

at home and that was his dog von which was as true as the master.

14. The man who is perpetually hesitating which of the two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend, — who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weather-cock to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows—can never accomplish any thing great or useful. Instead of being progressive in any thing, he will be at best stationary, and more probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with flexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit, that can advance to eminence in any line. Take your course wisely, but firmly ; and having taken it, hold upon it with heroic resolution, and the Alps and Pyrenees will sink before you.

A Recipe to Greatness

A person does nothing who continuously struggle to decide between two things. A person who makes a decision but often changes his mind due to any outside force never achieve anything exceptional in life. He never become best at anything but below average at many. On the other hand, a person who once decides his course, stay consistent and face hardships bravely, he achieves greatness. So, choose your path wisely but once chosen, stay consistent and any difficulty can be overcome.

... and having taken it, hold upon it with heroic resolution, and the Alps and Pyrenees will sink before you.

15. Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes, and the infusion of a China plant is sweetened by the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.



The Beauty of Nature

Nature has blessed every region of the world with something special. She has done so in such a way that all humans stay united for their common benefit. Every region on the planet has something to offer. The food produced in one region is completed by the food grown in the other. ~~Also~~, Even, the complete dress of a woman is a product of various regions.

... and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

18. It is the height of selfishness for men, who fully appreciate in their own case the great advantage of a good education, to deny these advantages to women. There is no valid argument by which the exclusion of the female sex from the privilege of education can be defended. It is argued that women have their domestic duties to perform, and that, if they were educated, they would bury themselves in their books and have little time for attending to the management of their households. Of course it is possible for women, as it is for men, to neglect necessary work in order to spare more time for reading sensational novels. But women are no more liable to this temptation than men, and most women would be able to do their household work all the better for being able to refresh their minds in the intervals of leisure with a little reading. Nay, education would even help them in the performance of the narrowest-sphere of womanly duty. For education involves knowledge of the means by which health may be preserved and improved, and enables a mother to consult such modern books as will tell her how to rear up her children into healthy men and women and skilfully nurse them and her husband when disease attacks her household. Without education she will be not unlikely to listen with fatal results to the advice of superstitious quacks, who pretend to work wonders by charms and magic.



But according to a higher conception of woman's sphere, woman ought to be something more than a household drudge. She ought to be able not merely to nurse her husband in sickness, but also to be his companion in health. For this part of her wifely duty education is necessary, for there cannot well be congenial companionship between an educated man and an uneducated wife, who can converse with her husband on no higher subjects than cookery and servants' wages. Also one of a mother's highest duties is the education of her children at the time when their mind is most amenable to instruction. A child's whole future life, to a large extent, depends on the

teaching it receives in early childhood, and it is needless to say, that this first foundation of education cannot be well laid by an ignorant mother. On all these grounds female education is a vital necessity.

Education is Necessary for Women

It is selfish of men to deprive women of education's benefits. Also, it cannot be argued on any logical ground. Some might argue that education can be a distraction to women's primary job which is to take care of their households. It can be true. But, it is also possible that it help them perform better at work. Moreover, education can give a vast knowledge to women. They can utilize this knowledge to positively contribute to their family in various ways. But it is not possible **without** education. Also, education enables a woman to have well-versed conversation with her husband on important matters. Lastly, a mother is the first teacher of her children. She cannot effectively perform this important duty without education. So, education is crucial for women.

15. Up the River Hudson in North America are the Catskill Mountains. In a certain village at the foot of these mountains, there lived long ago a man named Rip Van Winkle. He was a simple and good-natured person, a very kind neighbour and a great favourite among all the good wives of the village. Whenever there was a squabble in the family of Rip, the women in the village always took his part and laid all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.

The children of the village too would shout with joy, whenever they saw him. He helped at their sports, made playthings for them, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians.

Rip had no love for labour, if it would bring him profit. He would sit for a whole day on a wet rock and fish without a murmur, even though he did not catch a single fish. He would carry a light gun on his shoulder for hours together and shoot only a few squirrels or wild pigeons.

He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in roughest toil. The women of the village often employed him to run their errands and to do little jobs for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own. He was, however, one of those men who take the world easy. He would eat coarse bread or fine, whichever could be got with least thought or trouble. And he would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound.

If left to himself, Rip would have whistled away life in perfect contentment. But his wife always kept drumming in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness and the ruins he was bringing on his family. Rip had but one way of replying to all her lectures—he shook his head, cast up his eyes and said nothing. He had one good friend at home and that was his dog Wolf which was as idle as the master.



Wren & Martin Exercise #13

You are allowed to submit only one question in one pdf. The remaining questions may be submitted in separate pdfs.

A Story of An American Villager

Once, there lived a man in a village in North America. He was overall a nice man and everyone liked him. However, he was blamed for every problem of his family. The children of the village loved him. He was very friendly with them. This man was not fond of working. He would mostly sit idle. But he was always ready to help his neighbours. In simple words, he loved working for others but not for himself. He was very easy on life. Also, he was satisfied living this way if it were to him. But his wife consistently reminded him of his uselessness. He always put deaf ears to her. He also had a dog which had the similar qualities.
