

adapted for oral as for written communications. It is evident that the time has gone by for looking upon Volapük as a joke. We have the high authority of the *Athenæum* for these statements.

In one of Prof. Bain's philosophical works we read that a great part of the happiness of old age consists in looking back to a happy youth; and, if we forget not, he remarks on the consequent importance of making childhood happy. We are not in a position to speak for old age, but we think there is a good deal of truth in these observations. Indeed, our own experience is, that 'fond memories' begin, very early, to cast a soft and possibly delusive radiance over those years in which imagination, wonderment, and unbounded faith occupy so large a place. We can look back now to what appear to us whole years of unalloyed happiness; to wonderful sporting excursions, to delightful visits into the country, to scenes of exquisite pleasure and excitement in town, and last but not least, to hours of absorbed, unalloyed happiness over wonderful books.

Very short, probably, were the excursions which we enjoyed so much, and very simple the circumstances that caused us such happiness; but in such times our hearts rose easily in joy and gladness, and our happiness was none the less real. We have been started on this strain by the perusal of a little book entitled "Lob-Lie-by-the-fire," which was handed us, and which we read without any great expectations. But the style reminded us so much of hours of perfect delight, spent with just such books, years and years ago, when we used to lie by the fire, that we have been tempted to expand a little in consequence. Perhaps some of us never quite get rid of some childish sympathies that cling to us in spite of ourselves. Anyhow, we much enjoyed this little tale and we think the writer's style very charming indeed, and perfectly adapted to this kind of literature. And when we read such books we always hope the author will write many more. Such examples of sturdy good-at-bottom human nature, contending with many trials, and for a moment giving way, only to come back to the right with the determination never to wander away again, are doubtless full of good lessons, even for those who are no longer young. While the cunning little touches, which show all the goodness and the kindness of the different personages written about are beyond all praise. And altogether it is a very entertaining little book indeed, and we see no reason why the author, Mrs. Ewing, should not become quite celebrated, in fact, we believe she is so already.

In another column there appears an article from the pen of one of the REVIEW's friends, a young lady, dealing with the higher education of women. This is one of the prominent questions of to-day, and the writer, we think, treats it very sensibly.

The question of the education of woman will depend largely upon what avenues of labour lie open before her, as well as what special employment she intends to follow. At the recent convention at Washington, perfect equality with man was demanded as to the right to enter the learned professions, and also as regards political status.

Concerning these questions it is not our intention to speak; there is no doubt, however, the position of woman is becoming modified, and she may be said to occupy a position in some respects more important than she did twenty-five years ago. But there is one thing to be especially guarded against, and if possible avoided, and that is the loss of womanliness.

The leaders of the Woman's Rights Movement are, we have been led to infer, a thought masculine in their ways, and, it would appear, they desire to be more so. If they succeed in training up a generation of women whose ambition will be to be as men, we shall be somewhat fearful for the result. But the brightest education has no necessary connection with this masculine quality. No one opposes seriously the higher education of woman. Trinity College is open equally to women and men, and in the various departments numbers many ladies among its graduates and undergraduates.

Geo. Eliot has expressed a sentiment somewhat similar to that expressed by our own contributor. In her essay on "Woman in France," she writes, "A certain amount of psychological difference between man and woman necessarily arises out of the difference of sex, and instead of being destined to vanish before a complete development of woman's intellectual and moral nature, will be a permanent source of variety and beauty as long as the tender light and dewy freshness of morning affect us differently from the strength and brilliancy of the mid-day sun. And those delightful women of France, who from the beginning of the seventeenth to the close of the eighteenth century, formed some of the brightest threads in the web of political and literary history, wrote under circumstances which left the feminine character of their minds uncramped by timidity and unstrained by mistaken effort."

We are pleased to see a paper in the current number of the *North American Review*, from the pen of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, entitled "Colonel Ingersoll on Christianity." It is a criticism upon Colonel Ingersoll's attacks upon Christianity in the above Magazine, and especially upon one entitled "A Reply," addressed to Dr. Field.

Col. Ingersoll is doubtless one of the most formidable opponents of Christianity on this continent, so that an answer to his arguments from such an able pen as Mr. Gladstone's, will have exceeding interest for Christians.

Mr. Gladstone, with the keenest logic, analyses the various methods of reasoning of Col. Ingersoll, and shows