

AUTUMN.

SHORTER and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd,
And Summer through her golden collar slips
And strays through stubble fields and moans aloud;

Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

The wind, whose tender whisper in the May
Set all the young blooms listening through the grove,
Sits rustling in the faded boughs to-day,
And makes his cold and unsuccessful love.

The rose has taken off her tire of red;
The mullein-stalk its yellow stars has lost,
And the proud meadow-pink hangs down her head
Against earth's chilly bosom, withered with the frost.

The robin that was busy all the June
Before the sun had kissed the topmost bough,
Catching our hearts up in his golden tune,
Has given place to the barn cricket now.

The very cock crows lonesomely at morn;
Each flag and fern the shrinking stream divides;
Uneasy cattle low and lambs forlorn
Creep to their strawy sheds with noddled sides.

Shut up the door: who loves me must not look
Upon the withered world, but haste to bring
His lighted candle and his story book,
And love with me the poetry of spring.
—Alice Cary.

LADY PROFESSORS OF LONG AGO.

IT is of the University of Bologna that we speak. The names of several ladies—wise Portias well learned in law—are inscribed in the records of the university as having been invested with the title and the badge of Doctors of Law. Space will not allow us to enter into details about them further than to notice the piquant account of the fair Novella, daughter of Giovanni d'Andrea, the most famous jurisconsult of the fourteenth century, given by Christine de Pisan in "La Cite des Dames." The quaint old manuscript does not record whether Novella stood the public examination or was received a doctor; but it tells how she excelled in legal lore, so that when the wise Giovanni could not attend to his students he sent his daughter to take his place at the university. "And so fair was she," it goes on to relate, "that a little curtain had to be drawn in front of her, lest her beauty should cause the thoughts of her listeners to wander, and her instruction be of no avail to them."

The fame of the legal schools of Bologna threw into the shade those of the other branches of learning pursued in the university; but they, too, had their share of celebrity. In medicine the ladies won full degrees; some were professors of anatomy. There is a portrait of Giorgione of one of these in the fifteenth century. The slight figure stands upright clad in doctor's gown, skull in hand, as it must have stood many times before the assembled students. The grave, beautiful, somewhat weary countenance rises pale above the dark and flowing draperies of the professional robe. Later in the eighteenth century, the wax casts, modelled by another lady professor of anatomy to illustrate her lectures, are

still among the ornaments of the museum at Bologna.

In art, there was Samberini, the assistant of Raphael. If Prospero Rossi was not an art professor in the university, her name must not yet be omitted. Her fame as a sculptress reached far beyond Italy, and Vasari recorded it in his lives of the eminent artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In more modern times Laura Bassi was professor of philosophy in 1783. This lady's learning won for her on the day of her public examination, that took place with all the pageantry of the middle ages, not only her doctor's degree, but the unanimous vote of the senate to crown her with a wreath of silver leaves. Maria Gaetana Agnese succeeded her father in the chair of mathematics in 1750. She was the Mrs. Somerville of Italy. Her works were translated into French and English, and, after her death, her eulogy was pronounced in the French Academy. In 1784 the beautiful Clotilde Tambroni was professor of Greek. The warmth of her loving heart and the noble use she made of her intellectual gifts have been recorded by Mr. Augustus Haro in the "Memories of a Quiet Life."—*The Queen.*

A TERRIBLE MAIL SERVICE.

IN the *Century* appears the first of a series of illustrated papers on the mainland and islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, entitled "The Orbits of the *Alice May*." The papers are the record of an expedition in the interest of the magazine. S. G. W. Benjamin, now United States Minister to Persia, contributes the text, and M. J. Burns supplies the pictures. Of the winter mail service between the mainland and Prince Edward Island Mr. Benjamin says: "From January until May, at least, Northumberland Strait is frozen over. The mails are carried across at the narrowest part, near Cape Tormentine, or Jourimain, a distance of nine miles. The carriers drag a boat over the hummocks of ice, which is provided with runners like a double keel. When they come to open water they cross in the boat. It is a dangerous and arduous journey, and few undertake it beside the hardy mail-carriers. For two or three winters past the passage has been made sometimes by the steamer *Northern Light*, constructed especially for this service. She has a frame of enormous strength, somewhat of a wedge form, with a solid shoe of iron at the bow; everything about her was planned to enable her to crush her way through the ice, which is often from two to four feet thick. Her course is from Pictou to Georgetown, a distance of some eighty miles, although she often has to go over two or three times that distance to reach her port. In all the annals of steam navigation there is no such packet service recorded as this of the *Northern Light*. Sometimes the ice is so dense that she can make no headway, but is jammed fast for days and weeks, and is carried to and fro by the combined fury of ice and storms. The passenger who starts in her for Prince Edward Island in March has before him the horrors of polar solitude and hazard. In the spring of 1882 the *Northern Light* was three weeks making this brief passage, fast locked in the ice-

packs. Sometimes she was carried close to the shore, but no one could bring aid to the starving passengers, owing to the threatening condition of the ice. It was only after burning all the woodwork in the cabin for fuel and being reduced to the last biscuit, that the worn-out and hopeless passengers reached the destined port. Think of a civilized and enlightened people, in this age, shut off from the rest of the world by such a frightful siege of ice and tempest and snow! Nor is this an occasional thing. As regularly as the winter comes around the islanders look forward to this long hibernation and isolation. Were it not for this drawback the island might be a paradise."

THE LOST CHILD.

"**I**M losted. Could you find me, please! Poor little frightened baby!"
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees.
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be."

"Tell me your name, my pretty maid?
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last!" she shook her head.
"Up to my house they never said
A single fmg about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came.
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—it's just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"Cept when I've been a frowning stone,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
Mehitabel Sapphira Jones
What has you been a-doing?"

PRINCESSES PEELING POTATOES.

AN incident in the early life of the Grand Duchess Marie has been narrated in the German papers, in illustration of the great simplicity of manners which used to characterize the Russian and Prussian courts. Her parents, Czar Nicholas and Empress Alexandra, used annually to visit the Prussian king, taking their children with them. On one occasion, while they were at Potsdam, in the autumn manoeuvres were going on in the neighbourhood, and the whole party went out to see the soldiers. The latter were at the time preparing dinner. The two young grand duchesses, Marie and Olga, went up to a group of soldiers who were peeling potatoes, and admired the skill with which they performed the operation. "Can you do that, children?" asked the king. They had never tried. "How, not yet tried? The sooner the better. No one can be a clever housewife without learning to peel potatoes. Let us see how you could do it." The two princesses at once knelt before the fire, received a couple of knives, and began their task, the king, the Czar and Empress, Prince William of Prussia, and Prince Alexander, all standing around. A Pomeranian, who had given up his knife, soon interrupted: "But, young ladies, you must not cut so deep. You cut away most of the potato, and we shall have nothing left to eat. Do all Russians cut potatoes in that way?" "Right, Ahlmann," said the king—he had before spoken to the man, and never forgot a soldier's name—"teach them to do it in the Prussian way." Ahlmann accordingly showed them

how to hold the potato and how to hold the knife, and exactly how much ought to be taken off; "and soon," the story goes, "the potato skins really fell more delicately from the delicate hands of the princesses."—*Good Cheer.*

THE ROMAN SLAVE.

BLANDINA was a Roman slave girl—one of a despised, down-trodden race, for whom life held little of love and less of pleasure. What marvel, then, when to her was made known the story of Jesus' love, that it filled her heart to overflowing with gratitude? Was it possible the Incarnate God himself loved her? that he had stooped to a slave's death to redeem and bless the slave? Matchless grace! To her heart the name of Christ became exceedingly precious; but her fidelity was to be sorely tried. A fierce persecution of the Christians was then raging in Rome. Blandina was arrested.

The delicate girl of sixteen was racked, scourged, and her flesh torn with iron hooks, to induce her to deny her Redeemer. In vain. All that torture could wring from her was the repeated declaration: "I am a Christian!" "I am a Christian!"—words which seemed to support her wonderfully. When exposed at last to be torn by wild beasts, a calm, sweet smile rested upon her face; and with the name of Christ upon her lips, the poor slave passed home to the glory-land. Dear young reader, the Bible speaks of all who are not yet God's children as being slaves to sin. What a dreadful fact! But the Lord Jesus died a slave's death to redeem the slave. Has he redeemed you? Are you one of the redeemed? Is his name precious to you as it was to this poor child, who could rejoice amid the bitterest suffering that she was "counted worthy to suffer shame for his name?" Are you ashamed of Jesus, or have you courage to confess his name by living a holy life to his honour and glory?

OBEYING ORDERS.

A YOUNG man who was solicited to go to a drinking and gambling saloon answered his companions, "No, boys, I cannot do it. I have positive orders not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey."

"Oh! come along! Don't be so womanish; come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, boys, I can't do it. I must obey orders."

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them, if you can," shouted the crowd.

He took a neat little book from his pocket and read: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall." Don't you see," he continued, "these are God's orders? and shall I dare disobey him?"

Oh, if all our young men would obey God's Word, they would be truly kept from temptation, and "delivered from evil."—*Morning and Day of Reform.*