

it depends very much on some *one* else, whether a girl shall find a seat, on equal terms, in that college which abhors *bachelor* honours, and yet elevates woman to the highest and holiest dignity to which her sex can aspire—a dignity which, I fondly trust, will never cease to be striven for and achieved by every daughter of Eve who possesses those qualities of heart and head which will make her a good wife and a good mother. There are not too many women in the world. If men would set them the example of patient, courageous industry, and of economic expenditure in their own disbursements, they would find them better help-mates than some of them are, and there would be fewer old bachelors and old maids than there now are. The young man who cannot afford or venture to marry because he finds his salary hardly enough, or perhaps too small, to pay his tailor's bills, his club dues, his cigars and wine disbursements, and a dozen of other silly requirements, would act wisely by lopping off his extravagances, and investing the proceeds of his economy in a marriage license (but not in a senseless marriage tour), and in the purchase of some plain and useful household furniture. I venture to say that such a man will be richer (and I speak from experience) at the end of twenty years, to say nothing of his conjugal happiness, than he ever could become as a shivering, withering, hang-fire bachelor, or a club-cultivating dandy.

But I have not indulged in this digression for the edification of my male auditors, for if there is a preponderance throughout the Province of female over male teachers, similar to that which obtains in this city, there must be but little room for improvement in the direction indicated. If, however, my lady hearers will just invert the terms of the fable, and, so far as practicable, apply my hints to their own financial management, and curtail their expenditure as much as their good sense and prudent foresight may prescribe, so that they might be able to club their savings with those of some others whom I need not specially indicate, they would find they had acted wisely, and they would carry off better bachelor degrees than poor Miss Watson did.

I would now crave your attention to another part of my subject which has naturally long engaged my serious consideration. I have hitherto treated of the morbid results of brain overwork as related to bodily disease and death. There is another form of disease which brings to those doomed to witness it, though not to the victims themselves, a sorrow even deeper, more intense, and longer-enduring than that which we feel when consigning our loved departed ones to the grave; it is that abiding, and so often hopelessly hoping agony with which we regard those dear to us, whose mental light has passed under eclipse from which it may never emerge, or into which it may again and again pass, after numerous hope-betraying intervals of lucidity, that are sometimes of considerable duration. This living death is regarded by the friends of those afflicted as the direst visitation of the