

the weather to be grumbled at And yet grumbling is a fault, however little we may think of it.

Two short texts, one in Numbers, and the other in Deuteronomy, seem to show it very plainly. "When the people complained, it displeased the Lord." They were only grumbling—and grumbling just as we do, because their life was hard as they journeyed through the wilderness; because they had not the pleasant food and bodily indulgence which had gone side by side with their bondage in Egypt. I daresay they thought it very natural. But "it displeased the Lord." He was leading them through the wilderness to the Land of Promise, giving them everything which they really wanted on their way, and yet they could find nothing better to do than to grumble. And we are too like them. Let us listen, to the second text from Deuteronomy xxviii. 47: "Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness, and with gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things; therefore shalt thou serve thine enemies, which the Lord shall send against thee, in hunger, and in thirst, and in nakedness, and in all things."

There is a great deal in habit, and we might just as well try to get into the habit of being cheerful, as into the habit of grumbling. We should find life easier, and it would no longer be said of us, "When the people complained, it displeased the Lord."
—E. M. Blunt.

"The ministers tie the marriage knots in Chicago," says *The Interior*, "and the judges untie them. At last accounts the preachers were a little ahead.

WOMANLY INTELLIGENCE

At the English University of Cambridge, Miss Phillippa Garrett Fawcett, a daughter of the late statesman, comes out at the head of the examinations, having scored 300 points more than the successful senior wrangler, and this, in the mathematical tripos; also that Miss Margaret Alford, daughter of the learned Dean Alford, wins the first place in the classical tripos. at the same university. These brilliant women however, are put off with official certificates in which their achievements are duly recorded, while the academic honors they have won are denied them. The status of that brace of "wranglers" for the past year, is by no means enviable. *Palam qui meruit, ferat*; only these Cambridge dons, under the adamantine duress of precedent and statutes, are helpless, and stand impaled before the public, as involuntary spoliators of these well won distinctions. In the same direction, we read that, at Harvard, Miss L. H. Reed gains the Sargent prize for the best metrical version of an Horatian Ode.

There are certainly interesting, although hardly abnormal evidences of womanly intelligence and capacity in the higher walks of learning. All that has been settled beyond controversy or question long ago, since the days of Hypatia; and the merest tyro may quote the story of Lady Jane Grey, Mary Somerville, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In these days of social degeneracy, in which "society," so called, trends towards the corruption of manliness and the dishonor of woman, we need apprehend no danger from the