

Keats without referring to the epithets. In Shelley, the subject-matter will not perhaps be so important as the metaphors and the use of language as an instrument of feeling: while, on the other hand, in Wordsworth the ideas and feelings of the poet may often be more valuable than the language itself. In Shakespeare all the points are important—characters most of all;

so you must mainly decide what to ask by your knowledge of the average pupil of the given age.

But enough about examinations. My theme is literature-teaching; and if you accept my view as to the qualifications of an examiner, you will not find it difficult to make the remaining deductions for yourselves.—*The Educational Times.*

## AN ADDRESS TO OLD PUPILS OF TREBOVIR HOUSE SCHOOL.

BY MRS. FRANK MALLESON.

I HAVE been invited to address you as some of those who form that happy part of the community standing on the threshold of mature life, your time of preparation for its work—your school-time—behind you, and all the golden possibility of youth and opportunity before you.

To turn to another form of preparation for the work of life—I would counsel girls to learn systematically and thoroughly all the work of a house. Whatever else they may do in life, it is highly probable they will have, sooner or later, to manage some kind of a home. If the happiness of marriage is to be a woman's portion, she will have to do, or to share, or to superintend all the domestic work of the home. If a solitary life is in store for her, then she may make of her house "an old maid's paradise." But I distinctly say a woman has no right to assume the mistress-ship of any home without making a study of the duties belonging to the position. I don't know how the existing ignorance of housewifely work and contempt for domestic ability originated. It did not exist in the older times, when Penelope sat weaving with her maids, and the Princess Nausicaa,

with her attendants, took the linen in the "high waggon with good wheels" drawn by the mules, to the beautiful stream of the river to wash, and to "dry in the brightness of the sun." Nor when we read of great ladies being accomplished leeches, and seeing themselves to all the wants of their households in the store-room, the still-room, the kitchen. In later times, it is true, owing probably to greater equality of position, women have aspired to become rather more the helpmates of the men of the households, but, with a want of mental proportion and conscience, they would seem to have left a gap between the intellectual companionship and the domestic ability, so that the idea of an intellectual woman became associated with domestic ignorance and slovenliness. And we get the masterly picture of Dora, the child wife, who sat lovingly holding the pens of her husband while he wrote, but wasting his substance by buying a whole salmon for two to eat, and puckering her weary brows in hopeless bewilderment over figures that would never add up.

Happily, the young generation of women have perceived something of