

Receive the witness of Sir Walter Scott, who gives to woman endless varieties of grace, tenderness and intellectual power, an inevitable sense of dignity and justice; a fearless, instant and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims. Take the graver and deeper testimony of the great Italians and Greeks. You know the plan of Dante's great poem. So we could multiply witness upon witness of this kind if space permitted. We would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women, but no Legend of Good Men. We would take Spenser and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, we could go back into the teaching of the most ancient times and show you why that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman. But the ideal women of these great poets and men of the world is, according to the common idea prevailing, wholly undesirable. The woman, modern times say is not to guide. The man is always to be the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power. Are all these great men mistaken, or are we? O ye lords of creation make up your minds on this important question.

Are Shakespeare, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion by the lover to his mistress. If we think it right in the lover and mistress, why not in the husband and wife.

Woman is becoming what God meant her to be—the companion and counsellor,

not the encumbrance and toy of man. In an age of force, woman's greatest grace was to cling; in this age of peace she doesn't cling much, but is every bit as tender and sweet as if she did. She has strength and individuality, a gentle seriousness; there is more of the sisterly, less of the siren; more of the duchess, and less of the doll. The world has never yet known half the amplitude of character and life to which men will attain when they and women live in the same world. It doth not yet appear what they shall be.

Senior Literary Society.

OUR Society is fortunate in possessing an excellent critic; one who does not fear to say what she thinks and yet is just. This office, which for some time past has been regarded as a mere duty, is now the centre of interest and all look forward to hearing how their efforts are appreciated; with but few exceptions the result is satisfactory, for reproof and censure, when required, are given in such a gentle manner that they accomplish their object of reform without producing any of the bitter feelings which are usually prevalent between the criticised and the critic.

A little falling off of interest in our Society is pardoned at this time, when the Christmas examinations are approaching and the students find it difficult to give as much attention to the meetings as when the examinations were but a black cloud in the future. The holidays will give us time to recover, and when we return, it will be with renewed energy that we will take our part, and we predict even a brighter record than the past weeks have given.

On the coming Friday, the Societies will unite for the purpose of electing the staff of the Portfolio and officers of the Societies for the winter terms, so that all will be in readiness to take their positions at the commencement of the New Year.