

thinking. His face rested on his hands, his eyes were fixed out on the broad moon-tinged sea, as though, there, on the glowing surface of light, he would fain strive to spell out the difficult task set before him as a life's duty.

It would be false to say there was no struggle in his heart. The tempter was beside him, as he ever is at men's sides when they doubt and hesitate, when they are perplexed and puzzled. He displayed to Paul's mind a reverse side to the picture.

"Why trouble about the girl?" he whispered to Paul's thought. "You have found Zara Meldicott Keith, it is true; but she knows nothing about *you*—nothing about that secret you hold fast in your keeping. Not a soul in the wide world knows that dark history but yourself, and you are sworn not to reveal it. Why risk the danger of disintombing it from the shadows in which it is hidden? Would you throw discredit on your relations, perhaps on the memory of your beloved mother? Would you reveal a phase in your own life of which the vicar and his family are profoundly ignorant? Do you wish them to know of the 'Commercial Lodging House,' and of what took place there? Let Zara Meldicott Keith alone. She is getting on well enough in her way, and likes things as they are. Let the girl alone; she will never trouble you."

Many people will say Paul Tench should have turned a deaf ear to such questioning—that he should have been above temptation; that a man of his intellect, culture, and high standard of character should never have allowed that there could be two views of the case. Up to that moment he doubtless thought thus of himself.

But One who knows human nature better than we do ourselves, knows also our danger. He has given us the prayer that must echo through the length of our lives, from the time we lisp it at our mother's knee to the last stage of our journey, "Lead us not into temptation."

It has come down through the ages; it will be heard until time shall be no more.

Paul rose from his seat with a passionate gesture, and walked once or twice across the room. He shivered as with cold, and chill drops stood thick on his brow.

"I must be mad, utterly mad, to encourage such a vile suggestion for a moment," he exclaimed aloud. "I will *not* leave Zara alone. The task of making restitution is imposed on me with awful solemnity—with a dying mother's last words—and I accept it, come what will. God forgive me for my weakness, my selfishness, and my sin!"

Paul flung himself on his knees at this juncture, and there passed over him a storm of emotion that brought the hot tears into his eyes, that made him the lowest of suppliants at the throne of grace. He prayed for strength never to fall away, nor to falter in his purpose, whatever heart-burning it might bring him. He sought in his earnest way to learn God's will towards him in the matter. Then his course seemed plainer,

at least a step or two of it did, and he would trust and hope for the rest.

Like one who has gained the first point of a victory, Paul seated himself at the window again. He looked up at the midnight sky—a cloudless vault of clear blue, with the great round moon stalking through its depths. And he wondered how all could be so calm, so unruffled, so quiet, when such struggles were going on below, when men's lives were harassed, and tempted, and sometimes wrecked. But when his thoughts went beyond the material universe into those heights where dwells the Infinite, his mind grew calm again.

Paul decided he must never reveal this secret of his parents, not even to Zara herself. She must never know the history of the "ten thousand pounds"; he had no right to unveil the mysteries of the dead, and had made a promise to that effect. Still the girl should have the money, every penny of it, capital and interest, as far as he could gather it. But oh, how much more than money he owed poor Zara!

A thousand times, how much more! Had she been taught and trained and educated as he had been, she might be an ornament to the sex, as lovely, pure, and good as Annis Venn herself.

Alas for Zara! Her chief delight seemed to be that of exhibiting herself in gaudy attire to the gaze of the public at large. Her highest triumph appeared that of hearing rough hoarse voices shout applause, and seeing unwashed hands clap plaudits.

Were Zara any other than the girl she was, he would feel utter contempt for such a character. But for that poor child he could weep bitter tears! He could mourn for her neglected youth; her lost opportunities. She seemed a slur on the high type of womanhood he revered first in his mother, then in sweet Annis Venn.

A deep mist rose in Paul's eyes that blotted out for a moment the blue sky and the moonlight, and those tears were for Zara.

As Paul sat near the window, his figure bowed, his finely-cut face troubled and sad, his eyes misty and clouded, his curved lips slightly quivering, one might have gained a clue to his character, and have pronounced his nature more sympathetic than strong-willed; and his judgment would have been right. The higher sentiment and intellect held a greater supremacy in his mind than did mere worldly wisdom. He was unselfish, generous to a fault, and as ignorant of the petty ways, the wily intrigue, the knowing schemes of the "wicked world" as any native of his own bright home, the sunny valley of Alsace, could ever be.

Blunders he might make; for his very simplicity, his ignorance of the shady side of human nature, rendered him liable to such failings; but his fault would be inexperience, not the intention of his true, honest heart.

He decided at the moment, that his only course was to make a full and perfect restitution to Zara, and until that was accomplished, every other purpose of his life must be set aside or counted as nought.

The long struggle ended at last. He could look calmly at all sides of the question now, and then he noticed that the tender tremble of the day-dawn had banished the moonlight, and was waking up the busy life in Seabright to action. So he betook himself to his pillow, to find, if possible, an anodyne in rest and sleep.

(To be continued.)

## THE LEARNED LADIES OF BOLOGNA.



**M** the beautiful, sunshiny old city of Bologna, set right in the very heart of Italy, among palaces, churches, museums, and galleries, stands the most famous

university of the Middle Ages. Memories and associations crowd round it as they do about all centres of learning, but there is a feature in the history of this one that must invest it with a special interest in the eyes of all young girls and women. It is the only university that ever gave to them the privileges accorded to men. It opened its class rooms to youths and maidens alike; allowed them to follow the same course of study, to com-

pete in the same examinations. It invested the successful candidate of either sex with the gown and degree of doctor, and indiscriminately chose the men or women who excelled most in learning to all its various chairs. Since the twelfth century women have been professors in Bologna, and lectured on law, philosophy, science, and art. At a time when our English lassies are winning for themselves the privilege of a collegiate education; when we are threatened with an army of "sweet girl graduates;" when the students of Girton College, Cambridge, are working successfully the examination papers set for Senior Wranglers, and Oxford is opening its halls to ambitious damsels, their younger sisters, who perhaps are nurturing dreams of learning also, may be interested to hear something of the learned Italian ladies and of the venerable university that first gave to women all the chances and the training it gave to men.

Some existing documents allege that this university was founded in the *fifth century* by the Emperor Theodosius, but it was not till the twelfth century, when Imerius, the renowned juris-consult, came there to lecture on Roman law, that it burst into sudden glory, and became what it remained for centuries, as the inscription on an old medal has it, "the mother of all learning."

It is said it was the great Countess Matilda who urged Imerius to this step, so that in a measure a woman was the source of Bologna's fame.

The learning of Imerius was vast; all Europe was influenced by it. He was called the creator of the science of law, the lamp and torch of justice. Nor was he satisfied with lecturing and writing; he worked night and day to establish a law school that, after his death, should carry on the work he had



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begun. He sketched the course of studies to be followed; he invented, it is said, the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor, and the cap and gown that were to be their insignia. Man of science as Imerius was, he understood human weaknesses, and knew how the badges and trappings of honour charm the imagination of the young and old.

The scheme he had worked for was fulfilled. His disciples carried on the fame of the University, of which he was the real founder. So

University; in the middle of the fourteenth there were upwards of thirteen thousand.

The course of studies the youths of both sexes had to follow before being considered competent to try for the degree of Doctor was a long and severe one—six years' training for canon law, eight for civil law. Then followed two examinations, a private and a public one. The public trial took place in the cathedral, in presence of the Chancellor, the whole college of doctors, the assembled stu-

great was the lustre that for centuries it threw over Italy that papes and emperors accorded to it many privileges and immunities; scholars flocked from all parts of Europe to visit it, and young men and women students crowded its lecture-rooms. The streets of the city, now comparatively silent and deserted, were then full of hubbub and excitement. In the early part of the thirteenth century ten thousand students were in the

dents, the clergy, and the principal inhabitants of Bologna. Before this notable assembly the competitor for the degree had to read a thesis and expose some law point, maintaining his or her interpretation of it against the contests of fellow-students. If the point was triumphantly proved, and every disputant silenced, the candidate was invested by the Chancellor with the Doctor's cap and gown, and assigned a place in the cathedral. The first woman's name we find inscribed in the University's records as Doctor of Law is Bettina Gozzadini, not long after Imerius's death. Some others follow, Maddelena Buonsignore and others.

None, however, excelled in learning and virtue Novella, the beautiful daughter of Giovanni d'Andrea, the most eminent juris-consult of the fourteenth century. Christine de Pisan, another gifted woman of that period, has left a manuscript written in quaint old French, entitled "La Cite des Dames." There she gives an account of Novella; how her father had taught her so well that when the wise Giovanni was unable, for some reason, to lecture to his class, he sent his daughter to take his place. So passing fair was she that a little curtain was drawn in front of her, to hide her from the students, lest her beauty

should cause their thoughts to wander from her discourse. Giovanni loved his daughter so tenderly that to make her name memorable he called one of his great law books after her—"Le Nouvelle."

Besides the law schools of Bologna, there flourished in the University other branches of art and learning. Prosperzia Rossa was a sculptress, whose fame spread far beyond Italy. Vasari, who wrote the lives of the artists of his day, says that "she was very virtuous, endowed with many household graces, and possessed of so much excellent science that all men as well as ladies might envy her."

The Bologna schools of medicine were also celebrated, and several women won their medical degrees. Among these was the virtuous Anna Morandi Mazzolina, whose love for her husband caused her to enter upon her career, and it was to assist him in his poverty that she accepted the Chair of Anatomy at the University; her learning was extensive, and the wax models that she made to illustrate her lectures to her pupils are still preserved in the Museum, and are one of its ornaments. There was also Dorothea Borcha Alessandra Gigliana, Zaffira Feratta Maria Mostellari, and Anna Maria delle Donne. In more modern times, Laura Bassi was professor of philosophy in 1733. On the day of her public examination the knowledge she displayed, and the grace of her eloquence, impressed her auditors so much, that, in addition to the Doctor's cap and gown, she was presented by the Senate with a wreath of silver leaves.

Her classes were largely attended; she was the friend of several eminent men and women—and, better than all, she was the brightness of her home. In knowledge of mathematics and abstract sciences, Maria Gaëtana Agnese resembled our own Mrs. Somerville. Agnese was only 19 when she supported 191 thesis before the assembled dignitaries of the various colleges. These were afterwards published. She was appointed Professor of Mathematics in 1750; her bright intellect was appreciated in France and England, into whose languages her writings were translated by scholars. We have not space to mention all the women whom Bologna honoured, but we must not

omit to notice Clotilda Tambroni, of whose loving heart and high intellect Augustus Hare gives a noble account in his "Memorials of a Quiet Life." She was the Professor of Greek at the Bologna University, in 1784.

All these women whose names have been preserved for their achievements in learning and art have also been honoured for their virtues and their moral influence. They have shown by their lives that the gentler and most precious graces of the feminine heart may be quickened and more fully developed by the trained and rightly cultivated intellect.

MY WORK BASKET.

CROCHET PALETÔT FOR A LITTLE CHILD OF THREE OR FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

The paletôt is made in four pieces.

Cut a pattern in paper the size and shape you require; two pieces for the fronts, and two for the back to be joined up the middle. The sleeves are made flat, and joined in front of the arm—a shaped epaulette covers the armhole. The edges of the paletôt, as well as the neck and sleeves, are trimmed with a crochet border. A large wooden crochet hook and 5-thread white Saxony wool are the materials needed. Commence by making a chain the length required for the bottom of one of the four pieces, measuring your pattern and working to it. Make a long stitch in the 1st chain stitch, make 2 chain stitches, miss 2 chain stitches in foundation chain, make a long stitch, and repeat, finishing and beginning each row with a long stitch. The long stitch in each row must be made over the long stitch in preceding row so as to form the open squares. Having finished the four pieces of crochet, sew them neatly together with fine cotton. The crochet border is worked as follows:—

1st Row. — Insert the crochet needle into the 1st chain-stitch at the edge of the paletôt, and make 1 double-stitch, then 2 chain-stitches, miss one chain-stitch, work 6 long stitches, make 2 chain-stitches, miss 1 chain-stitch, and repeat.

2nd Row. — Return, make 1 double-stitch in the opening made by the 2 chain-stitches in last row; 1 chain-stitch, pass behind the group of 6 long stitches, and work in the 2 following chain stitches. Repeat.

3rd Row. — 1 double-stitch in the chain-stitch be-



HOOD.

hind the 6 double stitches, 2 chain-stitches, then 6 long stitches in the following chain, two chain stitches, one double stitch in the next chain stitch, and repeat.

The paletôt is closed with ivory buttons, and trimmed with ribbon bows at the throat and sleeves.

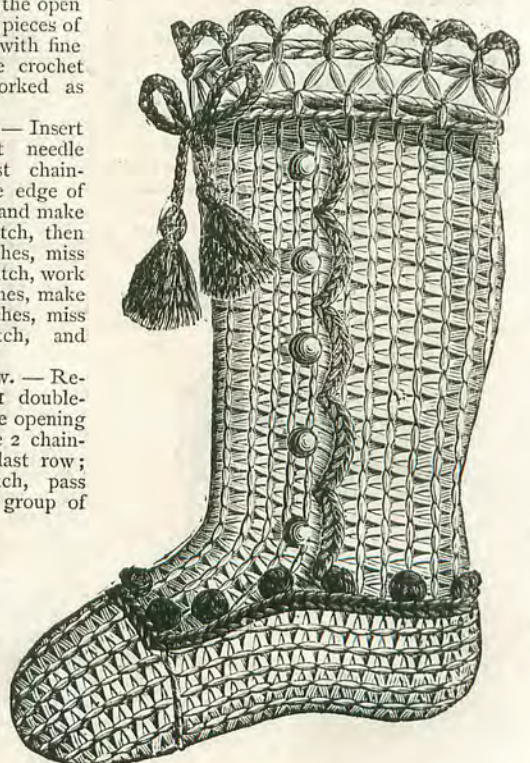
BABY'S CROCHET HOOD.

Materials — White merino wool, and long bone crochet-hook.

The work is in the ordinary Tunisian



PALETÔT.



BOOT GAITER.