

We will stop here because it is hard to imagine where the author's flights would have led him to, and it is not kind to interfere with the working out of an idea. Such interference has been hurtful to great men before this.

The brunette is decidedly more interesting from a psychological point of view. She skips about in a gazelle-like manner from one topic to another, and possesses, we are glad to know, "feminine fingers." It is also a relief to note that this phenomenal young lady thanks her escort for helping her out of a difficulty with the elastic of her hat. These little details are what bring her down to a sordid every-day world. It sounds a little *outré* now-a-days to talk of the elastic of one's hat being caught by hair-pins, but it is too much to expect of one novelist to keep up with the intricacies of feminine fashion as well as of the feminine mind—though I would suggest in all kindness that he try the former now. It is easier.

Talking of feminine fingers naturally makes one think of lady's fingers, five o'clock teas, of trifles light as air and by a natural application, of poetry—I trust this easy graceful transition will be noted. It is of poetry I next wish to speak.

That is the next thing I should not do were I to write on the subject of co-education. I certainly should not indite verses on the "golden-haired girl graduate," and represent her with a trifling incongruity of time and place, as tripping demurely through the corridors to the lectures. Nor would I beg the vision of brightness to linger as she lightly treads on the cold grey stone of the college steps and gladden them with her beauty. If it were possible to infuse any practical idea into a poet, it might be delicately suggested that the charms of lunch are sometimes even greater to the average college girl than the charm of posing for admiring students. But that is merely a suggestion. I must pass on to the next thing I would avoid.

I hope I should not write dialogues *à la* Howells, meant to be character sketches of the class of young ladies who attend college. Poor Howells! as the unacknowledged source—if he be it—of these dialogues he has a good deal to be responsible for. The festive damsels contained there—I trust they exist nowhere else—alive—go to watering-places like ordinary people, and are only to be distinguished from society young ladies by being much more frivolous and susceptible. Why a college education should have this result is a problem which the author ought to solve. It is usually supposed to have the opposite effect. They introduce Latin promiscuously into their conversation and read Tolstoi because a high-church clergyman, who wears a becoming eye-glass, recommends him. They are learned, we are given to understand, but all traces of erudition (always excepting the Latin and Tolstoi) are kept carefully hidden and are never visible in their conversation. One feature of Howells—the delightful vagueness as to purpose and ending—our present author has succeeded beautifully in catching. Of course, though, in Howell's there are other redeeming features; one can usually see why his sketches are written. Lest any unpleasant inferences be drawn, I might say that it is also easy to see why the dialogue under consideration was written.

Lastly, I should not write letters of the waste-paper basket series, or letters that should be of that series, and expect to see them published. I should not write *any* kind of letters on this subject. There is not time to go into details as to the various kinds of letters possible to write; all this, I would *not* do were I writing on co-education. Destructive criticism, I am aware, is easy; a beautiful opportunity has been given the general public. I, as a member of that "numerous" body, have probably abused such opportunity, but I certainly should

do none of these things. What I should do is another question. It is a delicate matter and one that must not be harshly dealt with. But if it came to the actual question, and I had to answer what I would do, I think, yes, I am sure, I should reply that I would leave the task to an abler writer.

GRETA.

DOWN WITH THE TIDE.

Down with the tide. The black'ning waters flowing,
Bear swiftly seaward from the fading west;
Past rocky peaks in transient glories glowing,
Ere yet the sun has, wearied, sunk to rest.

Down with the tide. Yet downward, where the village,
Half hidden by the hills, securely lies;
Where, in the fields, now rests from toilful tillage,
The work-worn sower as the daylight dies.

Down with the tide. With Gothic windows gleaming,
The cross-crowned steeple rears its modest height;
Wide through high doors the altar-light is streaming,
And throws a chastened glory thwart the night.

Down with the tide. Still, still the night is falling;
The holy light fades from the distant shore;
Far through the gloom the vesper-bell is calling;
We hear unheeding, till we hear no more.

Down with the tide. While fast the shadows darken
In silent sadness o'er the river side;
The bell we hear no more. 'Tis night; and hearken!
The sea roars louder. Downward with the tide.

Eoin.

FROM MY BOARDING-HOUSE WINDOW.

When in the Fall of 18—, I found myself at the University a lonely, homesick freshman, I hunted up a room in a boarding-house on — street, which had been recommended me by a fellow-townsmen. The house had originally been a lath and plaster concern but had been covered over with a skin of brown tin sheeting, and, with the little turrets and balconies that had been added, presented quite an imposing exterior. When I first entered my room to take possession, and contemplated the dingy and dirty state in which everything had been left by my predecessor, I began to repent that I had so indignantly spurned my mother's offer to come up with my sister and settle me comfortably in my new quarters. However, the landlady promised me to get to work at it that afternoon with broom and scrubbing-brush, and next morning, when I awoke and saw the sun streaming cheerily in across the foot of my bed, I felt that, with a little labour and planning on my part, the place might be made quite presentable. The first thing to be done was to hang up a few prints, which my sisters had framed for me (to adorn my town mansion, as they laughingly said), a proceeding which demanded no small care and tact, as I wished to make them go as far as possible towards concealing the short-comings of the wall paper. This had originally consisted of a white ground, with very pale blue flowers and very bright green leaves running up broad red streaks, presumably in imitation of trellis work, but the symmetry of the design was very much impaired by marks of