

scientific principles to extricate her. After a minute chemical analysis of the ingredients of her cake she at last hit upon the reason of its discoloration. She had expected baking-soda to perform the functions of baking-powder. If only she had chosen something a little more pleasing to the taste, results might not have proved quite so disastrous. The maxim "Waste not, want not" had, by this time, lost its efficacy. No longer actuated by human instincts, she dedicated this scorned morsel of the culinary art to the stove, to the loss—or gain shall we say—of her uncle's pigs. Our young queen of the kitchen realm was now forced to the conclusion that there are as many sphinxes to be encountered in making one's way through a "House-keeper's Manual" as through a university curriculum.

It was at this juncture that I indulged in a few mental aberrations. It was very evident a university education, omniscient as it had always seemed to me, had, in this case, served neither as a preventative nor a cure. Then the tempter presented the question—well! of what use in the world is a university training if it does not prove a guide and support in *any* walk of after life? This question so urgently and persistently put required some sort of answer, to form which I had to enter into a rather humiliating compromise considering the premises I had assumed, and, for so many years, stubbornly upheld. I could not, of course, admit unconditionally and unreservedly that a university education for women was of *no* practical use in after-life; yet how was I, in the face of all that had just transpired, conscientiously to try to prove that it was always beneficial? How much should I concede and how much still maintain? I was very loth to concede anything, but I was honest even with my own self. Here is the dread verdict as pronounced against a university education for women by the tribunal of justice over which my conscience and and experience sat as judges—*Found guilty of not affording knowledge of such a character as can be used advantageously in all after-walks of life.* Thus the doom was sealed. The sentence fell upon my aching heart like a knell of all those pet ideas, which seemed to me to constitute the *summum bonum* of existence and which had heretofore been the impetus of all my being. However, while sunk in the depths of deepest despair, that spirit of optimism, of which my soul is sometimes possessed, made itself felt. Why could not this deficiency be remedied? Great, indeed, must be the evil for which no antidote can be proffered.

Therefore I am now forced to make my compromise—to surren-