

For Ithaca, where oft a glad faced boy
 He played amid the rip'ning vines, and heard
 His father's voice ere he began to roam
 The weary waves. His heart is stirred
 With thoughts of home, and son, and wife,
 And ever Circe holds him in her arms.
 How have I longed to drift on some far isle
 Like thee from feverish alarms,
 And voices of reproach, and earth's vain strife.
 And on soft bed of flowers beguile
 The days and nights where man cannot forget
 His vows, and sleep and dream not of regret.

IV.

Pale faces of the dead are with me night
 And day, dear faces that were loved and lost !
 And mem'ries of sad days and litter blight
 That withered them like flowers beneath the frost.
 Dead voices with their sweetness robbed by curse
 Of fate and hideous darkness worse
 Than death. White faces look across the waves,
 The gray hairs come so fast, the eyes grow dim.
 Why fear sweet death ? But what may come before
 I shudder at. What will the years bring me
 Of truth, and hope and sympathy ?
 Kind words are truest poetry
 And sweetest music. Spare them not,
 Life soon is o'er,
 Their music cannot reach our graves.

V.

What is this life ? Is man
 A pebble cast upon the shore,
 Then swept seaward for evermore ?
 Can he look back and laugh at what is past,
 Give himself up to pleasure and rejoice
 In dissolution when his footprints last
 A day upon the strand ? Gaze on
 The sea and feel thy littleness.
 Think of dead men and feel
 Thy power, while golden thought doth steal
 Unto thine heart, to charm and bless,
 And poems sweeter than song of Philomel,
 When dream-eyed Night ascends her silvery throne !
 Is life eternal ebb ?
 Is man an alien, and his work a web
 Of gossamer ? Ah, see that soul
 Divine, in Athens, quaff the bowl
 Of hemlock like some nectar-drinking god,
 Full of immortal dreams, and say 'tis well
 Cold ashes fill the urn.
 Thus may Time teach me resignation sweet
 And faith, so that I may return
 This body to the lifeless clod
 From which it came, and meet
 The vanished millions. God will keep his own.
 Sadly I wait and hear thine elegy
 For all the world, O melancholy sea !

PHILLIPS STEWART.

WOMANLINESS.

Last year, the VARSITY took no uncertain stand upon the question of the rights of women to the advantage of such of the higher branches of education as the University can afford. It is not the intention of the present writer to question that position. It is palpably absurd to say that women shall not, *de jure*, pursue the same studies as men, or that they shall not have equal privileges with men in an institution supported, and, to great extent, governed by the State. The ordinary rules of common sense have forever settled that question ; and women have now the right to every advan-

tage, even including the Students' Societies, enjoyed by their male friends. If women avail themselves of these, their acknowledged rights, no one has any business to object ; it is, indeed, the duty of everyone, teacher or taught, to make everything as easy and agreeable as may be under the circumstances. If, as must sometimes be the case, a woman is pursuing the academical course for the purpose of fitting herself to obtain a competence *in after life*, she is a woman to be honoured, and every honest man will accord her respect and reverence, and do everything in his power to aid her to attain success.

But it is not of such we would speak. The subject has a broader aspect which we are bound to look at, that lies very close to the foundations of the family, and, therefore, of the national life. In the old controversy of woman's educational rights, the vital point was missed altogether. The name itself begged the whole question. The matter of co-education in a State university can never be one of right at all ; from its very nature it must be one of expediency. But we often lose sight of the fact that a question of expediency sometimes lies deeper than that of legal right, and in the present case it is *the* vital point.

It is not necessary here to ask searching questions as to the position of woman in the grand economy of the human race. Every woman will admit, as the rule, that the business of her sex is in the home circle. Her duty there is supreme, her privilege inestimable. Under the conditions of modern life, it is to her far above all others that we must look for the future of the nation and of the race. Her influence with children is incalculable ; as she is so will they become. Of course there are exceptions, but who will dispute the rule ? *As she is*,—that is the point.

But this leads to another question. Women exert now, as they have in all ages, untold influences upon the lives of men. Our best thoughts, our highest aspirations, our holiest and noblest ambition, are connected, in great measure, with women we have known. Our finest conception of beauty is a woman's face ; our deepest feelings of sorrow, a woman's tears. Now what is it in the character of woman that we most admire ? What trait of character do we most love and reverence ? Is it not that in which we are ourselves most deficient ? It is something that lies deeper than character or accomplishments ; it is her *instinct*. Every woman, worthy of the respect of an honest man, has within her the unerring instinct of the good, the beautiful, the true. We have the same instinct in a much less degree ; hers is wonderfully exact and fine. How many instances spring up in the memory on the very mention of this fact ! In a woman perfectly pure, her instinct transcends her reason. Is it not true that, in affairs of supreme moment, she falls back on her instinct of right and wrong ; and is it not a matter of history that, when the reason of man failed, the unerring instinct of woman prevailed ?

If this is admitted, it is of the last importance that the Heaven-bestowed gift be preserved in its pristine purity. Everything which would in the least impair it must be guarded against, and, if necessary, combatted. Anything which would blunt the fine edge of so marvelous a faculty, would destroy the beauty of woman's life and would inevitably react upon the generation to come.

Now all this must not be considered as an argument against the higher education of women. Such a thing is an absurdity. But the real danger is here. Anything which brings woman into competition with man tends to destroy that charm which underlies all the loveliness of the woman's character. Think, for a moment, of the spectacle of women wrangling with men in the law courts ! That is, perhaps, an extreme case ; but the principle is the same where women compete with men in any sphere of action, in the classroom or in the examination hall, on the platform or at the bar. In some of the States women practice as barristers, while, in England, a woman is at present contesting a seat in the House of Commons. In such a struggle the woman suffers, and her sex suffers too. And when once that fine thing we call womanliness becomes spotted