

country and its citizens as low-bred, vulgar, and beneath consideration. We may be home-spun, but we are honest; we may be the offspring of plebeians, immigrants, but our stock is clean from generation to generation; we have no royal family, and thank God that we have not. We have good manners, Americans; we have wealth enough to feed all impoverished blue-bloods in effete Europe; we have brains that are the envy of all England; we have security and happiness, and an ease of living unknown to the miserable subjects who pay with drops of blood the exactions of royal tax-gathers; our daughters are fairer, our sons are more manly than anything that England, the cradle of dudedom, can afford. We have a army of twenty millions, but the members stay at home and mind their own business as good citizens until they are called into the field; we have a navy that cruises for pleasure until it is called to bombard in defence of our flag and our honor. What more do we want? Let us pray for one another that we may all have sense, and to our evening litany let us add: 'From our English cousins, O Lord, deliver us!'

It is probably needless for us to say that this is the most forcibly feeble specimen of American bluster that we have seen for some time.

DRIFTING.

How I love to lie in my pulsing boat,
 And drowsily drift and dream,
 Where the sheen of the lilies as stars afloat
 Is mirrored in the stream;
 And the clouds that rest in the golden west,
 Have the woof of a poet's dream.
 How softly the shadows creep out and apart
 Like ghost of a dying day!
 While a breath from an upland meadow's
 heart
 Is sweet with the new-mown hay,
 Till it turns to a breeze 'mid the rustling trees,
 And shudders and dies away.
 Then little by little the stars peep out
 Till their splendour fills the sky;
 And the hurrying swallows all about
 Like wraiths go flitting by,
 Through the purple night, with wings as light
 As a passing spirit's sigh.

E. J. M.

CONTRIBUTED.

MR. EDITOR,—

Will you permit one of the inferior sex (to quote from your courteous correspondent, Quasi-Modo) to give her opinion of your suggestion to the Senate, concerning the pass course for women? "Women's proper sphere is the home," you say. Let it be granted. But you add that the advantages of a liberal education have justice and propriety in her case only when circumstances make another sphere more congenial or necessary. Surely, Sir, that is a very strange ground to take. Is this liberal culture, towards which we all are striving, a matter of dollars and cents, then? Is it only because we may use our knowledge professionally that it is of use to us? Has this higher education no higher point in view than that? You hold that it has for *men*. Then why not for women? If a man's ideal is to perfect as nearly as he may that wonderful gift of God—call it soul, or mind, or intellect, or what you will—is it to be supposed that a woman, with her finer spiritual nature, and readier insight into things, will remain content with half-way truths, or rest satisfied on the outer edge of knowledge while her brothers are pressing onward to the centre? No, my dear fellow student, the time for such a state of things has gone 'forever and ever by.' Music and painting are fine aids to culture, certainly; let us have them by all means, *all* of us; for I have never understood they were peculiar to women. I certainly have a recollection of some few *men* who even excelled in them. Raphael was one, Mozart another. Perhaps you have heard of others.

Then, too, on the other hand, is it not sad to think that sweet, lovable Rosa Bonheur although she painted, and had not a College education, yet never found her "proper sphere."

"'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true."

Now, sir, as to that lack which will be in the culture of those who press onward to a degree, we have only to say that perfection is hard to reach in this world, but we intend to take the best that comes our way. We have not the slightest intention, no matter how indulgent the Senate may be pleased to be, of giving up the substance for the shadow. We prefer leaving that for those frailer sisters—and