

these : A female candidate has registered herself as a medical student, and has gone through the necessary course at the New Veterinary College. She presents herself for examination, and the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons decline to examine her on the ground that it is contrary to use and wont to examine a woman or to grant her a qualification in veterinary medicine and surgery. To this the authorities of the New College reply that forty-four years are too short a term to constitute a ground for a plea of usage, or use and wont, as is the Scotch phrase. And further, the laws speak of a "student," not "he" or "she." The Council of the Royal College has so far declined to give way, though by a small majority."

The one bright spot amidst the gloom of the catastrophe which has put France in mourning, and thrilled the world with horror, is contained in the stories which reach us of women's heroism. The Duchesse d'Alençon, who might have made good her escape from the burning building, declined to do so, but said, "Let us give the visitors time to get out." One of the survivors testifies that she took the Duchess by the waist, and dragging her away, said, "Come, Madame, you must come." She released herself by a brusque movement, repeating, "No, no, I will remain." "She stood motionless a few steps from her stall, her eyes raised to heaven, one might have said that she was seeing a vision." We read also of two Sisters of Mercy who took the panic-stricken women one by one by the arms, and passed them through the hotel window. They did not leave the burning building until scorched by the flames, and when no other person could be saved.

Mrs. Isabella Bishop, who has recently been travelling in Szuchnau, Western China, on Monday night read a paper descriptive of her journey before a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, at the University of London, Burlington Gardens. Mrs. Bishop claims to have penetrated farther into Western China than any other person. Several travellers have reached Li-fan-ting, but she has been unable to discover that anyone has explored the country beyond. At this place, many obstacles were raised to her further progress, but she overcame these, and eventually penetrated into the Montsu region. Montsu appears to be the Chinese equivalent for barbarism. Mrs. Bishop's report of the position of women in the Montsu country is worthy of notice. "They were not only on an equality with men, but received considerable attention from them, and shared their interests and amusements everywhere."

We think that many hard-working women will sympathise with the views of the one whose epitaph appears in Bushey Churchyard, even though they do not express themselves in precisely the same language :—

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired,
Who lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends I am
going

Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing.
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where people don't eat there's no washing up
dishes.

The heaven's with loud Alleluias are ringing,
But having no voice, I'll get clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

A Book of the Week.

"A DOZEN WAYS OF LOVE."*

A NEW volume of stories from the author of "The Madonna of a Day" is always a most welcome sight. There is such a refinement, such an austere, delicate reserve, such an originality both of subject and treatment, that the tales haunt the mind, and linger in the memory and the fancy.

This collection consists, doubtless, of reprints from the magazines, and the twelve short stories are of varying merit. The first and the last are perhaps the best : though "A Taint in the Blood," is very clever, and also very characteristic of the author's peculiar manner. The pathos of "Young Love," the first story, is as delicate and as elusive as the scent of dried rose-leaves. The old, old lady, the dignified, "respectit" Mistress Macdonald, the centre of her small world, the adviser of her elderly children, and middle-aged nephews, loses her memory—that is, she loses that portion of it which deals with the present, and lives entirely in her early girlhood ; her heart and mind filled continually with the image of a certain "Mr. Kinnaird," of whom none of her wondering relations have ever so much as heard the name. She takes a new waiting-maid, who comes to the house, for the maid in her old home—one Jeanie Trim : and the maid, being both clever and kind, humours the feeble life pityingly, keeps up the comedy, and cheers the dying, aged woman with the news that her young lover awaits her at the gate.

" Where was he, who, by some means had become so much part of the pulsing life of a young girl, that, when all else of life passed from her with the weight of years, her heart still remained obedient to him? If he was anywhere in the universe of living spirits, was he conscious of the power which he was wielding? Was it a triumph to him to know that he had come, gay and debonair, in the bloom of his youth, into this long-existing sanctuary of home, and set aside with a wave of his hand, husband, children and friends, dead and living?"

" The doctor hopes for a lucid interval ; and, just before her death, it comes—she knows them all.

"The daughters sat on the bedside, holding her hands. So they waited, and she seemed to follow the meaning of the psalm as it went on, until suddenly—

She turned her head feebly towards a space by the bed where no one was. She drew her aged hands from her daughters', and made as if to stretch them out to a new-comer. She smiled.

* "A Dozen Ways of Love," by L. Dougall. (A. & C. Black).

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