

higher planes. Then he again congratulated all on their success, and amidst ringing cheers sat down.

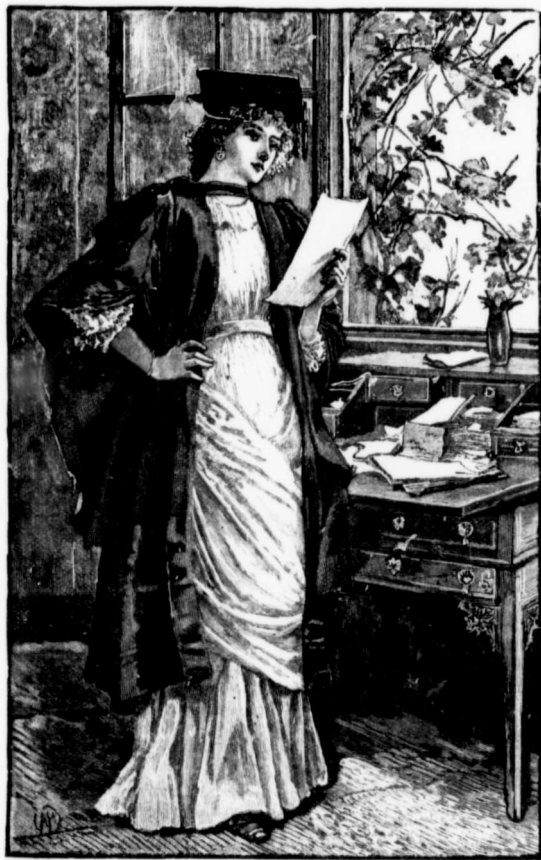
I think in that moment when Sir John Lubbock, the member returned to Parliament by the university, spoke of the fame of our university, its great work and high standard, there was born in the breast of each one of us a feeling of reverence for our alma mater, a hope that we should never do anything which should make her sorry for her "alumni," but rather should add to her glory, and ever remain worthy children of a noble mother.

We all rose as the Lord Chancellor walked from his seat to the exit, followed by the members of the senate, and then we, too, moved from our places and ran hither and thither, seeking out friends, some only made in the examination-room in October. The most ardent opposer of higher education for women could hardly have disapproved of these happy-looking girls, their bright earnest faces glowing with health. Among them one saw no jaded looks or weary eyes, as one sees among girls who have no aim, no ambition, but to shine at a ball or get an eligible *parti*. One hears so much of the injurious effect study has on girls; many men deplore the strides women are making in the pursuit of knowledge; they prognosticate early loss of youth, bright eyes, and good looks; and yet here to-day I see a goodly number of English maidens as healthy, happy, and comely as surely were the women of bygone ages, who watched their brothers' progress, sighing as they ruined their sight over their tapestry.

Study, as Sir John Lubbock wisely remarked, leaves no time for dulness; the girl who has hard brain-work to do every day has not time to feel miserable. Petty worries and small annoyances leave her as she becomes immersed in Greek, mathematics, or whatever particular branch she has taken up. That study does not rob her of her high spirits and merry laughter is amply proved by the joyous sounds that issue from the robing-rooms. The grey old corridors resound with girlish voices; one catches snatches of conversation as each relates how the scene affected her, how much she has hoped for success, and so on.

It is sweet to work and reach the appointed goal—only those who have given up pleasure and sacrificed ease can say *hola* sweet. Let us hope amid the joy which is here to-day, some feelings of compassion are raised in our hearts for those who strove like us, but did not win. To my girl-readers I would say: Work, keeping the thought of success ever before you. Cultivate the brain-powers which God has

given you. Read, and widen your knowledge; think, and broaden your views, and I can next exam. we intend to work for. Somehow, the whole ceremony has fired us with zeal.



safely say dulness will not often trouble you, nor weariness make you its victim.

As we leave the university we talk of the

We long to climb yet higher, and silent vows are registered to work steadily on, not content with what is already won.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MANY town people taking a holiday in the country are distressed at seeing horses tethered in the fields exposed to the swarms of flies which the switching of their tails is powerless to get rid of, but which wound and torment them beyond endurance, and in our drives and walks we are subject to the same annoyance.

The remedy is simple. Tie a bunch of the scented oak-leaved geranium on the heads or bodies of your horses, and wear a few of them in the front of your dress, and do not forget to place some on the tethered animals.

If you want to keep your room free of the flies, put some plants of the scented oak-leaved geranium in your windows. They will hardly venture through them, for they are always scared at the scent of them.

One word more. This is just the time to get the raspberry leaves, fennel, and parsley fresh from the gardens, so do not forget to prepare the remedy I gave in the November numbers for tired eyes.

PICKLED FRENCH BEANS.—Be careful to have them freshly gathered and quite young. Put them into a brine, made strong enough to float an egg, until they turn colour, then drain them and wipe dry with a clean cloth; put them into a jar and stand as near the fire as possible, and pour boiling vinegar over them sufficient to cover, covering it up quickly to prevent the steam from escaping. Continue to do this until they become green by reboiling the vinegar about every other day. They should take about a week.

PICKLED CABBAGE AND CAULIFLOWER.—Slice the cabbage very finely and cut the cauliflower in small pieces on a board or colander (a pastry board I find answers very nicely), and sprinkle each layer with salt and let it stand for twenty-four hours, sloping the board a little that the brine might run away from it. Procure as much ordinary pickling vinegar as you think will be required to

cover the cabbage, and boil a small portion of it with a little ginger and a small quantity of peppercorns, also a small beetroot peeled and cut up to give it a nice colour; after it has boiled pour it in the remaining vinegar, but take out the beetroot. Put the cabbage and cauliflower into a jar and pour over the vinegar and spices; tie down and keep in a dry place. Will be ready for table-use in about a month.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—Gather them when quite young, and let them remain in brine for twelve hours; have sufficient vinegar to cover them, and with a small portion of it boil a little Jamaica and a little black pepper; when it has just boiled, add to the remaining vinegar. Strain the nasturtiums and put them in a bottle or jar and pour over the vinegar and spices, and tie down. These are very nice to use instead of capers for sauce with either boiled beef or mutton.