

about matters in which nobody is interested but himself, passes Monaco by as being unworthy of his presence.

In the morning I went out for a walk up the hill, and encountered a lady whom I shall call Mrs. Cosmos—namely as the universe and its destiny weighed heavily upon her mind. She was an amiable woman, and, as a woman, highly to be esteemed. But she was more than a woman, she was a philosopher; and in the latter capacity a blind guide—for she was going about the world looking for a new religion, and a new prophet to expound the same; and to anyone desirous of sitting (metaphorically) at her feet, there was in prospect a long and weary search and slight hope of success. She sat on the hillside with a book open in her lap, her large eyes gazing wistfully over the tranquil sea. I sat down beside her; and, after a few words on the charming weather that we were having, asked the meaning of the far-away look that I observed in her eyes.

"I am always looking for a new religion," said Mrs. Cosmos. "I should die happy if I found it. If one could only find something to believe!"

Mrs. Cosmos was the type of a class almost unknown in Canada. This is not the place nor am I the person to venture on so vast and dangerous a subject as the "higher education of women." But I have met at least two to whom a study of German philosophy had not been an unmixed benefit. Mrs. C. was one of the two.

"Well I am not the prophet," I remarked somewhat