

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART

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The School of the Heart by Margaret Fletcher

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MARGARET FLETCHER

**THE SCHOOL
OF THE HEART**

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

LIGHT FOR NEW TIMES

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PREFACE

THE kindly reception accorded to a previous little book, *Light for New Times*,* in which I endeavoured to direct the thoughts of girls to those social changes that affect the lives of women, has encouraged me to treat of subjects that touch the more intimate needs of feminine nature. I do this the more readily as being a means of contributing, what little lies in my power, towards the paying of a long accumulated debt. A debt owing from the elder generation to the younger, a debt which, in spite of other generous gifts, seems to me to be, in great measure, still unpaid.

When I reflect upon this debt, I am reminded how I once asked a friend to teach me a difficult game of cards. He expressed

*Art and Book Company.

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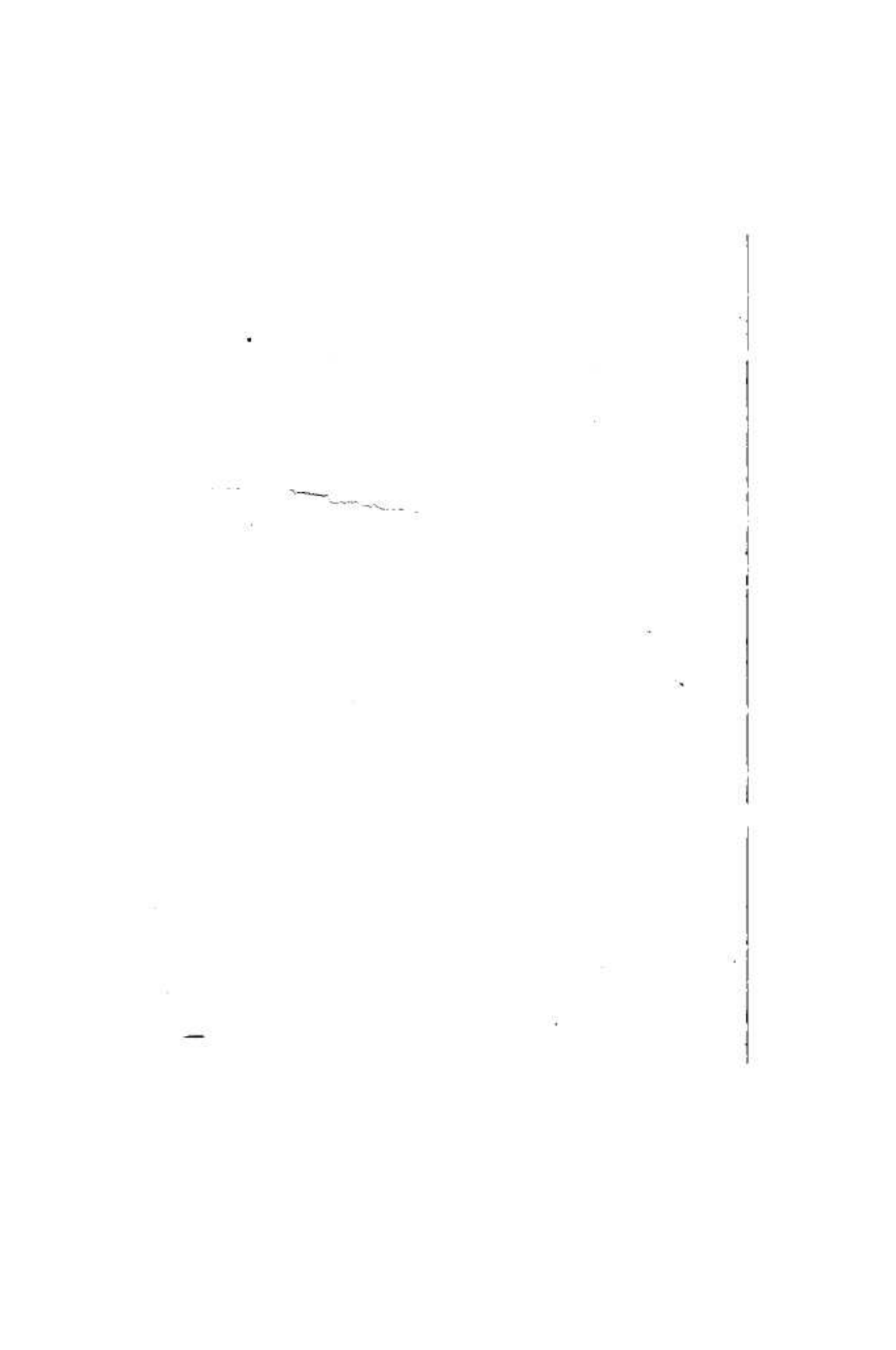
extreme willingness. "The great thing is to win," he said. I supposed that was so. "Well, we sit opposite to one another." That seemed simple enough. Then his face took on a puzzled expression. "Begin, and you'll see," he said abruptly.

"Begin, and you'll see!" Is not that very much how we treat girls? We tell them how to behave decorously and gracefully during life's game; we exhort them to win, to remain on the side of virtue and of God, but we wholly omit to explain the rules of the game. Can we continue to shirk this responsibility? The antagonists they have to face are grown more formidable, and we can no longer play the cards for them. We, upon whom life's experiences have beaten, possess the knowledge, they ask for guidance. They hardly understand our reluctance to give it, for they were cradled in a less artificial age than that in which we first saw the light. The thought of two generations must ever be divided by a cleft which affection alone can span. We

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have to look to it that neglect on our part does not widen the cleft into a veritable chasm. In the hearts of some there may linger a fondness for the point of view that has regarded ignorance as the handmaid of innocence. A point of view which is a legacy from the eighteenth century, and which had no place in the thought of earlier days. I would ask these to turn their thoughts to the Virgin Mother of God Incarnate, and reflect that she, although a maiden dedicated to the service of the temple, showed in the gentle dignity of her answer to the angelical salutation that she had meditated upon the real issues of life, as God intended they should be meditated, in the light of prayer.

M. F.



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