they thought the author of them was a man. Girls of to-day who are able to write, find public recognition and very proud families.

Not only are you free to form your plan; but in the means which enable you to become what you desire, you again have the advantage over your less fortunate predecessors. How those of them who rose to pre-eminence had to struggle to obtain the knowledge and the skill necessary to the attainment of their end! While education denies you nothing, and places every facility, every advantage, in your

way. And yet, because of all your advantages in the aim you may have and the skill with which you may pursue that aim, is the girl of to-day a finer individual than that old-fashioned girl?

The vision and the skill of the sculptor are not all that is necessary. Before the statue can appear in all its beauty, there must be a cutting away, an emancipation, and as the sculptor frees the form from the hard marble encasing it, so you must free your individuality from fetters which bind it and weights which crush it.

It is perhaps here that the Early Victorian girl had the advantage over you, for if opportunities which aid your development have multiplied, so also have forces which impede the growth of fine individuality; hence you have temptations to resist, which hardly assailed her, and choices to make, with which she had scarcely to reckon. Noble and worthy pleasures are far more numerous, and far more accessible in these days, than they were years ago; but so are also ignoble and unworthy pleasures.

Your great task, therefore, is to emancipate yourself from that excessive love of pleasure which clogs the finer self, and leads to a loss of independence; and steadfastly to renounce those unworthy pleasures, which make you indifferent to the really valuable and beautiful things in life.

It is a strange irony that, in an age when girls are apt to pride themselves on their emancipation, they should have lost their freedom; and not only so, but should be unaware that they have lost it. Surely, the very keynote of freedom is independence, ability to stand alone; yet the modern girl, in spite of the fact that she is free to choose her profession, free to pursue the studies of her choice, free to go and come, is really a poor dependent, compared with

the old-fashioned girl whom she is rather inclined to despise. For the old-fashioned girl of good breeding would have considered it beneath her dignity to allow any youth of her acquaintance to spend money on her, in the way girls allow young men to spend it now. In these days, if a girl goes out with a boy friend, he pays for the taxi, buys her flowers and candy, and only too often spends money on entertainments or meals and the girl allows him to do it. What does she give in exchange? Her society, do you say? But that is no more than the boy gives her in his society, and she remains under an obligation.

I sometimes have the privilege of exchanging ideas with some of those youths who are just starting out to make their way in the world, and on one such occasion, I said to my companion, "You young men must spend a very large sum of money you can ill afford, on girls you like in just a friendly way, before you meet the one girl you want to marry, and for whom you must wish you had saved all that you have spent." He replied fervently, "We do." It is all wrong! That despised Early Victorian girl would not have allowed any friend to spend money on her in this way; and I ask you which is the emancipated girl? The one who is under a continual obligation to her friends of the opposite sex, or the girl who is independent, and who, if she cannot share expenses, will refuse to have money spent at all. And there is another serious aspect of the question for you, of which, I suspect, many of you are ignorant; and this is, that some of the finest boys simply refuse to have anything to do with girls they would really like to know, because they feel they cannot, and ought not, to spend money in this way; and so you and they are the losers.

You have it in your power to change all this. Why should you, in these days, when you share men's work and claim an equal comradeship, behave in this respect, as feminine of the feminine, and, just because you are a girl, allow one who is only your equal, or perhaps not your equal in this world's goods, to lavish presents or treats on you, which you would not think of allowing a girl friend to pay for. Such a standard makes you seem fettered and effeminate in comparison with the girl of old, who, except when love gave the privilege, claimed and maintained her independence. And at the root of this rather unfair advantage which the girls of to-day often take of the chivalry of the opposite sex, is either vanity, which makes you set an undue value on yourselves; or a love of pleasure which makes you unable to refuse entertainment, even at the cost of your freedom.

This same love of pleasure also makes you indifferent to the really valuable and beautiful things of life.

Some of you fortunate girls are going to travel this summer. Are your thoughts going to be chiefly on what you eat and drink, and on the pretty clothes in the London or Paris shops? All these things have their place, but are they what you are going abroad for? Remember that wise old saying in Beowulf, "Foreign countries are best visited by him who is of high worth in himself." It is what you take to your travels, that makes for what you get out of them. The girl who is keen and eager, who has an open mind, a sympathetic heart, a reverence for the past, an interest in peoples and their manners and customs, a love of nature and art, is going to be a richer being on her return. Her leisure hours will be filled with new interests, born of new experiences,

and the beauty she sees will return to her in hours of weariness as the vision of the dancing daffodils thrilled the heart of one lonely poet. Here, as always, it is true that to the girl who has shall be given, and she shall have abundantly, but from the girl who has not shall be taken away even that which she seemeth to have.

Finally there is one thing necessary, without which no human being can ever be effectual. I mean, of course, contact with, communion with God. There is a story of a sculptor, Pygmalion, who made a statue of such incredible beauty, that he loved it, and prayed the Gods to give the one thing it needed, life. And perhaps the noblest and most suggestive picture in all the realm of art is on the ceiling of the Vatican, where, Adam, newly created, lies on the ground, in form surpassingly beautiful, but limp, inert, lifeless, while Almighty God approaches, with outstretched arm, to kindle within his creature the flame of life.

With that divine spark, the simplest character is vital; without it, the highly developed individuality is ineffectual. This it is which exalts the humble; without this the most richly endowed go empty away.

Lacking this divine endowment the girl of the past was like a vegetable, centred in her own environment, with no magnetism, no unknown quantity; with this divine contact she was like a tree, rooted deeply in the soil, but lifted towards the skies, steadfast, stately, watchful, receiving what earth and sky have to offer, but giving again in shelter and falling leaves what she had received. Without it, the modern girl is like a meteor flashing through the air, attached neither to sky or earth, dangerous to others, self-destructive. With this divine contact

she is like a planet moving on her wide course with perfect freedom, because held in place by the sun; receiving from her centre, radiance, warmth, and power, and in return bestowing

"....light from far
To all that in the wide sea wandering are."

OPPORTUNITY

JUNE 1926

"Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?"
"I've been up to London, to look at the Queen."
"Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse under a chair."

FROM our babyhood, I suppose, we have all known this brief story; but perhaps few of us have ever paused to consider its meaning, or have endeavoured to fill up for ourselves the leaps and omissions of this epigrammatic little verse. It reads like an epic in miniature with Puss for heroine. It is, in reality, a tragedy of lost opportunity.

Puss had just returned from a journey that should have been very momentous and from an experience unique in the history of cats. She had been up to London, that mighty city throbbing with human interest, for the avowed purpose of seeing the Queen, the embodiment, as Queens must be, of beauty and truth and goodness; and yet, when questioned as to her proceedings, she has absolutely nothing to say either of London or of the Queen. On the contrary, her whole mind is obsessed with the effect her presence had produced there on a defenceless little mouse.

Puss, I fear, had no real interest in London, nor any sincere wish to behold the ideal person in the great city. If she had cared at all about either London or the Queen, she would have been eager to give

us her impressions of them. They would have filled her mind, for a time at least, so that it would have been hard for her to speak of anything else. Plainly, she did not care. Such opportunities were quite wasted on her. She was a conventional cat. She had not been to London because she wanted very much to see the Queen, but because it was the thing to do; and she got no more out of her travels than people usually get who go on them without vital desire and keen interest.

She was, moreover, an egotistical cat. Even in the wide environment of London, and with the chance of beholding something nobler and more beautiful than she had ever seen, all her thoughts were centred on herself, and all she remembers on her return is that she had frightened a little mouse under a chair. She is obsessed with this vision of herself, and yet it is not anything of which she has reason to be proud. Any other cat would have frightened the mouse. It is in the nature of mice to be frightened of cats. The comparative size of the cat and mouse is sufficient to account for that, apart from the hereditary feud between them. And on this occasion, not only has Puss been quite indifferent to her large opportunities but she has failed to live up to the tradition of her kind and to do her duty as a cat. The plain every-day task makes no more impression on her than the presence of the Queen. One only object fills her horizon; one only thought possesses her mind—Herself. She is egocentric; a captive to her own vanity. Things of small concern she sees only as related to her; things of large consequence she never sees at all. She has what Pope calls a "microscopic eye". She detects the atoms in her immediate path but the stars shine in vain for her.

Not only is Puss a conventional and egotistical,

she is also a sensational cat. She loves to cut a figure and to make a great deal of anything she has done. Think of her telling the other cats that she had frightened a little mouse! They, no doubt, during her absence, had been busy not frightening mice, but catching them. What would they think of their privileged companion? Had a Dutch artist painted her picture before she went to London, it would have been with her tail high in air and a condescending curve to her person, as she made her associates aware of her superior advantages; while on her return a fine aloofness would have characterized her, as she elaborated her meagre and useless performance, and ignored the sympathetic interest of her disappointed audience. She was fast becoming a very lonely cat. She had made no new friends in London, and she was alienating herself from her old friends by this implied contempt of the humble life and ordinary occupations which she had once shared.

And finally, her inability to appreciate the Queen left her a poorer cat than she had been before she went to London. One of life's great opportunities had been wasted on her. She had failed to identify herself with a larger environment and to understand and appreciate her privileges; and the unusual chance that had come to her merely seems to have unfitted her for the only life in which she could have succeeded. Such a cat would have been far better at home, learning to accomplish adequately the tasks of every-day life, among simple, sincere, unpretentious cats, who, I am sure, could have given her points on the faithful fulfilment of everyday duties.

To you all, one day, will come the chance to go up to London to look at the Queen; some great opportunity is sure to come to you, of which you will want to make the best possible use. How can you, when

that chance does come, avoid being like that ineffectual cat?

To begin with, perhaps we can only make the most of big opportunities when we have found greatness in our commonplace daily life. If you seek new surroundings merely to escape the drudgery or the monotony of everyday life, then you have not discovered the blessedness of drudgery, and if you have missed that, you are just as likely to miss the best in any other experience. If you cannot discover the unusual in the commonplace, you are almost certain to find nothing but the commonplace in the unusual. There is always a Queen in every experience if only we are on the lookout for her. Like Proteus of old she appears in many forms. Sometimes you may see her as beauty; sometimes as goodness; sometimes as law and order; sometimes as truth; sometimes as progress. If you are on the lookout for her in school life, you will learn to recognize her quickly, to cling to her, and she will become your friend and make you like yourself. Puss, I am sure, had never found the Queen in her ordinary life. She went to London to escape dullness, and she came back duller than she went. There are people to whom nothing is ever dull. They find interest, and very often fun, in the most ordinary affairs and occupations. Have you ever discovered that shy queen who flits in and out of school-days like light among leaves? If not, you are missing the unusual in the commonplace.

Sometimes, too, sorrow comes. You would not think there would be a Queen hidden there, but there is. Travellers tell us that, if they go down to the bottom of a deep canyon, and look at the sky from there, they see stars which they are not able to see when they are on the surface of the earth. Sorrow discovers to us stars; points of light which we had

missed though they were shining all the time; possibilities we had never suspected; loving friends; tender sympathy of others; new knowledge; new power; new growth in ourselves. James Martineau, a very great thinker, beautifully says that "night shows how much more the sunshine hides than it reveals", and perhaps trouble will often reveal to us moon and stars, which shone vainly for us in the light of gladness. It is when we have not only keen interest in the commonplace, but also the spirit which looks for light in darkness, that we are really likely to see the Queen when we go to London, to make use of great opportunities when they come.

But why should Puss have missed seeing the beauty in the commonplace? Was it, perhaps, because she was so eager to make an impression on others that she was incapable of being impressed? She was like a lake whose surface is blown perpetually by little winds, so that no reflections of surrounding loveliness are ever to be seen in it; or, if seen at all, they are broken and imperfect. She knew nothing of that stillness which enables us to see and hear and learn to know things.

You know well enough, when you want to find out about the haunts and habits of birds and animals, how quiet you have to be. You forget yourselves entirely and consider only their ways, or you would never see them, never get to know them. Loveliness in the commonplace is just as hidden and as shy as these, and you can only see that when you are still; when you are not caring about making an impression; when you are not thinking about yourself at all.

"Be still, and know that I am God," sang David. We cannot see the divine in anything, in the ordinary or in the unusual, until we are still; but when

we have left off thinking about ourselves and have ceased trying to make an impression on others, then we are no longer lonely, for, like Ulysses, we become part of all that we have known; then we are no longer poor, for we absorb unconsciously the beauty of nature, the divine in our fellow human beings and growth from every circumstance in life; and each new experience then becomes to us an arch, through which

> "Gleams the yet untravelled world whose margin fades
> Forever and forever"

as we move.

GIVING AND HAVING

JUNE 1927

IN the Tate Gallery, London, among the many beautiful pictures by F. G. Watts, is one of touching solemnity and of poignant appeal. Soft folds of snow-white drapery, thrown over a low couch, reveal the still form of a dead hero,—monarch, soldier, musician, or, perhaps, scholar. Beside him on the ground, useless now, lie a kingly ermine robe, a casque, shield, gauntlet, wine-cup, lute and book, symbols of the life on earth, now over. At the head of the couch is cast a laurel wreath; and above it, reading from the feet to the head, are three inscriptions; two of them in the past tense, the third in the present:

"What I spent, I had."
"What I saved, I lost."
"What I gave, I have."

When you go to London and see this picture, do not let its title, *"Sic transit gloria mundi"*, "So passes away the glory of the world", make you sad; nor your first glance at it depress you with the thought that life on earth is, after all, very short, and its joys very fleeting. The pictures painted by Watts are never merely sad or solemn. He is of those who

"Send the soul into the invisible.
Some lesson of the after life to spell,"

and the message he brings to us from that flight, though it may imply some criticism of certain con-

ditions on earth, yet never fails to offer, also, some solution for our problems; some illumination in our darkness; some strength in our weakness; some stimulus in our endeavours; some hope in our despair.

This picture, then, was not painted merely to remind us of the brevity of life, nor of the transitory nature of its joys and interests, however noble; not merely to make us dwell regretfully on the now useless arms, instrument and book, nor mournfully on the still form. The significance of the painting is found in the laurel wreath thrown down below the head, and in the words inscribed above it—"What I gave, I have". Like Coleridge, when in the "Ancient Mariner" he placed above each of the bodies of the dead seamen a bright spirit, we must kindle in our imagination, above this dead warrior, a like glowing form, to whom belongs that laurel wreath, and from whom proceed those glad words of triumph, "What I gave, I have."

Watts is not the only artist who has uttered this great thought, nor is painting the only art in which it finds expression. The poets have been busy with it too.

"O lady, we receive, but what we give," says Coleridge, and Carlyle, the great prose poet, reechoes the same principle when he writes: "The eye sees what the mind brings power of seeing."

It is a truth invariable, universal and eternal. We get out of anything only that which we take to that thing; the return is the exact equivalent, faultlessly just; true in the case of everyone, and in every experience faultlessly true, "What I gave, I have."

It begins with our beginning. The baby, as it takes its first few tottering steps, from anxious releasing arms, to arms held out to catch it, reaps in a

little while, in its capacity to walk, the reward of its own courage, determination and persistence, and in its chuckle of triumph and delight expresses, all unconsciously, its first realization of this truth. You, this morning, might be saying, perhaps each one of you is saying,—"What I gave, I have."

The "rank" which has just been read, as assigned to each of you, is the measure, as exact as it is humanly possible to make it, of what each one of you has given in this year's work. It is an indication, not so much of ability as of character. Though "A" rank is a very difficult goal to reach, and a still more difficult one to maintain, yet it is reached, and it is maintained by girls who, for some years in the school, have steadily held their "B" rank; while "B" rank is soon attainable by every girl of average ability, who brings to her work those gifts of character, which even the cleverest among you must be willing to devote as the price of your high success. Those of you who bring to class, and to your study periods, interest, enthusiasm, energy and concentration, are never far from "B" rank and are making towards "A" rank; for you become the possessors of all your read, of all you hear. What you gave—the time, interest, energy, concentration, is the measure of what you have as an abiding possession, to be the point of departure for new and higher work. You have grasped the essential fact that you must do your share of giving; that you must do your work yourselves; that no one else, however loving and helpful, can do it for you.

Foolish virgins are now, as of old, ever saying to the wise: "Give us of your oil." They rush to school in the morning, and one says, "Just go over this Cæsar with me"; another, "How did you do that sum?"; and still another, "What tense must

we use there?''; or ''Where's the subject of that verb?'' And the wise virgins may not be unwilling to give their oil; they may translate, or supply a method or an answer for their friend; but, in the end what they have is their own, to be used in higher service, and the foolish must pay the price, must go themselves and buy, must give before they can have.

There is so much in education which only you can do, for the Temple of Knowledge is like a modern building of steel construction. Iron girders rise into their place vertically and horizontally, and outline the building before ever the stone or marble can rise into position, and these girders must rest on a sure foundation. Those iron girders in the Temple of Knowledge are defined periods and dates in history and literature; not dates invented to torment the learner, but to give such an ordered view of the whole, as one may have of a landscape seen from an aeroplane; they are grammar, and especially verbs in language; they are tables and definitions in mathematics. The difference between girls is mainly the difference between those who know these essentials and those who do not. It is a difference of character rather than ability. You must supply the concrete foundation, the energy, determination, concentration, that will keep these girders in place, that you may be able to say, as many of you may honestly say this morning: ''What I gave, I have'' and that you may feel, as many of you deservedly feel, prepared to devote yourselves to higher tasks.

For your comfort, be it said, that this process of giving is a growing art. You gave, with effort, perhaps, at first; but you grow to give unconsciously, to give wholly, till concentration and wholeheartedness become natural to you, and that part of the fight is won forever.

This giving and having, however, is an abiding process, continuous and rhythmical as the rainfall. Earth yields up her moisture, clouds form and give again to earth what she gave. What she gave she has, but only to give again. Life is like that; a perpetual alternation of self-fulfilment and self-renunciation. We give in order to become; in order to have something worthy to give. In school-days, what you give one year you gain the next, in the service of the higher work, which is the reward of past effort; but when school-days are over, this process does not cease. Then only, indeed, does it begin in all its fulness; for then, for the first time, released to a large extent from intellectual endeavour, are you free to devote your whole self, not only your developed powers, your intellectual equipment, but your attention, your sympathy, your interest to the service of others.

What direction this interest may take in individual cases is not always clear at first; but that need not perplex you for long:

"Earn the means first, God surely will contrive
Use for our earning,"

says Browning; and the cause, the occasion, the need is never long delayed. When the harvest is come, immediately He putteth in the sickle, and reaps our little store of grain. Our only care need be lest we should overlook small opportunities, or make too small a use of great chances.

Few of us are called to be suns, but most of us can kindle starry points of light in the heaven of our days. Those of you who, in long years at school, have had opportunities denied to others, who have acquired some proficiency in music or art, some

knowledge of architecture or painting, owe these things and whatever else you may feel you have gained, to those less privileged than you; and if, in days to come, you find yourselves in small communities, in remote places, where people long for such things, but have never been where they are available, or have not been able to afford them, that is your chance. If you think it a small thing do not despise it on that account; if you believe it to be great, respond adequately. The need is the putting in of the sickle for you.

If you do not respond to the great Reaper, the world suffers, for no one else can take your place; and you suffer, for your grain will simply rot in your fields.

In that lovely poem, "The Boy and the Angel", Browning reminds us that each individual has his own place, his own part, in the great work of creation. Not even the Angel could take the Boy's place. "I miss my little human praise," said God, and "Creation's chorus stopped", because one voice was missing.

We sometimes think of God's creation as an accomplished thing, as finished; but the magic part of it is that it is never finished; for God has honoured us human beings by requiring us to share in its accomplishment; to discover its marvels, to sound its possibilities, to adjust its processes; and the work is arrested, or goes on, as each individual refuses the contribution he alone can make, or gives, in response to his high privilege.

Failure to respond means loss, not only to the whole, but also to the individual; for there comes a time when, unless we give what we have acquired, what has been given to us, we gradually lose what we have. Dante found, as he descended into the In-

ferno, and came among the misers and prodigals—people who had not known how to be liberal, how to use even their material possessions, but who had hoarded or squandered them—that he could not recognize any of them, though he had known them on Earth. They had lost their most precious possession, their individuality.

A moment's thought will tell us how true that is. What girls have most individuality? What girls live most in any school? Is it not those who give themselves in the service of others; who are sympathetic and understanding, gentle and unselfish? They give themselves, and as they give they have. Their individuality becomes more marked; their personality even more weighty and influential.

Who among those who no longer walk this earth are most alive? Not those who strove to gain, but those who gave,—St. Francis, Florence Nightingale, Edith Cavell, and all the host of splendid givers. They gave themselves, yet their personality becomes ever more vital in the hearts of successive generations, ever more widely influential in lives made better by their presence.

Lovers of humanity, thinkers and searchers of truth, poets and spiritual leaders, like the corn of wheat that falls into the ground, give themselves to obscurity and isolation that they may have to give again, and they live in the truth they reveal. In all noble souls comes the call for surrender in ever-increasing insistence, surrender of the will, surrender of self. It was only when the King in "Eager Heart" surrendered his crown that he felt he really possessed it.

"The gift, O God, thou gavest me,
My Spirit first receives to-day.
I take possession of my crown
Which, at thy helpless feet, I lay."

"Ye are the light of the world; ye are the salt of the earth," said the greatest Teacher of all. The candle gives light, but only by spending itself; the salt gives flavour, but only by losing itself. "What I have, I hold," is a motto of the past. In national, even in international questions, we are growing to see that we only hold, in any real sense, that which we are willing to surrender, and which, in the end, we do surrender.

It is a kingly privilege to give, a glorious opportunity; and just in so far as you make use of that privilege will you be able to share the triumph of the dead warrior, and to exclaim with him,

"What I gave, I have."

GENTLE CONDITION

JUNE 1928

IN the early morning of the day of the battle of Agincourt, in his "Life of King Henry V.", Shakespeare makes the King speak, to his forlorn and disheartened soldiers, words of magical inspiration and encouragement; words so truly winged, that they have made their way across the centuries to hearten warriors fighting in nobler causes than that of Agincourt, and in wider fields than those of France.

The English Army, after a forced march, lay weary and spent, facing a foe fresh, in good condition and five times as numerous as they. The king, disguised in the heavy cloak of old Sir Thomas Erpingham, had spent the night wandering about among his men, talking to them as one of themselves, and gathering some idea of what he might expect from them in the coming battle.

There was not much in what he heard to encourage him. The men were so low-spirited as to be almost apathetic, and when, as morning dawned, he came into the presence of his officers, it was only to overhear the Duke of Westmoreland exclaim:

"O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of these men in England,
Who do no work to-day."

What was the king to do, what to say, to rouse and stimulate such an aimless, helpless, hopeless army?

Should he conjure up to those in the ranks visions of plunder, and to those in command hopes of territory in France, as the reward of success?

He did nothing of the sort. He offered no suggestion of any material advantage to be gained from the awful conflict in which they were about to engage. He was a King who discerned a soul of goodness in things evil, and who believed other motives actuate human nature than the mere hope of personal advantage. So, in response to Westmoreland's useless wish, "If we are to be defeated," he argues, "the smaller our army, the less will England suffer; and if we win, the fewer our men, the greater the honour to each individual." He adds that any man who is afraid to die may at once receive his passport and have his expenses paid back to England; but, at the same time, he conjures up a glowing picture of the pride those who survive will ever feel in having taken part in such an engagement, and of the longing they would excite in the hearts of those not so privileged; he emphasizes the good fortune of this opportunity to serve: and identifying his soldiers with himself, he names the only reward which any man may hope to receive:

> "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
> For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
> This day shall gentle his condition."

Henry V. saw very clearly that the real cause for anxiety in this crisis lay, not in inferior numbers, nor even in the weariness of his army, but in the fact that they, men and officers alike, were allowing themselves to give way to depression and to discouragement, and he knew his appeal to them must

be one that would change hopelessness into determination, hesitation into resolution.

Fortunately he believed in that divine fire which is always to be found in human nature, and which, however low it may burn, blazes up and becomes contagious, when fanned in the right way. So he suggested no bribe, no material gain, which, after all, could only affect those who would survive; but he offered a recompense which would belong inevitably to every man who should risk his life in the battle, whatever his fate in the fight might be:

> "He, to-day that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother;
> This day shall gentle his condition."

"Royalty", "Gentle Condition"! Such was to be their reward. What did these men, these low, illiterate, unprivileged soldiers care for royalty, for gentle condition? Well, they cared enough, as the event showed, for it and the King who believed in them, to ignore their difficulties, to fight wholeheartedly, and to win the battle of Agincourt.

Wandering among the pictures and priceless folios in the Library at Stratford-on-Avon last summer, I saw a change there which sent my thoughts flying across the sea to you, and forward to this June day.

The end wall of the long gallery had given place to a little alcove. A stained glass window now forms the back of this alcove, a window divided by simple stone mullions into seventeen panels, each of which represents a character from some Shakesperean play. Here stand Bottom, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Henry V., Buckingham, Justice Shallow, Hotspur, the Host of the Garter Inn, Cassius, Fluellen, Feste, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Toby Belch, Shylock, Prospero, Iago, Adam and the Duke of Athens.

It is a memorial window to the "Old Bensonians", a group of men who devoted their days to the interpretation of Shakespeare. Each panel is a portrait of the man who played the part. Many of these names would not meet with recognition outside the theatrical world; one or two, Lawrence Irving, as Iago; Stephen Phillips as Prospero, have risen to fame. Above them all, set in a lozenge shaped panel are the words: "We few, we happy few".

Who were those men, who, no longer in our midst, speak to us? Not soldiers in the ordinary acceptation of the term, yet surely men with a battle to fight and a reward to seek; men striving to interpret, ever more worthily, the art of Shakespeare; taking the lesser roles and the leading roles with a fine conscience, knowing that any performance is only as perfect as its least well-acted part.

Did Henry's appeal to his army resound in the ears of these few, these happy few? When they were needy, as actors, notably Shakespearean actors, nearly always are; when they were disheartened at odds they had to meet, and at the tardy response of a cinema-loving public; when they were discouraged at their own inability to reach the perfection at which they aimed; when they were thus shedding their blood under the leadership of the king of dramatists, did they hear that far-off echo:

> "He to-day that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother;
> This day shall gentle his condition."

They must have heard it. That must have been the secret of their happiness and the source of their courage; for this window reminds us that they, too, faced their Agincourt; they, too, share the royalty

of their master, and are forever of gentle condition.

Royalty of nature, gentle condition, can only be won through strife and stress, and with what intense interest we follow, through the ages, the fortunes of those engaged in the fight. The field of battle varies, but the battle itself is constant. Sometimes, it is fought within ourselves and is lost, as in Faustus who fell before his desire for power, or as in Macbeth who went down before ambition; or gained, as with Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress; sometimes the conflict is on a wider field, in the cause of humanity, as when Beowulf overcame bloodthirsty Grendel, his hideous mother and the devastating dragon. Chaucer's Knight fought worthily in his "lordes werre"; the Red Cross Knight went forth in the cause of Truth; Milton carries this warfare into the very presence of God; and when in the 18th Century noble struggle vanishes from our literature and gives way to mere strife of tongues; when criticism takes the place of great and glorious deeds; then royalty of nature, gentle condition is lost sight of, and all the romance goes out of life. What an eager welcome we extend to our warriors as again in the 19th century they make their appearance; to Marmion as he falls; to Ivanhoe as he conquers; to King Arthur and his Knights in their battles against wrong; to Herve Riel who knew no fear; to Browning's grand old Grammarian, careless of this life because "Man has forever"; to Copernicus and Galileo, pioneer martyrs in the great and ever widening scientific field; to the lone soldier who died at dawn on the Afghan hills.

Warfare must be then a normal, natural state for us human beings; or it would not fascinate us as it has ever done and still continues to do. It is an abiding thing, destined to remain with us; it is the road

to royalty, the highway to gentle condition. Not the dreadful warfare of the trenches, where men kill men whom they never see; where the country-side is ravaged, and treasure of the ages is destroyed; but still warfare, none the less, warfare. Warfare in which the spirit of man goes forth, not against God but for him; not to kill but to make and to keep alive; fought, not in the fields of Belgium or France, but in the realms of Science of Medicine, of Education, of Art, of Religion, of Home Life, of the Human Soul; in the cause of every force that makes for man's development, and against everything that is antagonistic to his welfare. In Arthur's Court, the discovery of wrong, the existence of injustice, was regarded as a chance, an opportunity, as

"Every morn brought forth a noble chance," so
"Every chance brought forth a noble Knight,"

and as the Red Cross Knight journeyed along, "Of such," said he, "I chiefly do inquire."

The conquest of evil within ourselves, or without, has always been and still is, the means to "Golden Spurs", to "Gentle Condition". Browning holds that it does not cease with this life, but that it has its place in life after death:

"Strive and thrive! cry Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

If, then, this glorious strife is the highway to gentle condition, it must, naturally, begin in school-days, which are the training ground for life. Here there are monsters to combat; dragons, long-tailed dragons to defeat. Here you may go forth in your "lordes werre"; here you may enlist in the cause of Truth, Honour, Freedom and Courtesy, that

Truth which the Red Cross Knight pledged himself to support; that Honour so loved of Henry V.; that Freedom which can walk unfettered because it is bound to the Highest; that Courtesy which is the flower of consideration.

At school, as at Agincourt, you may desert the cause, or you may stand for it with the few, the happy few, and depend upon it, what you are here, that you will be in the sterner battles of Life.

If you refuse to face the foes of school-life; if you decline the difficult task; if you let others do it for you; if you make excuses for your weakness; if when you fail in spelling, in mathematics, in orderliness, you, like Cassius, lay the blame on your mother, or, worse still, like Andrea del Sarto, plead that God laid the fetter; if you yield to irresolution or to depression, you are allowing your passports to be made, you are fearing to shed your blood with the King. But if, when difficulties come, you discern a soul of goodness in things evil; if you face the hard problems, or master the perplexities of grammar, if you

> "Welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough;"

if your purpose is so clearly defined that you mind no hardship, no limitation which leads you to your goal; if your hopes, your ideals are so high that the years of their attainment seem to you but a little thing, for the love you have for them, then already you are numbered with the happy few.

So shall you go forth from school equipped to face the Agincourts of life; so shall you continue to be reckoned among "the few, the happy few"; and though no memorial window be raised to your mem-

ory, divine radiance shall make fruitful your lives in the cause of goodness, as the sun's rays shine through and intensify those glowing panels at Stratford.

THE ROLL

June 1929

In the "Pilgrim's Progress" Christian received at an early stage of his Great Adventure, a Roll. This Roll was given to him at a significant moment, by unusual beings, and with explicit directions as to the use he was to make of it. Except for a change of raiment, a suit of armour and weapons, it was the one object committed to his care through the entire journey; and it was the only thing he had with him at the end of his pilgrimage. The rest of his raiment, his armour and his weapons were left behind, as of no further use, when he crossed the Great River; but his Roll he was required to produce at the Gate of the Celestial City; and it therefore becomes an object of great interest to anyone who cares to follow his fortunes; for we are all travellers on the way he went, and what was of importance to him is of equal consequence to us.

Christian, you will remember, had become thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and his surroundings, and he had read of another most beautiful city to which he might go, if he would. Disregarding the timidity and the limited outlook of those who would dissuade him, with fine independence and thoughtful determination, he followed the direction of one whom he felt to be reliable, and arrived at the Wicket Gate. Passing through this he found himself in the main highway to the City of his choice.

The way, however, was very strange to him; he had already made mistakes which might have ended disastrously, and he was feeling much depressed; so that he was very glad to be told that, a little further along the road, he would find the House of the Interpreter, a place where, if he really cared to inquire, he might learn much that would help him on his journey.

Christian was the sort of person who never did anything by halves. On arriving, therefore, at the Interpreter's House, he knocked repeatedly so that he was admitted and found a ready welcome.

The time he spent there was not wasted. He acquired a great deal of knowledge that was to prove of infinite value to him; but the information was given, not so much in the form of rules and regulations, as in that of principles that would help him on his way.

He learnt, for instance, what kind of people to trust; how best to conquer the weaknesses in himself, which would prove a hindrance to him, and not to be in too great a hurry, since the best things always come slowly and are worth waiting for. He was told that he must expect opposition, but that his purpose was right and would grow and strengthen; though his aim would not be accomplished without many a battle. On that, Christian, who dearly loved a fight, wanted to be off at once. Like Job's war horse, he "snuffed the battle from afar", so, after he had received a final warning, to be steadfast and responsible, he set off at a run.

The way was narrow, fenced and uphill; but Christian had not gone far, before all thought of his own wretched past vanished in the gladness of his new enterprise, and he found himself face to face with three Shining ones, who all greeted him re-

assuringly, while one of them gave him a change of raiment, and another "set a mark on his forehead and gave him a Roll with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it at the Celestial Gate."

The happy pilgrim gave three leaps for joy, and singing on his way, or dipping into his new treasure, he reached a hill that was both steep and high. At its foot ran a spring, of the water of which Christian drank to refresh himself, and he then began to run up the ascent. The climb, however, was by no means easy, so that he had to fall from running to walking, and from walking to clambering upon his hands and knees, because of the steepness of the place; but at last, about half up the hill, he came to a pleasant arbour made by the Lord of the Hill for the refreshment of weary travellers, and there he sat down to rest.

These early stages of the great pilgrimage may fairly be regarded as a picture of youth and of schooldays, and you, this morning, are on the Slopes of the Hill of Difficulty some lower, some higher, but all gathering now to rest and refresh yourselves in the arbour provided by the Lord of the Hill.

Over the crest of that hill the graduates pass today, each bearing in her hand, as we trust, not only her certificate but her Roll. Lions await them on their way; dangers more fierce than any they have yet encountered; but they are chained, and schooldays have perhaps taught our graduates to keep to the middle of the road, where chained lions cannot reach them. They will miss, possibly, the Interpreter's House; but that only means they remember it and all its lessons; and the House Beautiful is open to them on their pilgrimage, where they may be inspired and stimulated, reinvigorated and

strengthened. Apollyon may meet them and try to drive them back or to prevent them from going forward; but the Sword of the Spirit is theirs; and should they have to go through the Shadowy Valley of Doubt or Fear they have "All Prayer". Many a Talkative may bore them; many an Ignorance weary them; but many a Faithful, many a Hopeful will join them. The Delectable Mountains glow in the far distance, whence, if they climb Mount Clear, they may have a view of the Celestial City, where some day each one may hand in her Roll.

This Roll, you see, is a necessary part of a pilgrim's equipment. No one can face calmly the perils, nor surmount the difficulties of the way, without it, and it must be produced at the end of the journey. One traveller who arrived at the Celestial City, at the same time as Christian, was refused admittance. No one knew him there for he had no Roll.

You are all getting ready to start on your pilgrimage. Have you each your Roll? Not everyone. In the Lower School, where, perhaps, we should hardly expect to find it, some girls have it; and there are girls in the Upper School without it. Yet it is essential. You need it on the way and you need it as you arrive. How, then, can you get it? You cannot get it. It must be given to you by the Shining Ones. But how can you meet the Shining Ones? Ah! That *does* rest with you!

Have you ever noticed that what you resolve to do in life determines what people you meet and what friends you make? It was like that with Christian. He would never have met the Shining Ones in the City from which he came out; or if he had met them, he would not have seen them, nor would they have recognized him. It was just because he was courageous enough to set out on his great adventure, that

he met them. So if there is anyone among you who feels empty-handed to-day, you need not remain so. More than one girl is here this morning with her Roll, who, last June, was without it. One or two of you met the Shining Ones during last summer holidays and came back to school last September with your Roll; one or two others have received it since last September. You may all have it, only you must be willing to pay for it. You must see, like Christian, that some things are worthless, or even silly, and other things very worth while. You must be independent enough to choose between them, and resolute to abide by the choice, when you have made it. You must come with humility and zeal to the Interpreter's House to learn the principles of life and the laws of this Great Universe. Christian learnt a great deal in a very short time, and that was because he was so humble and so eager. Not even the Interpreter himself can teach those who think they know, or those who listen because they must, rather than because they want to. Sometimes when you do not succeed, you like to think it is because you are not clever, when it is really because you do not want to know hard enough. A great Canadian, Sir William Osler, teaches us that the capacity to do a thing grows out of the desire to do it, and that moderate gifts, if sincerely consecrated to an end, often develop into great powers. Girls of unusual intellectual endowment have gone out from this school, to whom life, because they refused to make use of their gifts, has not been the splendid adventure it might have been; while others, moderately gifted, who devoted what power they had to some definite end, have known the joy of "most glorious strife". If you want desperately to do a thing, you will do it, and do it splendidly, when a much more gifted

girl than you, without the same devotion, may fail.

Bring then to this house of the Interpreter that humility and zeal which will enable you to learn its lessons, and will send you running up the way rejoicing, even though that way be steep and narrow and fenced. You will not mind that. You will lose all thought of yourself, and the Shining Ones will meet you and will give you your Roll.

And what is this Roll? It is your passport on Life's Journey. It tells who you are; it establishes your identity; it states your citizenship, so that you may remember and others may know, what King you serve. And it shows that you are on your way home. Like all other Passports, it bears a picture of you; not, however, one at all like those which other passports bear, paid for so cheaply and usually so depressing to the original. This portrait is you at your very best; all you would like to be, but have not yet become; all the Great Artist sees in you; all you must strive to make yourself. As such, you must give it in at the Celestial Gate, when, perhaps, you will be far more like that portrait than you are now.

But the Roll is more than a passport. It bears the King's Seal. It asserts that you are about His business. It is a heavenly commission, and as such you are to look on it as you run. It was a great comfort to Christian in his journey. Whenever he met people who scoffed at his ideals he looked at his Roll and saw the Seal and remembered the King he served. Whenever others questioned his enterprise, his Roll reminded him that he must be steadfast, as he was on the King's business. Whenever he grew lonely it gave him a sense of companionship. When he felt discouraged in the face of difficulty, or depressed with himself, he looked at the portrait and was cheered by the hope of becoming like it.

Your Roll will remind you, also, whom you serve, what you are trying to do, and what you are striving to become; so look on it as you run, and be careful not to lose it.

Christian once lost his Roll, not when he was pressing forward, or fighting his battles, but when he sat down to rest in that pleasant arbour. He took out his Roll to read it, but he fell asleep, and it dropped out of his hand, so that he began his uphill journey without it and had to go back to find it.

You are not likely to lose your aims and ideals when you are hard at work, for the very work strengthens them; the way is fenced; you cannot do what you like; but in the pleasant arbour it is easy to fall asleep; in the holidays it is easier to lose them; yet it is not necessary, and it is in these days of leisure that some girls actually meet the Shining Ones and receive their Roll. That is because this pleasant arbour is provided by the Lord of the Hill, and He has filled it with playthings of His own. As children are always at their best when they can discover or make things for themselves, so the Lord of the Hill has filled this playroom with mysteries for you to solve, and secrets for you to discover, and creations that are worth attempting, all of which serve to reveal the Shining Ones. Birds and animals, flowers and trees, clouds and stars are fascinating playthings. There is so much to be discovered about them, and the more you think about them the more you know them and the more you love them. And if, by good fortune, you should be able to embody what they are to you, in some written form, in some little prose sketch or poem, then you are sharing in the work of creation and revealing to others the Lord of the Hill.

Leisure days so spent will send you back to the

fenced way next September with your Roll in your hand; with renewed enthusiasm for the steep and rugged pathway, and with fresh determination to strike living fountains from the rocks in your path.

THE POWER OF CHOICE

JUNE 1930

ONCE upon a time, in a far off country called Phrygia, lived a king named Midas. Now it happened one day that Midas was able to do a service of great importance for Bacchus, the god of pleasure; and Bacchus was so delighted with what the king had done that he offered to give him whatever he chose to ask.

Never before had quite such a great opportunity come to Midas, and he was very eager to make the most of it, so he began seriously to consider what he would most like to have, and at last what seemed a very bright idea struck him. He would ask for the power to turn everything he touched into gold. A crafty smile gleamed in the lazy eyes of Bacchus as, without comment, he bestowed the power the king asked, and Midas set out for home with a joyful heart.

On his arrival at his palace he began eagerly to touch things he deemed of least value, and his excitement grew as he watched them turn into gold. It was not long, however, before he began to hesitate; for if there was one thing Midas liked, it was variety, and he suddenly perceived that objects lost their character, that everything began to look alike, and that a yellow monotony was fast usurping the place of simple, delicate beauty. Hesitation gave way to surprise and horror, when, on being summoned to dinner, he found that food turned into gold as he began to eat, and wine, as it

touched his lips became liquid gold too. Immediately he saw himself facing starvation and, ordering his chariot, he drove once more to the temple of Bacchus and besought the god to take back his gift. Bacchus replied that such a power is more easily acquired than lost; yet if the king would go and bathe in the river Pactolus he would lose the gift he had coveted, but that the river would henceforth lose its natural loveliness, for it would have golden sands.

In our School Song, which for so many years now has emphasized the aim for which the School stands and has strengthened us in the pursuit of it, we read:

"Through thee we learn the living truth which lies
In the dim fates of warriors and of kings."

and this old Greek legend of the fate of Midas, dim though it be with age, contains living truth about the highest endowment with which we are entrusted—I mean the power of Choice.

The power to choose, which belongs to us as human beings, is a very fascinating but a very difficult endowment. It enters into small things and great; into the details of everyday existence and into the great crises of life; it affects work and play, friendship, love and marriage; it lends piquancy to the commonplace and zest to every situation; it may not be disregarded, it must be used.

Fortunately the power of choice only comes to us by degrees. It is our heritage of which no one may deprive us; but it belongs to us, when we are young, much as a soldier's sword belongs to his little son. The sword is too heavy, too dangerous a weapon for the boy to use. He may think of it

with pride and look forward to the day when it will be his very own. He may take it from its scabbard, see its bright surface, feel its sharp edge, watch others use it; but he will have to grow strong in many mock contests, and skilful through much practice with less deadly weapons before he can have that bright blade in full possession and wield it without danger to himself and others. But just as surely as the day will come when the young soldier will have to wear his sword and even to use it, so the time arrives for us all when the power of choice is fully ours, and we have to exercise it in great things as in small. Indeed, life would be very dull without it. There is no more dreary admission than is expressed in the words "I have no choice"; nor any more stimulating challenge than that sounded in the word "Choose".

When, to Midas, that challenge came, he failed in his response to it and he had ever afterwards to regret the opportunity he had lost. But why did he lose it? Was it, perhaps, because he served Bacchus, and that to serve the god of pleasure destroys our power to choose? Was is that, for years, he had been forging a chain which, when a great chance came to him, he could not break? Was it that he had for so long thought only of money and of the things money can buy, that when this unique opportunity came to him he could think of nothing better? For the god of pleasure has a way of making our minds foggy and dull, and of clouding our judgments so that we do not see clearly. To another king, in another little eastern kingdom, came once from his God the very chance that came to Midas. "Choose what I shall give thee," said the living God to the young King of Israel, and Solomon had never any cause to be sorry that he asked for wisdom.

The god of pleasure, moreover, has not only a habit of suggesting the wrong choice, but he is always up to his tricks, and no more to be trusted than the witches who deceived Macbeth. He pretends that he can give anything, but, as a matter of fact, the very best gifts are not in his power to bestow. He has a way, too, of displaying all his goods in his window, flooding them with a strong artificial light and setting up amongst them a label "Your Choice"; but when we look at what we have chosen in morning sunshine it, all too often, seems poor and worthless. Bacchus led Midas to believe that he was conferring a great benefit upon him, when he knew all the time that the king would soon be sorry he had accepted the favour. It was not, however, shifty Bacchus who made the offer to Solomon; and the King of Israel received, from One who plays no tricks and in whose hand are all things to bestow, the boon He Himself had inspired.

To you all will come once, perhaps more than once, the opportunity which came to Midas and to Solomon. What can you do, so that, when this challenge comes, you may not lose your venture nor accept it in such a way as that your fortune will ever after droop?

That you may be ready for the big choice in life, ask now, as Midas asked, for the power to turn everything you touch into gold, but make your request not to Bacchus but to the living God. For God will understand, as Bacchus never could have done, that you do not mean that glittering gold, that "precious bane" of which Milton says:

"Let none admire that riches grow in hell."

but that you are asking for the power to turn into

living gold, yourselves and your circumstances; and to find in others the same rare worth.

The power to turn yourselves into gold? Have you not already asked for that power? Are not school days a daily asking? Is it not for this that you face, with growing cheerfulness, the discipline of body, mind and spirit, and that you subject yourselves to hard struggle and to irksome tasks? All this is unconscious yet most effectual asking; and, as you grow older, what is at first tacit or only half realized will develop into more definite and wider longing. Are you gifted with keen, quick minds? Ask for the power to turn them into the gold of sunbeams that will dispel the darkness and irradiate the gloom of the world in which you live. Have you slow intelligence? Ask for the power to transmute that to the gold of wayside flowers, which bring to the common ways of life cheerfulness and courage, endurance and tender sympathy.

You may be ten talent, or you may be one talent people. Ask for the power to make use of whatever talents are yours; for humility to grace the great gifts, for patience and courage to develop the small.

And with circumstances, as with character, seek, too, the power to transmute them to gold. Should you be able to say with the Psalmist "My lines are fallen in pleasant places, yea I have a goodly heritage", ask for the power to turn your good fortune into the gold of service. Should adversity come, think of the quiet philosophy of Duke Senior in "As You Like It", as he said "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head", and set yourselves to find that jewel and to make it your own.

"The gifts of adversity are to be admired", quotes Bacon. He was thinking of all the splendid quali-

ties that develop in those who meet trouble courageously. Should ill health come, seek to turn it, with R. L. Stevenson, into the gold of infectious cheerfulness or into that of serene faith. Should financial disaster overtake you, ally yourself with Sir Walter Scott, who turned ruin into the gold of the Waverley Novels. Should social neglect or bodily deprivation befall you, remember Milton who turned loneliness and blindness into the gold of "Paradise Lost". Should captivity in any form ever be your lot, transmute it, as Bunyan transmuted his imprisonment, into the gold of "Pilgrim's Progress". Should you find yourself compelled to live in depressing surroundings, soar above them on golden wings as Keats soared in his great Odes. Should you come face to face with sudden calamity or critical risk, ask for the power which moved Edith Cavell to turn it into the gold of selfless devotion.

And as, by daily practice and in small ways, you learn to transmute your circumstances and yourselves into gold, you will find life enriched with another gift increasingly yours, that of discovering in others the gold of their own natures:

"Be noble
And the nobleness which lives in other minds,
Sleeping but never dead,
Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own."

So shall friendship be determined for you, and even marriage, too, when that comes, for "Like answers to like", "Deep calls to deep". And the gold of your nature becoming quick and mighty shall kindle in many others an answering radiance. Of Siddartha it is recorded that "Ofttimes as he paced, gentle and slow, lost in care for those he

knew not save as fellow lives, dark surprised eyes would dwell on him, as if they saw in him tenderest thought made true''; and of a higher than Siddartha, as He walked the streets of Galilee, it has been said, ''He shone on them for a moment and revealed to them a self within themselves, and they passed on with a sense of significance and power given even to their obscure and insignificant lives.'' To you, too, may come in some small way the power to live again in other minds; to kindle generous ardour, feed pure love; to reveal to others the thoughts of their own hearts, the possibilities of their own lives; and to find, in this unconscious love and service of mankind, the crown and the fulfilment of your schooldays.

PART II

ADDRESSES TO GRADUATING CLASS

BY

MAUD C. EDGAR, B.A.

THE CLAIMS OF WOMANHOOD

JUNE 1913

SINCE there can be no address to graduates this year, I shall speak to you all as the future women of Canada, upon whom, to a very large extent, will rest the responsibility of shaping the social and domestic life of the near future.

In an interesting book by Mr. H. G. Wells, entitled *Marriage,* a picture is drawn of the evil that can result from an idle, aimless life—such a life as any one of you might drift into. A girl of intellect, originality, organizing capacity, aesthetic tastes, and, moreover, capable of devoted attachment, makes shipwreck of her own life and her husband's merely from the lack of something to do. There are tragedies which spring from incapacity, there are tragedies which arise from uncontrolled emotions, but the tragedy of an empty, idle life in the midst of a world crying out for all who have hearts, and brains, and hands, and leisure, is the greatest, because it is the most unnecessary, tragedy of all.

We are often told by the conservative element that woman's proper sphere is the home, and with that statement I am not disposed to quarrel, so long as it is not used as an excuse for laziness, selfishness and incapacity.

Every home needs at least one woman to order it and regulate it. Frequently one daughter must share the burden with the mother, and in some cases more than one, especially where there are

younger brothers or sisters. Bnt home duties must be taken as seriously, and shouldered as capably, as any outside career or profession if they are to be a valid excuse for the neglect of other and wider claims.

To eat and sleep at home, taking all the comforts provided by father or husband, to spend ten minutes at the telephone every morning as the easiest method of providing for the table, and another ten minutes giving ill-considered and haphazard orders to servants, is not a sphere for any normally endowed woman.

If, on the other hand, you feel that your sphere is the home, if as a daughter, a wife or a mother, your home can give you scope for the highest use of your faculties, then make your home the main field of your activities. But remember, the obligation laid upon you is the use of all your faculties for the general good. Those faculties which cannot be exercised in the home must still find their fitting employment in the world beyond.

Do not, however, be tempted to under-rate the art of home-making. A perfectly managed house is one of the most educative and elevating influences that can be found, but, like the virtuous woman whose price is far above rubies, its mistress must be one "who looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness". Beauty, order, comfort, which make a home, may all be found in a cottage or a castle, but they are always the product of a beautiful mind. You must cultivate your sense of order, you must love beauty, and be willing to devote many hours of thought and labour to its service. How many of you girls do your share even now in your homes to aid in producing and maintaining order? How many of you devote some of

your leisure time to the care and arrangement of flowers? Will you think yourself cultured because you may have the power to make intelligent remarks about a picture, or to interpret the thought of a poet, while you are content to live amidst dirt and confusion without attempting to remedy it?

There is room in the home of each one of you for the energy you can expend even now in adding to its beauty.

And if you are looking forward to the time when you may have homes of your own to order and direct, how do you mean to prepare yourselves in the days of leisure which come to you when your school days are over? Do you intend to be a drone in the hive, a mere toy for your husband's leisure moments, or do you hope to be a helpmate, a true companion, by your skill and good management doing your share in building up a home, free from petty anxieties and sordid cares? The man may be the one who earns, and the woman the one who spends, but the one act is not more difficult nor more dignified than the other if well and capably done.

There may, it is true, be women who are more fitted by their talents to earn money, than to do those things in their homes which save money. In either case they are sharing the burden and preserving their self-respect.

Many a young man is afraid now to ask the girl he loves to leave a comfortable home, and share with him a modest income, because her hands are so unskilled, her tastes so extravagant, her mind so unused to grappling with problems of any kind, that she will be like a millstone round his neck. The true value of education is that it enables you to do well and capably those things which you have never done before. Whether it is the management of a small

income, or the directing of a large household, whether it is the making of bread or a baby's dress, or the planning and furnishing of a rich and harmonious dwelling, the principle is the same—you must bring a trained mind, a skilful hand and eye, a willingness to take an infinite amount of pains to accomplish the desired result.

Have you an interest in social questions? The problem of domestic service is one of the great problems of the age, and it will have to be solved by women. The very best brains of the finest women in all civilized countries will have to work out some system by which the necessary manual labour for domestic purposes can be supplied. Is there any degradation inherent in housework, or can it be raised to an art? Our domestic science schools are answering that question. Any work perfectly done becomes an art. Does the work demand greater physical strength than a delicately-nurtured woman can afford to spend on it? If so, what labour-saving machines can be devised to come to her assistance?

If your main energies are to be devoted to home life, then you must be prepared to grapple intelligently with its problems, and to bring to it all the ingenuity and enthusiasm of your mind.

And if children, the greatest of all blessings, come to you, then your life should indeed be full. Neither riches nor poverty relieves you from the responsibility of doing your utmost for the bodily, mental, and spiritual development of those lives which spring from yours. All your trained powers of observation, all the accumulated knowledge of years, all your lofty thoughts and aspirations, all your ethical wisdom, all your powers of self-control and unselfish devotion must be laid at the feet of the child.

But some of you may not marry. Your homes may demand only a small proportion of your time and energy. What then? Do you mean to spend your days in the pursuit of purely selfish pleasures "that leave a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed?" For a year or two, perhaps, these may seem to feel your life, but they will not bring you any abiding satisfaction.

And even from the beginning, your recreations—tennis, golf, dances, theatres—will have a keener zest added to them by the consciousness that your day has been made worth while by some act of useful service.

There are some magnificent women workers in Canada, but we are on the whole far behind our sisters across the sea, and our cousins across the border, in our sense of responsibility towards the community as a whole.

Every girl as she leaves school should take up at least one bit of useful work in which she may employ her one, or her ten talents. You will perhaps not be called upon to use your gifts in order to support yourselves. Is this a reason why you should not use your gifts at all?

There are settlements calling for volunteers to act as librarians, or to take sewing-classes, or to help with games. There are clubs needing secretaries and treasurers. Everywhere one hears the complaint, "Our girls have no public spirit, they are thoroughly selfish or hopelessly incompetent. All the work for the common welfare is left to busy women, whose homes and children have the first claim upon them."

A few years ago I heard of a school in Berlin to which girls such as you went, on leaving their ordin-

ary schools, to take a thorough course in social service work.

In the United States there are several social service schools sending out trained workers to fight the good fight against sin and disease and suffering. Some of these do work in connection with various hospitals, visiting the patients in their homes. Some act as factory inspectors, some work at the housing problem, some take charge of milk stations, where the lives of many poor babies are saved.

There will be opportunities offered in Montreal before long to train for various branches of social service. I trust that the girls of this school will be in the vanguard of the army who fight against dirt, disease and darkness, the enemies of civilization.

Whatever your lives may be, you can all avoid the tragedy of an empty life. Work, productive work, is the panacea for all ills. Find work for yourselves which will occupy your mind and your heart, as well as your body. If drudgery has to be done, beautify it by adding to it the gleam of the ideal. Make it perfect, and it ceases to be commonplace. Bring order out of disorder, beauty out of ugliness, hope out of despair, love and gratitude out of lives made bitter and harsh by suffering, and your own lives will be radiant with the joy that is divine.

PERSONALITY

JUNE 1914

THIS is a very happy day for you and also for me. In you the school is sending forth five graduates who have fulfilled in every particular the requirements of our curriculum. Our rejoicing is necessarily tempered by the sense of how greatly you will be missed in the various activities of the school into which as seniors, prefects and officers of the Athletic association you have thrown yourselves so actively and whole-heartedly. Yet even this separation is less than it appears, for our school consists not only of present pupils but of all the members of our Old Girls' Association, who will, I trust, as the years roll on, prove the greatest inspiration to those following in their footsteps.

For the education you receive at school is of value only so far as it has prepared you to live noble and useful lives, and the discipline, methods, and choice of studies here, stand or fall by the fruit they bear in your characters and future deeds. By education we enter into the noblest heritage of our race. We are enabled to gather up the web of life as it has been woven by centuries. We are taught to trace through all the confusion of early stages the slow growth of order, social freedom and individual emancipation. We learn to see the patterns of crimson and gold which give life and meaning to the whole fabric,—the ideals of beauty and truth, the spiritual intuitions and inspirations woven in by the master souls of all generations.

Why is it that we lay such stress on the two last years of your work here? Why is it that our disappointment is so keen when our pupils leave at about the age of sixteen? You who have stayed will be best able to answer that question: if not now, at least after a few years of experience of life. The early years must of necessity be largely spent in an endeavour to expand your powers, to give you control over your mental faculties, to sow the germs of spiritual perception. It is only when your hearts and minds and souls are ready to receive them that we can begin to unfold before you those treasures of human thought, experience and achievement which create the spiritual atmosphere of our race and time. This is what an Arts course in a university strives to do, and if you are not going to college, then you are cheating yourselves of your rightful heritage if you do not endeavour to obtain the same spiritual sustenance elsewhere.

The life of the spirit does not consist only in taking your part in religious services; in fact, outward forms, in so far as they are merely external, have nothing to do with it. The life of the spirit means communion with the unseen. Sympathy with every noble thought, with every selfless aspiration, with all passionate devotion to the ideals of Justice, Truth and Beauty, this and this only will feed your spiritual life and gradually lead you to the knowledge and love of God.

Your studies, then, should be the epitomized representation of those past products of human experience which still enter into the higher and better life of man. For this reason you have sought beauty in architecture and painting, as you have sought it in the poetry of Shelley and Keats. You have striven to perceive its essential nature under all its

various forms of expression. You have sought the germs of truth in all ages and climes, in "The Ramayana", "The Light of Asia", Dante's "Divina Commedia", and in the philosophical poets of later times.

For Justice and Equity in human relationships, you have turned to Ethics, and have realized that you yourselves are part of a social whole. You have found that "self-love and social are the same", and that you cannot secure the development of your own personality except through some form of service of your fellow-men. But the greatest problem of the spiritual life still remained unsolved, that from which it springs and to which it tends. The sense of man's relationship to God, the cry of unsatisfied human nature, "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God," finds its most magnificent expression in the literature of the Hebrews. From their books of Wisdom and Poetry, from the life of Christ, and by means of the interpretation of spiritual experiences found in the writings of his great disciple, Paul, you have striven to learn the nature of spiritual faith and power.

To what then does this education tend? What will be the practical result in your lives? You are, as you leave us, distinct individuals. You yourselves know how widely you have differed in all work of original interpretation given to you to do. Each of you has her own preferences and antipathies. Each must henceforth endeavour to preserve and develop her own individuality.

Personality is the most valuable of all assets. What you are is of far greater value to the world than what you know. Pure knowledge is certainly of value in that it enables you to adjust yourselves to a wide environment, to enlarge the field of your

experiences; but anyone who possesses trained mental faculties, a strong desire for any special information, and habits of concentration and perseverance, can obtain all the necessary knowledge for most practical pursuits in a very short time. All great enterprises are crying out for men and women of force, enthusiasm, strength of will and steadfastness of purpose. Men with technical training can always be found, mechanism can easily be provided, but unless the spirit enters into the wheels as in the vision of Ezekiel, they can never be lifted up. This inspiration comes through personality. The individual alone counts.

The following definition, which is not my own, is, I think, very suggestive on this point: "The measure of our individuality is the power of our resistance to external or inherited influences." Much stress has been laid of late years on heredity and environment, and we all know their subtle power and influence. Has not the time come for a more invigorating and inspiring faith? As the science of medicine combats by all the forces at its command physical hereditary weaknesses, so should the science of education, if it is to be a moral force, combat the idea that unworthy tastes, flaws in temper, inertia, or lack of moral courage are to be excused because they can be traced to some ancestor immediate or remote.

Your character now is what you have made it. You are a person. You have developed by habit, by battling with difficulties and overcoming them, by absorption into your consciousness of high ideals, a self, a higher self, which shall dominate and hold in check the promptings of your weaker nature. In so far as you are swayed, tossed hither and thither by desires, instincts and passions which have come

to you with your physical nature, you are a nonentity, a mere thing of shreds and patches, a projection into space of the attributes of other beings. Believe in your power to develop your character as you will—the will is the essential thing. True individuality is created and preserved by resistance to so-called "natural" tendencies.

But I do not wish to lay stress on the doctrine of original or inherited sin. I am too much convinced of the natural sweetness and purity and uprightness of your natures to believe that many of your difficulties will come from that source.

What I fear is that the fatal weakness of conforming to the average standards of your own contemporaries should reduce you to a colourless imitation of that which is usually spoken of with scorn as "the society girl". Too often I hear that fatal admission of weakness: "So-and-so must do such-and-such a thing, because everybody else is doing it." A girl of character, of individuality, need never do anything because anybody else does it. Why does she wish to be a copy, a spurious article? Of all the girls I have known in my life, the few that rise up instantly in my memory are those who had, even as school-girls, the courage to follow an independent line of action, sometimes imposed upon them by the wisdom of their parents, sometimes by their own principles. These girls are now "persons", forces in the world, while the others have sunk to the dead level of dull mediocrity.

And this growth of individuality, this triumph of a personality over circumstances, is not attained by revolutionary methods. It is far greater to find and use one's opportunities in what seems to be a hopelessly restricted environment than to wait until the

wider opportunities present themselves, or to force one's own apparent interests at the expense of the rights and claims of others.

There is scope for individuality in the most trifling affairs of life. It is sad to see girls and women of the most varying types of character all endeavouring to lose *themselves* in the effort to appear like the most recent Parisian fashion-plate. Every style of dress admits of endless variations, and character is shown in the choice of that particular variation which best expresses one's own individuality. It is a rare gift for a woman to be able to express herself in her clothes. Why should a modest, flower-like young girl, whose chief charm is her simplicity, disguise herself as an artificial, over-decorated deformity? You will all be able to call up in your mind women whose appearance from year to year carries a certain unity, a distinction, a charm, an individuality, which no passing fashion succeeds in destroying. In this matter of mere outward appearance, have the courage to appear what in your best moments you would wish to be.

There is, moreover, a temptation to a girl when she first "comes out" to bring her conversation down to what she considers the usual flippant style of her set. She is ashamed of her enthusiasms, of her real interests, of her own views, of her literary and artistic tastes. She fears perhaps lest she should appear a blue-stocking and therefore she poses as a simpleton. All posing is betrayal of your own nature. Be sincere. Do not attempt to discuss Browning with a man whose sole literary diversion is the sporting news or the financial column, but find some common human interest in which you can be yourself, and he will probably respond by revealing

sympathies and knowledge that surpass your own. On the other hand, do not shun an exchange of ideas, literary or artistic, when the opportunity arises.

A friend of mine said the other day that she thought the modern girl had no spiritual nature. She was thinking of some bright young girls who had just been to Italy. They babbled about their travels like a running brook, but there was nothing subjective in their comments. They might have come straight from a guide-book. In other words, the girls had no individuality to colour their experiences, and give them forth irradiated by the light of their own receptive natures.

How are you going then to strengthen and enrich your individualities? All our virtues depend upon our relations with our fellow-creatures. You must work with others for others. You must widen your interests year by year, and keep your sympathies fresh and warm. You may not find your true vocation in life at once, but everything that feeds your spiritual life, that strengthens your will, that brings you into helpful contact with other souls is leading you towards your goal. The control of your outward circumstances may not lie wholly in your hands, but the making or marring of your own personality now rests with yourselves.

LOYALTY

JUNE 1915

As each year this school sends forth its new graduates, we wonder what gifts, what opportunities for noble service the world holds in store for you.

The germ of what your future life will be lies in you now. Much the same influences have been brought to bear on you in the school as upon those members of our Old Girls' Association who have graduated before you. And yet what different results develop under the same or similar conditions. Each of you is the architect of her own fate. The school can do no more than provide you with some of the materials for the building, and guide you by placing before you ideals which may inspire you to rear a stately edifice conceived on noble lines, and save you from being content with low, sordid and futile ends.

Youth is generally supposed to be the time of dreams. It may be so. Certain it is that eternal youth remains in the soul so long as one retains the power of vision. What I would ask of you as you step out into the world of "grown-ups" is to be loyal to your dreams. Loyalty is a word that is much on our tongues this year and yet how few of us really know what it means. It is the source and the outcome of vision—it is founded on faith and nourished on affection. It may begin in the nursery, inspired by father or mother or by a big brother or sister, and it may still glow with a steady flame in ripe old age.

What does this early loyalty mean? It means that the little dreamer has surrounded the object of his devotion with a glory made up of all the highest and noblest his little mind can conceive. Years later the idealized memory of his childish fancy may guard him from many a pitfall, and inspire him to noble deeds.

As one passes from the nursery to the school, the quality of loyalty becomes more complex, more intangible and yet more exacting in its demands as its object widens from an individual to an institution. Faith and affection are still required, but they must not be given blindly. Our loyalty and our affection must attach themselves to what is highest and best in the school and therefore we must try to understand its ideals.

But we ourselves are now part of that which claims our loyalty. We and our companions, working with the teachers, are the school.

As you have passed up through the school you have realized more and more your own responsibility. You have, I hope, tried to understand why duty is placed before pleasure, and because the power to choose willingly the harder path is what makes nations as well as schools great, you have been ready to deny yourselves some longed-for indulgence in order that you may faithfully fulfil your task. If you have not learned this lesson, the school has failed towards you and you have fallen short in your loyalty to the school.

"We cannot know how far the toil of each
Assures the final triumph of the whole."

Every difficulty you have faced bravely, and finally overcome, has added to the triumph of the

school. All enthusiasm for what is beautiful in art and literature has added to its vitality. All appreciation and assimilation of ethical or religious truths has deepened the spiritual life of the whole. All sympathy and interest shown in the lives of your fellow-pupils has enriched your own natures and fostered as well that friendly helpful spirit which alone can make your school a power for good.

This year, more perhaps than any other year in the school's history, you have tried to make the school motto, "non nobis sed urbi et orbi", a reality. The school owes much to those seniors and prefects who so capably organized the Milk Fund, and collected weekly from their own groups the promised contributions of personal pocket-money which have enabled you to raise during the school year the total sum of $297.49 and to provide ten families with milk, and one with bread also, during the past winter and this coming summer.

But you are now passing out into a larger world. Your old loyalties will not, I hope, be forgotten but they will teach you, I trust, the greater loyalty to your God, your King, and your Country.

Loyalty is far from being a matter of mere sentiment and empty phrases. It is, as I have said, founded on faith and nourished on affection and it may become, and will become, I trust, a holy passion which will inspire and control your whole life.

I will not here dwell on the religious side. Suffice it to say that loyalty to God comprises all the other loyalties and raises them to the highest ethical and spiritual plane. One who is true to his God will not fail when King and Country call him to make some loyal sacrifice.

You love your country, you love the Motherland, you love the Empire of which you form a part.

What is it that holds your loyalty? Is it not your faith that Freedom, Justice, Honour, Magnanimity, flourish under the British flag?

And if this is so, loyalty to the flag demands that you should strive to understand the meaning of these principles which command your loyalty, and do your part as a member of the Empire to embody them in your own actions and to extend their influence in so far as it lies within your power to do so.

We are fighting now for freedom, not primarily our own freedom but the freedom of democracy, the freedom of small nations to exist and develop their own national ideals. With victory will no doubt come the temptation to let Power triumph over Right.

What YOU think of freedom, unimportant as you may feel your opinion to be, counts in the sum total of all the individuals who make up the public opinion of the Empire. In so far as you value freedom for yourself you should value it for others. Try to keep your own souls untainted by the sins of greed and oppression. Use the freedom you possess as citizens of a free empire to develop all that is highest and best in yourselves and to give opportunities to those less fortunately placed to develop their faculties and to lead a fuller and a richer life.

I have been reading lately the story of a little Russian Jewish girl who lived until she was about twelve years old within the Jewish pale. To her every avenue of freedom was barred. Liberty of movement was curtailed. Her people could not travel without a special permit not easily obtained. Education also was impossible for Jewish women and obtained with very great difficulty by Jewish boys. At every turn they felt conscious of their racial disability.

The family moved to America. In spite of great poverty the girl was intoxicated with the new sense of freedom. As a citizen of a free country every privilege of the state was hers by right. She could at last satisfy her craving for knowledge. The Public Library was her palace, a treasure-house where she could roam at will, the heir of all the ages.

Listen to her words,

"It was my habit to go very slowly up the low broad steps to the palace entrance, pleasing my eyes with the majestic lines of the building and lingering to read again the carved inscriptions, 'Public Library. Built by the People. Free to All'. Did I not say it was my palace? Mine, because I was a citizen: Mine, though I was born an alien: Mine, though I lived on Dover Street—My palace—Mine!"

You girls have been born to this wonderful freedom, and because it has always been yours, and you have not had to buy it with your heart's blood you do not really appreciate it. You are content to live too often as if you were serfs. You make for yourselves a little "pale" of conventionality, of narrow interests, of dull and selfish routine. You might

"Follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought"

and you sit placidly within your own self-made prison, read scraps from the newspapers or an occasional novel and think you are loyal to your country and a lover of freedom! What do you know of the craving to be free to develop your own highest natures? How can you understand what makes the greatness of England as a colonizing power? Only those who are conscious of the blessings of freedom, and use that freedom to expand and grow as God

meant them to grow, are worthy to be citizens of a free realm.

Freedom, Justice, Honour, Magnanimity—loyalty to these constitutes loyalty to our Empire.

Do you purpose to strive for Justice?—Many women in Montreal are to-day working for justice, for a fair chance in life to be given to all. "A just arrangement of society is one in which the ideal life of all its members is promoted as efficiently as possible". What a field of labour lies open there for all who have a desire to serve their country.

Babies' lives are sacrificed in thousands for lack of proper nourishment. Little children live neglected in our streets or work in factories before they can read or write and thus swell the ranks of unskilled labour, because compulsory education is not enforced. Whole families die of consumption owing to bad housing conditions. Hundreds of lives are dull, heavy, joyless because no healthful and stimulating recreations are provided for them.

You girls have leisure, you have had educational advantages, you have every comfort and luxury with which love can provide you.

Justice will be vindicated in your lives only if you do something to promote the lives of some of your fellow-citizens. You are not asked to die for them, but you are asked to live for them.

Many girls have, I know, the desire to give some hours of each day to the service of those less fortunate than themselves but they distrust their own power.

It is certainly true that training is necessary for this, as for all other good work. Some people have special gifts for organization and committee work, others are better able to undertake one definite, practical bit of investigation, and others are at their

best with small children. To some educational work makes the strongest appeal—the care of libraries, kindergarten, domestic science or some form of art. There is room for all and there is a possibility of obtaining training in all. Both New York and Boston have excellent schools of Civics and Philanthropy and there are many settlements which offer practical training to those workers who intend to devote their energies to this form of promoting the ideal life of the community.

I am not at this moment taking up the question of paid professions which offer women a thousand opportunities of bearing their share of the burden of life. I am speaking of the opportunities and the obligations resting upon those of you who have leisure and means.

The life of a parasite has never been a justifiable one. Now less than ever is there a place in the world for drones. New burdens will be laid upon women, and justice demands that we should shoulder them bravely, willingly, and as capably as we possibly can.

Show your loyalty to your country by doing your share in upholding a just state of society in that part of the Empire which shelters you.

How proud we all are of the honour, also, of England! How much more value a bond, a plighted word has now that a whole nation is ready to die rather than violate a treaty. Should not this rouse in all of us a determination to fulfil all our obligations, to promise only what we intend to perform, and to carry out what we have promised, even though it be to our own hurt? Is it not confidence in the good faith of England that has cemented this mighty Empire together? Loyalty is founded on faith and is manifested in absolute faithfulness. Let

the honour of England be greater to us than any passing advantage. Let every citizen of the Empire be faithful to the belief that England may not stoop to break her word. Do not let expediency triumph over right. Uphold the ideal principle even though you suffer for it.

Do you remember Chaucer's description of the "verry parfit gentle knight", the English gentleman of his day? He loved "truth and honour, freedom and curteisye". I think by "curteisye" Chaucer meant what I have called magnanimity. His knight would never condescend to meet brutality by brutality, to triumph over a fallen foe, to indulge in recrimination and abuse. He fought manfully and well for God and the Right and ever slew his foe, and in spite of his valour, he was gentle and courteous.

This is perhaps going to be the hardest virtue for our country to maintain. Do not be petty, spiteful, vindictive in your private lives, and do not think that you show your loyalty to your country by bitter abuse and vindictive hatred of your country's enemy.

Magnanimity is the virtue represented by Arthur, the ideal prince, in Spenser's "Faerie Queene". It is the highest and the hardest virtue to attain. Some people who do not understand it think it a weakness, but in reality it is the greatest of Divine attributes.

Do you remember this passage in the Book of Wisdom? "For thy strength is the beginning of righteousness and thy sovereignty over all maketh thee to forbear all. For when men believe not that thou art perfect in power, thou shewest thy strength, and in dealing with them that know it thou puttest their boldness to confusion. But thou being sovereign over thy strength judgest in gentleness:—

for the power is thine whensoever thou hast the will. But thou didst teach thy people by such works as these how that the righteous must be a lover of men.''

Show your loyalty to your country by being loyal to those things for which she stands—Truth, Honour and Magnanimity. Be lovers of men, worthy citizens of an Empire which champions the cause of humanity.

CAREERS

June 1916

We have not this year any graduating class, and I shall speak, therefore, to all those earnest-minded girls among you, of whatever age or standing in the school, who mean to make their lives of some value to their age and generation, and yet are undecided as to what career they are best fitted to pursue.

One of the most difficult duties which parents and teachers are called upon to perform is to give assistance to the young lives for which they are responsible in discovering their natural bent, and in developing that talent which may prove the most productive in adding to the sum of human happiness and welfare. And yet, perhaps, it is the main duty of each one of us to examine ourselves carefully in order that we may know our own weakness and our own strength and bend all our faculties to the attainment of perfection in some useful pursuit. This does not mean that specialization should begin the moment we have decided upon our future career. In fact, nothing could be more detrimental to success. We are social beings living in very complex relationships. We should be able "to touch environment at every sense point". The wider one's interests, the fuller one's knowledge, the keener the various faculties have been made by overcoming difficulties, the more easily will one master the chosen profession, and the larger will be the scope we shall find for its use. Moreover, a sound, general education is absolutely necessary as a preliminary for the special training

which should begin when school-days are over. All good vocational schools demand as admission requirements, either the equivalent of a high school education or college entrance. Those girls who say, "I do not expect ever to have to earn my own living. Why should I learn Latin and Mathematics? I prefer Literature and French and Music", very often bitterly regret their choice, if they have been allowed to follow their own inclinations.

And here I wish to pause for a few moments on that remark "to *have to* earn my own living". It is a relic of the dark ages which I trust will soon disappear. Once upon a time women were brought up to believe that it was a disgrace "to earn their own living". Soon, I trust, public opinion will go so far as to say "That man or woman who does not *earn* his or her own living deserves to die, unless physically incapacitated."

By earning a living I do not necessarily mean earning the actual dollars and cents which will provide you with food and clothing, although the power to do that is often a keen delight when it can ease the burden on some loved shoulders. To earn a living is to give back in service to the world that which you have received in such large measure. The blue of the sky, the dancing leaves, flowers, the song of birds, all demand a thank offering. Health, mental energy, the love of family and friends, a thousand opportunities for recreation and enjoyment—all these are gifts which must be requited if we would retain our own self-respect and not live on charity. Many of you are fortunate enough to be quite free from financial anxiety. That is all the more reason why you should pay your debt to humanity in fuller measure. Your work may be pro-

fessional, or it may be voluntary, but it should, in either case, be expert.

But expert work requires arduous and sometimes long training and there are very few of you willing "to scorn delights and live laborious days". Too many of you even in these days of storm and stress, grudge even the time necessary to finish your school course, and are filled with dismay when you find out that expert training in almost any vocation would require two, three, or four years after your school life is finished. "Oh, but I shall be so old!" is the cry. But when these three or four years have been frittered away in the vain pursuit of pleasures which do not satisfy, or, and this I hope will be more frequent, in efforts to bear your share of the burden of the world as a willing though unskilled worker, then I think you will be glad if your school work has been faithfully completed, and you are in a position to apply for special training in your own particular branch. When a boy leaves school, he knows he has still many years of hard work before him if he wishes to enter law, medicine, or to fill a professorial chair. For five to seven years he must devote his energies to mastering the material necessary for his career, and even then he must still expect to be a learner rather than a master, until experience has ripened his theoretical knowledge. These professions are now open to women, or rather the door is slightly ajar, but it still requires much courage and determination to face the opposition which still exists in many places.

This war has done much to justify women's entrance into the medical profession. Whereas, at first, the British authorities refused the services of the Women's Hospital, so that they went to Serbia, the work done by women both in medicine and surgery

and their excellent organization, has completely changed their status, and their country is proud to use them now and to honour them with the rank of Colonel. All honour, indeed, to the brave pioneers, who have used their knowledge and their skill for the relief of suffering for many years with but little remuneration and less public recognition, but who have smoothed the path which may lead to fame for many of their sisters.

The teaching profession has always been one that has attracted many women, but a University Course, except for those who "have to earn a living", has never become so much the normal continuation of a girl's education in Canada, as it is in England or in the United States. Why is it? Do we as a nation care less for the things which pertain to the mind and the spirit than our sisters and cousins? Are we more material, more selfish, more pleasure loving? I do not like to think so, and yet facts seem to justify this conclusion. The joy and stimulus of intellectual mastery, the inspiration which comes from lofty and mature minds, the new vistas opening ever before us as we "follow the flying steps of Truth"—these move us not! And yet, every woman in England who has had a University education, and who is not bound by home ties, is finding now that not one moment of her college life was wasted. Many who would give their very lives to serve their country are now "weighed in the balances and found wanting", but the university women are filling men's places in schools, in the Civil Service, in banks, in a thousand varying activities. Their trained minds enable them to add swiftly to their former knowledge the special duties of the new work.

And even in times of peace, a university edu-

cation fits a woman for many different types of work. All have not the gift of teaching, but there are many branches of social work and research for which a university training is absolutely necessary. Moreover, it is possible in many universities to elect a course leading directly to another profession than that of teaching. Architecture is now taking its place among professions open to women, and there seems to be no valid reason why women gifted with special aptitude should not, with the same preliminary education, compete successfully with men.

With architecture I am passing from those professions which make the chief demand upon the intellectual faculties to those in which artistic aptitude is the primary object.

Of Art or Music proper I will not speak because they pre-suppose genius or very marked talent, and the training for them has no time limit. As branches of the Teacher's profession they require many years of advanced work as well as the special qualifications necessary for all good teachers,—enthusiasm, high ideals, the humility which always accompanies a lofty standard, sympathy, and endless patience with sincere effort, however unsuccessful it may be. But artistic talent may also be very usefully employed in crafts, the value of which lies not in high imagination but in perfection of workmanship. Illustration in all its branches may be studied in any good school of Applied Design, and much can be done in two years of advanced work after your preliminary school-training. Book-cover designing, wall-paper designing have their market value, and judging from the number of beautifuly illustrated children's books now to be seen in every book-shop, there is scope for much

artistic and imaginative work in that branch of illustration.

But there are some among you who may say, "I am not at all clever; I could never take a university course and I have not an atom of talent for music or art—what could I do?"

You perhaps have gifts of personality, of determination, of good practical common sense, of sympathy and understanding of human nature, that may make you more valuable than your more brilliant companion, if only you can find your proper niche.

Let me speak now of a few careers which may perhaps appeal to your inclinations and desires. A friend of mine once said, "I would give almost any salary to find a secretary who could spell, punctuate, paragraph and express herself in good English!" Surely this seems a modest wish, and yet there are many men here to-day, I am sure, who employ secretaries, and who would echo that sentiment.

The special training for secretarial work is not necessarily a very long one, although there are long and difficult courses for those who wish to obtain high administrative posts. Stenography, typewriting and simple bookkeeping may be acquired in a few months. That which cannot be acquired so rapidly is character. What you are and what use you have made of your school training are far more vital than the length of your special course. Accuracy and promptitude, courteous instincts and modes of expression, tact, good sense and loyalty will raise you very rapidly to positions of trust and responsibility. Such positions exist in schools, libraries, museums, hospitals and other institutions. Doctors, lawyers, professors, bankers and business-

men of all kinds need this type of secretary, and they do not find them easy to obtain. I myself have been asked to recommend such a person and have not known where to turn to find her.

There is also another type of work, Y.W.C.A. Secretaryship, for which there is a great demand, and in this country no supply whatever. The training for that in the United States is usually taken by college graduates in the National Training School of the Y.W.C.A., New York.

For general Social Service also trained workers are sadly needed. This has now become, in many places, a branch of University work, and may be taken throughout the four-years' college course.

I would earnestly recommend those girls whose interests lie chiefly with people rather than with books, and who feel their own ignorance in face of the many problems of city life, such as poverty, poor housing, infant mortality, and such things, to fit themselves to fight for better conditions by taking a course in some good school of philanthropy.

Another quite different type of work might well recommend itself to some of you athletic girls. There are excellent schools of Physical Training both in England and in the United States. The course may be completed in two years. This is an excellent preparation, not only for teaching in schools, but also for supervision of playgrounds, coaching in various sports, Y.W.C.A. and Settlement Work. It is also possible to take summer courses in athletic and folk dancing, festival and pageant management, which would be very helpful in social work with young people.

I have not mentioned Nursing, partly because it is not a profession which requires any special plea. It is natural that the care of the wounded and the sick

should appeal to your sympathies, and there is nothing nobler than a nurse who realizes the dignity of her profession, and whose heart and soul is in her work, but those two elements seem essential. The highest and most religious motives are necessary to lift a nurse over the many thorny and possibly sordid tasks she is called upon to perform. Do you remember the "whirling wheels" in the vision of Ezekiel? They rested on the ground, but the spirit which animated the living creature was also in the wheels and raised them up to the heavens. Even so, must "the spirit" be in the nurse's work and lift it heavenward. And the heart must never grow hard towards suffering. Sympathy that expresses itself in feeling only may degenerate into weak sentimentality, but sympathy which goes forth in helpful actions is strong and inspiring.

Of Schools of Domestic Science I have not yet spoken, but they are becoming increasingly important of later years. Many of you may be tempted to take short courses so that you may be more capable and efficient in your own homes, and this is by no means to be discouraged; but those who will train professionally will find themselves well repaid by the sense of independence and security which a profession always bestows, and also by the feeling of power over material things which sometimes threaten to overwhelm us, because we are their slaves and not their masters. There is, moreover, a pitiable ignorance concerning the relative values of foods and the skilful management of small means which is very detrimental to the physique of the rising generation. Many graduates of domestic science schools have been able to give lectures and practical demonstrations to classes of mothers on catering and cooking, but there are far too few people capable

of doing this. You girls of leisure and trained minds ought to grapple with these problems, and having found the solution, to spread the useful knowledge among your poorer sisters.

You may have heard that a Women's War Register has been inaugurated in Montreal so that all women who are not already working may have an opportunity to state what they are willing and able to undertake, in order to free men to serve their country at the front. This will and should cause great searchings of heart. The willingness will be there, I am sure, but the capacity will often be lacking. Women of good education should not have to offer themselves as unskilled workers. It is a waste of intellectual resources. Better be an unskilled worker than a drone, certainly, but it is better still to give the value of $10.00 a day to your country than the value of $1.00.

I hope that every girl here will register a vow that in so far as it lies in her own power to do so, she will fit herself, after finishing her school course, to do some one thing well so that she may have something of value to offer when the call comes to her. Whether it is what is usually called women's work, or whether it is men's work, matters nothing. Whether it is performed in the home, in the school, in the hospital, on the farm is quite immaterial. All that matters is that as daughter, wife, mother, wage-earner or social-worker, she is giving back to the world good measure pressed down and running over for all that has so lavishly been bestowed upon her.

PRIVILEGES AND OBLIGATIONS

JUNE 1917

As your time now comes, "to launch your lives upon a sterner sea", I cannot help wondering what your education means to you now, and what it will mean to you and the world through you in the days to come.

Through your ethical studies you have become accustomed to the idea that every privilege carries with it an obligation, and of no privilege I think is this truer than of the privilege of education. It comes to many of you so much as a matter of course, that you hardly recognize that it is a privilege for which men have gladly sacrificed health, ease, leisure, the comforts of home and the companionship of dear ones. Fathers and mothers have denied themselves every pleasure and have worked day and night in order that their children may have that which they themselves have missed or have had in small measure. And particularly in these hard days, many sacrifices are being made by the older generation in order that this privilege may still be yours.

What then have you gained for yourselves from this gift which has been bestowed on you? In what way are you the better for having spent the past eight or nine years of your lives,

"Upon a book in cloister alway to pore".

Why should you not just have picked up a few bits of information here and there in the intervals between moving-picture shows, novels and sports?

In the first place, you yourselves are absolutely different human beings, different in character, different in capacity, different in outlook, different in your impulses, different in your desires from what you would have been had you remained uneducated.

The formation of a strong and upright character is, after all, the primary purpose of education. This is why any system which seeks to eliminate all difficult and distasteful tasks is fundamentally wrong. Strength of character, like physical strength, can be developed only by exercises, which, painful and tiring at first, produce ultimately that strength and elasticity which render them easy and even pleasurable.

"Then welcome each rebuff that turns earth's
smoothness rough!"

As you grow older the things for which you will be most grateful in your school education will be those tasks which entailed frequent disappointments, frequent failures, but which demanded patience, cheerfulness in the face of discouragement, persistence in the accomplishment of tasks in defiance of the allurements of pleasure or ease. Because of these things you will be able, in the days to come, to bear disappointments bravely, to face difficulties with courage, to accomplish tasks with energy and decision and thus to form a strong and upright character. Strength without uprightness, in the moral as in the physical world, produces but a deformity. Your future tasks will demand of you the same scorn of superficiality, the same hatred of slovenliness, the same condemnation of sham and pretence and dishonest work as you have learnt to feel with regard to school tasks.

It is the sincerity of your work which instils a peculiar sense of confidence as we send you forth from this school. What you *undertake* to do we feel sure you *will* do faithfully, not with eye service, but with a sense of responsibility and a love of perfection.

Not only should your character show the effect of your education but your capacity for useful service should have been increased. Your faculty of memory has been trained and developed steadily. This is a very valuable asset which you should not allow to grow rusty with disuse. Memory is one of the gifts which distinguishes man from the lower creatures.

"The present only touches thee," says Burns to the Field-Mouse; and though memory may sometimes bring sorrow with it, yet the riches and the power it bestows upon life far outweigh the grief.

The gift of logical reasoning is one of which we poor women have usually been considered to be bereft. There is perhaps a grain of truth in the imputation. Nevertheless, you have been led in various ways to see that effect proceeds from cause, and you cannot be so totally unreasonable, so deaf to argument as you might have been had all logical training been left out of the curriculum.

But perhaps the faculty which you need most of all is that of critical judgment. In the last two years of your course particularly, you have been trained to analyse not only literary style and modes of expression but motives, conduct, ideals. The burden of establishing right standards of thought and living rests upon the educated members of the community.

Do not "go with a multitude to do evil." Do not

rest content with the paltry excuse, "Everybody does it, why not I?"

Choose recreations that do recreate. If physical, allow your critical judgment to decide how much recreation your body requires. If social, see to it that they are satisfying to your highest social needs —real friendship, mental and spiritual refreshment, mutual aid. If imaginative, do not allow your inner mind to be tarnished by the false and meretricious images of life presented by poor moving pictures, questionable plays and trashy novels. There is no more need to avoid the theatre totally than there is to abstain from all reading. But exercise your trained faculty of judgment. Condemn fearlessly what ought to be condemned. Admire what is admirable and awaken in others the same enthusiasm for what is true and beautiful as you yourself feel. The standards in this country are appallingly low in such matters. A false, melodramatic and even vulgar performance will fill the theatres; a true, pure, artistic production often fails to attract more than a few score choice spirits. Be among the chosen few. Exercise independent judgment. Seek out that which is a refreshment to your spirit, not that which clogs your soul.

And higher even than the critical faculty is the power of insight, which opens your hearts and minds to all the noblest ideals of thought and conduct; to all the highest aspirations of man towards righteousness, beauty and truth; to all the beneficent influences of nature and art; to all the riches of grace which come from communion with the Divine. This is the wisdom whose price is above rubies and all the gold of Ophir.

If your character is strong and upright, if your intellect is keen to acquire and firm to retain know-

ledge, if your judgment is swift to discern between good and evil, if your spirit is open to all good influences, ideals and aspirations, then you will prove the saying true that education is the manufacture of souls.

But you as a human being are something more than this. Character and faculties do not entirely make up the moral universe in which you live, move and have your being. The contents of your minds counts for something. Here the analogy with physical exercises ceases, for not only has your mind been trained and strengthened and made capable of future tasks, but it possesses countless treasures which bring you into intelligent relationship with the world about you. The thoughts and fancies of poets dead and gone have entered into your very being; all parts of the world are peopled for you, if you have historical imagination, with races and men whose fates are the mirror in which we may see our own destiny. What has passed away, and what remains as a deathless heritage, reveal to us what we should value in the passing show of to-day. Your knowledge of architecture and painting has opened up a new world of enchantment to you. Never can you pass before the great monuments of Greek or Gothic art with indifference. The very stones will live for you and speak to you. Even familiar places will take on a new interest and link themselves to the past. And when you travel, riches unspeakable will await you, lurking in many hidden nooks, casting a glory over days which might seem gray to those who, having eyes, see not. And you yourselves are made up of all the knowledge, all the ideas, all the images you have assimilated during these past years. You are as different from what you would have been without them as the empty

glass differs from that, "Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrene", and as wine refreshes the heart of man, so should you, because of all these things, make the desert to bloom as a rose and bring joy and refreshment into earth's arid places.

But life does not consist in being only, but in being and doing. You know that every privilege brings with it an obligation. Your privileges have been many, and for that reason you owe to the world at large service as abundant as the blessings you have received. How are you going to help on the progress of the world? That is the question which every man and woman is called upon to answer.

Happily now there are very few people of leisure who are not striving in some way to ameliorate suffering or to bear the burden of tasks imposed upon them by the needs of others. What is important is that you should study yourselves, your capacities, your opportunities, your special tastes, and in consultation with your parents, come to a decision as to what work in the world you can most profitably perform. It may be that the career for which you long cannot be entered upon at once. If so, keep your purpose ever before your eyes, and in the meantime fulfil the task which lies nearest at hand. You will need special training for almost any valuable work which you intend to carry out. Do not be impatient over the time required to make yourself proficient. Your years of training are also years of life filled with their own peculiar zest and joy. You sacrifice perhaps certain pleasures, certain comforts, you gain the satisfaction of a high purpose accomplished, an inward happiness greater than all transitory pleasures.

I know most of you have hopes and aspirations for the future. Do not let them remain mere blind

yearnings for good. Make your lives of value to others whether the sphere be narrow or wide. Diffuse sweetness and light. Be a cup of strength to the weary and despondent. Let the richness of your natures, the breadth of your interests, the width of your sympathies draw out all that is best in the lives of those about you. For only in a full, useful life will you yourselves grow towards the ideal of womanhood which you now dimly discern, and which will fulfil itself more and more in you as you spend yourselves,

"In wider love and service of mankind."

Your school sends you forth with gratitude for all you have done for it, and with a confident hope that your future life may be rich in those blessings which are independent of all earthly circumstances, because they are eternal in their nature and divine in their origin.

MORALE

JUNE 1918

IN these days of tense stress and stupendous effort for the salvation of all that makes life dignified and noble, the step from school-girl life into the wider freedom of womanhood is fraught with greater significance than in the old days of peace and prosperity. Then it seemed the opening of a door into a promised land of joy, laughter and romance, with perchance more leisure and opportunity for travel, or reading, or the cultivation of some special gift or aptitude.

Now, naturally, and quite rightly, you are thinking more of what you can give than of what you are likely to receive, of what you can do to serve your country, than of what pleasure you can extract from your surroundings.

And because you are so eager to be of service, I want you to-day to think soberly and seriously what it is your country most needs, and not only your own country but the whole agonized world. Wealth and prosperity, and peace with its accompanying delights, used to be the object of our desire. Why have we sacrificed them? What dream lures our best and bravest to lay on the altar youth and joy, love and ambition? Is it not that in the midst of materialism and greed, and vulgar ostentation, and enervating luxury, they have heard the call of the spirit, "What profiteth a man though he gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?" The message may not always be clear, nor could the response be put

into words, but day by day, thousands are willingly losing "the whole world" for the sake of some spiritual ideal.

For spiritual ideals are the only things that really matter. Faith in goodness, in God, in the final triumph of right, a consecration of self to God's purposes, a devotion to the good of others in loving humility—these are the ideals for which you must fight manfully, however often you may be driven back, bewildered by clouds of despondency, led astray by false gleams of delusive pleasures, sunk in bogs of selfishness or sloth.

It is difficult for girls to realize how much it matters to the world what they are. The character of each generation is moulded by the characters of each individual composing it. Women have a greater responsibility in this than men, because it is largely to mothers and sisters and sweethearts that men look for their ideals. And girls of wealth and position and education have a responsibility in these matters far beyond anything they yet realize. What you are is far more important than what you do. The ideals which govern your own life shine through all your actions. When what is called "society" becomes corrupt, the poison spreads downwards through all the ramifications of the body politic. When the ideal of "saintly chastity", so dear to heaven as Milton says, grows tarnished, and immodesty in dress or behaviour becomes fashionable in the so-called smart set, then laxity in morals among girls of the lower classes naturally follows. When an insatiable love of pleasure leads schoolgirls to spend all their money on forbidden moving-pictures, are they not responsible when the same inordinate craving for excitement or indulgence leads their poorer brothers and sisters to the

Juvenile Court? The question "Am I my brother's keeper?" is being answered in the affirmative day by day on the bloody fields of Flanders. If we believe in the Fatherhood of God, we believe in the brotherhood of man, and therefore we acknowledge our responsibility for Belgium and Serbia and all other weak and oppressed peoples.

If we acknowledge this for nations, how much more must we acknowledge it for those at our very doors. We cannot think of ourselves as separate individuals with no corporate responsibilities. All things may be lawful, but certainly all things are not expedient.

Try then honestly to base your principles on love of God and love of your fellow-men; strive to act up to your principles, and leave the consequences in God's hand.

The soul of Canada is in the melting-pot. It will be moulded for good or for ill by you of the coming generation. Every action, every word, I might even say every thought of yours, leaves its impress on that house not made with hands. Is it to be informed with the spirit of self-indulgence, materialism, feverish excitement and discontent, or with love, good-will towards men, lofty aspirations and joys that have no alloy of bitterness?

Strive, in so far as it lies within the power of each of you, to make this land for which so much blood has been shed worthy of the sacrifice. Let our youths as they go overseas carry with them a vision of sweet and gracious womanhood, gentle but courageous, self-forgetful and sympathetic, responsive to the ideals which they also carry in their hearts, but express more readily in deeds than in words.

I have tried to show you that what you are is of more importance than what you do; now I would

point out that what you do is of less importance than how you do it.

You will, I feel sure, all wish to use your talents to the very best advantage. Some of you, looking beyond the present necessity, may wish to continue your training in order to fit yourselves for a profession; others may intend to do some useful war-work now, and prepare for a career later. To the latter particularly I wish to give a little practical advice. Undertake definite work, with definite hours, and having done this, let nothing whatever, except actual illness, interfere with the punctual fulfilment of your duties. If it is voluntary work, the obligation to carry out your undertaking is even more binding than if it is paid; for then your employer is protected by his contract, while in the other case his only security is your honour.

Do the smallest detail of your work as perfectly as you can even though it may consist only in putting stamps on straight. Never consider any task beneath your dignity; the most menial work perfectly performed becomes dignified in the doing of it.

Master first the details of your own work. Then, if time and opportunity serve, learn the next step, that you may be ready when your time for promotion comes. Do not push yourself forward; exceptional ability is always recognized because it is rare. Do not shirk responsibility. Endeavour humbly to be worthy of it when it is laid upon you. When you are placed in a position of authority do not think of those under you as if they were there to minister to your greatness; think of yourself rather as there to find out and develop whatever greatness there may be in them.

Do not measure the quality of the service you give by the amount of the remuneration you receive.

Give good measure, pressed down and running over. If the reward does not come in dollars and cents it will come in self-respect.

A great deal has been said lately about "morale". The importance of this is not confined to the trenches. There as you know it is one of the most important duties of an officer to banish gloom and despondency. Discomforts, difficulties, dangers, and even defeat and death must be faced with a cheerful, indomitable spirit. The duty of cheerfulness is no less incumbent on those behind the lines. Take it with you wherever you go. It is invaluable when stress of work has strained the nerves to breaking-point; when gloom and ill-temper are descending like a cloud and choking up all energy and inspiration. Cheerfulness is one of the highest forms of self-control, for it means that you have gained the power of turning your thoughts, by an act of will, from your immediate surroundings and physical sensations, and of fixing them on the goal towards which you are pressing. If you can diffuse a spirit of cheerful loyalty among your companions in any form of work you may undertake, you will increase the energy and therefore the total output of good work in the whole group.

And it is not only in work that you may maintain the "morale" of your companions. You may be one whose gloomy outlook, carping criticisms, and pessimistic prognostications lower the moral temperature of all your friends, and make life harder for those whose hearts are already harrowed by personal loss. On the other hand, you may see a gleam of hope beyond the darkest clouds; you may welcome each rebuff as a challenge to finer action on your part; you may diffuse an atmosphere of faith

and courage and beneficent energy; you may do good and not evil to all your neighbours.

May this be your part in life:—to carry strength and courage and sympathy wherever you go, so that after years of happy usefulness, many may arise and call you blessed.

MARGINS

June 1919

Conditions certainly have changed very much since our last graduates went forth one year ago, and the test of peace is in many ways a harder and more searching one than that of war. When our men were fighting and dying for us in the trenches, it seemed a small matter for us to forego our own pleasures and comfort in order to share with them the heat and burden of the day. Now that peace has come the tendency is to relax all effort and say, "Come therefore and let us enjoy the good things that now are; and let us use the creation with all our soul as youth's possession. Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered; let none of us go without his share in our proud revelry. Everywhere let us have tokens of our mirth, because this is our portion, and our lot is this."

And it is because this feeling is natural, and because I have so much sympathy with the craving of youth for joy and laughter and mirth, that I wish to speak to you to-day about pleasure. Let us use the creation with all our soul as youth's possession. Yes, with all our soul. That is what you must bring even to your pleasures. Employ your soul and your mind, as well as your mere bodily instincts, in your pleasures, and you will then know pure joy, and mirth unsullied by bitterness.

There is no doubt that the world of pleasure is now passing through a very dangerous phase. The tendency seems to be towards a return to savagery

rather than towards refinement and aesthetic beauty. War has aroused the primitive passions of hatred, vengeance and bloodshed, and primitive forms of pleasure seem to follow in their train. All that we have learned of beauty, tenderness, purity and grace in womanhood seems to be threatened with the same disastrous ruin as the cathedrals and art treasures of Europe. And against this wave of degraded and sordid animalism stands only the slender bulwark of the girlhood of the world. Now, if ever, is the opportunity of youth. We older people can do little to help you, except with our sympathy. You girls are either the willing victims of this monster, or a force to curb, Diana-like, its brute strength and bring it under willing subjection to your soft sway.

Use the creation then with all your soul as youth's possession. Let there be a spiritual element in all your pleasures. Beauty is in its essence spiritual though it may be degraded to serve low ends. Let the appeal of your beauty be such as awakens reverence with admiration.

The souls of our young men are hungering for refinement and culture, after the horrors of the battlefield. Their natures crave also life and joy and social pleasures after their long deprivations. Cannot you give them rest for their souls as well as for their bodies? You have been, and are still, ready to minister to their physical needs in hospitals. Are you not also ready to help them, rather than to hinder them, in the development of their true manhood, by holding constantly before them ideals of sweet, pure, gracious womanhood?

But mirth is not your only portion—a large share of it will come, I hope, in some form or other, into your lives, but it is not your goal. Each of you

would probably express your ambition in a different way, and perhaps, as yet, your aims would have to be described in very general terms. This at least is true, I am sure, of all of you. You wish to leave the world a little richer for the fact that you have been born into it. You wish not only to use the world, but to serve the world. How far have your studies in this school prepared you for the life you ought to live? They have, I hope, prepared you to make your own lives richer, happier, more complete. If opportunities for travel arise, temples, cathedrals, all beautiful buildings in which man has expressed his delight in form, in strength, in grace, in proportion—will speak to you in a language which you can understand. The treasures of painting will lie open to your gaze, for you have learned to some extent how to use the golden key of sympathetic imagination, which will allow you to enter into the vestibule, at least, if not the Holy of Holies, of the artists' minds. You have read enough to know what an inexhaustible store of inspiration may be found in the writings of the truly great of all countries, if only you do not allow yourselves to drift into the habit of reading merely the ephemeral literature of the day.

But all this, while fostering your own growth and your own enjoyment, seems to have very little bearing on the outside world, very little effect on your power to serve others. Perhaps, however, even these peculiarly cultural subjects have more bearing on your general usefulness than you imagine.

Do you remember when Canon Cody spoke to you for a few minutes this year, he mentioned in his very suggestive talk the value of "margins"? Since he had not the time to amplify his idea, as he could have done so ably, let us try to follow it out with

regard to your school-life, and to the new life upon which you are now entering.

It is not hard to realize the value of a margin in your money affairs, nor the value of a margin of time when an important appointment has to be kept, but a margin of knowledge, a margin of physical strength, a margin of trained will-power and wise judgment, are far more vitally important in life than time or money.

Some girls who have left this school are now doing college work. Is it the actual subjects prepared for University matriculation which will now prove of most value to them? Far from it. It is their margin of outside reading, their training in literary criticism, their drawing, even their dramatic work and their games which will enable them to play a leading part in their new sphere of activity.

Some of our girls have taken up secretarial work. Will they depend for their success upon their knowledge of shorthand and type-writing. I hope not. Many a girl who has had to leave school at fifteen has learnt to do shorthand and typewriting extremely well; but unless she acquires a margin of wide reading, hard study and quick observation she will never increase in value. It is a fatal thing to limit your knowledge to the amount required of you by the people or by the actual business you have in hand. You must be greedy of knowledge, ever learning something new, ever trying to understand the problems which interest you. You girls are beginning with a little margin of knowledge in a few things beyond what you may use in your everyday life. Beware that that margin is not quickly rubbed out by neglect and nothing new acquired to take its place. You may forget all you now know, if only you will find something in which you are intensely

interested, and of which you will make yourselves complete mistresses.

The finest and the greatest men and women I have known have been those whose intellectual curiosity is so keen that no year has passed in which they did not add some new thing to their store of knowledge; not because it would advance them in position or in wealth, but because it was a keen joy to them to widen the range of their experience. You may desire to know more of the thoughts and deeds of men of former ages. Read then. Literature, biography, history are at your command. You may feel more interested in the social questions and social movements of your own time—opportunity will arise for you to learn, both by study and experience, the actual conditions now prevailing. How many women have perfected themselves in the last five years in some branch of social service; because when the necessity arose their minds were ripe, their hearts were ready, their wills were disciplined, and the merely technical knowledge was quickly acquired. You may on the other hand crave to assimilate and to express more beauty. Art has a thousand portals opening into gardens of fair delight, where you may feed your soul, and out of your abundance scatter light, and healing, and rest on a weary world.

Do not then limit your margin of knowledge and experience to what is imposed upon you from without. Go forth to seek wisdom for her own sake and

"She shall give to thine head a chaplet of grace,
A crown of beauty shall she deliver to thee."

You will need also a margin of physical strength, and it is your duty to guard this as jealously as your

margin of knowledge. It is very rarely work that saps vital energy. Worry connected with work may do so, but the habit of worrying is one that should be nipped in the bud and banished with resolute courage. You are much more likely to undermine your health by over-indulgence in pleasure than in work. It is a form of intemperance which was far too much indulged in by girls before the war taught them the value of health. For your own sakes, and for the sake of your future great destiny as the mothers of the race, do not squander this priceless possession.

Another margin, that of trained will-power and wise judgment, your school has tried to give you. You have already developed to a very great degree that steady purpose, that unfaltering will, which sees a goal to be attained, and subordinates all other distractions to the attainment of the chosen end. Many times, I know, all of you have postponed, or even entirely given up some pleasure, in order that a duty may be performed, or you have used your brains so to order your days that the pleasure shall not interfere with the fulfilment of the duty. The road by which your will has been strengthened may sometimes have been a somewhat rough one. We do not choose to move all obstacles out of your path. Your will has had to grow "sinewed by action". One difficulty after another has been conquered and left behind. You are not afraid to face difficulties. "I will" comes more readily to your tongues than "I cannot". You have, I hope, a margin of will-power which will be sufficient to enable you to resist any undue allurements of pleasure, and to surmount the rocks of difficulty.

But with trained will-power must be coupled wise judgment. Minerva, if you remember, promised her aid to Paris, in order that his "will" and "pure

law" might some day be one, and "commeasure perfect freedom".

While at school your life has been ordered for you in many details. As you grow older, more and more must your own judgment be used in determining the direction of your will. A strong will set on an unworthy aim is indeed more a curse than a blessing. "Give us a right judgment in all things", is a petition that should constantly be on our lips.

Do not make the mistake of thinking, however, that you are infallible judges of what is the fitting and proper thing to do. You may have a few theories, and I hope you have more than a few aspirations, but you have had very little experience. You must for a long time yet make use of the experience of older people. If your ultimate object is a good one, and you have the strength of will to keep it ever before you, every day, life will provide you with a thousand ways of preparing yourself for its accomplishment. But "there is a Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." The destiny of each one of you may be something which you have never imagined. If your daily life has tended to keep you alert in mind and body, dependable, whole-hearted in all you undertake, forgetful of self, interested in the welfare of others, then you may be sure a use will be found for all your contriving. But do not for a moment think your education is over. It is only beginning. A weapon has been forged, but it has neither been tempered nor sharpened. Experience and your own efforts may yet make or mar it. It is your privilege now to make yourselves daily more perfect instruments for the accomplishment of God's purpose for you in the world. Strong and yet

tender, capable but sympathetic, lofty in aims but lowly in spirit, be all this, and there will be no danger that you will fail in doing whatever task falls to your lot.

DREAMS AND VISIONS

JUNE 1920

THERE is always a certain sadness as well as a feeling of triumph in the completion of any purpose which has extended over a long period of time. All of you know, I think, the temptation to leave the task unfinished, to drop out of the race before you have reached the goal. Yet in spite of distractions, in spite of difficulties, you have never really faltered. Now the first race is run, the first milestone attained, and all that lies beyond is misty yet alluring, vague in outline but full of promise. Thinking of what gift to desire for you, the words of the old prophet came into my mind. "Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams."

Is there a distinction then between dreams and visions? Are visions the prerogative of youth, and dreams the consolation of maturity? Our dreams are perhaps all the outcome of our own experience. Looking back, we dream of past joys, past hopes, past failures, sometimes; and looking forward we build up from our experience dreams of a better world, the world which will be made by you, if only you can see visions and remain true to the revelation which you have.

For the visions which come to youth are not tarnished by doubt or suspicion or greed. They come,

> "Trailing clouds of glory,
> From God who is their home."

They are not limited by the actual and material, but they are the most real of all things. They are the stuff of which great poets, great musicians, great reformers, great leaders are made, and happy indeed are those who can say with St. Paul: "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

A book has recently been written called "The Science of Power." The writer, Benjamin Kidd, holds that the whole secret of power in this world lies in "the emotion of the ideal". In other words, if you have a true vision, if you have an ideal for humanity purged of all self-seeking and self-assertion, and if you passionately devote yourself to this ideal, nothing can ultimately withstand you. If this ideal can be so impressed upon a nation that it will move forward as one man towards its object, then that nation will hold a position of supremacy in the world, never yet attained by any people. We all know with what force the emotion of patriotism swayed the various races of the world when a common danger led masses of men and women to sink their own private interest in a striving for the general welfare, in time of war. Is there no great ideal for times of peace? Is there no passionate longing for justice, for humanity that can be evoked to transmute the spirit of self-seeking into an earnest striving for the highest good of the whole community?

This seems to be a Herculean task to set before young maidens. Yet the motto of our school is "Non nobis sed urbi et orbi"—"Not for ourselves but for our city and for the world"—and you must try to see to what purpose you have studied and read and thought; polished your minds and clarified your eyes. Is it in order that you may see visions? Is it that purely material pleasures and gratifications may be

seen in their true relations to the higher and more lasting joys of mind, and heart, and spirit? It is almost impossible to overestimate the power of the "emotion of the ideal" in the heart of one girl. It is not necessary for you to talk about your ideal. It is not necessary for you to be wealthy, or brilliant, or beautiful, or even unusually capable. What you dream, what you desire with your whole heart, will so mould your character that every act will be a revelation of your visions.

It is thought by some that women have a far greater capacity for ideal emotion than men. I am not at all convinced that this is true, although women seem to be able to merge themselves more selflessly in the life of others than most men do. What is true, however, is this. Men are usually thrown by necessity into such fierce competition in the struggle for existence that self-interest tends to choke the more ideal quality of devotion to the interests of others; women—wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, have not this excuse. But, alas, their petty selfish interests, their desire for ostentation, or luxury, their extravagance and thoughtlessness frequently stifle, instead of nourish, the ideal life of those upon whose efforts they subsist. On the other hand, the home that has a wife, mother, or sister, with clear vision, lofty ideals, sympathy that begins in the home-circle, but that extends to all that are suffering or weak, is a source of blessing and inspiration to a circle far wider than that of kinship, friendship or even acquaintanceship. The deeds, and the vision that prompted the deeds, generate in other minds similar impulses, and many a great beneficent world-wide movement has had its source in the mind of one unconscious girl or woman. Who knows when the first vision of day-

nurseries for children, or milk-stations for babies, or pensions for widowed mothers first arose? Of this be sure; it was in the heart of some woman stirred by the emotion of the ideal, whose vision had not been dimmed and blurred by the selfish dominance of immediate desires, but who was able to project herself into the future, and strive persistently for the good of a generation yet to be.

What are then the enemies of the ideal? You are young. You have in you the power of seeing visions. What is it that so often dims this power, and renders a life which began full of promise, weak and futile. Do you remember the cry of Andrea del Sarto, in Browning's poem, when he compared Rafael's imperfect sketch with his own perfect technique?

"But all the play, the insight and the stretch
Out of me, out of me!"

He had lost the power of seeing visions. Why? He had chosen to put his own personal gratification first, and the cause, the ideal, the vision, second. He had sacrificed the future to the present. Therefore his works no longer soared heavenward. He had Lucrezia, he had his home; but his spirit forever remained unsatisfied, his powers unfulfilled.

Is not that the great danger of the present day? There are so many pleasures, so many self-indulgences, not perhaps harmful in themselves if used as recreation, as refreshment after toil, but clogging, deadening to the spirit, if they engross all the attention, absorb all the energies which should be flowing out to the world at large, instead of revolving round one little atom in the great universe. The power of single-hearted devotion to a cause is

well-nigh irresistible, and in so far as you are able to subordinate your own pleasures to the claims of some *other*-regarding interest, you will gain not only in strength and influence, but in inward contentment and true happiness. It is amazing how much vision, how much devotion to the ideal of social service, is sometimes shown by young girls who have just left school. The May Court Club in Ottawa, the Junior League in Montreal have fostered and developed these powers in many a young girl, whose emotions have been quick and eager, but who might soon have been blinded by the false attractions of an aimless existence. But there are still very many who undertake a task in a moment of enthusiasm, without counting the cost, and who fail whenever a clash comes between self-interest and public interest. Self comes first, the Cause or Ideal second, and therefore the life is crippled.

Vision requires not only devotion to others rather than to self, but also subordination of the present to the future. Had Andrea del Sarto only been content to wait, to suffer, if necessary, present loss for future gain, what height might he not have reached! Youth is proverbially impatient. It wants to see immediate results; but visions and ideals are concerned not with the present but with the future. The mother is ready, how often we see it, to pinch and save and work and plan through long years, in order that her child may go forth into life equipped with a strong body and a well-trained mind. She scorns delights and lives laborious days, happy in the knowledge that the richness of his future will more than made amends for her starved days. But it is harder to limit our pleasures, to curtail our amusements, to postpone our opportunities for a life of leisurely self-indulgence, in order to prepare just

ourselves for a fuller, richer, more useful life in days to come.

Do not for a moment think that your education is completed. You are leaving no "finishing-school". The soil has been ploughed, and even harrowed somewhat, a little good seed has been sown, but much ground still lies fallow waiting for more seed, and that which is already planted needs tender fostering, and weeding, and the rain and sunshine of experience before it can bring forth the fruit of culture. Do not be impatient. Keep your minds steadfastly fixed on a distant goal. Seek beauty, seek truth, seek opportunities for making life easier, happier, more worth living for all about you. Strengthen your sinews, brace your nerves, discipline your wills, and then

"O Young Mariners
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam."

THE TRUE ARISTOCRACY

JUNE 1921

A GREAT responsibility rests on all whose circumstances are such that they are able to take advantage of every possible opportunity for developing their own capacities and enriching their own natures. The Gentleman with a Duster who wrote "The Mirrors of Downing Street" brings a great indictment against the aristocracy of England in this generation. He says: "Aristocracy has lost its respect for learning, it has grown careless of manners, it has abandoned faith in its duty, it is conscious of no solemn obligations, it takes no interest in art, it is indifferent to science, it is sick of effort, it has surrendered gladly and gratefully to the materialism of plutocracy."

This seems to be somewhat too severe as regards our beloved Mother Country. Although some members of the aristocracy have certainly forfeited their claims on public esteem, there are still families of dignity and worth who have not surrendered to the materialism of plutocracy; but who hold aloft the banner of idealism and devotion to duty in the midst of a material and pleasure-loving world.

However that may be the criticism is pregnant with warning and suggestions for us. We have no aristocracy of birth in this country, but this summing up of what aristocracy has lost, or is in danger of losing, in other countries, may give us the clue to what would form in our newer land an aristocracy of culture and breeding, whose claims would rest on

a natural superiority and power of leadership, based on character and capacity for service.

"Respect for learning" comes first, and this you will notice is an attitude of mind, not an actual attainment. There are many people who are not learned in themselves, either from lack of ability or lack of opportunity, but who have a sincere regard for learning and who appreciate the fact that a good education is of such vital importance that nothing should be allowed to interfere with it. There used to be a somewhat crude and vulgar idea rampant in this new country, that a boy needed as much learning as would enable him to make money, and a girl as much, or as little, as would enable her to get a husband! We are, I hope, rising a little above this level, although our neighbours to the South are still far ahead of us in the value they place upon education, both as a personal and as a national asset. You girls would not be graduating here to-day had you not had in your hearts some love and respect for learning. In many cases, I know, you remained for this last year at your own desire. In every case you have put the claims of intellect before that of pleasure, and in so far as you have done this, and continue to do this, you are building up a true aristocracy, in which the most wise shall be the most honoured; for learning and wisdom go ever hand in hand. But our stern mentor says also that aristocracy has grown careless of manners. This, I think, is one of the saddest signs of the day. Good manners are not merely an affectation, a social veneer assumed for special occasions. They are the outward expression of an innate refinement of feeling. They spring from a sense of personal dignity, combined with a humble appreciation of the worth of others, and from a heart too sensitive willingly to

inflict pain or discomfort on others. I am not going to dwell on the spirit of aggression and selfish assertion which marks some of the young people of to-day, because I do not think I could find eight girls anywhere so entirely free from this vulgar fault. Guard your sweetness and gentleness of manner as a very precious possession. Be sensitive to the feelings of others, especially of older people, be quiet and unobtrusive in public places, scorn to ape mannish habits and modes of speech, strive to let your voices, movements, manners, reveal the womanly soul within, and let them not reflect the somewhat uncouth contortions of a newly formed society, without old traditions, and without sufficiently strong ideals to build up a new tradition of its own.

Another mark of decadence in this poor old aristocracy is "it takes no interest in art and is indifferent to science." It is to the world of comparative leisure that we must look for encouragement in art, letters and science. It is true that it has not produced very many great artists, writers or men of science from itself, for genius springs into birth in the lowliest places; but few writers can write, or painters paint, without the incentive of a sympathetic and appreciative public. Art and literature are in their infancy in Canada. Generations of cultured gentlemen and gentlewomen in the older countries since the days of Lorenzo dei Medici have loved beauty and called for it, until it sprang into existence from the urgency of their desire. All you girls do, I think, at the present moment, love literature and art, and long to know more of them. Do not stop where you are now. Read, study, use any opportunity of travel that may come to you, encourage, by sympathy at least, if you cannot do it financially, any sound literary or artistic move-

ments of your day. The production of a national literature and a national art is an uphill work in a new country, and it cannot possibly be done without a literary and artistic public. We have no aristocracy of birth, but the boys and girls who are being educated now, must take upon themselves the functions of that old aristocracy of taste and refinement, and provide the atmosphere in which genius may flourish. We are so crude in our tastes: sport and vaudeville and moving-pictures take the place that music, art and literature used to hold. If we go to a fine concert, or grand opera, to our shame be it said, it is not the English-speaking public that is best represented there. Light musical comedy is best suited to our uncultivated tastes. You thoroughly enjoy a literary lecture now. See to it that ten years from now you enjoy it with a fuller knowledge and a keener relish. Play bridge if you like, but do not let a passion for bridge sap your energies and fill your minds until you have neither time nor mental vigour to give to matters of higher moment. Enjoy life, it is right that you should do so, but do not think that physical pleasures are the only ones, or even the most satisfying; the eye to see beauty of form and colour, the ear to hear harmony of sound, the mind to grasp truths, the spirit to respond to ideals and perhaps fashion them—all these things bring the highest and most lasting joys, and may go on increasing with the years, when the purely physical delights of youth lose their power to satisfy. Try always to keep a little leisure for poetry and other good reading, and take every opportunity of seeing and hearing whatever will bring suggestion and inspiration in its train.

Some of you, I know, intend to go on definitely with your studies at once. You are the fortunate

ones, for it is more difficult to foster the higher life of culture in the midst of daily duties and trivial tasks, as well as pleasures, than when a definite course of study or travel has been adopted. Yet the greater part of life for all of you will probably be a home life, and ultimately, if not at once, you will have to order your leisure hours, so that they may bring to you the highest possible return. Do not cultivate that restless spirit which must go forth seeking distractions night after night. Culture demands calm, peaceful, leisure hours. Treasure every evening at home as a precious opportunity for some good reading. Compulsory home-work will be a thing of the past, but fill its place with the good reading you have longed to do, but have not yet had time for. Even one hour daily would make your mind a treasure-house of noble thoughts. A light novel is a rest at times, often the best form of rest for weary and worried people, but in your youth and vigor give your mind something to grapple with, to feed upon. Have one book of history, biography, literary criticism or poetry always at hand, and make friends with whom you can enjoy interchange of ideas, and discussion of new thoughts.

But the most serious indictment brought against the aristocracy of England is that it has abandoned faith in its duty, it is conscious of no solemn obligations, it has surrendered gladly and gratefully to the materialism of plutocracy. This criticism may be true in certain instances, but I do not think it is at all fair to the majority of the old houses of England, who responded nobly, both men and women, to the call of duty in 1914, and who fulfilled to the death their solemn obligations.

Whatever may be said of England, however, there is no doubt whatever that in time of peace, our more

leisured classes have very little sense of duty or of their solemn obligations outside of their own families or immediate social circles.

There are always magnificent exceptions to this, and I should like to feel that every girl who passes from this school will take with her its motto: "Non nobis sed urbi et orbi". In the great social upheavals which are taking place all over the world, either as bloody or as peaceful revolutions, it is absolutely necessary for all of us to play our part. We must think, we must feel, we must act. Because there has been in the past so much injustice, we must earnestly strive to be just in all our dealings. If every individual asked only what was just and gave what was just, the Golden Age would come back again. We all have our prejudices, and it is the duty of all educated people to use their trained minds to see public issues clearly and honestly, and if possible to form opinions of their own slowly and soberly, and to act in their own private affairs according to their principles. I am not asking you or even recommending you to make speeches, write pamphlets or take public action of any kind; but in the simpler matters of life in which you yourselves have to act, and often have to express an opinion, it is your duty and your solemn obligation to act and speak according to those principles, which, if put into universal practice, would regenerate the world. A nation composed of just individuals would be a just nation. A nation composed of individuals who strive for money and the material pleasures money will bring, and neglect the cultivation of the more spiritual desires whose satisfaction is independent of great wealth, will be a sordid and materialistic nation, whose final downfall is inevitable. Do your part in the world by striving to develop

continually the ideal rather than the material side of your nature, and by trying to bring about, in so far as it lies in your power, that state of society in which each will work for the other's good and thus obtain his own.

In an article by Dean Inge on "An English Gentleman" I read the other day a quotation from Bernard Shaw in which he says, "A gentleman is a man who always tries to put in a little more than he takes out." Take from the world around you all the beauty, the power, the knowledge, the joy it can give you, but give back in return good measure, pressed down and running over. So only will your lives be blessed.

STANDARDS

JUNE 1922

THERE is nothing of more vital importance to an individual, or to a nation, than the standards which regulate its existence. We all judge our own actions and the actions of other people daily, almost hourly. How do we measure them? With what do we compare them? Are we too easily satisfied or too critical? Have we any viewpoint of our own at all, or do we just drift with the tide, blown hither and thither by every puff of public opinion? Up to the present time, standards have been provided for you by your parents, and by your school. You are now reaching years of discretion, and the springs of your actions must come more and more from within and less from without. Are you at all prepared for the guidance of your own lives? Are you strong enough and courageous enough not only to form standards of judgment but to live up to your own standards?

I suppose education has as its primary function the duty of establishing right standards of conduct. And conduct is a very broad term. It includes not only distinctively moral actions but every form of purposeful activity. Therefore standards of intellectual labour, standards of aesthetic taste, standards of recreation, standards of home life must all take their place with standards of personal morality and social duties. All these I should like to consider separately.

I have mentioned the standard of intellectual labour first, not because it is of supreme importance, but because it depends very often almost entirely upon the school for its development. You have learnt the value of thoroughness, of exactitude, of honesty in intellectual matters. You would never be satisfied with superficiality, or slovenliness, in yourselves or in others. Retentiveness of memory, power of logical reasoning, quickness of apprehension are gifts somewhat unevenly distributed by nature, consequently the actual amount of knowledge required by various individuals in a school differs greatly, yet the standard of labour must be equally high in all cases; it must represent the very best of which each individual is capable. It may lead one to higher University work and to one of the learned professions; another to a life of practical or domestic activity; in either case the standard of perfection in labour, the habit of bringing the mind to bear upon all problems clearly and steadfastly will produce that ordered and well-regulated form of life which is the aim of true education.

There is not so much danger, however, of a general lowering of the standards of purely intellectual labour in this age of science and research as there is of the deterioration of aesthetic taste. You are familiar with the words "Beauty is Truth", but to many it seems as if Beauty were in danger of being banished from the world. You have read much beautiful literature, beautiful in thought, beautiful in expression. Surely this should provide you with a standard of judgment in such matters. It should help you to distinguish the true from the false, the sincere from the affected and artificial, and what is musical and finished from what is harsh and slovenly. You will no more wish to live in your

imagination with foolish, sentimental, essentially vulgar and low-minded characters than you would wish to do so in real life. You will love simplicity, sincerity, strong principles and high ideals in fiction as in fact, and you will learn to see these qualities, as all great novelists have seen them, in every walk of life. You will escape sometimes from the pressure of dull cares and noisy turmoil "on the viewless wings of Poesy." Dull winter will suddenly be turned to spring, and Sweet Fancy will bring

> "in spite of frost
> Beauties that the earth hath lost;
> She will bring thee all together
> All delights of Summer weather;
> All the buds and bells of May,
> From dewy sward or thorny spray;
> All the heaped Autumn's wealth
> With a still, mysterious stealth;
> She will mix these pleasures up
> Like three fit wines in a cup,
> And thou shalt quaff it."

Try to keep alive the love of poetry which you now have by feeding it on the greatest that has been produced in past ages and on all that modern genius may produce.

To art you have also had some introduction. Modern art or modern literature cannot afford to ignore completely the standards by which art has been judged in past centuries and other climes. Beauty cannot be divorced from reality and yet remain true. Keep your standard of judgment sane by taking every opportunity of studying those masterpieces of Art in every country which have survived the test of time and still endure. The enduring element in them is that beauty which is

truth. Nothing which is crude, bizarre, exaggerated, represents more than the passing fad of a decade. Do not be carried away by the fashion of the hour. Above all do not pretend to admire that which does not satisfy your taste. Strive ever to keep your standard just by study and comparison, and then feast your soul on all the beauty which colour and line and harmony and atmosphere can suggest.

But aesthetic taste does not show itself only in literature and art, it enters into life in a thousand ways, and it is with its more ordinary manifestations that the school is chiefly concerned. Literature and Art, with a capital A, are for the few; but life should be made a much more beautiful thing for the many. There is a beauty in perfect simplicity and order. Display and untidiness are always ugly, and surely the natural place for the average woman to exercise her aesthetic taste is in her home. There was a time when every household utensil was a work of art, moulded by the fingers that were to use it, and coloured with naïve and expressive design. Still the same loving care may be exercised in perfecting the dwelling-place, which by its comfort, harmony and beauty will exert a soothing and an elevating influence on all its inmates. Colour, line, composition, all have their part to play in the arrangement of the simplest room, and in the region of the spirit of man these all play their part. Of dress, the same may be said. The truly cultured woman never blindly follows the fashion-plates of the month. Loving beauty, she refuses to make herself ridiculous by adopting fashions unsuitable for the expression of her own individuality. She therefore modifies and re-models fashion's decrees until a harmony is produced which reveals her nature instead of disguising it. Very few people know the art of dres-

sing, but at least it is something if we can grasp the idea that it is permissible to have a standard, even in dress, above that of a fashion paper; and that modesty, refinement and restraint have always a charm of their own, which when combined with good lines and artistic colouring may free one from the tyranny of fashion. There is also a necessity for right standards in recreation. Life happily, is not all toil, and usually there are many hours which may be filled according to the dictates of our own desires. Recreation is a very suggestive word. What has to be re-created? As one grows older, it is very often physical energy which has been sapped and must be replaced through rest. But for youth, except in occasional circumstances, this is not necessary. If one's duties are sedentary, or if they confine one to indoor life, the whole being craves physical outdoor exercise. Golf, tennis, swimming, riding,—all these things are truly re-creative and wholesome. But to see young men and maidens lounging away the long summer days in motors and gasoline launches, instead of walking, riding or paddling a canoe, as in the good old days, is one of the signs of an effete civilization.

And what is to be said of our standards of home-life? The modern craving for excitement is driving people more and more to seek their recreation in movement, in crowds, in noise and clamour, rather than by the fireside in winter, and in lovely garden plots or shady nooks in the warm summer months. Not that social pleasures can, or should be, abolished, but they should supplement, not strangle, family existence. Happy are you who have been brought up in an atmosphere in which simple pleasures, simple interests, simple duties, loving cares have made "home" a synonym for "restfulness". You in

your turn will some day be the home-makers. Will your standard of home-life be such that you will be able to provide not only an atmosphere of comfort and well-being for the body, but intellectual stimulus for the mind, manual activity if need be for restless hands, and above all scope for the affections—for all those virtues which spring from love, for unselfishness, and consideration for others, for sweet-temper and cheerfulness, for courage and devotion in time of need? For with the disintegration of home-life seems to come so often a loosening of the greatest tie which binds the human race together. The Christian ideal of life is that of one great family, whose centre is the Father, and, in the perfect home, love of parents and obedience to parents are so interwoven with love of God and obedience to God that the two remain through life inextricably mingled. Piety and reverence for parents is easily transferred into piety and reverence for God, and from this springs that devotion to mankind which is only a fuller and a nobler development of the spirit of mutual helpfulness within the family.

But when the tests of life come to you, is your standard of personal morality sufficiently high to enable you to serve human beings on the highest possible plane, that of character. You may do good to their bodies, you may do good to their minds. Will you do good or harm to their characters? This is the test of the value of your home education and of your school education. When we say of a girl "she has high standards" we mean primarily moral standards, for all other standards proceed from these, or are valueless without these. We know you have high standards of truth and honour. Never let them waver for a moment. Should you ever slip and fall, for we are all apt to do that, climb back to

your standard, do not bring it down to your level. Strive ever to raise it to a fairer height, pressing ever onward and upward towards that invisible world whose margin fades forever and forever as we move. There only will be found the true home and abiding-place of the soul.

VALUES

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As you stand to-day on the threshold of a new life, we who care for you long that it may bring to each of you the fullest, richest treasures that are stored in the cornucopia of Time. For it is only to the aged that Time seems a wrinkled old man with a sickle in his hand. To youth he is young. His seed-sowing days may be over, but he has just begun to gather the flowers and the fruits, and years of enjoyment seem to be in prospect. And from his bountiful store he seems to be offering you freely your choice. Will you have the wisdom to choose rightly?

Now your power to choose rightly depends upon the value you place upon various objects. It is the same, is it not, if you go on a shopping expedition. Two girls may go out with the same amount of money in their purses. One may come home with some very fashionable, but very ugly garments, showy in ornamentation, crude in colour and entirely lacking in good lines or intrinsic beauty of any kind. "Oh! but"—she will say to her critical friends—"it is the very latest cut, and everybody is wearing this colour now!" The other will bring back some charming gowns, beautiful in colour and material, graceful in line and perfectly suited to her age, figure and the occasions for which they are designed. One girl is ruled by what I may call *mob-taste,* the other has developed standards of her own by which she values objects not according to their money value, not by other people's ideas, but by

something within herself which leads her sometimes to prefer an object worth $1.00 in money to another worth $100.00. The greatest treasures from Time's cornucopia may be gathered without money and without price, but there are very few people who know how to choose rightly, because the flowers which seem fairest often wither as soon as gathered, or breathe a heavy, poisonous scent; while the most luscious fruits turn bitter in the mouth. Can I say anything to-day to guide you in your choice, to show you how the years you have spent in school ought to have given you wisdom, which is after all only another word for "a right judgment in all things", or the power to choose aright? There are some of you, perhaps, who, like the lotos-eaters, would choose a life of dreamful ease. You feel you have had enough of labour, of struggle, of mental effort. "Let us alone," you say, "Why should life all labour be?" So you choose the lotos-flower, and at first the scent is soothing and delicious, but soon a deadly sense of boredom creeps over you, rest is hateful, leisure is empty, the fruit of the lotos is tasteless and produces a curious restlessness, and irritability. Your mind having nothing else to feed upon begins to feed upon you, and imagines for you aches and pains and woes innumerable, until like Malvolio you are "sick of self-love and taste with a distempered appetite".

Then you see a branch of apple-blossom, fresh and beautiful, full of all the energy and promise of spring-time, speaking of a life of healthful activity, bringing forth fruit for the solace and refreshment of men, harbouring happy singing-birds whose throats are throbbing with the joy of life; and you wonder how even for a moment you could have been deceived by the drowsy beauty of the lotos. "How

dull it is to pause, to make an end: to rust unburnished, not to shine in use'' you exclaim, and you look about you for some work, some form of activity, which will satisfy that deep, divine craving implanted in you, to be of some use in the world, to use your talents, to bring forth fruit.

Or pleasure, perhaps, seems to you the one thing worth living for. The gaudy tulip catches your eye, —fleeting, tangible amusements, glittering in the open sunshine, quite harmless, but quite unsatisfying, appealing to the eye only and shedding no subtle fragrance, breathing no haunting mystery, suggesting no dim, far-off beautiful things. Soon the colours fade, the petals fall; and alas, it has not within itself unending sources of fruitfulness, for year by year its flowers grow feebler, paler, smaller, until they lose all power to charm. So the artificial pleasures of youth soon fail to satisfy.

But growing close beside it see the lily-of-the-valley, small, retiring, unassuming, but shedding a heavenly fragrance, full of sweet memories and sweeter promise. Surely this is the gift of appreciation of all beautiful things, a joy far transcending the trivial transitory amusements of the passing hour, which are worthy only to beguile an idle moment, not to be the object of a life-time. And unlike the tulip, the lily-of-the-valley does not grow less with age, it spreads out its roots and shoots up its flowers in all directions, even breaking through hard and stony ground. Even so the power of appreciation of beautiful things, increases year by year, as it finds more and more soil to nourish it. For beauty is eternal. It expresses itself in myriad forms; in earth and air and sky; in the butterfly and the bird; in men, women and little children; in music, in art, and in the thought of man.

Surely if you long for happiness, you will not be deceived by its gaudy counterpart pleasure, but will seek it in the paths of true beauty, which lead the soul finally to the Author and Maker of all Beauty, and to final and perfect satisfaction.

But some of you may crave above all things Admiration, which like the orchid is a hot-house plant, flourishing in an unnatural atmosphere. To such I would say, turn your eyes to what Coleridge has called "a sheltering-tree", to Friendship. For admiration, if it depends on outward beauty, soon ceases; if it is aroused by success or achievement of any kind, it is apt to induce either self-satisfaction or hypocrisy. But friendship gives as much as it receives, it admires freely but it criticises frankly, it shares joys and sorrows, successes and failures; its flower, like the cherry-blossom, gladdens the eye, and its fruit refreshes but never clogs. Friendships many of you have formed at school; foster them, tend them, prune them of all that is selfish, jealous and unworthy, water them with constant remembrances and loving thoughts, be strong and steadfast, that in time of need your friend may lean on you as on a trusty tree and feed on the fruits of your friendship in the days when her soul is parched and hungry.

But, perhaps, what tempts you is not so much admiration as general popularity. This is a gay poppy-like flower though by some it is looked upon almost as a weed. "Beware when all men speak well of you." Too often it demands a lowering of your standards, a truckling to public opinion, a denial of the truth that is in you. Turn to the humble daisy, a commonplace flower, but a blessing to all, loved by poets and by little children, because it gives itself freely to all. Let your thoughts dwell

on what you can do for others, rather than on what others may be thinking of you. Let service, not popularity, be your choice, and the storms that so quickly shatter the poppy, scattering its bright petals and bending its proud head, will have no power to harm you. Rather will they bring you fresh strength and beauty and greater power and opportunity to serve.

And never was the spirit of service more needed in the world than it is now. Fear and want and greed are driving men to crush one another in the fierce struggle for existence. Only the sweetness and light of unselfish service can curb the fury of these grim spectres.

Time has far more flowers and fruits in his store than I have yet mentioned, but there are only two more of which I wish to speak to-day. I have left them until the last because they have struggled for the mastery over the minds of men, and women, too, since the world was young, and the struggle is not yet definitely decided. Yet the choice is a momentous one. It may come to some of you, it may come to none of you, it may come to all of you, and I hope if it does you will not hesitate as to which has the greatest value. The symbol of one is the rose, deep red, or rosy pink or creamy white, for love is of many kinds and many degrees, but all are rich and lovely and very precious. For the other it is hard to find a symbol. Joined with love it is like the golden apples of the garden of the Hesperides, divorced from love, or at the price of love, it is a Dead Sea fruit and turns to dust and ashes in the mouth. Wealth and a loveless life is like salt sea water to a man dying of thirst, it only aggravates his misery. Love,—deep, understanding, forbearing love, may surmount the trials and difficulties of pov-

erty, but wealth without love can never bring satisfaction.

Do not think I speak only of married love, though that at its best is the greatest gift Time can bestow. Love of father or mother, brother or sister, love of friends, can irradiate life as no material prosperity, unshared with loved ones, can ever do. Therefore if this gift is yours, treasure it now, beyond anything else you may possess, and if the choice ever comes to you between more perfect love and loveless wealth, do not sell your birthright for a mess of pottage. "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also," is a saying you well know, but equally true is it that where your heart is there will your treasure also surely be found. Set your heart on activity rather than ease, and life will become so full of interesting things to do, interesting people to meet, interesting ideas to expand that there will not be a moment left for boredom to creep into. Develop your power to appreciate beautiful things instead of making trivial amusements, meant only for diversions, your main object in life. Then will each day bring new joys; a flower in spring, an autumn tree, a sunset, the sky at night, a poem, a strain of music, a beautiful painting, all these will provide lasting joys, of which loss of friends, loss of fortune, even loss of health cannot totally deprive you.

And if friendship and service mean more to you than admiration and popularity, then will your life be rich indeed, for in such measure as ye mete shall it be measured unto you again. You must first learn to be a friend before you can make a friend. You must be ready to share your friend's interests and not expect her always to share yours. You must be ready at times to sacrifice your wishes in order

that hers may be fulfilled. You must cease to be petty, and exacting and jealous, so that your friendships may broaden, not narrow, your lives, and make the service of humanity the natural outcome of your closer personal relationships. And if you put love in all its forms first in your life, then will all other blessings follow in its train, you will be happy, you will be virtuous, you will be wise; and what greater gifts could the kindest of fairy godmothers bestow upon you?

THE GIFT OF THE GODS

JUNE 1924

IN Tennyson's beautiful poem "Œnone" the three great goddesses, Juno, Minerva and Venus, offer the youth, Paris, the most tempting gifts known to the pagan mind. And I suppose the eager, ambitious spirit of youth will always see one or other of these tempting lures, or even all of them, flitting before him and distracting his mind with their rival attractions.

Juno offers royal power, ample rule unquestioned, overflowing revenue. There is nothing very ideal in this, and yet, craving for power has been the last infirmity of many noble minds. It manifests itself sometimes at a very early age. We all know the tyrant of the nursery, the child who must always say which game is to be played, who insists upon acting always the chief character in "make-believe"; who shows everyone how everything is to be done, and is generally what is known as a "bossy" child. Many of us will recognize that microbe still persisting in us in later life; royal power, ample rule unquestioned, and overflowing revenue, as a means not so much to pleasure as to power, act as incentives to action and the mainspring of energy for a great many people still. How many men wish for wealth in order that they may control the market for some commodity, or for power that they may work their will in church or state. How many women struggle for control of societies, or for supremacy in that rather vague body, termed by itself "Society"?

Now if pagan philosophy recognized this power as a gift from the gods, surely Christian Ethics will also recognize such a natural craving and teach us how to deal with it. The power offered by Juno was conferred by position, intimidation and wealth, and all attempts to gain power by these means are pagan in spirit. James and John, the sons of Zebedee, longed for power, longed for power in the pagan sense, and asked that they might sit one on the right hand and one on the left hand of Christ in His Kingdom. If you want power it is not thus that it is to be obtained. Real power comes from within and not from without. It is gained by serving, not by being served. It is a by-product of self-discipline and self-control. The wayward, unruly, undisciplined nature never exercises control over others, never shapes events. As in the army obedience to authority must be learnt, so it is in civil life; we must all learn first to submit to the dictates of conscience, to the demands of our highest natures, before we can induce others to submit to us. We must control our own wayward desires, our tendencies to indolence, our unruly tempers, before we can subdue untoward events, put life into dead bones, and overcome hostile opposition. Just as fire must be limited and controlled, and subdued to one fixed purpose, before it can produce useful power, so the fire within us must be subdued by self-discipline and self-control before it can issue as beneficent power. For above all things power is a spiritual force. It emanates chiefly from those who draw their sustenance from the source of all power, of all creative life. Even the higher pagan philosophy recognizes this, and Tennyson rightly makes Minerva comment on Juno's offer in these words:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Sovereign power is the natural result of a certain type of character. To be conscious of what Marcus Aurelius calls "the god within", will lead to self-purification, and to so much reverence for the higher attributes of man, the divine element which distinguishes him from the brute creation, that our chief concern will be to foster this higher nature. But the spirit of reverence must not only be turned inward, on our own souls, it must extend outward, and embrace humanity. When we reverence the divine spark in all our fellow-creatures and know how to kindle it into activity; when we are so conscious of the divine within us that we strive to purify its dwelling place; when we reverence every manifestation and revelation of the divine in the world without, the great universe in which we live, then, indeed, "power of herself will come uncalled for."

But Minerva's offer, on the other hand, is wisdom: wisdom, not as a means to power, not as a means to wealth, not as a means to anything beyond itself. She defines the way of wisdom thus:

> "to live by law
> Acting the law we live by without fear,
> And because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Now, expressed in simpler words, this is what I know you long for in your best moments. You want to have the courage always to do what you believe to be right, in scorn of consequence. But there are two difficulties which stand in your way; first, what is this law by which you are to live, and second, how can you strengthen your courage?

The old philosophers would no doubt have spoken

of the Law of Nature, or the Law of Reason. The Christian calls it the Law of Love. By whatever name it is called, it is a social law. It is a law which regulates our intercourse with our fellow-men. Marcus Aurelius by the light of reason says: "Esteem nothing an advantage which will compel you to break faith, to forfeit self-respect, to suspect or hate or execrate another, to play false, to desire anything which requires screens or veils." Paul, guided by the law of love, says: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love. Bless them which persecute you; bless and curse not. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. Overcome evil with good." I believe you all know in your hearts your duty to God and your duty to your neighbour. It is not so much the wisdom to know as the wisdom to do that we lack. What cowards we all are! Do we scorn consequences? Is not consequence our tyrant, our taskmaster? We have no stripes or imprisonment to fear, but how often some generous impulse is checked by the fear of what people will say, what people will think. How much freer, more joyful, more fruitful our lives would be could we be freed from the fear of being considered too good, by people whose standards are purely material. To do right because it is right, in the scorn of consequences, would be a wonderful legacy to take away from a school, and of far greater value than any other knowledge. Do you not think that the chief difficulty is, not to know what you ought to do, but to do what you know you ought? Your intentions are almost always good, but so many things intervene between the will and the act. You are, as it were, chained and bound by a myriad of tiny faults and failings, as Gulliver was by the thread-like ropes of the Lilliputians. Some-

times it is laziness, pure and simple; sometimes it is forgetfulness; sometimes it is the difficulty of refusing some invitation, some little pleasure; sometimes it is fear of ridicule; sometimes it is disinclination to do any kind of hard work or to suffer discomfort. Your wills are by no means full grown yet. They are like children learning to skate. They need props on every side. The falls are frequent and painful. But with experience and perseverance and endurance, the child's muscles become stronger, the balance and control more perfect, and finally that freedom of movement comes which bears the body, like an arrow to its mark, swiftly and surely to its destined aim. So in the moral world you may practise doing what is right in the scorn of consequence.

"Until endurance grow
Sinewed with action and the full-grown will
Circled through all experience, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom."

The third bait offered to Paris was by Venus, in these words:

"I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece."

This seems a fairly harmless proffer at first sight. Why should Paris not desire the fairest and most loving wife in Greece? But the apparent harmlessness of the offer is its chief danger. It is symbolical of self-gratification in all its forms. Unless pleasures were presented to you in an apparently harmless form, they would not appeal to you at all. There is certainly no harm in having a fair and loving wife. There is nothing wrong in most of the

pleasures you hope may come to you. The danger comes, when self-gratification, pleasure, becomes the main object in life, to the attainment of which all other ideals are sacrificed. The old story is a wonderful allegory. Because his own personal enjoyment came first, and Paris was willing to sacrifice to that the opportunities which might have come to him through power nobly exercised, the freedom and perfect manhood which might have been his had he listened to Minerva's pleading, he gained his object by base and humiliating means, and he brought disaster upon his father's royal house, his native city, and the people whom he should have served and protected.

So it is in all our lives. If we put pleasure first it leads to a gradual lowering of our standards. If we put wisdom, practical wisdom, righteousness, first, then power of the highest kind, and happiness, which transcends mere pleasure, will follow in its train.

Once more I will turn to Marcus Aurelius to see how he sums up the whole matter. "Life is short," he says, "and the earthly life has but one fruit, inward holiness and social acts." Yes, a pure and loving spirit, blossoming into noble and gracious deeds for humanity, that is the end and aim of all education, of all true wisdom.

EDUCATION

JUNE 1925

LATELY I came across a definition of an "Educated Man" which made me pause to consider whether it would apply to the "Educated Girl" as she passes through the portals of this school. "The Educated Man", it runs, "is a man with subtle, spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of that word in all the affairs of his life." This may not, perhaps, include everything we might expect from a well-rounded and complete education, but it does seem to comprise the essential products of an ideal training.

The first words arrest the attention:—"A man with subtle, spiritual qualities!" After all, intellectual ability, learning, knowledge, the training of the logical faculties, or even the development of aesthetic perceptions, are not ends in themselves; they are only means by which "subtle, spiritual qualities" may be unfolded, expanded and cherished. What then do we mean by "spiritual qualities?" We live in an age of great material development and even our virtues tend to become extremely practical. There is a very real danger that in our concern for bodily welfare, even though it be the bodily welfare of those less fortunate than ourselves, we lose sight of the fact that the body is valuable only on account of the spirit which it clothes, and therefore our activities must not cease when the garment is made

whole and beautiful, but must be directed towards the healing and the growth of the spirit within.

But before we can do this for others we must try to understand for ourselves these spiritual qualities, which are so subtle that they almost defy analysis. Perhaps the easiest way to recognize them is by their results. They will make us "calm in adversity". Now I do not think we are all by nature calm. In fact some of us are quite visibly easily excited and agitated by trifles. Others may hide a very perturbed spirit under an outwardly calm exterior. What will enable us not only to appear calm, but to be calm under the most trying adverse circumstances? Adversity may present itself to us under many different disguises. It may be that we are either physically or intellectually handicapped in such a way that it seems impossible for us to carry out the plan of life which we have set our hearts upon; or we may be poor,—or may suddenly become poor,—and thus find ourselves deprived of those possessions and opportunities which we think are necessary for our happiness; or we may find, not circumstances only, but people, bitterly opposed to us and hindering our most cherished schemes. How are we to be calm under such conditions, or as St. Paul puts it, "patient under tribulation?" In what way can our education possibly prepare us to remain calm in such contingencies.

Our own physical or intellectual drawbacks, shortcomings and limitations are most apt to make us irritable and depressed. In fact it sometimes appears to us almost to be a virtue to chafe at our own deficiencies. In so far as these ills may be remedied by our own endeavours, a certain discontent may even merit the term "divine", but when this form of adversity comes to us as an irreparable

handicap, then we need subtle, spiritual qualities to enable us to rise above it. Milton, perhaps is the finest example we can think of, of a man who conquered the depression caused by physical disability, through the strength of his spirit. Having learnt that "They also serve, who only stand and wait," or as Browning puts it, that, "All service ranks the same with God," he conquered his impatience, regained his calmness, and transformed the lack of outward sight into a rare gift of inward vision. We have not his sublime genius, but we can learn that "all service ranks the same with God," and by throwing ourselves whole-heartedly into tasks within the compass of our power, we can experience the same joy of dedicated service as those whose gifts and opportunities far exceed our own.

If our adversity is entire loss of fortune, or possession of very limited means, can our education help us to bear this with equanimity? This is largely a question of the relative values we place on things. If our education has developed in us an inordinate love of expensive clothes, jewelry, luxurious living and extravagant diversions, then I am afraid we cannot claim to be well educated. These things can be appreciated equally well by uneducated people. But if we have resources within ourselves, which can, if need be, take the place of outward aids to enjoyment, then are we in a state of true independence. Poets, musicians, saints, have this rich vein of nature, which makes wealth seem poverty in comparison with it. A true education should, I suppose, develop in ordinary mortals, such as most of us are, some degree of the spiritual qualities which they possess. Not only to see beauty, but to feel it, to gather it up within ourselves, to hoard it as a miser hoards his treasure,

or rather to store it as in a granary that it may refresh us in the days of famine, this we may all learn to do. We may not be able to pour it forth again in melodious verse, or exquisite colour, or glorious sound, or ecstatic devotion, as poets, artists, musicians, or saints, but it is a possession which no man can take from us, and which will enable us to remain unperturbed, when the more evanescent pleasures and pastimes are snatched from our grasp, and our spiritual heritage is all that we can call our own.

But the educated man is not only calm in adversity, but happy when alone. That is certainly a test of one's inward resources. Some people are bored with their own company in an hour, and most of us, I think, require either a book or some active employment in order to be happy when alone. The truth is that we find even after years of studying, that our minds are empty and we have nothing interesting to think about. Happy are those whose memories are stored with beautiful verse, or whose imaginations people the solitudes with airy visions. Happy also those to whom every flower, every bird, every butterfly is a familiar friend, and a country walk a delight. But those also are to be envied whose education has given them a keen interest in some definite pursuit—reading, or music, or art, or science; so that they no longer depend entirely upon social intercourse, but treasure all hours of quiet leisure and seclusion.

But man neither can, nor should be, too much alone. We are social beings with great responsibilities towards other people. How should our education help us to meet these responsibilities wisely and well?

It should certainly help to make us just in all our

dealings. This is one of the great advantages of school life over private tuition. We become conscious of the claims of others upon us. We stand in definite relations towards our teachers, towards our special friends, towards the younger children, and towards our school as a social institution. We learn to realize that for "a private good" we cannot do "a public wrong". We learn to make our own petty ends subordinate to the greater public welfare. You are constantly called upon as you rise in the school to form your own judgments and deal with moral problems, and you realize what wisdom is required in order that justice may be done—and not imperfectly. Moreover your sense of what you justly owe to your friends and to your teachers broadens. Courtesy, gentleness, even cheerfulness, are included in your debt. Your study of the New Testament, of Ethics, of Literature, and your own personal experience should all tend to make you just in all your dealings. Truthful, upright, honourable, fair-minded and generous in your judgments, these should you be if your education has been what it ought to be.

We should, in fact, be rational and sane, or healthy-minded, in all the affairs of life. This seems to be a very broad statement, yet it is surely the aim of education to produce such a type. That there are so many irrational, biassed, morbid, self-centred and anti-social people in the world is surely a terrible indictment against the systems of education which have prevailed both in the home and in the schools.

Let us consider then how a well-educated girl conducts herself when she is free from the discipline of school and able to a large extent to regulate her own life. She is young; she has worked earnestly

and well at her intellectual tasks; she is eager to get the very best out of life and ready also to give something in return. What then will she do, if she is rational and sane?

In the first place she finds that she is still one of a group, a family group now. She has duties to perform, probably certain simple household cares of which she has been relieved while her days have been filled with studies. She feels she cannot enjoy all the benefits of home without contributing something to its order, comfort or beauty. Then she has herself to consider, and "self" requires much consideration because it is now very largely in her own hands to make it or mar it. She craves, naturally, pleasure, enjoyment, happiness; she wants also to keep in good physical condition, but she knows that her intellectual and moral growth,—the culture of her spirit, must not be neglected. Here are problems sufficient to test the efficacy of school training. All these things she knows have found a place in her busy days. Can she still so order her life that none may be neglected? Many of you do not intend to go to college, and yet you want your lives to be both full and happy. Most of you have special tastes and talents for music, or art,—and these, if you can use them to give pleasure to others, will add to the sum of beauty and aesthetic pleasure in the world. You enjoy healthy games, most of you, and play them well, and so your pleasures should be wholesome and vigorous. You will all enjoy, I hope, the stimulus and comfort of happy friendships and sweet social intercourse, free from pettiness and jealousies. What may be crowded out, or relegated to a very unimportant portion of your lives, is the cultivation of your minds and spirits. Try to keep always on hand some good book,—biography, essays,

poetry,—something which will inspire you by example or by ideas, and do not be so restless that you cannot be content to spend some evenings every week at home, reading something worth while.

And if the great gift of a happy marriage comes to you then above all will the worth of your education be tested. To be rational and sane,—capable, orderly and cheerful in the management of your home; sympathetic and companionable as a wife, because of your inward resources, your subtle spiritual qualities; loving yet firm, tender and wise, comforting and inspiring to your children; this is the noblest task, the highest destiny for early womanhood, and it leads to a full, rich, happy and beneficent maturity, when not only your children and your husbands shall "rise up, and call you blessed," but the subtle qualities of your spiritual natures will permeate and inspire many dark and gloomy places, bringing light and comfort and hope to them that sit in darkness, and strength to the poor and needy.

CULTURE

JUNE 1926

We are apt to use the words "culture" and "cultivated" without thinking much of their derivation or exact meaning, yet all would agree that one at least of the objects of education is to produce a cultivated man or woman. Mr. Peabody says that "the tilling of the soil of life in all its different forms is what we call culture," and it would be difficult to find a truer or more suggestive definition. It is well, perhaps, for each of you, at this important point in your careers, to pause a moment and to consider how far and to what purpose the soil of your life has been already cultivated, and what responsibility for the future rests upon you. There has been too much tendency in the past to look upon culture as the gleaning of the fruits of other men's labours, instead of as the preparation of our own natures in such a way that they may themselves produce good fruit from the seeds of inspiration which come to them from the rich and fertile minds of past ages. There is, perhaps, nothing quite new under the sun. I doubt if anyone has been wholly original; but the same seed, falling in different kinds of soil, produces plants of every degree of quality and value. Education, then, prepares the ground for the reception of seed, tries to guide in the choice of what seeds may be allowed to take root, and sometimes is able to plant a few good seeds, which, if properly watered and cared for, may ultimately produce a rich harvest.

How far is this metaphor applicable to your lives? Broadly speaking, the farmer first clears his ground of stumps and stones and all that may impede growth. He then ploughs the soil, and harrows it, until it becomes soft and fine and malleable. If it is poor, he enriches it with the elements which are lacking in it. Then and then only does he sow the seed which is most likely to produce the largest return, or the finest possible quality. What has been done for the soil of your lives so far? What yet remains for you to do?

We all have certain defects of character which must be eradicated before we are ready to receive seeds of any kind. Unfortunately, these defects, like stubborn weeds, are very likely to crop up again, so that the warfare against them, while begun in school-days, continues throughout life. Of these, the most common is laziness, the natural inertia of human nature, which leads us to take the easy path rather than the stern and rigorous upward way. You know better than I do with what degree of success our efforts to eradicate this obstinate rock have been crowned!

There are varying ways of dealing with laziness in animals, especially in the case of the mule and the ox, as you well know. The whip is not a very effective weapon, as it is as likely to induce the animal to go backwards as to move forwards. The goad is a more efficient instrument, as it at least makes backsliding extremely uncomfortable. But a bunch of hay in front of the animal's nose induces a fairly rapid onward motion. I need hardly explain the simile. "Beating" as it is called at Rugby, is not an authorized form of correction in girls' schools. The goad, however, in a disguised form, is sometimes applied. You may remember certain penalties

which made neglect of work rather less pleasant than progress. But the bunch of hay has been scented as delectably as possible, your taste stimulated, and your appetite gratified by occasional satisfying mouthfuls, while the main part of the bunch is still, I hope, well in advance of your eager noses, so that you may still strain vigorously forward in pursuit of the prize.

The next cumberer of the ground to be dealt with is conceit, or self-satisfaction. There are two remedies for this: one is, measuring yourselves with your companions, and finding that while perhaps you excel in one direction, others surpass you in many others. But the other means is by far the best and most efficacious one for breaking up conceit, and in this perhaps your school has helped you. Has it shown you that there is so much to be known in every direction, that it is only possible to touch the fringes of knowledge in the time and with the ability that God has given you? "He hath made everything beautiful in its time; He hath set in man's heart the desire to understand the world; yet so that he can never find out the work that God hath done from the beginning unto the end." The great wisdom of the old preacher had made him very humble.

Another deeply-rooted old stump which is constantly sending up new shoots is prejudice. It takes up so much room in the lives of some that there is hardly an inch left bare where a new seed may grow unimpeded. Religious prejudice, national prejudice, social prejudice, personal prejudice, all must go before the mind is open for the reception of truth. Your study of the old Hebrew Scriptures and the New Testament, with their lessons of the evil of religious intolerance; your study of ancient and modern history with the glories and the failures of all

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nations impartially displayed for inspiration or warning; your ethical discussions and social service work; your common life and interests, should at least have loosened the soil about this obstinate old root, if they have not entirely eradicated it.

But even when the ground has been cleared of stumps, and deeply-imbedded rocks, the farmer still has much to do in removing surface débris, branches, loose stones and often rubbish. So in the school there are slovenly habits, carelessness, forgetfulness, procrastination, and sometimes an inordinate love of pleasure, which perhaps you will remember in your early school-days greatly interfered with your capacity for accomplishing anything satisfactorily, but which of late years have not impeded the growth of the seed to any perceptible degree.

We may then conclude that the ground has been fairly well cleared of stumps, stones and other débris, and the work of cultivation has begun.

Ploughing, although very necessary, cannot be a very restful or pleasant sensation for poor old mother earth; but it performs the same function as disciplinary studies and moral discipline in school life. There are certain elementary subjects which to many peoples seem rather dull drudgery, but which are indispensable for future growth. They sharpen the wits, improve the memory, cultivate the logical faculty; break up the lumpy soil in fact, and let in the sun and the air to the heavy, or somewhat spongy, mould of the average mind. They are very valuable as preparation for further productive work, and constitute excellent mental discipline. Moral discipline also has its place in the ploughing season. Habits of neatness and orderliness must be driven in; self-control and concentration of mind must be firmly and steadily impressed upon the most stub-

born natures, until the soil is soft and pliable and ready for the final enrichment, which will make it a fitting receptacle for the finest seeds, and capable of producing flower and fruit of rare quality.

By what means, then, is the soil to be finally enriched? There are three main ingredients which come into my mind; Curiosity, or love of Truth, Sympathy, or love of Humanity, and Imagination, or love of Beauty. You will notice that they are all ingredients in the great "nourisher of Life's feast" Love, for without emotion, intellect is barren and ineffectual. Curiosity, Sympathy, and Imagination, in varying combinations, have produced all the greatest music, poems, pictures, statues, cathedrals and scientific achievements the world has ever known. Education that forgets to add to mental training love of truth, love of beauty and love of humanity is like a farmer who clears and ploughs his land, but pays no attention to the quality of his soil. Where nature has bountifully supplied a rich mould his seed will prosper, but in all less favoured fields, the seed will produce but a meagre crop. So in human life: a genius is one who needs no outside aid to stimulate his curiosity, sympathy and imagination. But few are geniuses, so we have tried, especially in the last two years of your training to enrich the soil of your lives by cultivating the love of truth. We have tried to instil into you something of the spirit of Tennyson's Ulysses, who yearned "to follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of human thought." We have fostered your love of humanity by calling upon you to serve your fellow-students in various responsible positions; by encouraging you to think of those poorer and less fortunate than yourselves in your own city and beyond its bounds. We have tried to stimulate your

love of beauty through music, poetry, architecture and painting. Now with the soil of your lives thus tilled and enriched what are you each going to do with it?

It has been said that leisure is our opportunity for the highest things. This opportunity is going to be yours. Do you realize how precious it is?

If you have a talent for writing, for singing, for painting, whatever it may be, do not wrap it in a napkin and hide it in the ground. Develop it, multiply it, then use it for your own joy, and for the joy of as many people as may be cheered and uplifted by it. But the degree of your cultivation or culture does not depend on your artistic gifts only. The part that women have to play in the destiny of the human race is not only unique in kind but of supreme importance. It is not by becoming more like men in appearance, in dress, in manners, in careers, that you will exert the greatest influence and attain to your full stature. It is by developing to their fullest extent not only the powers which you share with men, but those which by your very natures you possess in a higher degree than they do, or which, by your greater freedom from material interests, you have leisure to cultivate to a higher perfection.

Give then full play to your affections. Purify them from all that is selfish, strengthen them to be active rather than sentimental; exercise them first in your own homes by spreading an atmosphere of gentleness, sweetness, tenderness and unselfishness about you, and then you will find scope for their further expression in every type of benevolent institution, for they are crying for voluntary workers of trained ability and administrative capacity, and receiving a response from so few.

Constitute yourselves also guardians of high moral ideals. They need champions now even more than in the days of King Arthur. And women need not fight for them. It is enough for them to hold them sincerely and live by them, and they pass almost imperceptibly from them into the natures of their children, their brothers, their husbands, who long to find moral inspiration in their mothers, sisters and wives, and are so often disappointed in their hopes.

Beauty is surely also particularly the province of women, and it has a far greater value in the progress of the human race than is usually realised. Cultivate your tastes so that you may know the true from the false. If you cannot create beauty yourself, encourage by every means in your power those who can. Frown on all that is coarse and vulgar and showy, whether in dress, music, art or literature. Read beautiful things, look at beautiful things, make beautiful things. Use your leisure for the cultivation and pursuit of beauty, and it will be time saved, not lost.

And so I have come back to my three loves:—love of humanity, love of truth, and love of beauty. Till the soil of your lives, enrich them with these "charities" and do not fear. They will produce both flower and fruit, and scatter seeds in other minds, and so the world will be the richer and the nobler because you have lived, which is the highest earthly destiny you can desire.

THE CITY OF OUR DESIRES

JUNE 1927

"Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem."

GRADUATION means a stepping forth, a stepping onward, and, we hope, a stepping upward. You girls seem to be standing just outside the gates of what has been your foster home for several years, in a fresh green meadow, which rises gradually towards a mountain, whose sides are now in sunshine, now in shadow, here smooth and easy, there rocky and difficult, but whose peak is crowned by the golden turrets of the City of your Desires. And this city bears a different form to each one of you, according to your gifts, your ideals, your personalities. Do not all try to build your cities according to one pattern. Let each represent the highest and best that is in you and it will draw you irresistibly to itself.

The flowery slope on which your feet are to-day planted may without any great stretch of the imagination, be taken to represent culture; but when we have said that word our difficulties begin. We all have a vague idea of what we mean by a cultured man or woman but when we attempt to define our meaning, we not only find it hard to convince others that our conception is the correct one, but we find it difficult to fit the various cultured people we know into any rigid form or to describe them by any set formula.

When Matthew Arnold says that culture is "contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world", he undoubtedly provides food for reflection, but he also provokes argument. We feel sure that we have known cultured people who have had "little Latin and less Greek", and who, therefore, have been cut off from direct contact with the best in classic literature, and we doubt whether any scholar has been able to get into vital touch not only with the thought of Greece and Rome, but also with that of India and China, and

"What tho' rare of later age"

has vivified and enriched European thought.

Moreover, we have a strong suspicion from our own personal experience, that everyone who comes into contact with great minds is not affected in the same way by the experience, and that while a small contact produces in some a marked and visible culture, a long and close contact with, shall we say, Homer or Virgil, may produce no culture at all.

And is the written word the only medium by which culture may be conveyed? Have music, painting, sculpture, architecture, no place in its development? Must we not add "felt" and "imagined" to "said" and "thought"? Contact with the best that has been said and thought, felt and imagined in the world. In fact, would it not be even better to leave the supposition that contact with anything necessarily produces culture, and to see whether it is not rather an attitude of mind, a quality of spirit, a sensitive response to truth and beauty?

The germs of culture, the right attitude of mind, may be seen in the youngest child in the school, and

may sometimes be absent, to our shame be it said, even in a graduate, in spite of her contact with much that is great and good in literature. Narrowness and prejudice are the greatest foes to culture, and they come frequently from conceit and intellectual pride. There seems to be a natural tendency in some people to combat new ideas, to resist new impressions, while others spring forward eagerly, greedy for new knowledge, hungry for truth, even unpalatable truth. I like to think that you all belong to the latter class; that you will not drop the Book of Knowledge as something which belongs to school-days only, but will carry it with you throughout life, finding inspiration in its pages, until "the summit's attained."

But culture is not only an attitude of mind towards knowledge, it is also a quality of spirit. There is so much in life beyond what is intellectually perceived, and this accounts, I think, for the difference of which we are all conscious, between the scholar pure and simple and the widely cultured woman. The scholar may be supreme in what may be intellectually acquired from the labours of others; she may be able to sift and critically examine one small branch of knowledge, and thus add to the sum of known truth in the world; but if her interests are narrow, and she is not keenly alive to other forms of truth and beauty, she will not be a truly cultured woman. There is a realm of the spirit beyond that of the intellect. Certain things must be spiritually perceived. A sunset cloud may be analysed into condensed vapour or wave-lengths, but beauty can be perceived only by those whose spirits are attuned by wonder and reverence to that subtle emanation of the divine.

Humility and open-mindedness, wonder and

reverence, are qualities which lie at the very roots of culture, and these may be to a very great extent, fostered and developed. Moreover, an intimate knowledge of any one form of beauty or truth whatever, whether it be poetry or music or painting, may throw light on all other forms of beauty. The truly cultured woman is alive to every new form of beauty as it presents itself. She is capable of drawing intense pleasure from objects which leave the uncultured cold and unmoved. Our great poets, musicians, sculptors, artists, have been those gifted in a superlative manner with these qualities of mind and spirit, which all cultured people share to a greater or lesser degree. Moreover, true artists are intellectually independent. They do not receive their ideas ready-made. They are not slavish imitators of other people's opinions and impressions. They face the world of matter and the world of intangible realities with eager curiosity, with child-like wonder, with humble reverence, and they record their impressions directly, as seen through the medium of their own natures.

All cultivated people have something of the artist's nature. They have not his delicate sensitiveness to some special form of beauty, nor his special power of transmitting it into colour, sound, language; but they have the mind to comprehend, the eye to see, the heart to feel, and the spirit to comprehend, in some degree, all the beauty which has been caught and crystallized by the artist into permanent form.

You who are graduating to-day have, we hope, the mind, the eye, the heart and the spirit sufficiently alive and courageous to enable you to use your newly-won freedom for the attainment of the highest ends; for our ideal maiden, treading the slopes of culture, does not desire to remain forever in green

pastures. She has perhaps her dreams which carry her thoughts far up into the misty heights where her spirit

"Feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses."

Misty vapours float over golden turrets. She dreams of sunrise and sunset, of moonlit woods and shimmering lakes, of towering peaks and rugged cliffs, of leisure to cease from toil and lay bare her spirit to the soothing, healing, vivifying forces of nature.

With Elizabeth Barrett Browning in "The House of Clouds" she says:

"I would build a cloudy house
For my thoughts to live in
When for earth too fancy-loose
And too low for heaven.

Bring the red cloud from the sun!
While he sinketh, catch it!
That shall be a couch,—with one
Sidelong star to watch it,—
Fit for Poet's finest thought
At the curfew, sounding,
Things unseen being nearer brought
Than the seen around him."

That type of maiden is, I know, here to-day. May she never be ashamed of her dreams; nor allow them to be dimmed by the insistent pressure of commonplace trifles.

And, perhaps, there is one whose future promises her an opportunity to read the great thoughts of great men greatly expressed; to see the world as God has made it—clothed in the light that never was perhaps on sea or land, but which, glowing in

the soul of the artist, has given a new significance to human personality, to human experience, and even to inanimate nature. She sees before her, not a House of Clouds, but a Palace of Art, hung, like Tennyson's, with choice paintings of wise men, who as yet are little more than names, but who, some day, may be her closest companions.

"For there was Milton like a Seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasped his song
And somewhat grimly smiled.

And thro' the topmost oriel's coloured flame
Two god-like faces gazed below;
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know."

And the desire to know the meaning of the universe may lead her in the steps of the father of modern science, to explore by patient toil and humble endeavour the secrets hidden in the air we breathe, the stars above, or the tiny flower under our feet.

But all are not capable of the life of the imagination, nor satisfied with the pursuit of knowledge. Another maiden may be one in whom the claims of both spirit and mind must find their satisfaction through the heart. In the golden city of her dreams, secluded, dear, walled in from intrusion, surrounded by shady lawns and bright flowers, rise the walls of home. All that she knows of beauty and goodness must flourish there. Culture for her must flower in the highest forms of friendship and love. To bend all the energies of her mind and spirit to the perfect ordering of a home, seems to her no low ambition, and indeed it is neither a humble nor an easy task.

The establishment of perfect home conditions, under the rapidly changing phases of modern life is perhaps the most important as well as the most difficult problem of the day. So many disintegrating forces are at work that it requires the highest intelligence, the greatest administrative capacity, the broadest outlook, the widest sympathy, the most consummate tact and well-nigh perfect devotion and unselfishness to counteract them. To justify its existence home must be made the most interesting, the most stimulating, the most restful place on earth. Physical problems, mental problems, will have to be solved daily. The highest faculties of the best-trained women are needed in this sphere, for one ideal home exerts an influence far beyond the limits of its immediate circle. Where husband and wife are united in affection, brothers and sisters will grow up united by the same bonds; and the altruistic virtues which seek the good of the individual for the sake of the good of the community at large, will find a rich and vigorous soil in which to develop their full strength.

For there is still one more vision in which the House of Dreams, the Palace of Art and the Turrets of Home may and should unite. Do you remember how the Red Cross Knight, before he slew the dragon, was led by Heavenly Contemplation to the top of a high hill, from whence he had a vision of angels, ascending and descending, linking the new Jerusalem with this imperfect earth? So may all your dreams culminate in the vision of a New Jerusalem, an ideal city, a true kingdom of heaven on earth, in which your House of Dreams, your Palace of Art, your Turrets of Home may all find a place, with other structures of equal beauty which you have helped to build.

So let me, like Spenser's old hermit, take you who are also bound "upon a great adventure", to the point of vantage of the Red Cross Knight. You remember the lines:

"From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steepe and long;
Which to a goodly city led his view;
Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tongue
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song;
The city of the great King hight it well
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell."

May this city be your goal, and your eternal abiding-place!

GAINS AND LOSSES

JUNE 1928

IT is seventeen years since the first girl graduated from this school. The world has changed a good deal since then and it will be interesting, perhaps, to-day to consider the gains and losses these changes have brought about, particularly as they affect girls.

We are always rather interested in analysing ourselves, and we are inclined to look with a pitying sense of superiority on those unfortunate beings whose sad fate it was to be born in a more benighted era than our own. Yet though conditions have changed very perceptibly, human nature is conservative, and in its essentials remains much the same. It has always had in it infinite potentialities for good and for evil, for happiness and for discontent. The aim of each generation is to draw out of its peculiar circumstances all the good and all the happiness they afford, and if need be so to modify conditions that they may contribute more to the sum of human progress and the true welfare of the race. This is your aim as it was that of your predecessors. Are conditions more favorable now than they were in 1910? Can you personally do anything to hasten or retard the desired result?

Now I think one of the changes recently brought about, largely by the Great War, has been that not only the unusually gifted girl, but the average girl, feels that there is work to be done in the world which she is, or can become, capable of doing, which will count just as much as a man's work counts.

Not so very long ago most girls, unless they expected to be "obliged to earn their own living" as the saying went, looked forward to an endless round of gaiety or pleasure until death, old age, or marriage intervened to put a stop to it. Comparatively few went to college for the pure pleasure that intellectual pursuits afford. They went to college if they expected to teach. If they preferred nursing as a means of livelihood, they entered hospitals. If it was possible for them to live a quiet home life without working, as a rule (of course, there were even then exceptions) they continued to cultivate arts such as singing, instrumental music, or painting; occupations such as embroidery and fine needle work; and tastes such as languages and literature, which would add to the richness, interest and general culture of home-life. They did not feel as the girls to-day feel, that they could make their lives tell in a thousand forms of voluntary social activity outside their own homes. They were more diffident, less independent, less ambitious than you are. On the other hand, they were somewhat gentler, less aggressive and less discontented than the typical modern girl.

For one thing, there was far less wealth in this country twenty years ago than there is now. The average girl lived more simply, dressed more simply, expected far less entertainment. There was riding, of course, but far fewer people kept horses then than now have motors. There were occasional good theatres, but not a succession of revues and moving-pictures. Life moved more quietly. The expression,—"getting a thrill" had not been invented. But do not think life was not as happy as it is now. There was not so much restlessness, but there was more content. There were not so many pleasures,

but there was more power of abstracting pleasure from little things. There was not so much general knowledge, but I am inclined to think there was more individual culture.

You belong to a very capable, practical age, so I am going to be very practical and concrete in talking to you; and we shall consider in turn dress, sport, and amusements, art, intellect and morality.

In dress, I grant, the gains are decidedly greater than the losses. Wasp waists, trailing street gowns, and excrescences in various parts of the body which totally obscured the natural outlines of the human form, have disappeared and the improvement in health is very marked. The organs of the body are allowed to expand naturally; the germs which lurk in the dust are allowed to remain as far as possible in the streets, and the air may circulate freely about the skin. On the other hand these gains in health are sometimes nullified by an insane effort to make a girl's body appear like a boy's by systematic starvation, which lowers tone and vitality to such a degree that the power to combat disease is lost, and all the hygienic advantages of short skirts are forfeited.

Moreover, from an aesthetic point of view, there is a great tendency to sacrifice beauty of line in the attempt to obtain freedom of movement. Long flowing lines are far more graceful than breadth without length. Happily Dame Fashion is coming to her senses in this respect, and while she dare not too suddenly let length appear in every part, she is adding either a tail at the back, or drooping folds at the side, or insinuating length in front by allowing a transparent material to come below the heavier under-skirt. She is a wily lady, and she will gradually entice you back into the old paths.

When you look at snap-shots of our old girls, taken before the war, in dresses only two or three inches from the ground, I think you picture them as leading very hampered and sedentary lives. Far from it! I seriously think they were better all-round sports than the average girl of the present day. You play Basket-ball while at school very vigorously. So did they, even though their gym tunics were several inches below the knee, and you think you cannot move unless yours are as much above. They played tennis, I think, on the whole better than you do, although I am glad to say that fine, active game is again coming back into favour. As a proof that that age was more given to vigorous sport than you are, look at the Badminton Clubs in Montreal to-day. That is a game which demands real hard work. I think you will find there more players over twenty-eight than under that age. That is to say the girls of a decade ago and more play games more vigorously than the present maidens. Golf, which is more leisurely, and could be played just as well with full skirts three inches from the ground as with tighter skirts three inches above the knee, claims, I should think, about the same number of devotees as before.

Ski-ing, upon whose altar the modern girl sacrifices every charm, and arrays herself in such hideous garb that I should think her male companions would all adopt smoked glasses to protect their eyes, was even then indulged in, in discreet skirts somewhat longer than those now worn in a ball-room, and I do not remember hearing of any accidents due to the costume.

On the whole, active outdoor sports were much more popular than they are now, when people motor more than they ride, use a gasoline launch to propel them rapidly to a Club house where they can play

bridge, rather than sail or row or paddle, enjoying the natural beauty of our wonderful rivers and lakes, and exercising at the same time their youthful vigour in a wholesome way. Even when young people do take exercise now, it seems to be more for the object of keeping, or getting, thin, than for love of the game. And when any ulterior object is brought into a game, it tends to lose its character as a sport, and to become professionalised.

There is a great tendency at the present time to narrow down the forms of recreation to bridge, dancing, and moving-pictures or revues. Any such exciting forms of locomotion as will produce a thrill, such as fast-motoring or flying still attract, but the quieter, more cultured forms of pleasure are somewhat in abeyance. Science, especially in so far as it affects material progress, is more popular than philosophy or the study of ideas and ideals. Reading, except for the latest novel, is apt to be crowded out of life. Speech, even on the stage, is too slow for those restless natures which must be swept at exaggerated speed through exaggerated emotions. At the height of Greek culture the "norm" was valued. Now the danger is lest the craving for what is abnormal should injure the balance of the age.

In music, the craving for abnormality leads to the primitive or savage jazz as opposed to classical forms. In painting, negroid types and methods of expression have their vogue. In architecture, mass tends to obliterate refinement. Possibly over-development of the classic idea led to a super-normality, if I may use the term, and the sub-normality we have been passing through is a healthy reaction against that. However, any ab-normality seems to be contrary to the laws of nature, so perhaps you are happy enough to belong to the generation which

in the world of Art will abolish both the super- and the sub-normal and achieve perfection in all the Arts. Possibly the keen interest you have shown lately in dances founded on classic principles, and dependent for their beauty on perfect physical development, balance and rhythm, is a sign that the Golden Age is again approaching.

In the intellectual field there are also gains and losses to be noted. There is a greater interest in scientific methods as applied to social conditions. The problems of poverty, disease and ignorance are bravely grappled with at a much earlier age than they used to be. Psychology is more attractive to the modern mind than botany, because it seems to have a more practical bearing on life. Ethical questions are still, as always, vitally interesting, but there is perhaps not quite so much love for poetry, fine drama and lofty prose, as there used to be;—or rather, the enjoyment of them depends more on their content than on their style. There is a more utilitarian view of education than formerly. More girls wish now to have careers, apart from the necessity of earning a living, so they frequently sacrifice the studies they would most enjoy to those which will be directly useful to them in entering a profession.

It is hard to know whether this should be considered among the gains or the losses. Since there is so much more to be learnt in schools than there used to be, the sensible thing would seem to be to prolong school days sufficiently to acquire the practical knowledge as well as the purely cultural studies which add so much to the beauty and pleasure of life and to the amenities of social intercourse.

But morality is of greater importance than dress, games, art, or even intellect. Is there much change

in character and behaviour? There is certainly less modesty and reticence than there was a few years ago. Everything is openly discussed and proclaimed upon the house-tops. The result is probably greater frankness and openness, with a loss of the delicacy, bloom, and fragrance, which used to be the special charm of girlhood. There is less dignity and repose, but perhaps more naturalness and vivacity. There is less respect for authority as such, but no less respect, I think, for true nobility of character; and a ready co-operation with reasonable and just aims, or open opposition to manifest unfairness, takes the place of blind obedience, or surreptitious disobedience. There is probably less sense of responsibility for family claims, and a greater community sense; but there is the danger that a selfish desire for personal freedom and adventure may lead young people to repudiate quite legitimate claims upon them. Where these claims do not exist there is, I think, more readiness to assume responsibility for outside activities. Never have girls been so ready to help unselfishly and efficiently in hospitals, clinics, summer camps and other forms of social service. In fact, there seems to be more vital energy demanding an outlet than ever before.

The greatest danger of the present time lies in the supreme importance attached to what is commonly called "a good time". While ready to devote a fair amount of their superabundant energy to social work, most young people expect, as a right, to gratify every desire for pleasure.

"Come therefore and let us enjoy the good things that now are," they say, "and let us use the creation with all our soul as youth's possession."

The desire for happiness is natural and good so long as it does not conflict with duty, and is sought

in innocent ways, without detriment to one's own highest nature, and without injury to any other human being. This is perhaps more often forgotten now than it used to be; not from intentional depravity or selfishness, but from over-weening self-confidence, and lack of habitual consideration for the rights and privileges of others.

Repair then your losses and consolidate your gains. Keep your frankness and freedom from deceit, but guard what is sacred in the innermost shrine of your being. Be natural, but do not affect a boisterous manner. Let a true dignity or worthiness of nature be reflected simply in your outward bearing. Subject, if you wish, when you are old enough to be wise, the pronouncements of authority to fair criticism, but maintain your respect for what is noble in human nature, and your reverence for that wisdom and love which has revealed itself in all creation, and which, in the fullness of time, manifested itself in the Son of Man, for our salvation.

READING AND EDUCATION

JUNE 1929

EACH year as the Graduates pass through our portals into the wider life beyond, it behooves us to consider what education is, whither it tends, by what means it can be accomplished. The problem seems to be forever the same, and yet it is forever different; for the substance upon which it works, though always plastic, is forever changing, and new forms emerge under the same old instruments.

For the instrument most largely used is the spoken or the written word. In your tender years, the spoken word which readily adapts itself to your immature understanding plays a very large part; but as you grow mature, and pass the stage of "precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little, there a little," you must turn more and more for your mental and your moral nourishment to books. For books, as Milton says, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are." They are living things, by means of which you may come into vital touch with far greater minds, far nobler spirits than any you have met in these early days of your pilgrimage or are, indeed, likely to encounter, even though you pass the psalmist's allotted span of three score years and ten.

In one of Plato's Dialogues we hear Socrates say: "It would seem, Adeimantus, that the direction in which education *starts* a man will determine his

future life." If that is true, educationalists have a very great responsibility. Are your lives already determined by the start you have made? For remember it is only a start, not a finish. A finishing-school might just as well be termed a burying vault! You are indeed like young runners, whose aim has been placed clearly before them, who have been taught how to breathe, whose muscles have been hardened, and into whom the spirit of the athlete has been instilled, but who now must depend largely on your own resources for retaining such skill as you have, and adding daily to your store.

What then is the aim which is set before you? Again let us turn for our definition to Milton, whom you know as a poet, but whose prose is as sinewy and rhythmical as his life was earnest and lofty.

"I call, therefore, a complete and generous education," he says, "that which fits a man to perform justly and skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices both private and public of peace and war." He was, I grant you, thinking of men only, but the statement is equally true if we say "a complete and generous education is that which fits a woman to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices of life, both private and public."

Note for a moment the word "perform". Neither higher education, nor lower education, is worthy of its name if it unfits us for a life of action. You all intend to do something with your lives, whether public or private matters little, although I agree with Milton that the perfect ideal is both private and public, in the order he places them. No man can exercise public virtues, unless he has first developed them in private life. But when private life does not claim all our energies, surely they should overflow to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. And

the adverbs he uses sum up perfectly the qualities of character, ability and spirit which should be produced and fostered by a generous education, for the purpose of serving our country and our God.

"Justly, skilfully and magnanimously," he says. Intellectual achievement is nothing if it does not foster love of Justice and Fair Play, love of Truth and Honour, love of Uprightness and Trustworthiness in matters small or great. Justly then, and skilfully, you must perform your work. Education should enable you to do well what you have never done before, whether it be the orderly management of a house, including cooking; or the organisation of a Club for working girls; or the fulfilment of the duties of a Secretary or a Treasurer; or the pursuit of higher knowledge or specialized technical skill. The start you have made should determine your future success.

Magnanimously also must you live; in a great-souled manner. There must be nothing mean, or narrow or petty about you, no jealousy, no readiness to take offence, no carping criticism of others; but generous appreciation, ready sympathy and understanding, lofty aims and ideals, which lift you into that region of pure and serene air which permeates but is not tarnished by the misty vapours rising from low-thoughted care and misplaced desire.

So books are to be your masters; and what ideal pedagogues they are! They are never too busy to give you advice when you seek it; never impatient of your dullness nor provoked by your misunderstanding. They will refresh you when you are weary, sing with you when you are glad, stimulate you when your energies flag, and lift your sorrow by such melodious expression into the world of light,

that you will feel yourself, in your loneliness, encompassed about by the glorious company of the Immortals, a triumphant, shining cloud of witnesses.

Before discussing the various types of books and their special functions, let us hear what an old writer says about the readers. "There are four sorts of readers apparently; sponges, which attract all without distinguishing; hour-glasses, which receive and pour out as fast; bags, which only retain the dregs of the spices and let the wine escape, and sieves, which retain the best only."

We know them all, do we not? For examination purposes, no doubt, a good many of you would like to be sponges; but unfortunately, when squeezed, such a mass of irrelevant, undigested matter pours forth from these unthinking sponges, that all the information therein contained signifies nothing—even to the poor examiner, who searches as eagerly, I assure you, for every grain of truth, as a hen in a farm yard for a grain of corn.

And what about the hour-glasses! Have you ever watched the slow but steady stream of sand trickling through the tiny aperture until the upper receptacle is absolutely empty? I sometimes fear when our girls go forth, and no outward agent is pouring in the golden sands, lest the well-filled receptacle may also some day be found empty.

Perhaps bags seem a little safer after all. But have you ever seen jelly strained? Such a delicious, fragrant, nourishing mixture goes in, and a few minutes later nothing is in the bag but stones, and dregs and refuse. None of you, I hope, thus retain the evil and unpalatable things in literature, and let pass from your minds the beautiful and inspiring thoughts which abound.

So only sieves are left, "sieves which retain the

best only." The power to sift the grain from the chaff, the true from the false, the precious ore from the dross, is the highest faculty that can be developed in the human race. It manifests itself as discriminating taste in the world of art; as penetrating insight in the sphere of science and philosophy; as moral intuition in the realm of behaviour; as spiritual wisdom in the region of sainthood. Act then as sieves first in your choice of reading. There are so many fine books, old and new; but alas, so much rubbish, that one could spend a lifetime reading words, without extracting one noble idea, one inspiring suggestion, one stimulating thought from them. Train your taste first on the classics in literature, those books that have stood the test of time which has scattered to the winds the chaff of the ages. Then with such standards in your minds, you may safely trust yourselves to recognise in more modern form the true progeny of noble souls. Do not read books just because "everybody is talking about them"; that very fact should rouse your suspicions, for the mass of readers belong to one of the first three classes, sponges, hour-glasses or jelly-bags, out of which you are trying, I hope, to escape. Take the advice of those people whose literary judgment you can trust; read the book reviews in such papers as the *Times Literary Supplement,* or browse in a book-shop yourself, tasting and testing both matter and style. You will find many an unexpected treasure, discover kindred spirits whose words will express your own undefined gropings, or open your eyes to beauties you have never imagined.

As we have spoken of four types of readers, so may we divide the books you are most likely to read into four main classes, with different functions:— Novels and Plays, Biography, Essays, and Poetry.

When we are young, or when we are old and somewhat tired, the story pure and simple naturally appeals to us. It transports us out of our own little world into other scenes, where thrilling adventures and heroic deeds make us forget the monotony or the problems of our own humdrum existence. It widens our horizons in time and space, and satisfies to some extent the longing for freedom of our caged souls. But soon we demand something more than plot or incident. Character, personality, assumes more importance in our eyes. We turn to Shakespeare, to George Eliot, to Thackeray, or to George Meredith and Henry James if we are courageous, where we can watch human nature triumphant, or defeated, as the case may be, in "the fell clutch of circumstance." With our standards formed by these great Masters of the human heart, we may recognize in the lesser lights of to-day flashes of sympathy, insight and power, which may illuminate for us the dim gropings of our own age towards a larger and fuller life.

But it is not always necessary to place imaginary characters in imaginary scenes to stir our interest and stimulate the ambition to make our lives sublime. Biography, the real life story of real men and women, should form a large part of every girl's library. The life of many a woman, such as Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, Mary Slessor of Calabar, and Charlotte Brontë, reads like a romance, and famous men are legion. You have not yet had very much time for expatiating in the fields of literature, but what an enviable lot will now be yours! Do not delay. Enter into your realm and take possession at once.

Some of you, however, do not need either plot or character to hold your interest, nor even actual personalities. You are fascinated by abstract ideas.

You like to be made to think, to generalise from particular notions. You relish more the sustenance of lofty thoughts for your mind than of luscious dainties for your palate. To what corner of a book-shop will you wend your way? To the Essays, of course, and there let no man venture to dictate to you. Some love Bacon, some love Lamb! There is no accounting for tastes, nor no need for dispute. From Marcus Aurelius to the Modern Reader by Virginia Woolf, you will find the mind of man and woman forever speculating on every problem under the sun. You may gather pearls from many lands, and store them if you are wise, in a common-place book, which will contain those things only which seem true and wise to you. Keep a book of Essays "by your beddes head". They are not to be read once only, for they are condensed wisdom, and suggest far more than they state. To a certain extent you receive from them what you bring, for until you have shared the experience of the writer, you cannot truly share his reflections on experience.

One great form of literature I have left to the last, because it is, or should be, the perfect flower of all verbal expression. Poetry is the very spirit of speech, revealing the Ideal behind the Actual. It borrows colour from Painting, form from Sculpture, rhythm from Music, in order that it may reveal to the Spirit of Man the very essence of Beauty. Unless there is a spiritual, an eternal element in Verse, it is not Poetry. It may be clever Verse, it may be amusing, it may be intellectually interesting, but it is not Poetry. So do not be carried away by modern eccentricities. Learn to know and love the poetry whose immortal quality has already conquered time; then will you catch the same eternal strain when it pours from the throat of a modern bard.

So having started you, we trust, with your faces set in the right direction, we leave you under the tutelage of the greatest and wisest spirits the world has ever known, who still live, as Milton says, in their books, "which are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are."

I AM THE CAPTAIN OF MY SOUL

JUNE 1930

IN all our lives there are certain landmarks upon which we look back and wonder what would have happened if, when we had reached that point from which we surveyed the future lying like a great unexplored country before us, we had chosen some different path of life from that which then attracted us. Where would we have been now? What would we have become? What ties and duties, what dear relationships would have held us? What joys, what sorrows would we have missed?

You are at just such a point now. Your future lies spread out before you, and you are all wondering what it holds in store for you.

In the old days, even perhaps twenty-one years ago, a girl might say, "If only I were a boy it would be so much easier! Boys have such a choice before them—they can do anything." Now there is hardly a career that a girl may not follow as well as a boy—they may be lawyers, doctors, members of parliament, senators, and even cabinet ministers! It has long been possible for them to be teachers, writers, artists, nurses, librarians. With or without a college course they may fill their days with interest and variety. They may be, if they wish, free and independent. They may avoid all domestic duties, and live a man's life, if they will. Opportunity is not lacking. The shackles have been broken. They may have, as Virginia Woolf puts it, a room of their

own, freedom from household worries, an independent income.

But are all these favourable outward circumstances capable in themselves of deepening and enriching life? Are there more great women produced now than a hundred years ago? Would George Eliot's mind have been keener, her knowledge greater, or her moral insight deeper, had her education come to her ready-made instead of being hewed out month by month by her own endeavour? Has Oxford or Cambridge yet produced a Charlotte Brontë, whose vivid imagination and passionate force broke through the narrow confines of an obscure parsonage, was disciplined by humble duties lovingly and faithfully fulfilled, and fed on the lonely grandeur of the rugged Yorkshire moors? Fine as are the types the nursing profession has produced, have they surpassed the great pioneer, Florence Nightingale, who overcame narrow conventions, ridicule and bitter opposition to accomplish the acts of mercy her innermost being urged her to do, when the opportunity for such work did not exist but had to be created?

These women had within themselves the fire, the driving force, the steady purpose, the broad outlook, the lofty vision, which alone can take life as it comes and mould it into a thing of beauty and order. And the value of your lives will also depend not so much on your future occupations as on the temper of your minds, the depth of your feelings, and the strength of your wills. All young people, and you among them, seem to love that poem of Henley's, in which he says:

"I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

They may not perhaps analyse the meaning of it, but they feel the truth of the sentiment expressed. It is indeed, only when a man realises that he is, and must be, the captain of his soul that he becomes the master of his fate. Then only is he truly free, truly independent of circumstances, truly great. So it is of this captaincy, this direction, this mastery, that I wish to speak to you to-day.

We are all apt to talk very glibly about our souls, without knowing in the slightest degree what we mean by the expression. In fact, any attempt to analyse it fully would drown us deep in metaphysics —we would all be out of our depth in the twinkling of an eye. Still we would all no doubt be prepared to argue we have souls, even if we could not agree exactly as to what we mean by them. So let us take a comparatively simple dictionary definition of the word, in order that we may consider how it is possible to be masters of our fate, instead of being mastered by it.

The soul, then, may be said to be that in each person which lives, feels, thinks, and wills. A captain is one who directs and controls a vessel, and brings it to the desired haven or goal. If, then, you can grasp the meaning and the goal of life, and control your feelings, thoughts and wills, for the purpose of reaching that goal, you will be the master of your fate in the only way that matters. Everything that comes to you in life, whether it be riches or poverty, fame or obscurity, worldly success or apparent failure, will be transformed into strength and sustenance for the soul.

You remember Arthur Hugh Clough's poem:

"Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her *seamen* know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that *they* can say."

Yes, that is all the seamen know, but he who would be captain of his soul must have a surer knowledge of his goal and of the means by which it may be attained.

As death is a process of decay, so life is a process of growth, of evolution towards something higher. It has its source and it has its end; and that source of life and goal of life is, we believe, God. The body is, as it were, the vessel which carries the soul on its long journey, and all good captains see that their ships are kept in the highest possible state of efficiency. But it is with the "fraughting souls within her", as Miranda calls them, that we are chiefly concerned to-day. The life of the body demands food, air, exercise. Without these it cannot exist. So there are three principles underlying spiritual development or the life of the soul, and these are Love, Truth and Beauty.

We said that the soul is that in us which lives, feels, thinks and wills. In order to preserve its life, we have to control and develop harmoniously all its parts. That which feels must feed on love, that which thinks must feed on truth, and that which wills must seek beauty, proportion and harmony.

So in order to be masters of our fates, we must as captains take charge of our souls, nourishing them on Love, Truth and Beauty, and guiding them towards God, the source of all Life, Love, Truth and Beauty.

Love comes to us first through our family ties, our parents, our brothers, our sisters, and those af-

fections are perhaps the most deeply rooted in our natures. Then comes friendship, which widens our interests and our sympathies, and stimulates our minds, as iron sharpens iron. And if marriage follows on friendship, love may have its most perfect earthly fulfilment, broadening out to include in its embrace, as all true love must do, the unloved and uncared for. We may not, perhaps, have at our command all these forms of love, but we can, if we will, whether we be rich or poor, nourish our souls on love for some human beings and manifest it in gracious deeds of kindness.

Truth also, like a diamond, has many facets. In the moral world it is absolute sincerity, and the captain must needs be very vigilant to guard his precious charge from the rocks and shoals of flattery, of hypocrisy, of deceit, which have wrecked many a fair soul. In the intellectual world it is knowledge of facts, of human experience, of the nature of things and the laws which regulate the universe. In a still higher region it is the object of all speculation, meditation, contemplation.

And Beauty! Is it not the perfect flower of right feeling, right thinking and right willing? It is not given to many to create beauty in the realm of art, but whether we create or only love and appreciate beauty, our souls grow the richer for it. And all may labour at the moulding of their own souls into forms of perfect proportion and exquisite harmony, through the careful guidance of their feelings, their thoughts and their wills.

In every group of human beings will be found some whose main quest is love. They crave both to receive and to give affection. Sometimes they feel that the narrow circle of a home will completely

satisfy their hearts, sometimes they seek also wider opportunities for serving their fellow-men.

Others there are whose intellectual curiosity is well-nigh insatiable. Lovers of truth, they long for ever more time to devote to research and experiment or for more knowledge of the results of other men's labours.

And a few feel within themselves an irresistible impulse towards beauty in art, in music or in literature. They may never be great artists, but their natures are satisfied only in the endeavour to express themselves in some form of creative art.

Others there may be also who ask nothing of life but pleasure and excitement, or who are content to drift without aim or compass. But of these I shall not speak, for I feel sure that each one of you responds to the claim of Love or Truth or Beauty in some degree.

And, indeed, the wise captain of his soul knows that if he will be also the master of his fate he must not neglect one of the essential principles of spiritual growth, for this very lack of balance has been the cause of many a shipwreck.

Some of you, perhaps, by inclination and circumstances, will be drawn swiftly into the shelter of domestic felicity. Do not, therefore, neglect to feed your souls also on some intellectual inspiration and foster it still on visions of beauty.

Another will be plunged into close and exacting intellectual labour. Do not allow yourself to become less sensitive to the claims of friendship and love, or dead to the humanizing influence of music and art.

Yet another will be engrossed in artistic endeavour, and the passion for perfection which all true artists feel. Nevertheless, do not ruthlessly sever

human ties, or neglect the mind, while producing forthright craftsman's skill.

There have been some one-sided geniuses, but usually they have come to a tragic end. The greatest lives are those in which emotion, intellect and aesthetic preception have been most perfectly balanced.

The finest parents are those whose sympathies are wide, whose minds are keen and well-furnished, and whose eyes can see beauty and reveal it to their children.

The greatest scholars are those who have kept in touch with their own generation, and who can still feel awe before the starry firmament.

The greatest artists, like Michael Angelo—sculptor, painter, engineer and faithful friend,—kept their souls in fealty to beauty, truth and love.

So as you launch your lives on a sterner sea, seeking ports uncharted or havens great, do so with courage and with joy. To you has been entrusted the most precious of cargoes, a living soul. A great Captain has gone before to show you the way, and the means by which you may withstand the roughest buffetings of outrageous fortune and conquer the fiercest winds of passion, or whirlpools of gloomy depression.

But happily the voyage of life, although it may have its occasional storms, has also long spells of calm waters, blue skies and smiling sunshine. So if I cannot *promise* you, let me, at least, join with Prospero in *wishing* you "Calm seas, propitious gales and sail so expeditious" as may bring you, after a happy voyage, to the Islands of the Blessed.