

not a ladies' man) are adduced as showing the small support which antiquity affords to those who argue in favor of these demanded rights. Personally I can hardly go so far as to regard woman-kind as a fire-ship continually striving to get along side the male man-of-war to blow him up into pieces; nor although I am quite open to conviction, do I consider that even in primitive times martyrdom was the only useful purpose which the gentler sex could serve. But I do think that what with women doctors and women lawyers, sufficient scope is allowed for "woman's tact" to work in, but imagine what enormous sums we should all have to spend in the enlargement of our churches if Reverend ladies become Reverend "cushion-pounders," and waste their sweet energies in attempting to draw in the masses, a further privilege which a contemporary fondly advocates as one of Woman's Rights.

AH! by the way, I was a little "previous" in the preceding paragraph, for the greatest authority on the subject has not spoken yet. Resolved, "That Woman Suffrage would be of Great Benefit to the State" is to be debated to-night before the Trinity College Literary Institute, and in the presence (mind you) of the fair St. Hildians. However, it is not difficult to prognosticate the result, as the speakers for the negative, one of whom, at least, is a devoted ladies' man, as he tells me, will surely not have the heart to attempt to ignore the reproachful glances which will so surely penetrate to their inmost souls.

"*Romo locata est, cause finita est.*" Since writing the preceding paragraph the debate I mentioned therein has been decided in the negative by the meeting of the Institute, and what is more peculiar than that my prophecy should have proven false is that the ladies who graced the occasion with their presence seemed to be in perfect sympathy with the majority. Does not this "sign of the times" possibly suggest that women would never demand such rights for themselves did not a minority of men in the community (for political purposes) egg them into the cultivation of such ideas.

I HAVE a friend who, like myself, is a devoted admirer of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and especially of that serio-comic, semi-philosophical work, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." My friend's admiration went so far as to institute a correspondence with the doctor, the result of which was a genuine autograph from Boston. This in itself seems nothing remarkable, though interesting, were it not for the fact that the dear old doctor, who has long since, I believe, passed the allotted span of human existence of which the Psalmist speaks, and who may be described as already having one foot in the grave, has a special abhorrence of the "autograph fiend." The doctor regrets that impaired eye-sight and the large demands made upon him by unknown friends have long necessitated a stereotyped reply (in the shape of a printed circular to the above effect), but has gone out of his way on this occasion (how eloquent in his admiration my friend

must have been!) to write and sign, in a hand which speaks most forcibly *de senectute*, a letter of most cordial gratitude "for one of the best rewards of authorship," *i. e.*, unstinted praise from far off readers.

ON second thoughts I think that it may not be out of place to transcribe the short letter of which I have been speaking, characteristic and interesting as it is:

Boston, March 13, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR,—I take the pen in my own hand to thank you for your very pleasant and welcome letter. It is one of the best rewards of authorship to be told by distant, unknown readers of their own accord, that one has instructed or in any way pleased them. Such is the pleasure for which I thank you most cordially.

Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TRINITY men are evidently becoming prominent in the social life of Toronto. At the theatres here they are now the subject of what in stage parlance are termed "gags." There have been several "gags" of late at our expense. One was to the effect that Trinity men were rather youthful. "Ah, yes! I flatter myself I'm young enough to be taken for a Trinity man." It is true that youthfulness is a charge to which many of us can plead guilty, but still we allow no one to despise our youth. Think of the second Pitt! And besides this, if some of us bear ourselves beyond the promise of our age, and do in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion, we have indeed bettered expectations, and it is greatly to our credit.

NATURA MAGISTRA.

THE clock struck twelve. My eye was dim with studying the page
That rescued from oblivion the wisdom of a sage
Who lived two thousand years ago. Alas! I cried,
What toil!
Must they who seek for knowledge thus consume the
midnight oil;
And tardily pursue their way with labour and with pain,
While treacherous memory renders each day's efforts
nearly vain?
To burst the chains of ignorance that bind us from our
birth,
And soar into the light above the clouds that veil this
earth,
Is there no easier way? or are we doomed, like Africa's
slaves,
To work, and work, and work, until we sink into our
graves,
Contented if with all our toil one feeble, flickering
ray
Of light be shed upon our path to keep us in the way?
I rose, and flung the casement wide. It was a soothing
sight