

A Chinese girl, Hung King Eng, is studying English branches at the Ohio Wesleyan University. She intends to become a doctor for the sake of the women of her own country.

Adelbert College, Cleveland, has had about twenty young women in its classes. The attempt was recently made to have the doors closed against female students; but, after a somewhat exciting contest, the trustees by a vote of 12 to 6 have decided to continue the policy of Co-education.

A spunky young lady at Vassar  
Was hailed in the street by a chasseur:  
She flung a brickbat,  
Which upset him, and that  
Was the last time he wanted to sass her.—*Ex.*

Female education is making rapid progress in India, intelligent and wealthy natives doing much to advance it. A Bombay merchant has lately given fifteen thousand rupees towards the foundation of a girls' school; and the Maharaja of Travancore has given a large sum in aid of female medical education.—*Ex.*

October 22nd last was a memorable day in the history of Irish education. On that day, for the first time in Ireland, Irish women received degrees in the Irish University, Dublin. The robed and hooded ladies were cheered to the echo on receiving their diplomas from the venerable Chancellor, the Duke of Abercorn.

Some time ago the Montreal *Witness*, referring to the fact that eleven women were then attending the lectures given under the auspices of McGill College, in compliance with the conditions of Mr. D. A. Smith's donation, argued that this comparatively large number was an indication of the preference of women for separate instruction when it is obtainable. The validity of this inference was disputed by Mr. William Houston in a letter to the *Witness*, in the course of which he points out that McGill's true policy would be to use Mr. Smith's donation for the improvement of its staff, laboratories, and libraries, and allow the women to attend lectures along with the members of the other sex. This communication called out a reply from Prof. Murray, of McGill, which is self-explanatory, and which we append as an interesting contribution to the great controversy over the higher education of women.

(To the Editor of the *Witness*.)

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in your issue of the 12th inst. by Mr. Houston, of Toronto, on the "Higher Education of Women." From that letter, as well as from recent utterances in some of your contemporaries on the subject, it appears that an erroneous impression prevails with regard to the action of McGill University in opening certain classes for women. It is true that a temporary arrangement has been made to meet the emergency of a request on the part of some young ladies to be admitted to the advantages of the University, but the corporation has explicitly refused to commit itself to the institution of a separate college or a separate course of lectures for women, and, in accepting the munificent gift of the Hon. Donald A. Smith, stipulated that it should be applied to the general purpose of "the higher education of women." I do not wish to enter here on the discussion of a question which is still waiting the discussion of the corporation; but I may add that I sympathize with every word that Mr. Houston utters against a policy which would not only be financially ruinous to the university, but would seriously impair its intellectual and moral efficiency.

Montreal, November 26th, 1884.

J. CLARKE MURRAY.

## Our Wallet.

Can a prestidigitateur's humor be said to run in a jug(u)lar's vein?—*Ex.*

Prof.—"What is supposed to be the condition of the earth?"  
Student—"Pasty and vicious."—*Ex.*

A disappointed young man says he wishes he was a rumor, because a rumor soon gains currency, which he never does.

Prof.—"Translate *Ohne auf dem Spott zu achten*." Student, relying on his wit.—"Not acting on the spot."—*Ex.*

Lecture in general chemistry. Prof.—"I will now treat," etc. B. (half aroused by the familiar sound)—"Good f'r you, ol' boy."

A banana skin lay on a grocer's floor. "What are you doing there?" asked the scales, peeping over the edge of the counter. "Oh, I am lying in wait for the grocer." "Pshaw!" said the scales, "I've been doing that for years."—*Ex.*

"On what grounds do you leave me without the customary week's notice?" indignantly asked a thirteenth-ward boarding-house mistress of a leaving boarder. "Coffee grounds, madam; coffee grounds," he tartly replied.—*Ex.*

Professor Sylvester, the great mathematician, who has lately been recalled to England from Johns Hopkins University, is a trifle absent-minded. Once returning to Baltimore from a vacation in England he got as far as Philadelphia when he missed a paper on which he had made some important calculations. Turning on his heel he went immediately back to England for it, and was just leaving the steamer at Liverpool when he found the missing paper in the pocket of the coat he had been wearing all the time. He had not noticed it there before because he had been so deeply absorbed in the problems, how to turn a hollow sphere inside out without breaking the surface, and how to separate inter-linked rings without cutting them, both of which feats he claimed would be possible if only mathematics dealt with four dimensions instead of three.—*Ex.*

In view of the numerous burglaries recently committed in our city, and for the benefit of our unprotected citizens, we publish the following, as a suggestion for their comfort and convenience, in the absence of police protection:—

A provident and business-like American, on leaving the city for a trip with his family, placed a placard just inside the hall door, couched in the following language: "To burglars or those intending to burgle. All my plated jewellery and other valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks, cupboards, etc., contain nothing but second-hand clothing and similar matters too bulky to remove, on which you would realize comparatively little. The keys are in the left hand top drawer of the sideboard—if you doubt my word. You will also find there is a certified cheque to bearer for fifty dollars, which will remunerate you for your loss of time and disappointment. Please wipe your feet on the mat, and don't spill any candle-grease on the carpet."—*Ex.*

## Poet's Corner.

### IN A MIRROR.

Not my lady herself I see,  
Only her image in yonder glass,  
None so fair in my eyes as she,  
Maidens all she doth outpass.

And a picture rare and sweet she makes,  
In the clear cold light of the wintry day;  
As she watches the first few feathery flakes  
Of the whirling snow in its noiseless play.

Lightly and straight, in the full grey light,  
My lady stands in a robe of sheen:  
Backed by the curtains' filmy white,  
The queenly figure is dimly seen.

Only the small and shapely head,  
With its treasure of dark smooth-knotted hair,  
And the olive face with the lips so red,  
Show clearly and plain in the mirror there.

Nothing her sweet, cold peace may break,  
Steadfast and calm are her eyes away,  
As the morning hush of an inward lake,  
And her thoughts are worlds away.

I gaze, the wild hope within me dies,  
But, oh! she is very fair to see.  
The doom in those calm and steadfast eyes  
Is—they ne'er can lighten with love for me.