

nature, she will never be able to show those who suffer that suffering may be a blessing, if nobly borne. She will not be able to explain (never having learnt herself) that the Saviour bore pain to teach us how to *live*, as well as how to die.

Poor Andrea,—in spite of her protected youth, her childhood full of good things (among which the best is wanting), as she shakes a helpless fist at Heaven,—she is much to be pitied.

The perfect comforters of this world—the bravest, noblest women I have known,—the wisest Nurses and mothers—were practical Christians—Christians whose actions were prayers, who were not ashamed of following Christ, and confessing humbly to themselves that His solution of the social tangle never failed.

And this suggests an answer to the first question, "Who is to blame?"

Surely, apart from actively participating in actual crime, *each one of us* is to blame, who has failed in her own social circle, narrow or broad, to do what she could towards upholding the weak, and standing by her sisters *before* they had fallen.

Are there not maids in our homes, sewing-girls, children whom we can strengthen and help, to whom we can give the tenderness of sympathy, the proof of respect that breeds self-respect?

Teach girls the practical duties of their Christian profession, the *noblesse oblige* of the King's daughters, and teach them to reverence that King loyally in deed and in word, above all in deed. Teach them there is something happier than self-indulgence, and work for every one. What we are responsible for, the work we can best do, is usually close at hand. Take it. Good work done by brave women expands for good in ever-growing circles.

It is my firm conviction that we can more truly improve the social state of our nation by individual effort for good in our natural position, than by sweeping measures of reform. Each woman who trains one little servant-girl to be honest, and faithful, and self-respecting, has planted a seed that may increase and spread; each mother who teaches her little boy to be pure, because a brave boy should fight for His King, and her daughter to care for others, has practically helped to solve the social problem.

"A WORKING WOMAN."

WOMEN.

THE WOMAN LOAFER.

"THERE is one point which has particularly struck me during my journey through the United States," said an energetic British tourist, "and that noticeable feature is the absence of the leisured classes, of whom there are so many at home."

"I don't quite 'catch on' to your meaning," said the enterprising and intelligent American to whom the remark was made. "What exactly do you mean by the leisured classes?"

"Oh, don't you know? Men who have never done anything—whose fathers have never done anything, and whose grandfathers were idle men."

"Indeed!" said the American; "we have heaps of these gentlemen, but *we call them tramps*."

With the advent of the "new woman," of whom we hear so much—and of whom it is high time we heard more—the "woman loafer" must beat an ignominious retreat. Her *rôle* is played out, her niche in the scheme of humanity is gone, and public opinion demands that she shall evolve into a working and self-respecting factor in the world.

The production of the "woman loafer" is easy. She begins after school days as the "young lady" who plays a little, does a little needlework, perchance uses her artistic faculties entirely in the decoration of her person, arranges flowers, and writes notes of invitations to tennis parties. If it is "the thing" in her locality, she "takes a district," belongs to a hockey club, and indulges in long walks. She has one aim, one calling, and belongs to the large army of "professional husband-hunters." The energies and faculties which training might develop to some fine aim are dissipated in muscular efforts—her greatest pride is "to make her muscles as hard as whalebone," her highest ambition to "thin down" till she reaches the enviable goal which so many of these young "women loafers" are trying to reach—the condition known as "looking as if they had gone stale," which is a sporty term to express that there is not one unnecessary ounce of flesh on the body.

"Yes," some people would say; "but how can you call a girl a 'loafer,' who is so energetic?"

To this the answer is easy. Muscular activity is not necessarily "energy." Energy suggests purpose, and the young woman described has none, except that she "passes the time away till she marries."

The later development is the married-woman "loafer." Among men, a loafer suggests street corners, not unmixed with public-house and stable life. The female "loafers" are found on high levels and on middle-class levels, and are generally well-to-do. They may be seen in their thousands parading the West-end streets; they start out in the morning with no definite aim—no object in view. They parade up and down and "look in the shops," and for want of a better ambition, they hunger with an unholy hunger for the fineries displayed therein. A sale of millinery or a bankrupt stock of drapery, or fripperies saved from a fire, are to them the oases in their daily desert. If they are not very well off they are continually "doing up" their dresses, bringing them up-to-date by an extra frill or a new width in the back gore, or re-trimming their hats on the plan of the latest model from Paris—an idol beyond the reach of their purses,

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