

At eleven o'clock Friday the Alumnae Association of the Wesleyan Female College and their friends assembled in the hall of the College to hear an address from Dr. Tiffany, of New York, and receive the Secretary's report. Those who were present were well repaid for going, for the proceedings were most interesting. The platform at the head of the hall had been prettily decorated for the occasion—the English and American flags intertwined most lovingly. The floral decorations were extremely pretty, a beautiful floral cross being prominent. Across the back was stretched the motto, in white, on red ground, "*Vita sine literis, mors est*,"—"Life without literature is death."

Dr. Burns, the Principal, occupied the chair, and the following ladies and gentlemen were on the platform: Mrs. Pratt, President of the Association, Miss Walton, Vice-President, Miss McIlwraith, Secretary, and Miss Sophie White, Mr. Dennis Moore, Dr. Rosebrugh and Rev. Mr. Hodson.

The proceedings were opened by Miss Louie Wright playing a brilliant pianoforte solo, "*Les Clochettes*." The Rev. Mr. Hodson then led in prayer, after which Dr. Burns, in a few complimentary remarks, introduced Dr. Tiffany.

Dr. Tiffany, on being introduced, said that he fully felt the important position in which he was placed in addressing an Association like this, owing to the great change that had taken place in the position of women in this country during the past few years, and the influence they used. Their sphere of usefulness was much more wide and extended than in years gone by and daughters would occupy a very different position from the one their mothers did now. It was a fitting opportunity to enquire how this change came about. There was a time when a meeting like the present would have been deemed an absurdity. The educated woman, otherwise called "Blue Stocking," was looked upon with disfavor, and thought to be strong-minded, because they were calling for emancipation from slavery. But now it was different. At that time only boys were educated and allowed to go to college, while the girls, after receiving a certain smattering of education, were doomed to sink into insignificance. After touching on the wrongs of women as inflicted by fashionable dressing, the speaker said that nothing but pedantry was expected

from an educated woman. This was a mistake, and in support of this he quoted the poets on the perfectability of woman. An educated woman should attract all hearts and minds, and was the freest of all from pedantry. There was no reason why she should talk Plato or mathematics, and he believed there was no more delightful companion in the world than an educated woman. Their perception was quicker than men's, and in their society the prose of daily life became poetry. Every profession was open to women now, though he trusted that those before him had been sufficiently well educated not to dream of the pulpit, which he did not think a proper place for women. The quite influence of educated women could be of more influence than the ranting of the female preacher or politician. Their influence ought to be directed to purge society of its evils, and women were the only people that could remedy their own wrongs. An educated religious woman could only make home what it should be, and education without religion was worthless. The dignity of age could only come to the good, and religion was the only thing that would smooth the downward path. Women's influence must be felt in the household, which was the fountain of civilization. In bidding them God speed he would repeat the following beautiful lines:—

Doſt ask for woman's place?

Not in the noisy street, or crowded mart,
Where bristling commerce wages ceaseless strife,
Nor in the dusty halls where Justice sits,
Requiring ill with ill with nice award,
And pain with pain and death with death,
Vengeful, remorseless, deaf to woman's cries
And cries of innocents, whom her decrees
Adjudge to misery for others' guilt
While meek-eyed Mercy weeps without the door.
Nor in the yelling crowd, whose loud acclaims
Shout barbarous welcome to the people's friend,
Or urge to loftier flights among the stars
The callous statesman brawling to the mob.

Nor yet among the striving, wrestling throng—
Fighting and struggling at the reeking polls;
Not there, nor elsewhere in man's wide domain,
But in her own, which God to her assigns,
A queen within her household's quiet realm,
Crowned with all virtues and her sceptre, love;
Obedient yet commanding, in her weakness strong—
Diffusing holiest light; in blessing blest,
Honored in honoring, Such as she
Our radiant mother stood in Paradise;
Or in the temple pressing to her breast
With uplift eyes the doves for sacrifice—
The blessed Mary, mother of our Lord!

The doctor's remarks were received with applause. Miss Lillie Bryson sang very