

## A TRUE HOROSCOPE.

By W. K. Miller, M.A., Knox College.

There was a time when there was no Horoscopic Union at Elizabeth Fry College for Young Women, but that was when astrology was considered one of the occult sciences unworthy of Christians' participation. There was another time not long since when the reverend divines composing the Senate of the Elizabeth Fry College resigned to the inevitable. To-day half a page at the back of the College Announcement is devoted to the Union, its aims and its officers.

It was after she had read an advertisement in an educational monthly that Lelia Prout decided to further her information on the subject of astrology. We had hoped other things from our college friend, for we thought other subjects would be of more lasting benefit to one in her state of health. But, of course, we could not foresee that before an answer could come from the so-called professor, Lelia Prout would be seized with a serious illness and her mind drift into other channels.

On the third day of her illness we, the final year students, were quietly discussing the contents of the postman's mailbag in general, and vaguely wondering at a certain letter from a western city, when the matron informed us that Miss Prout wished to have her friends with her in the infirmary.

"Is there anything for me in the mail?" she asked, as soon as the door had closed. Then, catching sight of the note that had aroused our curiosity, she commanded the girl nearest the bed to tear off an end. This done a bundle of advertising matter fell to the floor.

"Is that all?" she asked, disappointedly, till observing a few typewritten lines, she directed me to read them. In my most dignified manner I tried to bring a gleam of amusement into my reading of the sterner passages, for I could not forget that Lelia Prout was seriously ill, but not too ill, I thought, for a laugh to prove beneficial.

"Dear Madam," the letter began, "We gratefully acknowledge your postage stamps, and in return send a brief sketch of your character, but for the sum of two dollars we will be pleased to mail you a book descriptive of the science. This letter will be suitable as a gift either to your college library or to one of your friends. You yourself will not require it, as the development of this horoscope will show."

"Etcetera, etcetera," chimed in the girls. "We will thank you, Professor, if you'll omit the flattery."

"You were born," I continued in the words of the note, "in the quarter of Venus, in zodiac of Taurus.

You are fond of art and art treasures; but too apt to take up hobbies."

"True! What have you to say to that, my Lelia Prout?" chirped the girl who had opened the letter. "The Madonna of the Garden and the souvenir spoons attest the accusation."

"You are too much inclined to remember the anniversaries of events interesting to your friends." Each of us involuntarily thought of some little reminder that had come in the college year to cheer her heart.

"There are times when philosophy has cast over you its charms. Plato and Hobbes have furnished great satisfaction, but their influence has waned." Thinking now of Lelia Prout the Pagan, as the orthodox Quaker lecturer called her, we mentally extended the credit of the astrologers.

"You are not beautiful but have a great longing to be so. Do not be troubled, for you should be the proud possessor of much personal magnetism. You have some at the present time, and that is capable of much development."

"Again true," came an individual appreciation. "Your thought-waves have often dashed on my beach and as often has the sand given way. But as regards development you might consult that, Professor——"

"Your cleverness," I interrupted, "had led you to the brink of heresy, whatever form that may take for one of your faith. However, at this date you have returned to the creed of your upbringing." On the table beside the bed lay a copy of St. Hilaire's "Le Bouddha," and over it one of Farrar's "Life of Christ." This subjugation of the Eastern sage we gladly welcomed as a sign of a return to orthodoxy.

Here Lelia Prout manifested great interest and tried, I think, to tell us that this last item was true, but the next moment showed her incapable of following anything we might say. The doctor was summoned, and at a signal from the matron we moved to the corridor, leaving our philosopher with her last thoughts.

What can I write further? That same day Elizabeth Fry's was quiet and seemingly deserted, for the cheeriest of her scholars had gone on her last journey. As for the horoscope, it remained in my table-drawer a month before I had the courage to finish reading it. At last I foraged it out, and with little difficulty found where I had left off. Following the statement concerning the return to orthodoxy, I found these words, which even yet make me shiver when I think of them:—

"It is true you are not beautiful but soon will be. You are attractive and soon you will be more so. You are now a good and true philosopher; so read in this

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