

will neither be delighted with success nor grieved by failure. He will neither shun danger nor seek it, for there are few things which he cares for. He is reticent, and somewhat slow of speech, but speaks his mind openly and boldly when occasion calls for it. He is apt to admire, for nothing is great to him. He overlooks injuries. He is not given to talk about himself or about others; for he does not care that he himself should be praised, or that other people should be blamed. He does not cry out about trifles, and craves help from none."

On the other hand, mean men admire meanly. They have neither modesty, generosity, nor magnanimity. They are ready to take advantage of the weakness or defencelessness of others, especially where they have themselves succeeded, by unscrupulous methods, in climbing to positions of authority. Snobs in high places are always much less tolerable than snobs of low degree, because they have more frequent opportunities of making their want of manliness felt. They assume greater airs, and are pretentious in all that they do; and the higher their elevation, the more

God knows she is not. The simple courage, the enduring patience, the good sense, the strength to suffer in silence—what nation shows more of this in war than is shown by her commonest soldier? I have seen men dying of dysentery, but, scorning to report themselves sick lest they should thereby throw more labor on their comrades, go down to the trenches and make the trenches their death bed. There is nothing in history to compare with it. . . . Say what men will, there is something more truly Christian in the man who gives his time, his strength, his life, if need be, for something not himself—whether he call it his queen, his country, or his colors—than in all the asceticism, the fasts, the humiliations and confessions which have ever been made; and this spirit of giving one's life, without calling it a sacrifice, is found nowhere so truly as in England."

conspicuous is the incongruity of their position. "The higher the monkey climbs," says the proverb, "the more he shows his tail."

Much depends on the way in which a thing is done. An act which might be taken as a kindness if done in a generous spirit, when done in a grudging spirit may be felt as stingy, if not harsh and even cruel. When Ben Jonson lay sick and in poverty, the king sent him a paltry message, accompanied by a gratuity. The sturdy, plain-spoken poet's reply was: "I suppose he sends me this because I live in an alley; tell him his soul lives in an alley."

From what we have said, it will be obvious that to be of an enduring and courageous spirit is of great importance in the formation of character. It is a source not only of usefulness in life, but of happiness. On the other hand, to be of a timid and, still more, of a cowardly nature, is one of the greatest misfortunes. A wise man was accustomed to say that one of the principal objects he aimed at in the education of his sons and daughters was to train them in the habit of fearing nothing so much as fear. And the habit of avoiding fear is, doubtless, capable of being trained like any other habit, such as the habit of attention, of diligence, of study, or of cheerfulness.

Much of the fear that exists is the offspring of imagination, which creates the images or evils which *may* happen, but perhaps rarely do; and thus many persons who are capable of summoning up courage enough to grapple with and overcome real dangers, are paralyzed or thrown into consternation by those which are imaginary. Hence, unless the imagination be held under strict discipline, we are prone to meet evils more than half-way—to suffer them by forestallment, and to assume the burdens which we ourselves create.

Education in courage is not usually included among the branches of female training, and yet it is really of much greater importance than either music, French, or the use of the globes. Contrary to the view of Sir Richard Steele, that woman should be characterized by a "tender fear," and "an inferiority which makes her lovely," we would have women educated in resolution and courage, as a means of rendering them more helpful, more self-reliant, and vastly more useful and happy.

There is, indeed, nothing attractive in timidity, nothing lovable in fear. All weakness, whether of mind or body, is equivalent to deformity, and the reverse of interesting. Courage is graceful and dignified; while fear, in any form, is mean and repulsive. Yet the utmost tenderness and gentleness are consistent with courage. Ary Scheffer, the artist, once wrote to his daughter: "Dear daughter, strive to be of good courage, to be gentle hearted; these are the true qualities for woman. 'Troubles' everybody must expect. There is but one way of looking at fate—whatever that be, whether blessings or afflictions—to behave with dignity under both. We must not lose heart, or it will be the worse both for ourselves and for those whom we love. To struggle, and again and again to renew the conflict—*this* is life's inheritance."*

In sickness and sorrow none are braver and less complaining sufferers than women. Their courage, where their hearts are concerned, is indeed proverbial:

"Oh! femmes c'est à tort qu'on vous nommes timides,
A la voix de vos cœurs vous etes intrepides."

* Mrs. Grote's "Life of Ary Scheffer," pp. 154, 155.

Experience has proved that women can be as enduring as men under the heaviest trials and calamities; but too little pains are taken to teach them to endure petty terrors and frivolous vexations with fortitude. Such little miseries, if petted and indulged, quickly run into sickly sensibility, and become the bane of their life, keeping themselves and those about them in a state of chronic discomfort.

The best corrective of this condition of mind is wholesome moral and mental discipline. Mental strength is as necessary for the development of woman's character as of man's. It gives her capacity to deal with the affairs of life, and presence of mind, which enable her to act with vigor and effect in moments of emergency. Character in a woman, as in a man, will always be found the best safeguard of virtue, the best nurse of religion, the best corrective of Time. Personal beauty soon passes; but beauty of mind and character increases in attractiveness the older it grows.

Ben Jonson gives a striking portraiture of a noble woman in these lines:

"I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Free from that solemn vice of greatness, pride:
I meant each softened virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to abide.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should with even powers
The rock, the spindle and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours."

The courage of woman is not the less true because it is for the most part passive. It is not encouraged by the cheers of the world, for it is mostly exhibited in the quiet recesses of private life. Yet there are cases of heroic patience and endurance on the part of women which occasionally come

to the light of day. One of the most celebrated instances in history is that of Gertrude Von der Wart. Her husband, falsely accused of being an accomplice in the murder of the Emperor Albert, was condemned to the most frightful of all punishments—to be broken alive on the wheel. With the most profound conviction of her husband's innocence, the faithful woman stood by his side to the last, watching over him during two days and nights, braving the empress's anger and the inclemency of the weather, in the hope of contributing to soothe his dying agonies.*

But women have not only distinguished themselves for their passive courage: impelled by affection, or the sense of duty, they have occasionally become heroic. When the band of conspirators who sought the life of James II. of Scotland burst into his lodgings at Perth, the king called to the ladies, who were in the chamber outside his room, to keep the door as well as they could, and give him time to escape. The conspirators had previously destroyed the locks of the doors, so that the keys could not be turned; and when they reached the ladies' apartment, it was found that the bar also had been removed. But, on hearing them approach, the brave Catherine Douglas, with the hereditary courage of her family, boldly thrust her arm across the door instead of the bar, and held it there until, her arm being broken, the conspirators burst into the room with

*The sufferings of this noble woman, together with those of her unfortunate husband, were touchingly described in a letter afterwards addressed by her to a female friend, which was published some years ago at Haarlem, entitled "Gertrude von der Wart; or, Fidelity unto Death." Mrs. Hemans wrote a poem of great pathos and beauty, commemorating the sad story in her "Records of Woman."

drawn swords and daggers, overthrowing the ladies, who, though unarmed, still endeavored to resist them.

The defense of Lathom House by Charlotte de Tremouille, the worthy descendant of William of Nassau and Admiral Coligny, was another striking instance of heroic bravery on the part of a noble woman. When summoned by the Parliamentary forces to surrender, she declared that she had been intrusted by her husband with the defense of the house, and that she could not give it up without her dear lord's orders, but trusted in God for protection and deliverance. In her arrangements for the defense, she is described as having "left nothing with her eye to be excused afterwards by fortune or negligence, and added to her former patience a most resolved fortitude." The brave lady held her house and home good against the enemy for a whole year—during three months of which the place was strictly besieged and bombarded—until at length the siege was raised, after a most gallant defense, by the advance of the Royalist army.

Nor can we forget the courage of Lady Franklin, who persevered to the last, when the hopes of all others had died out, in prosecuting the search after the Franklin Expedition. On the occasion of the Royal Geographical Society determining to award the "Founder's Medal" to Lady Franklin, Sir Roderick Murchison observed that, in the course of a long friendship with her, he had abundant opportunities of observing and testing the sterling qualities of a woman who had proved herself worthy of the admiration of mankind. "Nothing daunted by failure after failure, through twelve long years of hope deferred, she had persevered, with a singleness of purpose and a sincere devotion which were truly unparalleled. And now that her one last expedi-

tion of the *Fox*, under the gallant M'Clintock, had realized the two great facts—that her husband had traversed wide seas unknown to former navigators, and died in discovering a north-west passage—then, surely, the adjudication of the medal would be hailed by the nation as one of the many recompenses to which the widow of the illustrious Franklin was so eminently entitled.”

But that devotion to duty which marks the heroic character has more often been exhibited by women in deeds of charity and mercy. The greater part of these are never known, for they are done in private, out of the public sight, and for the mere love of doing good. Where fame has come to them, because of the success which has attended their labors in a more general sphere, it has come unsought and unexpected, and is often felt as a burden. Who has not heard of Mrs. Fry and Miss Carpenter as prison-visitors and reformers; of Mrs. Chisholm and Miss Rye as promoters of emigration; and of Miss Nightingale and Miss Garrett as apostles of hospital nursing?

That these women should have emerged from the sphere of private and domestic life to become leaders in philanthropy, indicates no small degree of moral courage on their part; for to women, above all others, quiet and ease and retirement are most natural and welcome. Very few women step beyond the boundaries of home in search of a larger field of usefulness. But when they have desired one, they have had no difficulty in finding it. The ways in which men and women can help their neighbors are innumerable. It needs but the willing heart and ready hand. Most of the philanthropic workers we have named, however, have scarcely been influenced by choice. The duty lay in their way—it seemed to be the nearest to them—and they set about

doing it without desire for fame, or any other reward but the approval of their own conscience.

Among prison-visitors, the name of Sarah Martin is much less known than that of Mrs. Fry, although she preceded her in the work. How she was led to undertake it, furnishes at the same time an illustration of womanly true-heartedness and earnest womanly courage.

Sarah Martin was the daughter of poor parents, and was left an orphan at an early age. She was brought up by her grandmother, at Caistor, near Yarmouth, and earned her living by going out to families as assistant-dressmaker at a shilling a day. In 1819, a woman was tried and sentenced to imprisonment in Yarmouth Jail, for cruelly beating and ill-using her child, and her crime became the talk of the town. The young dressmaker was much impressed by the report of the trial, and the desire entered her mind of visiting the woman in jail and trying to reclaim her. She had often before, on passing the walls of the borough jail, felt impelled to seek admission, with the object of visiting the inmates, reading the Scriptures to them, and endeavoring to lead them back to the society whose laws they had violated.

At length she could not resist her impulse to visit the imprisoned mother. She entered the jail-porch, lifted the knocker, and asked the jailer for admission. For some reason or other she was refused; but she returned, repeated her request, and this time she was admitted. The culprit mother shortly stood before her. When Sarah Martin told the motive of her visit, the criminal burst into tears, and thanked her. Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's after-life; and the poor seamstress, while maintaining herself by her needle, continued to spend her leisure hours in visiting the prisoners and endeavoring

to alleviate their condition. She constituted herself their chaplain and school-mistress, for at that time they had neither; she read to them from the Scriptures, and taught them to read and write. She gave up an entire day in the week for this purpose, besides Sundays, as well as other intervals of spare time, "feeling," she says, "that the blessing of God was upon her." She taught the women to knit, to sew and to cut out—the sale of the articles enabling her to buy other materials, and to continue the industrial education thus begun. She also taught the men to make straw hats, men's and boys' caps, gray cotton shirts, and even patchwork—any thing to keep them out of idleness, and from preying on their own thoughts. Out of the earnings of the prisoners in this way, she formed a fund, which she applied to furnishing them with work on their discharge; thus enabling them again to begin the world honestly, and at the same time affording her, as she herself says, "the advantage of observing their conduct."

By attending too exclusively to this prison-work, however, Sarah Martin's dress making business fell off; and the question arose with her whether, in order to recover her business, she was to suspend her prison-work. But her decision had already been made. "I had counted the cost," she said, "and my mind was made up. If, while imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privations so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others." She now devoted six or seven hours every day to the prisoners, converting what would otherwise have been a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of orderly industry. Newly-admitted prisoners were sometimes refractory; but her persistent gentleness eventually won their respect and

co-operation. Men, old in years and crime, pert London pickpockets, depraved boys and dissolute sailors, profligate women, smugglers, poachers, and the promiscuous horde of criminals which usually fill the jail of a sea-port and county town, all submitted to the benign influence of this good woman; and under her eyes they might be seen, for the first time in their lives, striving to hold a pen, or to master the characters in a penny primer. She entered into their confidences—watched, wept, prayed, and felt for all by turns. She strengthened their good resolutions, cheered the hopeless and despairing, and endeavored to put all, and hold all, in the right road of amendment.

For more than twenty years this good and true-hearted woman pursued her noble course, with little encouragement and not much help; almost her only means of subsistence consisting in an annual income of ten or twelve pounds left by her grandmother, eked out by her little earnings at dress-making. During the last two years of her ministrations, the borough magistrates of Yarmouth knowing that her self-imposed labors saved them the expense of a school-master and chaplain (which they had become bound by law to appoint), made a proposal to her of an annual salary of £12 a year; but they did it in so indelicate a manner as greatly to wound her sensitive feelings. She shrank from becoming the salaried official of the corporation, and bartering for money those services which had throughout been labors of love. But the Jail Committee coarsely informed her "that, if they permitted her to visit the prison, she must submit to their terms, or be excluded." For two years, therefore, she received the salary of £12 a year—the acknowledgment of the Yarmouth corporation for her services as jail chaplain and school-mistress! She was now, however,

becoming old and infirm, and the unhealthy atmosphere of the jail did much towards finally disabling her. While she lay on her death-bed, she resumed the exercise of a talent she had occasionally practised before in her moments of leisure—the composition of sacred poetry. As works of art, they may not excite admiration; yet never were verses written truer in spirit, or fuller of Christian love. But her own life was a nobler poem than any she ever wrote—full of true courage, perseverance, charity, and wisdom. It was indeed a commentary upon her own words:

“The high desire that others may be blest
Savors of Heaven.”

CHAPTER VI.

SELF-CONTROL.

“Honor and profit do not always lie in the same sack.”—GEORGE HERBERT.

“The government of one's self is the only true freedom for the individual.”—FREDERICK PERTHES.

“It is in length of patience, and endurance, and forbearance, that so much of what is good in mankind and womankind is shown.”—ARTHUR HELPS.

“Temperance, proof
Against all trials; industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day;
Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
That might be deemed forbidding, did not there
All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,
And resolution competent to take
Out of the bosom of simplicity
All that her holy customs recommend.”—WORDSWORTH.

SELF-CONTROL is only courage under another form. It may almost be regarded as the primary essence of character. It is in virtue of this quality that Shakspeare defines man as a being “looking before and after.” It forms the chief distinction between man and the mere animal; and, indeed, there can be no true manhood without it.