

receive as good and as thorough an education as the boys, but let it be *different*. Let it be such an education as will fit them for their own particular duties, qualify them the better to fill their own true place.

In spite of the modern hubbub about woman's rights, female suffrage, etc., etc., there is implanted in the breast of every right-feeling person a something that instinctively says such a thing is womanly, such a thing is unwomanly. Man has his own place, and woman has hers, and for either to ape the character of the other is to excite ridicule and disgust. What young gentleman would feel flattered at hearing himself spoken of by his young lady friends as, "*such a Miss Molly of a fellow!*" What young lady would like to hear herself referred to as, that "*Jack of a woman.*"

Have you ever met Miss Cecelia Phast—Sis Phast, as she is generally called? If not, you certainly have met some one like her, for fortunately—or unfortunately, we leave you to determine which—there are a good many young ladies like her in Canada. She generally wears a gentleman's hat, a little on one side of her head. She talks in an off-hand reckless style, using slang phrases and rather startling expressions, with the utmost coolness. If you are shocked, so much the better. She likes to shock people; in fact, she glories in it. Nothing can be proposed too wild for her to do; and when remonstrated with, she looks up at you with a saucy smile, knocks her "*yum-yum*" hat a little more to the one side, and says, "Well, sir, I don't care a straw what people think." She should have added, *provided they think me a very engaging and original young lady.* To be original is her one aim. This, as she understands it, means being as unlike every one else as possible. She affects a passion for gentlemen's sports, terms them "*boss*," but denounces all the occupations and amusements generally patronized by ladies as "*horridly slow*," "*simply beastly*," or as a "*dreadful bore*." Miss Phast has her admirers; there is young Phewbrains, for instance, who "*votes*" her a "*deuced fine girl*,"—plenty of "*go*" in her, and he likes "*go*" in a girl. As he says this he twirls the end of his moustache with his gloved hand, and simpers—simpling is chronic with young Phewbrains, so are light kids, and as for fingering his moustache, he probably acquired the habit when the appendage was still in its infancy, and he felt a natural anxiety to assure himself from time to time that it was still there. But it is unnecessary to lengthen this description, you have recognized Miss Phast as an acquaintance. You laugh at her, and still she is not a bad sort of a girl by any means; her education is more to blame than she is. Had the demands of her active energetic nature been satisfied; had she been given a liberal education, which would have opened to her new avenues of thought, suggested new lines of action, she would have been a useful, high-spirited and, perhaps, a brilliant girl. Are you fond of Miss Bluestocking? You worship her afar off, it may be—the farther off the better for you. This young lady determines all her actions by the rule of three; reads Latin and Greek as well as Mrs. Julius Cæsar or Homer's grandmother, and never deigns to converse on subjects less sublime than Homer's method, or the siege of Troy, or Mill's "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," or Herbert Spencer's Sociology. Of course she is above criticism. So, for the time we forbear, and in our next article will proceed to describe what we conceive to be the ideal education for a Canadian girl in this nineteenth century.

E. A. C.

SENSITIVENESS.

Most people like to be thought sensitive. We are generally flattered by being credited with virtues we know we do not possess. "I am so sensitive, things which other people would scarcely feel, affect me so much I can never get over them nor forget them," loudly asseverated an injured individual to a friend, in our hearing. "Nor forgive them," her friend might have added, for the lady in question was not sensitive, but only selfish, and her *amour-propre* was more easily touched than her neighbour's. Of course it is delightful when we are only touchy and vain, to lay the flattering unction of "over-sensitiveness" to our souls. But in all probability no one is deceived but ourselves. Somehow, our friends in the long run form a pretty correct estimate of us, independently of the hints we give them concerning our particular merits. Keenly sensitive natures are the finest observers of the golden rule; doing unto others as they would that men should do unto them. Acutely feeling pain themselves they are slow to inflict it. Intensely susceptible to pleasure, they are eager to bestow it. The most lovely, as well as the most beloved amongst men, are those who go through the world keeping this sweet responsiveness to impressions healthily awake. For the difficulty lies just here. If it escapes the hardening and coarsening influences of life on the one hand, will it not be rendered morbidly acute on the other? One sees men like Cavendish, of whom it was said "he did not love, he did not hate, he did not fear, he did not worship, as others do." A good deal of stone, and very little life,—all the sensitiveness knocked out of him. The other extreme is reached by such temperaments as Alfred de Musset's, who would wail on the floor of his room like a child when things went wrong, and dance in an intoxication of delight when the clouds cleared again. It is true that de Musset was a Frenchman, and belonged besides to the *genus irritabile* of Poets. Sensitiveness, however, should not be regarded as entirely temperamental. What little there was in such a man as Cavendish might have been made the most of by cultivation, so as to have given the world a living, breathing man instead of a graven image; while in the case of Alfred de Musset it needed what in reading his life one sees it never had, guidance and control. What we want is not the sensitiveness of children, but the *educated* sensitiveness of men and women. And it is worth while cultivating. Without it how much we lose! For some of us the breath of spring—the blue of the mid-day heavens—the sweet scent of a flower, and the thousand softening influences which are born and die around us all day long are as though they were not, for want of a heart that "watches and receives." And if this applies to the natural, how much more does it to the mental and moral world. There are men, aye, and women too, around us, on whom the grief of a little child, the pleading tones of mother-love, or a strong man's agony, would leave but little impress. "Ears have they, and hear not; eyes, but they see not." To these people Tennyson's "In Memoriam" would say less than a street ballad; a fashion plate would be

more carefully studied by them than Holman Hunt's finest picture. Only the other day we heard of a gentleman of position and influence in this city who never read anything but the daily paper. "I do not wonder," says Ruskin, "at what men suffer, but I wonder often at what they lose. We may see how good rises out of pain and evil; but the dead, naked, eyeless loss, what good comes out of that?" What good, indeed? What good even out of vast possessions, if in the common, pushing, driving, vulgar life we have led to secure them, we have lost the inner, finer sense which alone can teach us how truly to enjoy them? Then to take a less serious standpoint. The sensitive man will never render himself obtrusive, or a bore. He will not insist on seeing you "just for one moment, on business of importance," and bring you from your work in a heavenly frame of mind, to discover that the "business" was of consequence to his self-importance only. He will not button-hole you in the street when you are pressed for time, or suffering from the toothache, with "my dear sir, permit me one word." He will not, on committees, intrude his everlasting red-tapeism, to the hindrance of good work which might otherwise be done. He will not be a man with a grievance, nor a man with a prejudice, nor a man with a theory, nor a man with a nostrum. But when he comes he will be welcomed, and when he goes he will be missed.

Whether "this Canada of ours" may prove the kindest soil for the production of such natures we will not too closely enquire. It is probable that those who have come from the motherland may have brought some of the "ächt Britische beschränktheit" along with them; and that the days of "sweetness and light" have not fully risen even upon this age of progress. But our prophets are foretelling it, and when it comes we shall be nobler, wiser, more reasonable men.

M. B. STEVENSON.

A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.'

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

(Continued.)

It would seem impossible for Mr. Harrison to write anything that is not stamped with a vigour and racy eloquence peculiarly his own; and the paper which has opened the present discussion is probably far the finest he has given to the world. There is a lofty tone in its imaginative passages which strikes us as unique among Negationists, and a vein of what is almost tenderness pervading them, which was not observed in his previous writings. The two combined render the second portion one of the most touching and impressive speculations we have read. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Harrison's innate energy is apt to boil over into a vehemence approaching the intemperate; and the antagonistic atmosphere is so native to his spirit that he can scarcely enter the lists of controversy without an irresistible tendency to become aggressive and unjust; and he is too inclined to forget the first duty of the chivalric militant logician, namely, to select the adversary you assail from the nobler and not the lower form and rank of the doctrine in dispute. The inconsistencies and weaknesses into which this neglect has betrayed him in the instance before us have, however, been so severely dealt with by Mr. Hutton and Professor Huxley, that I wish rather to direct attention to two or three points of his argument that might otherwise be in danger of escaping the appreciation and gratitude they may fairly claim.

We owe him something, it appears to me, for having inaugurated a discussion which has stirred so many minds to give us on such a question so much interesting and profound, and more especially so much suggestive, thought. We owe him much, too, because, in dealing with a thesis which it is specially the temptation and the practice to handle as a theme for declamation, he has so written as to force his antagonists to treat it argumentatively and searchingly as well. Some gratitude, moreover, is due to the man who had the moral courage boldly to avow his adhesion to the negative view, when that view is not only in the highest degree unpopular, but is regarded for the most part as condemnable into the bargain, and when, besides, it can scarcely fail to be painful to every man of vivid imagination and of strong affections. It is to his credit, also, I venture to think, that, holding this view, he has put it forward, not as an opinion or speculation, but as a settled and deliberate conviction, maintainable by distinct and reputable reasonings, and to be controverted only by pleas analogous in character. For if there be a topic within the wide range of human questioning in reference to which tampering with mental integrity might seem at first sight pardonable, it is that of a future and continued existence. If belief be ever permissible—perhaps I ought to say, if belief be ever possible—on the ground that 'there is peace and joy in believing,' it is here, where the issues are so vast, where the conception in its highest form is so ennobling, where the practical influences of the Creed are, in appearance at least, so beneficent. But faith thus arrived at has ever clinging to it the curse belonging to all illegitimate possessions. It is precarious, because the flaw in its title-deeds, barely suspected perhaps and never acknowledged, may any moment be discovered; misgivings crop up most surely in those hard and gloomy crises of our lives when unflinching confidence is most essential to our peace; and the fairy fabric, built up not on grounded conviction but on craving need, crumbles into dust, and leaves the spirit with no solid sustenance to rest upon.

Unconsciously and by implication Mr. Harrison bears a testimony he little intended, not indeed to the future existence he denies, but to the irresistible longing and necessity for the very belief he labours to destroy. Perhaps no writer has more undesignedly betrayed his conviction that men will not and cannot be expected to surrender their faith and hope without at least something like a compensation; certainly no one has ever toiled with more noble rhetoric to gild and illuminate the substitute with which he would fain persuade us to rest satisfied. The nearly universal craving for posthumous existence and enduring consciousness, which he depreciates with so harsh a scorn, and which he will not accept as offering even the shadow or *simulacrum* of an argument for the Creed, he yet respects enough to recognise that it has its foundation deep in the framework of our being, that it cannot be silenced and may not be ignored. Having no precious metal to pay it with, he issues paper money instead, skillfully engraved and gorgeously gilded to look as like the real coin as may be. It is in vain to deny that there is something touching and elevating in the glowing eloquence