

# Trinity University Review



## CONTENTS.

CONTRIBUTIONS:	
Home Yearnings. . . . .	3
Higher Education of Women. . . . .	3
Matthew Arnold. . . . .	4
Imperial Federation . . . . .	5
Herbert Spenser . . . . .	6
EDITORIALS.	
ORDINATION. . . . .	7
COLLEGE NEWS. . . . .	9
PERSONAL. . . . .	10
EXCHANGES . . . . .	10

## THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The subject of the higher education of women has of late demanded and received so much attention, that it may not be out of place to make a few enquiries and suggestions as to the objects it proposes to itself.

And first, may we venture to hint that in considering this subject too much stress has been laid upon the mental equality of the sexes, too much pains taken to prove their ability to perform exactly the same work in quantity and quality. Humanity is still labouring under the load that fell upon it when our first parents gave heed to the voice of the tempter, declaring, "Ye shall be as gods," and who can tell if the results may not be equally fatal in their more limited sphere if a certain portion of the human family again lends a listening ear to the evil one when he whispers to the woman, "Thou shalt be as man." For woman was no more made to be the rival than the slave of man. We may "go the whole round of creation" without finding anything which was called into being with a more definite purpose than she was. The works of God's hands, very good in themselves, were incomplete with reference to man. Man was incomplete in himself. But what was wanting was supplied to him in "his second self," the help-meet for him, provided not only as a companion, but as the complement of his being. It is difficult to see why women should shrink from this—why feel it derogatory to her dignity, but willing or unwilling to accept the position, it is inalienably hers, and she can only vindicate her right to a higher education by proving that it renders her more fit, not to do *man's* work in the world, but to fill her own proper sphere, to discharge her own duties with more faithfulness, with more thoroughness, with more success. When this proposition is clearly established, we may hope that every conscientious woman will see that it is not only her *privilege* but her duty to cultivate to the utmost that circumstances will permit every faculty with which she has been endowed.

With regard to this position, to these duties, we feel that we may assert with tolerable safety that woman was not meant to be a leader of abstract thought. The very history of the Fall may show us that she was intended rather to be guided than to guide. If a man can be a power for good in this world by virtue of ideas without reference to their effect upon his life, few will question that woman's influence is only in proportion as she is an embodiment of the thought expressed in right action.

## HOME YEARNINGS.

(Crossing the Atlantic.)

*Leaving for Home!* As I step on the deck  
Of a ship that ere long may be stranded a wreck,  
I think not of possible perils to come—  
One thought is enough—"I am leaving for Home!"

*Longing for Home!* We have sailed out to sea,  
And turn for a last look on mountain and lea;—  
Dark headlands, yon beacon with light in its dome,  
Disappear in the gloom, and I long, long for home.

*Dreaming of Home,* on the ocean's wide waste,  
Of the fireside pleasures, I hope soon to taste,  
Bonny faces and bright eyes their fond welcome beaming;  
Ah, the stormiest billows are soothed by such dreaming!

*Praying for Home,* and its circle of love,  
That blessings may fall from the father above,  
Blessings of Health, and of Heavenly Peace,  
And of charity's concord, never to cease.

*Nearer to Home,* and the exquisite bliss  
Of the children's embrace, and the dear wife's pure kiss;  
Oh, speed on, good ship, speed on through the foam,  
To-night cry my loved ones,—"*He's nearing Home!*"

*At last! Safe at Home!* My darlings, God bless you,  
Come here, to my heart, let me press you, and press you.  
Holiday journeyings, sea-perils o'er,  
Thank God for His mercies,—*At Home once more!*

T. B. J.

On board the Polynesian, Nov. 24th, 1872.