

be unsuitable. Nature, we may be sure, may be safely trusted to take care of her own laws. The special duties which she has assigned to one-half of the human race will always be paramount; but, of the duties which are common to the whole human race, we do not know and cannot yet know how large a share women may be able to undertake. It is probably larger than the wisest of our contemporaries anticipate. If there be natural disabilities, there is all the less reason for imposing artificial disabilities. Hitherto, every step which has been taken in opening out new forms of active work and increased influence to woman has been a clear gain to society, and has added much to the happiness of women themselves. It is, therefore, not merely the chivalry, nor even the sense of justice, but also the enlightened self-interest of man that are concerned in the solution of this problem. It is not his duty to urge women in the direction of employments they feel to be uncongenial to them. But it is his duty to remove, as far as possible, all impediments and disqualifications which yet remain in restraint of their own discretion, to leave the choice of a career as open to them as to himself, and to wait to see what comes of it. Nothing but good can come of it."

These propositions seem self-evident enough, yet there are still some alarmists who seem to have so little faith in the "discretion" of women—even thoroughly cultivated women—so little faith in nature being trusted to take care of her own laws—or rather, as many of us still believe in the divine ordering of the great forces of nature—that they still dread some serious subversion of society from this greater freedom of choice. They would almost seem to regard women as the *helots* of the race, and to apprehend infinite trouble from their emancipation. This comes from looking at life from the outside, without appreciating the strength of its great inner motive powers. We feel assured that, whatever changes, human nature in its essential characteristics does not change; and that the basis of our family life is laid too deep in the human heart for any such outward changes to impair its stability. So long as men are men and women are women will love and wifehood and motherhood continue to be the chosen lot of the great majority of women, but for those, to whom in the course of events this destiny does not naturally offer itself, is it not at least well that they should have other interests, other avenues of useful effort to fill up otherwise empty lives? Is not the world too the richer for this? For surely we may reasonably believe that the possession of certain powers and instincts implies some use for these in the general economy of things. To take the departments of possible work pointed out by Professor Fitch, of "scientific research," of "literature and philanthropic work"; who that has read, for instance, Maria Mitchell's singularly clear exposition of astronomical facts and methods in the "Orbs of Heaven" could regret that her education and range of thought have been larger and wider than that which used to be summed up in the old formula ending "and the use of the globes." Who could wish that Mrs. Somerville had always confined herself to the needlework she did so well, or that Rosa Bonheur had mixed only pudding instead of colours? As to philanthropic work, the examples are legion in which woman's warm and ready sympathy, conjoined with common sense, has made her aid invaluable in many departments, if not in all. Yet there was a time, not so long ago, when even philanthropic work was regarded as beyond her sphere, and her right to enter it denied by obstinate prejudice. Here and there we still find men whose belief in the general weak-mindedness of women—founded on traditions of a different order of things—has become such an *idée fixe* that they are jealous of allowing women much latitude or power even in a sphere of work for which of all others their nature seems best adapted—alike from their observation, their sympathy, their tact and their practical common sense. But success has already conquered much prejudice, and for the rest "the world moves still," though invisible chains, nevertheless, hold it firmly in its safe and venerable orbit.

FIDELIS.

THE RAMBLER.

CONVOCATION, as understood and represented by a more or less disorderly meeting in the bare, white-washed, new paint-smelling Hall of the School of Practical Science, is scarcely the thing it used to be, nor the thing which, in the near future, we look for it to be again. The students and undergraduates feel this keenly. Without putting the thought into words, it is revealed to them that much of the dignity, the impressiveness, and the beauty of the scholarly life went when the building went. Yet we do not need Sir Daniel's prose paraphrase of the Cavalier's line: "stone walls do not a prison make," to remind us that all did not go on that ever memorable occasion. Indeed when we listened to that marvellously telling and eloquent address given us by the old man eloquent, the venerable and distinguished Head, himself in no apparent wise impaired by the sad and devastating accident of last year, we were stirred to a depth of feeling it was impossible to ignore. This address was doubtless read all over the world upon the following day, and for happy illustration, varied and equally felicitous quotation, and aptness of topic, can rarely have been surpassed as a speech, dedicated to the setting forth of an institution's claims. Sir Daniel's defence of the higher education, by which I am sure he means all education that is truly high whether of a scientific, literary, polemic, or practical nature, was elo-

quent and impassioned to a degree, and the vast audience literally hung upon his words. Even the otherwise noisy undergraduates maintained a respectful silence.

A word as to the musical selections upon that occasion. The public understands that, according to a general principle, nothing of any musical importance is expected on such a programme and therefore sits contentedly through that slightly vulgar and hackneyed college song known as the "Boots." This in common with "My Meerschau Pipe" formed the *pièces de resistance* at Convocation last week. Now, as impromptu flashes of song or as music "between the parts," these selections had not been out of place, but just where they came in, at the Alpha and Omega of the afternoon's proceedings they seemed sadly inadequate and inappropriate. Even the melodious chant of "Alouette, gentille Alouette," down on the programme, was omitted.

There is such a tendency on the part of Canadian youth to run riot, to make light of dignities and to look shy at conventionalities, that every aid should be called in to make them see the force and necessity of such. Such an aid is music, when properly applied.

I hope Sir Daniel Wilson will take measures to have his address printed in pamphlet form and that very many loyal and spirited Canadians will read it.

We may, as a young and fiery nation, produce gifted and popular men in the days to come, but we shall always, I trust, remember those ardent and self-forgetting souls who, leaving the Mother Country years ago and coming out to what must have seemed at first sight almost an unsightly wilderness, have done so much to make it fruitful and desirable, and to make us, ourselves, the present Canadian generation. The pioneers of thought among us, of culture, of spirituality, of progress, let them not ever be forgotten.

The Association for the Advancement of Women, Julia Ward Howe, President, contemplates meeting in this city next week, holding a convention in the Pavilion and otherwise making merry. In my rambling capacity, I have been asked to attend and I am sure I shall greatly benefit if I do, for the papers to be read are all upon interesting and practical subjects. It is notable how exceedingly practical these large-minded, large-souled women of the Union are. If they only could,—that is if human nature were not always human nature, and therefore beyond complete and radical change by legislation,—what miracles they would work in this work-a-day world! Every woman should be clever and good, think no more of delivering a Latin oration than of making a pudding or setting a fractured limb. Every child should have the most engaging disposition, the clearest sense of morality and the most enviable impulses to duty. Every servant should know his or her place, do work faithfully and accurately, and be animated and grateful machines. Every man—but who shall say what they prefigure as the perfect man! Let us hope, a being not too mild and good, for human nature's daily, and still very important and necessitous, food.

At all events, the members of this Association are all cultured and able women. Toronto will do well to extend a welcome to them and to see that their visit is a comfortable and pleasant one. I append the list of topics for discussion and would point out the importance of papers Three, Five and Ten:—

- "Woman in the State," Miss Mary F. Eastman, Mass.
- "Practical Value of Philosophy," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, R. I.
- "Working Girls' Clubs," Mrs. Helen Campbell, N. J.
- "More Pedagogy in Universities and Normal Schools," Mrs. Mary E. Bundy, Ill.
- "The Gain and Loss to America of Protracted Art Study Abroad," Miss Sarah Wool Moore, Neb.
- "The Scientific Work and Influence of Dr. Maria Mitchell," Prof. Mary W. Whitney, N. Y.
- "Woman and the Forum," Mrs. Martha Strickland, Mich.
- "Special Legislation, or Moral Energy," Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mass.
- "Woman in Ancient Egypt," Miss Georgia Louise Leonard, Washington, D. C.
- "Scientific Training for Mothers," Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, N. Y.
- "Study of American History," Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, Mass.
- "The Coloured Women of the South," Mrs. Elizabeth H. Botume, South Carolina.
- "A Paper on Ibsen's Plays," Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, Col.

THE NEW CÆSAR.

LITERATURE never leaves herself without a witness among men, and in this rapid age she needs a new one often. The old ones soon wear out. In the last twenty years there has been quite a little squad of them. There was Bret Harte, to begin with. We heard that "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was a great story; we disbelieved the rumour, read the story—beginning it, so to speak, with our nose in the air, and ending it with our knees on the floor. Bret Harte was a real, rejoicing genius; and "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "Brown of Calaveras," "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar," and, best of all—almost a perfect story—"The Outcasts of Poker Flat," made his calling and election sure. No novelist has done better work in the limit of fifty pages than Bret Harte did in those five tales; and, no matter what he did or may do afterwards, his country will never cease to be grateful to him for them. The vigour with which he conceived character, the vividness with which he portrayed it, the terseness and colour of his descriptions, and his humour and pathos give importance to our literature. The pace was too good to last, but it is a great record.

John Hay went up like a rocket. He has not come down in the proverbial fashion, but he has disappeared.

It is true, he is said to have written "The Bread-Winners;" but he is one of the few who have denied its authorship. Meanwhile, we must be content with "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches." Following Hay, there was an interval, disturbed only by a doubtful alarm with reference to Joaquin Miller. Miller wrote some real poetry, and at least one good book: "The Modocs;" but something stopped him just this side of becoming a classic. We are speaking here not of the steady good men, who can be relied upon to produce something respectable at regular intervals, and who worked up gradually from modest beginnings, but of those who leaped into the throne at the first jump and set out by achieving a feat that no one had achieved before. To the best of my recollection, Robert Louis Stevenson should be our next example. He was always a master of style, and decorated his subjects with a delicious romantic fancy. There is a touch of the Oriental—of the Arab—in him. His most brilliant *tour de force* was the Jekyll-Hyde story, but he has done nothing that is not praiseworthy; and "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," and "The Master of Ballantrae" can be described only with superlatives. Fortune was lavish in this decade; it saw the birth of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." The first is one of the most captivating and satisfying tales of adventure ever written. The other is a large, rich, poetical conception, adequately worked out for the most part, but deficient in spots. "Cleopatra" is a noble and dignified story, excellent as to style, and most conscientiously studied; but "the first fine careless rapture" is missing. Meanwhile, poor Hugh Conway made one strong bid for fame in "Called Back," and then subsided forever in a heap of rubbish. Shall we include the author of "The Quick or the Dead?" in our enumeration? I prefer to let the reader decide the question: at all events, our chief dependence, during the last few years, has been on Haggard and Stevenson. And yet we must not forget Stockton, a real genius in his own charming, fairy way; we should be poor without the incomparable archness of "Pomona," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" and "Negative Gravity." Besides, Stockton is a true American, and that counts for much.

But it was beginning to be obscurely felt that something new was due about this time. We were not quite infatuated with Realism, and we had been inoculated with some conscientious scruples as to Idealism. What was to be done? Would nobody pull us out of the hole? We did not know exactly what we wanted; nevertheless, the want was felt. Persons of experience told us that we were merely suffering from our normal disease of fickleness and frivolity. They blamed our morbid hankering after novelty, and bade us be thankful for what we had got. Just as we were beginning to feel humiliated, the impossible happened, in the good old way; and the wise persons hastened to declare that it was just what they had expected.

It was reported that a story with a new kind of flavour had been printed in an English magazine. It was written by somebody with a queer name—no one could remember it exactly. It was an Indian story in Irish brogue—Krishna Mulvaney, or some such title. We heard the report with the same cynical smile that had greeted "The Luck of Roaring Camp." One never learns by experience in these matters. But presently the Sunday newspapers reprinted the story (there is no international copyright law) and credited it to *Blackwood's*. The author's name was outlandish enough—Rudyard Kipling. But *Blackwood's* has a reputation for good stories, and, under protest, we tackled this one. Yes, it was good, . . . it was very good, . . . really it was out of the common! Who was this Rudyard Kipling? Why had we never heard of him before? Had he written anything else? Could he write anything else as good? In a week or two out popped a yellow-paper-covered volume called "Plain Tales from the Hills," by the Rudyard Kipling aforesaid. It contained, in a space of less than three hundred pages, some twoscore stories, all of India. We sat down to them forthwith, read all day and took the book to bed with us, read till all hours, slept impatiently, and finished them next morning. It was impossible to read them fast: they had too much in them; they were all wool and a yard wide. Having finished the volume, we spent the rest of the day in going over it, attempting to taste again here and there some remembered sweetness, and generally being beguiled into re-reading to the end. The third day, after sleeping upon and analyzing our sensations, we came to the conclusion that Rudyard Kipling was the name of a man destined to be celebrated. And when we learned that he was only half-way through his twenties, we contemplated the future with security and satisfaction.

If Mr. Kipling recalls any one, it is Bret Harte: there is a similar self-possession and sagacity in the style; he is never crude; he has the literary touch; whatever he writes becomes literature through his manner of putting it. He is manly and masculine, and consequently has an intense appreciation of the feminine in nature; he never touches a woman but we feel the thrill of sex. Thomas Hardy has the same faculty in this regard; but Mr. Kipling here surpasses Bret Harte, who seems not to like women, or not to respect them, and has contributed no lovable or respectable woman to literature. Mr. Kipling has been brought up in the best society, which is better (for a writer) than to get into it after being brought up. He has also been brought up in, or born in, a literary atmosphere. I must return to this: he is a born writer; he knows just how a story must be told; just what not to say; just how to say what is said. He is as easy and conversational as a man lounging among friends in his own smoking-room; but he