

stained the surface, but never reached the core. Most women when they have stepped astray seldom pause in their downward career till "guilt grows fate that was but choice before," and far more seldom rise from that debasement of mind and person, except by some violent transition of feeling, some revulsion of passion leading to the opposite extreme. With Eleanor Gwynne it was different. Despite habit, temperament, and opportunity, as years passed on she grew more circumspect, her character grew more elevated. The life which began in the puddle and sink of obscurity and profligacy, ended in wealth, refinement, and Christian charity.

That is a very lovely face, almost child-like in its innocence. How expressive are those eyes! The nose is pretty, the lips sweet and womanly, the chin handsome. Her vivacity and wit were proverbial, likewise her charitable goodness. She was a creature of humors, but most of her impulses were noble ones. She was frank-hearted, blunt, and independent. She respected neither persons nor positions, and all of her actions were seasoned with recklessness. Success was accepted as a matter of course, and adversity likewise without a murmur. She was faithful to the king to the last, and he did not forget her. His last words were, "Let not poor Nelly starve."

Frances Theresa Stewart, duchess of Richmond, dressed like an antique Minerva in a steel breastplate and lofty crest, might almost shame the goddess in splendor. Was that woman bad? They tell us so, but I think she was wild and capricious rather than maliciously wicked. Her faults were those of an ardent, active, impulsive temperament. The face is one of fine regularity. The brain is high in the crown. She was emphatically her father's child, and her affections were evidently ardent and strong. There is something about her head and face that reminds one of Theodosia Burr, and like her she was a leader of society.

In Mary Cavendish, duchess of Devonshire, we observe high elements of organ-

ization. Her profile, and what of the head is available for observation, indicate delicacy, earnestness, ambition, and an excellent degree of practical judgment. She shows a higher forehead and a more meditative disposition of mind than Frances Stewart. Her head is fuller in the crown, and more prominent in the region of Benevolence, Veneration, and Spirituality. She had less intensity of emotion, and held her feelings under good control.

The "good duchess," as her contemporaries called her, was one of the best women of her time. Wife of the second duke of Devonshire, she occupied a position second to none among the noble dames of England. A queen of fashion, with a strong social nature, she passed through life without once having her fair fame assailed. Other women gave way to passion, vanity, or flattery, but Mary Cavendish stood up proud in her chastity, queenlike in her womanly honor. King Lemuel would have delighted in her, for she was like the virtuous woman in Proverbs. As of her, so it could be said of the good duchess: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

FRED. MYRON COLBY.

A T H O U G H T .

I SAW a fair white bird with bleeding wing,
Her bosom lay aslant the driving wrack,
Beating an upward way: anon would ring
A burst of song borne by the 'empest back.
I could have wept to see her snowy breast
Flecked with the purple of her wounded heart,
Save that my soul a kindred joy confessed
To see the bird quail not beneath the smart,
But onward hold her way with kindling eye;
Though gathering clouds embraced her snowy
form
And hurtling arrows did around her fly,
Still backward came her song athrough the
mighty storm.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

JUST thoughts may fail of producing
just deeds, but just deeds always beget
just thoughts.