

Notches on The Stick

We give the concluding paragraphs of Dr. B. W. Lockhart's Address on Mary Lyon:

"From the day when some little Priscilla was sent home after her two brief hours at the Pilgrims' school, to the day of the Harvard annex, is only two hundred and fifty years in time. But no tale of years could mark the breadth of the gulf which yawns between the two ideals of female education.

"What has wrought this change? Undoubtedly it belongs to the genius of our religion. When Paul said, there is neither male nor female in Christ, he declared that there is no sex in soul; that there is only one way to God for man and woman. By implication whatever helps the soul upward, whatever promotes the development of spiritual character, should be as free to women as to men. In our day, when education and salvation are identical terms, the question whether a woman should be educated resolves itself into the question whether her soul is worth saving. We need not be surprised then that in times of gross superstition the fanatic and ascetic have debated as to whether women, being so far inferior to men, do actually inherit immortality. Granted then that the Christian conception of personality is the august and even divine thing we think, alone with God in an infinite universe, laden with its own duty and responsibility, capable of endless approach to deity by the growth of spiritual power, we naturally ask what has kept so splendid a truth hidden in its germ, waiting so many weary centuries to see the light? Mr. Lecky has answered that question in his History of the Rise of Rationalism in Europe. Superstition is not simply a condition of undeveloped reason; it is the condition in which reason as such is antagonized and disowned. The maxim of superstition is Credo quia impossibile. Its characteristic action is the crucifixion of intelligence. In an age therefore when it was a religious duty to crucify the intelligence, those fine and profound truths of Christianity, which are the very effluence and soul of reason, had to wait. They had to wait till reason had come down from her cross and conquered a world of philosophy and a world of ethics and a world of science, and so provided an environment in which the Christian truths could live and grow. We live in this happy time. We perceive today that there are regions of soul and mind which transcend sex. As there is neither male nor female in Christ, so those distinctions do not exist for ethics or psychology. The same text books will do for men and women. There are not two kinds of reason, imagination, memory, will, any more than there are two kinds of holiness, truth and duty. Indeed Plato saw this long ago, and in his Republic he argued that women should receive the same education as men. It is significant to note in this connection that outside Christendom so far as I am aware, the status of woman remains unchanged. She does not sit side by side with man upon the skirts of time. Rather on this ship of life she is chained between decks by immemorial custom; her master alone has the freedom of the upper deck to feel the trade winds blow, and study the heavens and the stars. Equally significant is it to note that within Christendom, where the military holds the industrial in abeyance, and where absolutism in the state represses democracy by violence, as in Russia and Germany, female education is most neglected. It seems in regard to the education of woman, as if all her higher hopes were bound up in the ideals of peace, of industry of democracy and of that pure and simple religion of Christ which discloses itself in the atmosphere of intellectual freedom.

"Mary Lyon succeeded. She established a college for the higher education of women. But what was this great woman's conception of a higher education? Let us remember that broad as she made her curriculum, including science, language, history, it was depth she insisted on. Not the drilling of an intellectual faculty for advantage in the competition of life, but the training of the personality for the service of God, which is the service of man, was her ideal. The mind was great, but the soul greater. Probably she never dreamed of an education divorced from religion. What Thomas Arnold did at Rugby she did at Holyoke, and even more successfully; she revealed each student to herself in those ideal relations to Divinity, which, once perceived, flood the soul with a light and joy and spiritual power nowhere else to be found. She was literally a priestess of learning in whose hand knowledge became a sacrament. She sent forth a band of daughters of God into all sorts of fruitful work. Missionaries and teachers,

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wives of missionaries, ministers and men of culture in many professions, they have helped to save their generation, from sinking into the sordid, the trivial, the base; from declining from the ideals of a Christian civilization to those unideal aims generated by materialism and great wealth. Mr. Holyoke college has continued to cherish this rich tradition, this great ideal of education. I believe that nothing in a half century of university education has been made more clear than the truth that there is no welfare for men or states in an education that does not bring the soul up with the mind, and recognize that God, spirit, duty eternal life, are the truths which make the foundation of a true human culture and life. There is no movement of anarchy or atheism that is not led by the educated man. There is truth in Henry Martyn's saying that 'Christ is crucified between two thieves, classics and mathematics.' The man of unchastened, predaceous instincts drills his mind, which is the sword of these instincts into terrible effectiveness, and comes forth to prey on society. It would hardly be strange if sometime each candidate for college training should be compelled to submit to a searching moral test that would exclude a too pronounced egoism. Mary Lyon regarded the requirement of an hour's domestic work each day from each pupil as such a test. She did not care to educate girls who would not willingly submit to this rule. And there was wisdom in this; for an education which leads man to despise work, which makes them prefer to be agitators and parasites rather than to earn their bread by some sort of simple, honest work, it greater tasks do not present themselves, is as false, as unsound, as it can be. We can never go back to the policy of the past which led rulers to keep their subjects ignorant. Light we want; light we shall have. The era of education has arrived. It remains to make that education sound. The faculties repose on the breast of the Ego. The Ego reposes on the breast of God. A true education must must discover a moral regimen which takes cognizance of these three in due order,—the faculty, the person, the Godhead. It is the glory of Mary Lyon that she discovered and applied that regimen in such noble wise that time justifies more and more the work of her hands.

It would be a fitting consummation to so noble a life work if the people of New England should make Mr. Holyoke college at least equal in educational facilities with her four sister institutions. That beautiful valley watered by the Connecticut, guarded east and west by Mt. Holyoke, and Mt. Tom, will form a fitting background for the stately walls of a university which shall announce to coming time "the dignity and superiority of the spiritual life," which shall subject young women to such noble culture that they shall indeed become cornerstones in the temple of civilization polished after the similitude of a palace.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe's comments on N. P. Willis in the Bookman for May, have a certain tinge of bitter, and are somewhat slighting. "Willis," he says, "cannot be said to have any vital importance for our generation, yet he cut a prodigious figure in his own time. . . Now that Willis' fleet of books is fastened almost as securely to Leeth's wharf as the works of Daves himself, it is not without suggestion to recall and contrast [the esteem in which he and Poe were held by the reading public of the thirties and forties] The writer is inclined to give, throughout his article, ungracious prominence to what he considers the foibles of Willis,—his dandyism, his shallow glitter, his parade of vanities, his superficiality of thought and character. He says: 'His biographer declares that it (his personal unpopularity) was second only to that of Cooper among American writers,' and this he attributes to 'a deep-rooted element of dandyism.' Those nearest to Willis' person, especially in his later, more painfully burdened years, believed him to be a good and generous man; and this Mr. DeWolfe admits: 'Willis' heart was really of the kindest and most human. Furthermore, he was not only prompt with words of praise for promising beginners, but seems to have been almost without literary jealousies.' We must confess that from Willis we have derived much pleasure, and we owe him

respect. A kindly, cheerful, beauty-loving, brotherly man, not without pathos and heroism, we believe him to have been, and in his day a master of elegant journalism. That which was frivolous and flippant in his personal tone and manner may well be forgiven.

The Hants Journal speaks in favorable terms of Miss Jean L. Carre, a Nova Scotia lady who is winning artistic distinction in New York:

The New York World mentions that at a reception of its friends by the New York school of applied design for women, among the books covers a charmingly original selection by Miss Jean L. Carre was singled out for admiration. Miss Carre is a native of Pictou, and a niece of Senator Primrose. Having become possessed with the idea that she would succeed with designing, she went to New York a few years ago to study, and in her first year took first prize at the school of applied design over the heads of those who were in their second and third years. She has designed a cover for one of Professor Roberts' books, "The Forge in the Forest."—[The lady referred to is well known in Windsor, having been at one time in charge of the Western Union Telegraph Co.'s office, and during her residence here gave frequent evidence of her artistic ability].

A list of sales of new books at various literary centres or America, between the first of May and the first of April, as given in The Bookman, indicates considerable popularity and a good run to "The Forge in the Forest," by Charles G. D. Roberts. The list for each city mentioned embraces six volumes, and in fifteen the new classic novel. Prof. Roberts' record is as follows: New York uptown, stands 4th in the list; Albany, N. Y., stands 3rd; Atlanta, Ga., stands 5th; Boston, Mass., stands 5th; Buffalo, N. Y., stands 3rd; Los Angeles, Cal., stands 4th; Montreal, Can., stands 6th; Pittsburg, Pa., stands 3rd; no mention of sales in Toronto, or any other Canadian city. Other authors whose sales are indicated are, Crockett, Mitchell, Steel, Parker, Mahan, Harraden, Harrison, D'Anunzio, Hope, Merrimen, Corelli, Fuller, Milford, Holland, Nansen, Prince, Whitely, Howells, Green, Taylor, Hardy, Barrie and Winter.

A new addition of Sidney Lanier's unique lectures on the "The English Novel. A Study in the development of Personality," originally delivered before the students in Johns Hopkins University, in 1881, has been published by the Scribners. For insight pungency and luminous poetic diction, these addresses are almost unequalled. His pure spirituality shrinks from Zola, as "defiling the whole earth and slandering all humanity under the sacred names of 'naturalism' of 'science,' of 'physiology.'" He is the antipodes of Whitman, and enters his protest against his style of poetry,—"a poetry which has painted a great scrawling picture of the human body, and his written under it, 'This is the Soul'; which shouts a profession of religion in every line, but of a religion that, when examined, reveals no tenet, no rubric, save that a man must be natural, must abandon himself to every passion; which constantly rears its belief in God, but with a camarade air as if it were patting the Deity on the back and bidding him cheer up and hope for further encouragement. "Whether Lanier misapprehended Whitman or not, he could never be at one with him.

The house at Bermuda in which the poet Moore lived during his brief residence on that island, in 1803, as Register of the Court of Vice Admiralty, still remains an object of attraction to many an admiring visitor. Beautiful as the climate and scenery may be the poet learned to look on them with weariness, and soon sought society where it might be found, beside the Schuylkill or the St. Lawrence. The financial troubles in which he became involved made the memory of his Bermuda sojourn distasteful, and the placid seas about the summer island failed to inspire the most memorable of his verses.

The contemporaries of Burns now living must be few, but one is reported at the

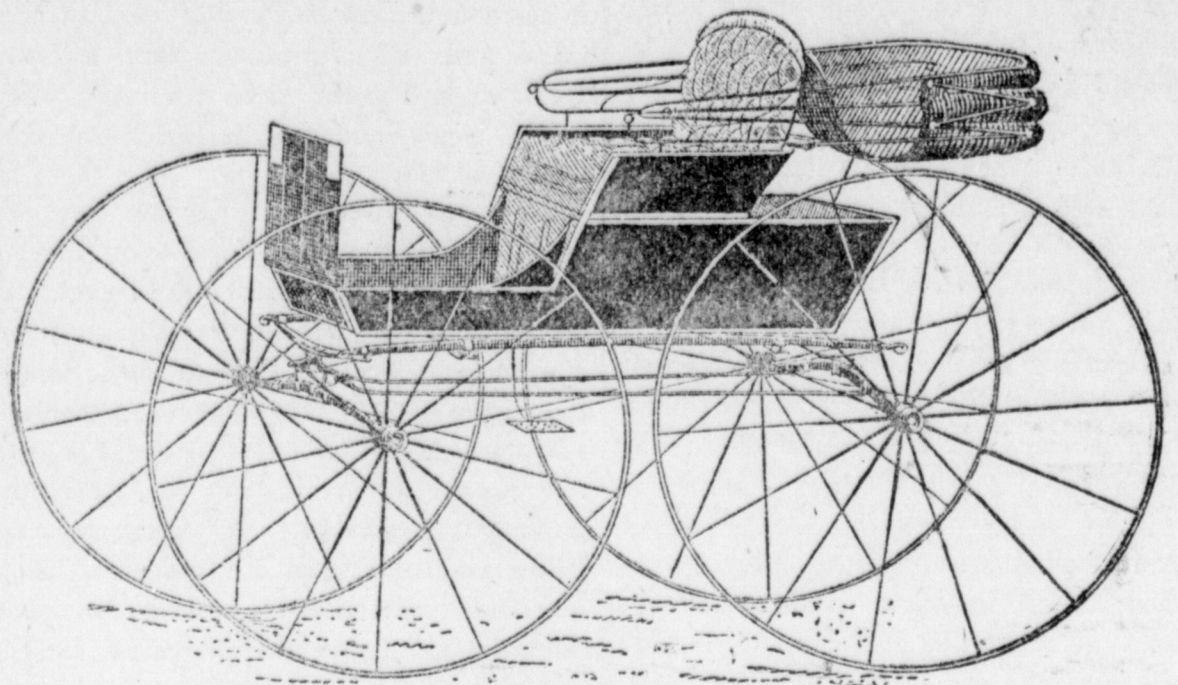
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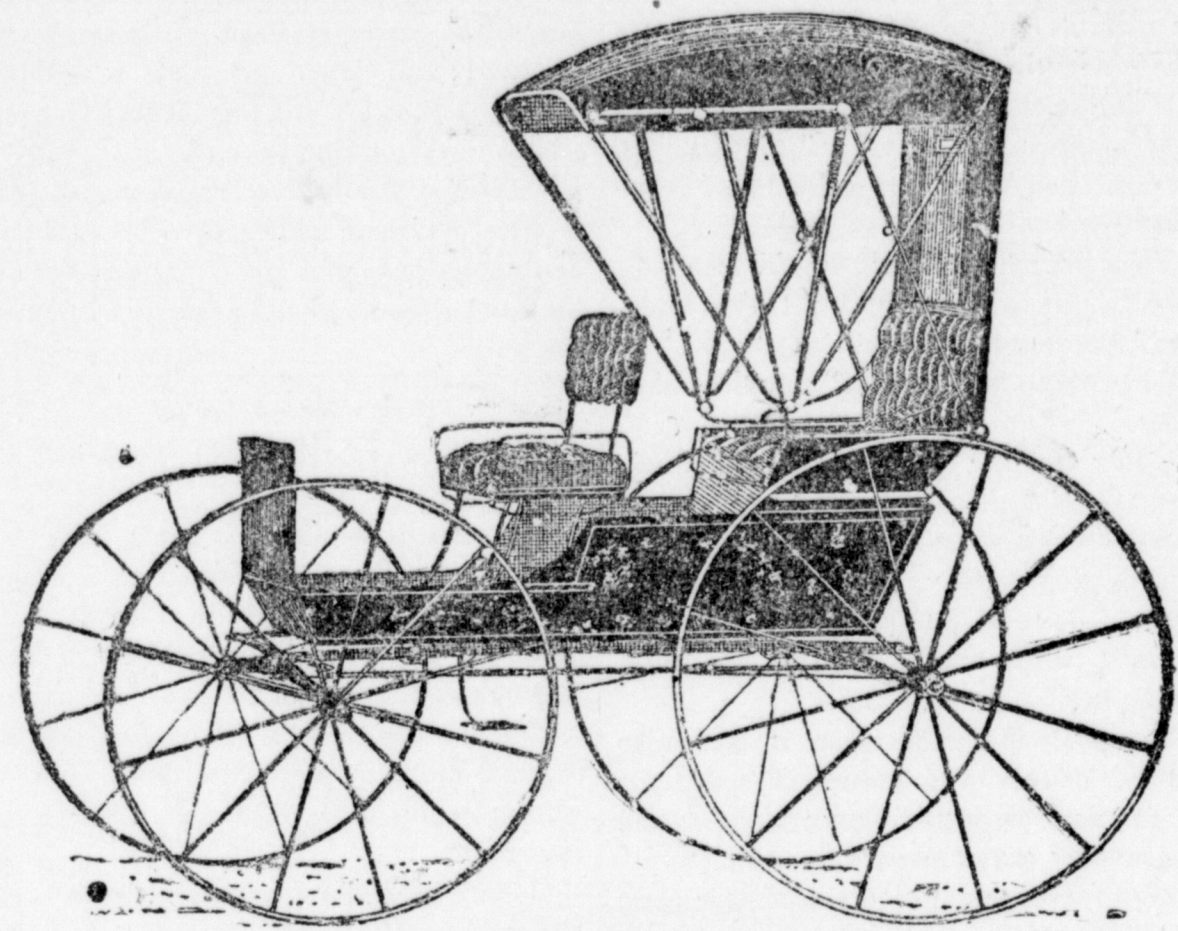
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age of 102, as living at Glasgow, Scotland. She was born in 1795, while Burns was perishing swan-like in Dumfries,—dying to the march of immortal music. She may almost remember when the third George was king and Fox and Pitt and Burke made an English parliament glorious. She has grown piously and painlessly old, and enjoys a certain distinction among the people of this time, as a living link connecting them with the past.

Miss Aimee Huntington, a lady of literary gifts in Windsor, N. S., for some time assistant editor of the Hants Journal has dissolved her connection with that paper to enter upon an enterprise elsewhere, of which the Journal declares further mention will soon be made.

PASTOR FELIX.

Nice Girls.

Of Matthew Arnold as a school-examiner the author of "Pages from a Private Diary" has this to say:

Arnold's reports are very good reading, but his methods of examination were sometimes highly poetical. I remember a tale told by a fellow-inspector of a class of girl pupil teachers that he asked Arnold to examine for him. Arnold gave them all the 'excellent' mark.

"But," said the other inspector, "surely they are not all as good as they can be; some must be better than others."

"Perhaps that is so," replied Arnold, "but then, you see, they are all such very nice girls."

It Saved Our Child.

"My little daughter, three and a half years old, suffered three years with Eczema. Her little body was covered with the itching rash, and doctors did no good. Four boxes of Chase's Ointment have entirely cured and saved our child. Her skin is clear and not a sign of rash is to be seen." Andrew Aiton, Hartland, N. B. Mr. Aiton is one of thousands benefited by this unflinching cure for piles and skin diseases.

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Joseph Gardner stove dealer, of Bath, Ontario, is a great believer in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and kidney, liver and stomach troubles generally.

"I was troubled for over forty years with indigestion and constipation," he writes. "At intervals I suffered from severe headache. I spent dollars and dollars without result until Mr. Ball, our druggist, advised me to try Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so and must say they are the only remedy that gave me relief. I would not be without them for anything."

Many people suffer from rheumatism, bad blood and diseased kidneys bring it on. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will remedy all this and cure rheumatism, sciatica, and all kindred complaints. Here is a sample case:

"My boy was all crippled up and suffered awfully with rheumatism," writes Mrs. H. Willis, of Chesley, Ont. "He also had a touch of diabetes. The Doctor could do him no good, but Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills completely cured him."

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When all other remedies fail Dr. Chase's Lindseed and Turpentine will cure the worst chronic cold. 25 cents.

Too Precious to Waste.

All the good things are not said by the professional humorists.

The "funny man" of a metropolitan newspaper turned one morning from the grind of his daily toil, and said to an exchange editor:

"I had a funny dream last night. 'Don't tell it!' replied the exchange editor. 'Use it. It will live on your column immensely.'"

A journal for women has been started in Constantinople, advocating the equality of the sexes. The meeting between the unspeakable Turk and the irrepressible new woman ought to be a fairly interesting one.—Baltimore American.