Blackberry Pie, are known to all. It is not necessary to give recipes for them. The same remedy may be made also.

Blackberry Cordial, which is a preparation much used in America as a cure for diarrhoea. Personally, I am not acquainted with this medicine, but I heard it highly recommended. To make it, crush any quantity of ripe berries, and strain off the juice. With each pint pour three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, and to every two quarts of juice add a quarter of an ounce of mace, allspice, cinnamon, and cloves, either whole or slightly pounded. Boil these ingredients to a thick syrup, and when done add as much French brandy as there is syrup. Bottle, and keep well corked.

Blackberry vinegar makes a pleasant, cooling drink for hot weather. Pour a quart of good vinegar over a quart of blackberries. Stand forty-eight hours, strain, and allow in a pound of sugar to every pint thereof. Stir over the fire and boil for about ten minutes; then cool, pour into small bottles and cork for use.

There are a few of ways in which blackberries may be prepared with profit and beauty. It is to be hoped that some of the girls who read this paper will try them, for it is very certain that if blackberries were treated fairly, they would be more highly appreciated than they are now. They were appreciated by the general public, perhaps gardeners and fruit-growers might be induced to bestow a little more attention upon them, and a few of the products of the country would be improved. This would be a very great advantage to the community generally.

PHILLIS BROWN.

**A LANCET FOR THE LILY.**

The age of chivalry is dead. For down in the dim past, looming ghostlike through the mist of centuries, moves the form of the great Lanctot—the flower knight and chivalrous knight, whose renown in arms and valor rank by rank the knights of later days have been swept away by the irresistible force of time. They are no more, and we are left with their memory, dusted and decayed.

The age of chivalry is dead, and men no longer maintain the courtesy of the old days, the dignity of their ancestors, the honor of their ancestors, the truth of their ancestors. The old ideals, the old standards, the old traditions, all have passed away, and we are left with nothing but the memory of their greatness.

The conditions of female life are also changing and changing; more and more it is undeniable that the whole world is changing, and the assertion of this pleasing fact is in the highest degree superfluous, for the boasted age of progress is nothing if not self-complacent.

It is then unnecessary to add one feeble note to the chorus of mutual congratulation which this improvement in the position of Englishwomen has called forth, or to join in the loud-voiced demand for further developments of the same, or even to discuss the future of the woman question. The object of this short article is rather to deter the crowd of would-be reformers, lest their eager feet should trample down many a lovely flower, and lest the dewy light of the years that are passed should be wholly forgotten in the electric glare of those which are to come, lest the music of purer ages should be altogether drowned in the tumult of "forward, forward," and many beautiful things should be carelessly sacrificed to the bare notion of advance.

If woman's nature differs at all from man's, her education, her attainments and her aspirations should be different from his; yet the tendency of the present day is to force both sexes by similar means along the selfsame groove.

Women vie with men in the higher branches of the exact sciences, and, as a matter of course, the victory is not always with the strong. But it is more than probable that these individual cases of success are achieved at a tremendous cost, and the criterion for the sex as a whole. A woman may indeed attain a high place in the mathematical tripod, but in the course of her three years of close and unremitting study, the visions of life which she has had before her, which so many men have had, will have been lost; in the pursuit of those mental gymnastics so appropriate to the male intellect, the natural feminine faculties have been thwarted and crushed.

Where, indeed, the necessities of life demand that women should leave their natural sphere in order to share in the terrible struggle for existence, no word except of encouragement should be spoken, but that such a spectacle should be regarded as other than a deplorable evil, is mere sentimental optimism.

It is desirable that the harm which has already resulted from the so-called higher education of women should be arrested, and that women are gradually being replaced by a light, easy infelicitv of high and noble things. The drawing-room conversation of women who have suffered many a storm of anguish, and whose voices are sought by the want of a certain truth. Old principles are despised, old landmarks are swept away; much that was "good" in the old days is abandoned with the name "respectable," to be treated with ridicule; and thus by many surface sophisms, right is merged in wrong, and vice becomes little distinguished from virtue.

The effects of the forced intellectual culture are most painfully apparent in our large metropolitan schools and the ladies' colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. No one, at least of the male sex, can help but be struck by the rareness of physical beauty among schoolgirls in the higher forms, and many of them have experienced that in the days of their adolescence, when Newnham and Girton possess few dangerous attractions for the average undergraduate.

When, as is often the case, we meet a young girl living in an élite London society, surrounded by savants and college dons, her brook perpetually contracted by unnatural thought, a strained weary expression in her eyes, which has with carelessness, it is but small comfort to be told that she is learned in Greek roots, and the knowledge so acquired seems but compensation for the loss of girlhood's brightness and beauty.

But however much we may deplore the present scheme of higher education for females, no one would dare for a moment to suggest that women should not be highly educated at all. The sphere of reason may indeed belong pre-eminently to man, but woman reigns supreme in the realm of the emotions, and this difference should be recognised as fundamental in the education of the two sexes. In logic and arithmetical and chemical analysis the male portion of the community, notwithstanding a few notorious successes and the rhetorical complaining of appendage reformers, the majority of women will do no more than demonstrate their own inferiority by competing with men in this arena.

It seems to me that we do not wish to clothe my individual opinion with the authoritative plural that the first and foremost object of a woman's higher education should be the correct development of her emotional faculties.

Let our young girls, when they have attained an easy knowledge of common things, devote their time to the expansion of those attributes which are more essentially feminine. Let them read good, pure books of human interest, let them sing the glad world song with the heart, and learn the divine mysteries of art and nature.

It is reserved for maidens who have been bold enough, or fortunate enough, to abandon for this training the system of education which has all the authority of fashion on its side, to shed the purest, holiest light on this dark world of ours.

Such a maiden I have known, living a sweet simple life in a home of love and beauty. The birds and the flowers were her companions, her fair face reflected the purity which dwelt around her and within; her grateful flowing dress was innocent alike of Parisian deformity and aesthetic eccentricity, her gentle nature was unstrained by effort and restrained by world.

How vividly do I remember the termination of my visit at her home. She was waiting in the garden to say good-bye to me. All the love in which she stood was chequered with sunshine and leafy shade. Sunny gleams fell too upon her white muslin dress and upon her hair; but on me the shadows fell, and I knew that she was feeling my great unworthiness stifled the passion which might else have struggled to my lips, I dared not look into those deep calm eyes of hers, which looked her heart and soul, and murmured the word "good-bye."

And as we stood there on the lawn, to me longing for her love, burning with a wild desire for the great gift of her heart—she gave a word and a sigh, and was gone.

A long half year passed by before I saw her again, but during those months of absence I never failed to feel the soft influence of her goodness and simple maidenhood; and when at last the time of our meeting came, I realised that the emotion with which she had at first inspired me had deepened into the passionate adoration of a lifetime.

In the charm of her presence the light-footed hours sped all too quickly, and too soon dawned the day of our parting. It had been a hard winter, the wild north wind chanted a shrill sanguine among the leafless, frost-bitten branches, the snow lay deep on the lawn where we had stood six months ago to say good-bye, the garden was desolate, and the roses of the summer were long ago faded and dead. But the days of our last campaign were still fresh in my memory. My arm was thrown around her, her sweet head nestled against my breast, the tears of emotion trembled in her eyes—she gave me no flower this bitter winter day, but she gave me her heart, and in mine, not untouched before by a cynic frost, she has created an eternal summer.  

BEATRIX.