

erable parody on true temperance called "total abstinence," and may be prepared to make a manly protest against drunkenness when they shall be grown up. It is simply silly—yes, while we feel the tenderest sympathy for your sorrow we must say it—it is silly for you to refuse to see that knives and mad dogs are equally dangerous. It is as ridiculous for you to demand that all alcohol shall be banished from the beverages of mankind because this fiery liquor is burning out the manhood (in more ways than by its consumption) of the world, as it would be for you to demand that all the wells should be dried up because men lose their lives by drowning! Alcohol and water are so exactly analogous, if you could but see it, you foolish woman! Your cry is no argument; it were better you should stop your crying.

Dr. Crosby, we cannot, try we never so hard, we cannot defy or deny Nature. God has made us a crying genius. We cannot understand how knives and mad dogs are just alike; we cannot understand why a mad dog should not be killed. We cannot help crying if only one to every thousand human beings is let loose in our streets. These things are too high for us; we cannot find them out. It is not our blame, it is our nature.

And we dare to say that through the pure and unsophisticated nature of the human mother, God's argument against any use of alcohol, except as a medicine, is given to the world to-day.

When the young queen of Austria, pressed on every side by the ruthless oppression of the great Prussian king, fled trembling into Hungary, and with her infant in her arms, her royal crown upon her head, appealed for the protection of her kingdom to her loyal subjects there, those stalwart Hungarian nobles rose in a mass, and, laying their right hands upon the swords at their sides, swore, in a shout whose heroic ring echoes down the years, "*Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!*" And how they did die all the world knows.

It is not for rhetorical effect, still less for the excitation of the "tenderest sympathy," that I revert to this well-known historical incident. It is that I may call attention to the argument in the cry of those men—for I suppose a man's "cry" may be counted as an "argument." I wish to beg you to notice these words, *rege nostro*. That expression of those Hungarian nobles, our king, Maria Theresa, instead of our queen, Maria Theresa—has been interpreted to represent an idea in their minds to suit the mind of their interpreter. "Woman's Rights" speakers have made them an acknowledgment on the part of those most masculine men, that here was a woman who was more man than any one of them, or all together; i. e., more able to command them, by having more than was kingly in her. Hence *pro rege nostro*, rather than *pro regina nostra*; Chivalrous knights-errant of our day make this expression to indicate the most refined and splendid chivalry in those Hungarian nobles; as if they had said to this threatened and trembling mother, clasping the

future king in her arms, "Never mind now! You shall be just as much sovereign as if you were a king yourself. We will die to make it so; *pro rege nostro!*"

Now, I make this expression to mean neither of these things. I believe that these strong and straightforward warriors roared out these words as the simplest usage to express their most instant and impulsive expression for all that men, as patriots, should die for. I believe that this crowned mother stood to them as the representative of their nationality, their rights, their honor, summing up in her person, as did the ruling sovereign of those days, their country and their country's cause. They formulated in their expression, *rege nostro*, the sentiment which Louis XIV. taught in the words *L'etat c'est moi!* They proved this, for they did fight, and many of them did die; and men do not deliberately die for a beautiful weeping woman—though they love to swear to that effect sometimes—unless there be some worthier object to be gained by their self-devotion. But whether my idea of this be fanciful or not, whether it be calm and logical, whether it be good criticism, I dare not affirm; Dr. Crosby will know. But I dare affirm that the American mother who, to-day, being pressed on every side by the aggression of King Alcohol, confronts American men, the infant in her arms her only sceptre, the motherhood on her brow her only crown, and cries to them for protection of her kingdom, the home, carries in her cry an argument. And I dare affirm—for, thank God! it is a spectacle all may witness—that stalwart warriors, pulling from their scabbards trusty swords, admit that cry to be an argument by their answering shout, "We will fight for our king!"

For we all have a king—even doctors. There is a majesty of right, a royalty of truth, which, in manifold forms, claims our allegiance and argues its claim. God sees in the tearful cry of the bruised and baffled mother, sister, wife, his own argument for the utter extinction of intoxicating beverages, the suppression, root and branch, of the liquor traffic. And in that cry he makes his argument to men.

A chancellor's philosophy, grasping in its mighty sapience cults and sciences which we poor women cannot even name, has as yet failed to apprehend that chemistry of Heaven which distills from a Christian mother's tear the first drop of that mighty gathering storm whose full and final outbreak shall sweep away forever all refuges of lies which, sincere or insincere, bulwark the liquor traffic.

"And the children of Israel sighed by reason of bondage, and their cry came up unto God; and God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant; and God looked upon the children of Israel and had respect unto them."

ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

Whatever may be said about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN SCOTLAND.

WASHINGTON, May 28, 1885.

Editors Woman's Journal:

An interesting account of the annual meeting of the Edinburgh Association for the University Education of Women has just reached me. The meeting was held on April 22, and the chair was occupied by the Right Hon. the Countess of Aberdeen, president of the Association. Prior to the commencement of the session, the Edinburgh University Certificate in Arts was presented to the successful candidates.

The presiding officer, in her address, which was most heartily applauded from point to point, spoke of the usefulness of the Association, which is now in its seventeenth year, and "hoped that she should be excused in feeling a pardonable pride when considering the life and growth of the Association, and all that has been accomplished by its means." The Countess remarked that "many of the young men students of the University might feel jealous if they heard the opinions passed by the professors on the equality of the work which they meet with at the ladies' classes." This Association has always laid claim to the right of women to be admitted by the universities to the same classes and the same degrees on the same level as men, and has been unremitting in its efforts, along with other kindred societies, in pushing through the Universities Bill, which will enable the Scottish Universities to deal with the graduation of women. Should this bill become a law, the higher education of women would be recognized by the outward badge of a degree being conferred.

The Countess of Aberdeen refers to the terror which some persons still feel when the subject of the university education of women is mooted, and she says that "it is incumbent in every educated woman to show that her education does not merely mean that she has gained so much knowledge herself, or possibly the power of imparting it to others, or that she is henceforth to devote herself to the main idea of bringing out some literary or scientific work. It may mean all this, but let it also mean that it has so enlarged and developed her mind and reasoning powers as to enable her to be more and more the bright, intelligent companion of father, husband, or brother; to be the mother who not only will know how to draw out the dawning powers of her infant children, but who will realize that her education has conferred no greater boon than the power of keeping abreast of and in touch with her children as they grow up, instead of being left hopelessly behind." She remarks "how strange it is to see mothers whose care of their children is most solicitous, but who seem to forget that there is another time in their lives, when they are passing from boyhood and girlhood into men and women, on which much of their future depends, and when she can only retain influence by being able to enter into and be in sym-