

the many 'lions in the way,' and the many counter attractions of life, and nerve them to submit to the somewhat rigorous discipline and steady, protracted work of a University course. Against those who have this strong mental tendency, this earnest aim, is it not both hard and unjust that a National University should close its doors? And it will be long, in all probability, before the number of female candidates for university privileges will warrant the establishment of a separate university as highly and fully equipped as that which shuts them out.

Some of the objectors in our Legislature argue against University co-education, as if it implied a coercive re-modelling of our female education generally. For, on no other supposition is there any relevancy in assuring us that men and women have, *as a rule*, different spheres in life, and differing capacities and tastes to enable them suitably to fill these. Granted fully; but neither all men nor all women are formed in one unvarying mould. There is far too much interaction of the characteristics of the sexes for any such regularity of type. How often does it happen that a daughter inherits the intellectual endowments and tendencies of her father, while a son inherits the emotional nature of his mother. It is by no means a very rare phenomenon to see little boys who love dolls, and little girls who do not care for them. Nor is it very rare to see girls who are much more enthusiastic and earnest students of Greek and Latin than their brothers. The predominance of mathematical talent, indeed, is much rarer among women than among men, yet there are women remarkably endow'd in this respect, fitted to attain high excellence. Where such exceptional talent exists, should not a wise State make provision for its proper training and development? Or is it to be suppressed and wasted because it happens to exist in the brain of a woman? As a rule, men and women

will fall in love and marry, and anything which would unfit woman for this, her natural and divinely appointed function, would be indeed a calamity. But this, too, is a rule which has many exceptions, and it is hard on the exceptions—on the many women who cannot possibly marry—if society is to ignore them in its arrangements, and restrict them in the highest development of which their natures are capable. Moreover, it has yet to be proved that the highest development of which any woman's nature is capable can possibly do anything to unfit her for fulfilling any duty of married life, should that be her lot. A distorted and one-sided development might well do so, and of this more will be said presently. But the more truly cultivated a woman is—according to the powers and capacities God has given her—the more truly fitted she will be for any *v. r*k or duty to which He calls her. Neither is there any greater incompatibility between the 'liberal arts' and 'falling in love,' than there is between love and arithmetic or thorough bass. The two belong to different sides of our nature, and though devotion to any study or serious pursuit will act as a safeguard against a very common tendency to find refuge from *ennui* in perpetual 'flirtation,' it will never so alter a woman's nature as to render her proof against answering with her whole heart when the right voice calls. Sappho, whose name has stood to all ages as the embodiment of female genius and ancient Greek culture, fell in love, as we all know, like the simplest and most unlettered maiden, and so far as we can judge inferentially, with a very ordinary and unappreciative young man. But now that the mists that once clouded her name have been cleared away, and the suicide-story exploded, we can see her, having overcome with womanly dignity this luckless passion which, doubtless, inspired some of her finest poems, married eventually to a man who seems