

### Mr. Tennyson's Drinking Chorus.

The Poet-Laureate has produced a national song which, we are told, "must please amateurs all over the country from the simplicity of its words and melody, and the patriotic character of its sentiments." The chorus comes in thus:

Hands all round! God the traitor's hope confound!  
To the great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,  
And the great name of England round and round.

This is, however, a very poor sort of advice. A national song should not be offensive to one of the most loyal and orderly sections of the nation. And if it be necessary or advisable to confound the politics of traitors in a kind of table-rapping solemnity, all present joining hands and forming a circle as in a dark *seance*, at least it cannot be wise or needful to summon the evil spirit of alcohol to aid in the mystic incantation. Suppose that the "hands all round" must be "under control" of some sort, yet let the control be that of some harmless inspiration, and not of so tricky a spirit as the spirit of wine.

To the great name of Freedom drink, my friends, is an exhortation taking in vain the great name of freedom, by linking it with a habit which more than all others befetters and enslaves. "Freedom and whisky gang together," as poor Robert Burns found out, though in an opposite sense to that in which he wrote the words. Nothing lowers and diminishes "the great name of England" more than the national slavery to drink, with all its attendant evils. They who can do nothing better for the great cause of freedom than to drink to it will find "the great name of England" going "round and round" in the vertigo of vinous delirium, and their very wine turning a traitor to "the great cause of freedom." That traitor, we pray earnestly, "God confound!"—*Alliance News*.

### A Poor Drunkard's Testimony.

I have heard my dear mother say that when I was a little baby, she thought me her finest child. I was the pet of the family; I was caressed and pampered by my fond but too indulgent parents. Before I could well walk, I was treated with the "sweet" from the bottom of my father's glass. When I was a little older, I was fond of sitting on his knee, and he would frequently give me a little of the liquor from his glass, in a spoon. My dear mother would gently chide him with, "Don't John it will do him harm." To this he would smilingly reply, "This little sup won't hurt him—bless him!" When I became a schoolboy, I was at times unwell, and my affectionate mother would pour for me a glass of wine from the decanter. At first I did not like it, but as I was told it would make me "strong" I got to like it. When I left school and home, to go out as an apprentice, my pious mother wept over me, and amongst other good advice, urged me "never to go to the public house or theatre." For a long time I could not be prevailed upon to act contrary to her wishes, but, alas! the love for liquor had been implanted within me! Some of my shopmates at length overcame my scruples, and I crossed the fatal threshold. I reasoned thus: "My parents taught me that these drinks were good; I cannot get them here except at the public-house; surely it cannot be wrong then to go and purchase them." From the public-house to the theatre was an early passage. Step by step I fell. Little did my fond mother think, when she rocked me in my little cot, that her child would find a home in a prison cell. Little did my indulgent father dream, when he placed the first drop of sweetened poison to my childish lips, that he was sowing the seeds of my ruin! My days are now nearly ended; my wicked career is almost closed. I have grown up to manhood; but by a course of intemperance, have added sin to sin. Hope for the future I have not. I shall soon die—a poor drunkard.

### The Education of Women.

In his Sunday lecture on woman, Prof. Adler said:—The arguments used to establish the mental inferiority of woman are all in various ways untenable. It has been said that the brain of woman is smaller than that of man, but the relation of the size of the brain to the capacity of the mind is by no means settled. It has been said that experience proves that neither in art nor in science has woman ever gained the highest eminence. But it is idle to appeal to an experience

which men themselves have made what it is. It is idle to speak of what woman cannot do until we have given her the chance to show what she can do. This chance has always been denied her. She has never had the same educational facilities that men have had, and our chief universities even at this present day still close their portals against woman. What we demand for women is "a free field and no favor." We ask that she have free access to all the professions—to the medical, to the legal and to that of the teacher of religion.

But we need higher culture as well for these women who do not enter the professions. Our system of educating girls as a rule is radically false. There are notable exceptions, but the rule is the following, that the object sought to be gained in accomplishments rather than solid knowledge. Women are taught to play the piano, and to use the French language. They get a smattering of many subjects, an intellectual grip on hardly any. Even knowledge is given them as an accomplishment—that is, not for its own sake, but to make them appear pleasing. To be blunt, women are educated so they may please men. The fault is less with the teachers than with the parents who create the demand and obtain the supply in our fashionable schools. All this ought not to be. Our education of girls should be more practical more solidly useful than it is. Every woman, whether she needs to enter a profession or not, should be so trained that she can enter one, or at least perform some useful service for which society will remunerate her. Every girl should know that she can support herself if she desires to do so. If this were the case women would have greater independence and freedom in choosing their husbands than they now have, and the knowledge that there is an alternative open to them would cause them to enter married life on a footing of greater equality than is now accorded to them. There would then be fewer of those unhappy marriages into which young women allow themselves to be hurried for fear of falling a burden upon their fathers or their brothers: few of those cases in which a woman says "Yes" at the altar when her whole soul means "No."

Moreover, how consoling would it be both for husband and wife if the wife knew that she could support herself somewhat might. For is not instability of fortune characteristic of our age? And how many a wealthy wife of yesterday is a penniless widow to-day? Do we not all know some of these miserable beings who stand utterly helpless, unable to realize that they, the born ladies, should not be preferred to others in the struggle for existence—who cannot perceive that all their charms and graces count for nothing at such times, because they cannot render one really needful service for which society is willing to pay? Lastly, we need not only a more perfect and solid course of instruction in the schoolage, but the question arises, How shall women continue their mental culture after the school age? In many cases it is but too true that they do not continue it. A girl is supposed to "finish" her education at seventeen or eighteen—that is to say, she has then gained that outward polish which is sufficient for Vanity Fair. What we require is a series of adult classes for the advanced scientific education of woman similar to those introduced in England. What English women can do cannot American women do as well? Are there not thousands of women who are tired—tired of insane conversation, of insipid afternoon calls; who feel that they have a soul which requires to be adorned, an intellectual life which requires to be cultivated?

TRUTH—There is a tendency of men in life, through the inquisitiveness of some, and through the morbid curiosity of others, to make a bad use of the truth. In the battle of life, in its rivalries, in its conflicts, men do not think it safe to let other people know many things that they know, and it may not be safe. It does not follow, because you are to be truthful, that you must tell everything that you know. There are thousands of things that you have a right to keep to yourself—there are thousands of things that it is every man's duty to conceal; but so far as there is overtiness in the matter of speaking, it should be according to the law of truth. It sometimes may be unpleasant, and may produce disturbance, but in the long run it is the safest. It makes a nobler character, wins more confidence, and prepares the future for better achievements than a resort to indirections or equivocations.