

## SWEET LIBERTY.

IT turns out after all that a good deal of work, neither merciful nor necessary, is done on the Auckland goldfields on Sunday. The argument of the mine owners has been that the work was of a necessary character, and only on that ground did they seek to justify it; for even rich syndicates—which in these days are popularly supposed neither to fear God nor to regard man—must assume respect for the religious or secular convictions of the community which safeguard the Sunday as a day of rest. Nobody likes to run his head against the dogmas or traditions of his tribe. Very often it is dangerous to do so, and, what is ten times worse, it is never respectable. One gentleman in Auckland has had the hardihood to do it, however, in a recent issue of one of the daily papers. Over the signature of 'Liberty' he writes a long letter on this question of Sunday work, and as good as tells us that it is all bunkum to enforce the observance of Sunday as a day of rest. It is not in obedience to any divine law, for any divine law on the matter, according to him, specifies the seventh and not the first day of the week as the one which is to be the non-working day of the week; and as for any human mandate, he would like to know what right any man has to dictate to another in the matter. 'While claiming liberty to rest themselves,' says he, 'they should concede to their fellow workmen the same liberty to work if they so wish.' All that can possibly be said in favour of Sunday being kept as a day of rest, according to this apostle of liberty, is that it is the custom of the country so to keep it—and that he regards as a very poor reason indeed. We need not trouble ourselves about the argument that there is no divine commandment enjoining that we shall not work on the first day of the week. No one ever said that there was. But surely the mere letter of the law as written down by Moses does not include the only sanction we recognise in our religion. The Christian Sabbath is a fulfilment of the spirit of that law, and sanctified as no Jewish Sabbath could be by certain events in the earthly life of Him who taught that the spirit was everything and the letter of little account. I am rather surprised that 'Liberty' troubles about the religious aspect of the matter at all, because he distinctly tells us later on that every man is to be a law unto himself in such things, so that really it would be of little consequence whether there was a divine law or not. Now, with regard to the view 'Liberty' takes of the observance of Sunday as a secular institution. In effect he wants to know what right any body of men has to lay down the law in such matters, or rather why the desires and actions of individuals should be governed by the opinion of the community, or the race for that matter. Such a thing is sheer tyranny to his mind. His doctrine is briefly that everyone should be allowed to do as he liked, and that true and perfect liberty would consist in everyone being free to follow his own sweet inclinations. I wonder if this conception of liberty obtains widely in New Zealand—the conception that the restraints which the commonsense of the race has put upon individual freedom are inimical to happiness and progress, and should be resisted tooth and nail. Why, it is these very restraints that keep society from flying asunder into a condition of anarchy and the world rolling back into savagery. It is pure nonsense for anyone to suppose that Society can keep itself together without common beliefs, common faiths, common prejudices. Common belief someone has well said represents the force of gravitation and cohesion, and when it comes about that there is no common belief disintegration is not far off. Preserve us from the liberty of 'Liberty,' which would result in making petty tyrants of us all, letting loose all the passions, and turning order into chaos. But there is a tendency in democracy in that direction, for so long as you preach the doctrine that one man is as good as another you will encourage the individual to look upon his opinion as equal to that of anyone else, and to think that he has a right to do as he himself thinks fit.

## THE PROPER WAY.

'ANYBODY can acquire a good memory,' said the teacher to his class, 'if he trains his mind to hang things on their own pegs, so to speak. For instance, in what year was Gladstone born?'  
'I don't remember,' answered the pupil.  
'Don't remember! Well, you must go about it in the right way. How many Muses were there?'  
'Nine.'  
'Of course. Now double that number.'  
'Eighteen.'  
'Now multiply it by 100.'  
'Eighteen hundred.'  
'Very good. Hold on to that. How many Graces were there?'  
'Three.'  
'Precisely. Multiply that by itself.'  
'Nine.'  
'Just so. Now add that to the result you first obtained and what have you?'  
'Eighteen hundred and nine.'  
'Well now, there you have it. Gladstone was born in 1809. Everything depends on going to work in a proper manner. The memory needs a bit of help, that's all.'

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Notice to contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editor of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC will be immediately acknowledged in this column.*

'PARENT.—If you do not—and you are perfectly right—like your children to read 'penny dreadfuls,' place within their reach good literature. Here is one great safeguard which has been proved to be reliable. Fill your bookshelves with wholesome, sound books—books which you have first gone through yourself. Let good periodicals and magazines lie about, which your children can take up and look at, at any idle moment. Encourage them to take in some standard work in weekly or monthly numbers, reading the same yourself so that you can talk to them about the various characters, etc.; and as the children grow older place such authors as Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Kingsley, Eliot, and similar others, within their reach. Depend upon it that those homes are the happiest where good and interesting books and papers are close to the hands of the children, even though the bookcase does look untidy, and the books become soiled and worn.

'Dinadee.—I am sorry, but your query is quite beyond this column. Consult a good lawyer. It is never safe to give advice of the nature you require without being in full possession of all the circumstances of the case.

'Wonderment.—I must congratulate you on your excellent pseudonym. I have a really novel and practical suggestion to make for your wedding present to your niece, which I think will answer your requirements of 'something no one else will give her; something not too expensive, but useful; something I can put fancywork into, as I have plenty of leisure.' Give her a set of the newest style of towels. There is almost no limit to the money one may spend upon towels, if she be so minded; it is in fact somewhat difficult to select the moderate and reasonable from out the mass of costly and voluminous towels. Many women of leisure who like decorated towels buy fine birds-eye linen and make hems finished with deep drawn work bands, above which they embroider initials. Others work above the hemstitched ends small flowers or a running vine in pure white floss. Some, despite the fashion, consider colour well used a great addition. My advice would be that unless you can afford the luxuries of life and need not count the cost, by far your best plan will be to purchase a supply of fine huckaback hemstitched towels, at from sixteen shillings to thirty-two shillings a dozen, and embroider upon them in pure white silk either your monogram or initials. These will be serviceable and elegant, and not too fine to perform all the functions that a towel should. Then, if you wish for a more gorgeous few, you can embroider upon heavy fringed towels a breadth of reasonable width, in colour or white as you prefer. There is no doubt whatever, I think, that all cultivated women will agree that the monogram of the housewife is the most and best desirable decoration that a towel can have. Yet we see dozens of highly decorated towels to one treated in that rational and dignified way. Fringe too, is annoying in the extreme. The lint that it sheds clings fast and is difficult to remove, and it catches and snarls in an irritating way, and it is difficult to launder properly; yet hemstitched towels, truly elegant as they are, are only now coming up to claim their just place. The demand for these comes from households where cultivated taste governs the display.

'Birdie.—I must ask you to write on one side of the paper only. I have no objection to replying privately if you enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. In that case you had better address your query to the Lady Editor. Darkening the eyes is very risky. An eminent oculist claims that the widespread disease of weak eyes among women is largely due to the tampering with these organs for making them more beautiful than nature intended. The extremes to which some will go in the matter is illustrated by an English woman who was arrested in the streets of London for drunkenness. It was found later that she was simply suffering from the toxic effects of atropine, which she had instilled into the eyes to dilate the pupils for a more brilliant appearance. She was determined to be beautiful, and to accomplish the purpose she ran the risk of ruining her eyes for a lifetime. A late fad among women of our cities is to darken the under eyelids with paint to give a more attractive appearance to the eyes. This paint is often made up of injurious principles, which in time makes the flesh around the eyes appear old and wrinkled. It becomes cracked, and then paint becomes essential all the time. The simplest method, if one will darken the eyes, is to use an ordinary lead pencil.

'Dolly.—I fancy you could obtain what you want at any good grocer. Write and ask for a price list of goods, then you will know just what you can afford each week.

'Old Maid.—For travelling you will find a little bag the best possible place for your spare money. It should be of chamois with a flap to button well over and have broad seams trebly stitched. You must shape it so that it will be small enough to wear inside the corset, then secure it with a safety pin.

'Tom.—I hope you will not mind my telling you that before you ask a 'nice, refined, educated girl' to be your wife, you should learn to write a proper letter. Yours was a most curious production. It began in the third person, then wandered off to the first; finally, though there was no address, such as Dear Sir, or Dear Madam, to commence with, it wound up, 'Yours very sincerely.' This is what you should have said:—'To the Editor: Dear Sir,—Will you kindly suggest some present for a young lady's birthday? She is a nice, refined, and educated girl, and I hope to soon ask her to be my wife.—Yours faithfully, Tom ———.' Or you might simply have said: "'Tom' would be much obliged if the editor could suggest a present,' etc. What I would propose is not a book, as 'educated' girls get quite enough literature, but a complete toilet set of silver articles, including brushes, manicure sets, hand mirrors and everything that can be used on the toilet table. With such a set as this, there may go a large square of bevelled glass, made like a looking-glass, so that the articles show off when placed upon them.

'Sleep.—I am afraid your insomnia will prove troublesome to get rid of. A professor said he always induced sleep by going to the woodhouse and sawing wood awhile. It brought the blood down to the extremities and carried it away from the larger vessels, and then it was not dammed up in the poor goaded brain. 'Good for the professor,' I said; but what will help one doesn't always help another. First of all, don't worry; take things easy. I am convinced that worry brings on disease. A woman doctor said to me that she dreaded to treat women with impaired nerve force, which means nervous prostration. She had many cases of such, and they felt that her treatment was long and tedious, and that they did not get the worth of their money. There are certain things that help to invite 'Nature's sweet restorer.' A brisk walk warms cold feet. A well-ventilated room is necessary, a good bed, neither too hard nor too soft, and level. Authorities recommend a hard head; but I always like a big fat pillow and head pretty well elevated. Let each suit his own case. Avoid little, close bedrooms, for a high temperature brings on restlessness.

'Mr Pen.—There is a great demand for houses just now. Had you not better buy a piece of land and build one ready for your bride? It will be miserable beginning life in lodgings or hotels if she is used to a fresh, country life, dairy and chickens. Furnish simply and only one or two rooms, letting her choose the rest of the furnishings. She will have to live in the house more than you will.

'Mabel.—(1) Yes, call after the dance. (2) It is not necessary after that small tea. (3) You need not write your invitations; verbal ones for an informal affair are quite sufficient. Use autumn leaves, crimson and brown silk draperies, and have all sorts of sweetmeats as well as the cakes. Scones, daintily made, or nicely cut and rolled thin bread and butter should always be on the table, as some people never eat sweets. You did not ask at all too many questions. Your writing is a pleasure to read.

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