

by religious opinions as in England and America.

ELEVE.

SELF-BOARDING.

The fact that so many students of this University are working their own way, is, it seems to me, a sure sign of earnestness on their part, and the fact that those, who are in better circumstances, have enough respect for native talent and industry to honor with an office one who cleans his own frying pan seems to indicate a fair degree of sense all around.

The word "baching" would not make an elegant title, and it is not an elegant occupation; but to the initiated, it implies far more than its derivation—if it has one—would warrant. If one has "bached it," while going to school, this magic word calls up additional felicities or miseries. Which, depends upon the individual.

There rises before his mind's eye, a room, not very large nor always very clean, containing almost everything from an unblacked cook-stove to a Latin lexicon. A Greek grammar lies close to the frying pan, and a sack of corn-meal leans lovingly against a bed, whose slats have a habit of dropping down in the dead of night. It brings to him vague memories of essay writing and burned pork; of black molasses and lamp chimneys; of refractory problems and mush kettles; of hard lessons and harder beds; and, compensating for all these, the thought that he was responsible to no one.

We have all read of great men, who, when young, boarded themselves on next to nothing. So far as my observation goes, the students of this University are not trying that plan. They believe that "if you want a horse to win the race, you must give him plenty of oats;" and some of them say it is their opinion that the great men aforesaid lived on black bread because they were too lazy to clean the cooking utensils.

LETTERS.

Sappho once made a riddle over which many wise and learned puzzled; but to no avail. It was as follows: "There is a feminine creation who bears in her bosom a voiceless brood, yet they send forth a clear voice over sea and land, to whatsoever mortals they will; the absent hear it, so do the deaf." They all failed to solve it and she gave the answer. "A *letter* is a thing essentially feminine in its character. It bears a brood in its bosom named the alphabet. They are voiceless, yet speak to whom they will; and if any man shall stand next to him who reads, will he not hear it?" In this riddle, that seems rather clumsy, though a favorite form of that time, the femininity of a letter is recognized, though that was twenty-five centuries ago, when the majority of women were absolutely excluded from all culture and refinement. Indeed, Fatian ascribed the origin of letters to a royal Persian lady, so that, as the institution of letter writing was born in a woman's mind, it is truly fitting that it should have been most graced by woman's mind. French women are especially noted for their wonderful talents in this field of literature, for letters undoubtedly have a place in literature, and the correspondence of a Sevigne and DeStael prove, most conclusively, that women are better letter-writers than men even as they are better talkers. De Quincy once said, "All who would read our language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic property, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its position, should steal the mailbags and break all the letters in female handwriting."

How many thousand wives and mothers find their only relief for pent up feelings and over-burdened hearts in letter-writing!—Women whose lives are rich with experience, and to whom many truths are revealed in long days and nights of toil and watching. Although all feminine writers may not possess the remarkable