

the responsibility of action with the girls themselves. And indeed they are to be complimented on the tidy appearance of the room, for it has not looked so neat and inviting for many a day.

The search for the missing colors is still continued with but faint hopes of success. However, what decorations we have and especially our art are irreproachably high!

The programme was as follows:—Piano Solo, Miss Mills; Paper on Longfellow, Miss Gober; Song, Miss Carr-Harris; Original Poem, 'Canada,' Miss McAllister; Piano Solo, Miss Kennedy; Critic's Report.

The city girls kindly furnished delicious home-made candy and a pleasant time was spent in friendly chat.

ADDRESS OF THE PROPHETESS-HISTORIAN AT THE LAST MEETING OF '97.

Madam President and Sisters of the Levana Society,—I feel that an apology is due you for the fragmentary and disjointed nature of this address, but knowing how full of sympathy your hearts always are for those who are burdened by the cares of essays, 8 o'clock classes, exams, &c., I am throwing myself upon your mercy. I find that those "new honors come upon me, like new garments, cleave not to their use," but with the aid of time my historical talent may reveal itself and my prophetic vision become clearer.

When I was appointed to the lofty position of Historian-Prophetess of this illustrious society I cast about in my mind for the cause of your selection. I wondered why the girls decided that I was the one of their number best fitted to "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not;" to gaze into the past with historical keenness of research, to unroll the scroll of futurity, and to depict both in such glowing colors that their impress should be indelibly stamped upon the "waxen tablets" of the girls of Queen's. In a moment of weakness some imp whispered in my ear:

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore
And coming events cast their shadows before."

However satisfactory such a solution of the problem might be to a prophet, you will all agree it could not be admitted by a prophetess. Yet it continued to haunt my dreams for two days and nights till on the morning of the third day a "Freshie," upon seeing my gloomy visage, inquired if I belonged to "01." In reply to my indignant question as to whether I still retained that peachy verdancy which is supposed to characterize the Freshman class, she hastened to explain that my youthful bloom alone had led her into such a

mistake, and she had a deep conviction that intellectually I was "much more older than my looks." This incident afforded me a double pleasure, first as an evidence that the Freshies had all proper reverence for their seniors, and, secondly, because it enabled me to repel the imp who quoted Campbell.

Suddenly it dawned upon me, that my supporters were Senior English girls who detected in me a resemblance to the Weird sisters. I went to Shakespeare for comfort but the contemplation of his "secret, black and midnight hags" did not afford it. For a weary seven nights did the matter trouble me till I finally gave it up in despair, for though I agreed with the imperfect speakers in being "on the earth," yet I could completely reason away a belief in my resemblance to the other inhabitants of this terrestrial sphere. Finally I decided to give up seeking the "Wherefore of the Why" and turn my attention to the practical duties of my new office.

The first of those were along historical lines. I have been unable to secure "original authorities" dealing with the remote part of society so will have to confine my remarks to more recent times. I am glad to say that since my first connection with the Levana as a Freshman of the class of '99 there has been a marked growth and improvement in the society both financially and numerically. Notwithstanding the raising of the fee this year, our membership has increased and the attendance at our meetings is but one evidence out of many that the interests of the Levana lie close to the hearts of the girls of Queen's.

Our sanctum has not yet achieved that air of cosiness and comfort which is our ideal. But looking back to its appearance two years ago, when the walls presented a vast area of dirty whiteness, when no mats relieved the bleak, bare coldness of the floor, when the Curators before and after each session of the Levana or Y. W. had the back-breaking exercise of dragging about the benches of the Latin Room, and cushions and rockers were conspicuous only by their absence, we feel that a great advance has been made. When the improvements decided upon at our last meeting have been carried out we may congratulate ourselves upon having a comfortable, well-provided room at our disposal.

Much remains to be done, and we can only advance slowly; but if the girls continue to manifest the interest shown in the past and present years it requires no prophetic voice to predict that before the end of this century our room will be a source of pride and satisfaction to those permitted to enter within its walls. I challenge contradiction when I