

heartlessness, so often found in the haunts of the poor. Passing by the accidents of station, he shows us the truth and the beauty of every honest life — the world of poetic wealth in every human breast.

His mother, whom he lost before he was eight, was truly human, and tenderly trained her "stiff, moody, and violent-tempered" boy. According to Wordsworth, his mother believed that the God "who fills the mother's breast with innocent milk, doth also for our nobler part provide," and in this faith she brought up her son.

This was her creed, and therefore she was pure

From anxious fear of error or mishap,
And evil, overweeningly so called,
Was not puffed up by false unnatural hopes,
Nor selfish with unnecessary care.

Such was she—not from faculties more strong
Than others have, but from the time, perhaps,
And spot in which she lived, and through a
grace
Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,
Being itself benign.

But much as Wordsworth owed to his mother, he was more indebted to his sister Dorothy. Though two years younger than the poet, she became his guiding star to inspire and

direct and give tone and tenderness to his whole life. In his poem on the Sparrow's Nest he thus speaks of her:

The blessing of my later years

Was with me when a boy ;
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares and delicate fears ;
A heart the fountain of sweet tears ;
And love and thought and joy.

This education, so lovingly and faithfully begun by mother and sister, was carried on and completed at school and college. Though his university course was not distinguished, he mastered the Italian language, and was brought into closer contact with the great drama of life. It was here that he began to study the workings of passion, to analyze character, and make himself acquainted with the springs of action. Indeed his college training gave him the catholic feeling so beautifully expressed in some of his poems, and enriched his vocabulary not a little. It enabled him to combine the homely pathos of Crabbe and the philosophic breadth of Coleridge—the profound speculations of the philosopher and the simple narrative of the historian of the poor.

(To be continued.)

EFFECT OF EDUCATION ON WOMEN.—The bread-winning necessity, so aggravated by many social causes, has done much in favour of education. It is not the highest, not the truest, argument for human culture ; but it has the merit of being answerable. The latest and lowest objection that has been brought forward is the fear that highly-educated women will cease to be attractive to men, and even themselves care no longer to please. We might leave nature to settle that question ! But men have been heard to say that they thought woman's first duty was to sooth man's ruffled vanity ; that at least, at home, he might be able to consider himself the first of men. Such people need not fear that the supply of flatterers in either sex will

ever fail ; but, since it cannot be denied that talent has ever been one of the greatest attractions to women, do men wish us to rate them so much lower as to think that cultivated minds, and all the varied charms that flow from a superior intellect, are valueless in their estimation ? A well-balanced judgment will teach women to make the best of their lot in life when unfortunately they are unequally yoked, and a wise woman will conceal and correct those faults a fool would flatter and encourage. To be a helpmate to man is, I believe, admitted on all sides to be woman's happiest position ; but conventional inferiority will not insure that companionship which can be relied on as a help in the various trials of married life.—*Ex.*