

"ABOVE THE SENIOR WRANGLER."

"Above the Senior Wrangler" is a position hitherto almost undreamed of, and to the uninitiated requires a word of explanation. The title of "Wrangler" is given to thirty or so of the most successful competitors in the highest mathematical examinations at Cambridge. The students of Girton and Newnham ladies' colleges have no official connection with the university, but through special arrangement are allowed to enter their names and take the same examination as the men; their results, however, always being made known on a separate list. This year, to the astonishment of everybody, a student of Newnham, Miss Fawcett, headed the list of ladies with no less than four hundred marks above Mr. Bennett the talented Senior Wrangler.

Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett the first lady who has ever taken so high a stand in Cambridge, or indeed in any other University, will not be unknown to our readers when introduced as the daughter of the late Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster General of England. But not only to her father does she owe her talents. Her mother is hardly less well known than he, having, when just about her daughter's age, published a work on "Political Economy for Beginners," which she followed six years afterwards with "Tales in Political Economy." From the very first Mrs. Fawcett identified herself with the pursuits of her husband and it is no doubt largely owing to her abilities that he was able to accomplish so much. The sister of Mrs. Fawcett is Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., the lady who was one of the first to overcome the prejudice against female doctors and who has herself written several valuable treatises on political and social science.

Those who have watched Miss Fawcett through her college course affirm that she has throughout displayed a calm, cool bearing that is somewhat unusual in a girl so gifted. This is the more surprising, when it is remembered that her father failed to reach the position his daughter has so well won, simply by becoming over excited, thereby losing a night's rest and so falling behind in the race. His daughter, on the contrary, wrote coolly, lost no rest, and felt no fatigue, declined to take a holiday on the eve of the Tripos and when asked by a sympathetic friend if she did not wish that it were all over, replied cheerfully, "I don't want to have three weeks taken out of my life." Miss Fawcett's career well shows the advantage of systematic habits in brain workers. No matter how strong the temptation, she closed her books precisely at eleven o'clock, thus avoiding all overstrain to both body and mind, and in the end, in her strong body and vigorous mind and calm nerves, she had her reward.

She was educated at Clapham High School, studied afterwards at University College, simultaneously with Mr. Bennett, and three years ago won a scholarship at Newnham. She is described as being pale, dark, tall and slender, of quiet manner, and avoiding all eccentricity in dress. On the 7th of June a dense crowd gathered in the Senate House to hear the lists read and when Miss Fawcett's name was read out, prefaced with the words "Above the Senior Wrangler," the whole house rang with the cheers of the undergraduates, who thus clearly showed that their enthusiasm was quite unmingled with jealousy. Her grandfather, Dr. Garrett, was there and was deeply moved. The principal of Clough Hall, where Miss Fawcett was a student, gave a dinner in her honor, which was followed by fire works and an illumination, all the lady students taking hands and dancing around the fire, carrying the heroine of the day in triumph at their head.

The success of Miss Fawcett will be viewed with even increased interest when it is remembered that Newnham is peculiarly indebted to her parents. It was in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing room, over twenty years ago, that the first of the meetings was held which led to the foundation of the college.

While giving all credit to Miss Fawcett in her mathematical course, the lady winner of Cambridge's classical honors this year must not be forgotten. In classical honors, Miss Alford, a niece of Dean Alford, appears, with only three men in the first class.

The career of these two girls goes far to establish the theory held by many that daughters, as a rule, inherit the qualities of their fathers, Miss Fawcett's father being in his day seventh wrangler, and Miss Alford's father, as was also her uncle the late Dean, an eminent classical scholar.

THE ANGRY MAN.

REV. WILLIAM HASLAM.

I had been speaking one day upon the power of God to subdue the unruly wills and sinful tendencies of believers. I said that too often people have compassion upon the slaves of drink, temper, or any other besetment, without having regard to their sin against God. Too often they try to deliver a drunkard from his bad habit, and if they succeed in this effort they think everything is done. But what about the drunkard's sin against God? Is not this like covering up past sins with successful reformation? Supposing a man succeeds in getting the better of a besetment with

violent temper, for which I had to apologize, and sometimes make amends.

"Oh, how earnestly I prayed God to help me to overcome this infirmity, and how often I made resolutions; but all was in vain. Sometimes I had power over my weakness, and rejoiced in being able to control myself under provocation; but I cannot say that I was ever satisfied, or that I was sure I should succeed another time.

"How was this?" you ask. It was because I felt that my temper was still there, boiling within. It was not dead or gone, but only kept under for the time. I continued in prayer, and with many watchful efforts I tried to keep down my enemy.

"One day after a great fall I was most dejected. I made supplication with tears, and besought God to help me in my trouble. On that occasion I expected that victory was sure, and that I should have power given me to overcome. I must say that I left my room that morning feeling hopeful.



MISS PHILIPPA GARRETT FAWCETT.

which he has been habitually sinning before God, is that enough? Does he need nothing in the way of pardon as well as deliverance?

At the close of my address an elderly clergyman came forward, and said, "I thank you for your discourse. Let me tell you something which you may use another time as an illustration. I inherited a dreadful temper. As a child I was often punished for it, as a boy at school even more severely so, and at college I was shamed again and again for my passionate outbursts. At my conversion I thought to myself, Now my temper is subdued; and so it was for a time. I was very happy, and rejoiced, not only about the salvation of my soul, but, as I supposed, for deliverance from my great enemy. But, alas! soon after this my temper reappeared in full force, and I found out that though my sins were pardoned, yet the long-desired deliverance had not come.

"After my ordination, I grieve to say, I was betrayed into many improprieties of

"As I neared the foot of the stairs, I saw a sturdy beggar man standing and looking in through the glass panel of the door. He appeared strong and able enough for work, instead of begging; but he may have been a thief looking in to spy out the land. Our eyes met, whereupon I beckoned him to be gone. As he did not move, I shook my head, as if to say, 'I have nothing for you.' The impudent fellow shook his head, too, as much as to say, 'I will not go.' In a moment my blood was up, and I was boiling with rage. I opened the door, and commanded the man to go away instantly.

"The beggar quietly put his foot inside, so that I could not shut the door again. He looked at me in the coolest manner, saying, 'Are you a minister of religion, and send away a poor starving man from your door like that?' I could not find words to express my indignation, for the man did not look or speak as if he were in a starving condition at all. He stood before me with a provoking insolence which

was very irritating. Seeing my anger, he remained cool, and said in a whining tone, 'I've not had a taste of victuals or a morsel to eat!'

"I was deaf to his complaint, for I did not believe a word of it. I therefore told him again to go away.

"You had much better give me a trifle," was his reply, 'and let me go, than get into that towering passion. You a parson, and with such a temper as that!'

"Immediately I put my hand into my pocket, and took out the first coin that came—I think it was a shilling—and gave it to the man, saying, 'There, go away with you!'

"Thank you, thank you," said the provoking beggar, and went away shrugging his shoulders, as if he had done a good stroke of business.

"So he had, even better than he thought. I could have burst into tears with vexation at my weakness and that impudent man's triumph. Shutting the door, I returned to my study in despair. Kneeling down, I said: 'O Lord, is there no deliverance for me? Forgive my sin, I beseech Thee, and do deliver me from this temper. I cannot do anything to conquer it. Lord, do thou save me.'

"When I once let myself go into God's hands, such a calm thankfulness stole over me. The Lord was present in the power of his love, and it seemed as though he pitied me in my distress. Hot tears flowed from my eyes, and I could do nothing but sob. I felt that my prayer was answered, and my deliverance had come. With grateful love I thanked God, and rose up from my knees.

"All that afternoon, I felt as if I had been actually in the Divine presence, and that the Lord had spoken to me. From that day to this, nearly three years, I have had many and often very great provocations; but, thank God, I have not been overcome by them. I cannot tell you what has become of my temper—the Lord has taken it away."

"Praise him," I said; "that is just like his way of deliverance."

"Yes, indeed, I do," said my friend; "and I thank you too. I have learned from your words how the deliverance came to me. I see now that Christ, the risen Lord himself, was there that afternoon—it was his power alone that released me. I see also why he did not do it before. I never asked him to forgive my sins, nor did I know of his power to deliver me from my temper. I only asked that he would help me to conquer it myself. How blind I was, not to see that the Lord must do it, and he alone—that we must stand aside, and see the glory of God."

The dear man said, "I feel as if I were going over the ground again. The Lord is here showing himself to me."

The more I observed this gentleman afterwards, the more confirmed I was of the reality of his story. If he had been an irritable and passionate man before, beyond all doubt he was now most loving and patient—full of compassion for others; his forbearance and gentleness were so striking that it seemed impossible he could ever have been otherwise.

"Oh, the years of misery and trial I have passed through," he said, "all because I did not know that the Lord was able and willing to give me a complete deliverance!"

Yes, indeed it is so. What multitudes of persons exercise themselves and labor hard to overcome that which cannot be conquered by self. It is the Lord's work. Salvation, in every sense of the word, belongs to him, and to him only.—*The Christian.*

TEACHING THE YOUNG.

It is a mistaken idea that almost any one will do to teach a primary class in the Sunday-school. It requires a high order of natural ability, of tact, and of consecration to God, to teach successfully the younger children of our schools.—*Sunday-School Teacher.*

MOTHER.

The fairest word on earth that's heard,
On human lips the fairest word,
Is mother.

But all her earthly joys seem o'er
Who is, and then who is no more,
A mother.

—*Queen of Roumania.*