

the sacred temple on the afternoon of Wednesday, October the twelfth, how different were the thoughts in the many business brains—ye who this year study Psychology in German give answer, for ye alone can tell. Here were the timid freshettes brimming over with their new impressions, proud to have at last found a road to the new Arts building without going two blocks out of their way; here also were the happy sophomores to whom a year at Queen's had given that blissful confidence that comes of acquaintance. Here too were the Juniors just coming to years of wisdom, full of good resolves that work should not this year be postponed till the Ides of March—and here were the grave and reverend Seniors trying hard not to look conscious in their newly acquired dignity—a happy, cheerful throng, for were not examinations far in the dim future. Our good Queen that day gave a right royal greeting to her subjects and we left with a firm resolve to be loyal and true.

Those benighted Philistines who think that girls cannot sustain a logical argument should have been present to hear the several clever, intellectual, debates that have taken place during the year. Nor shall we forget our impromptu debaters, with their reasons, many and profound, why we should, nay must add love to our curriculum. Indeed for one anxious moment it seemed that the goddess Levana trembled on her throne fearful lest the boy Cupid should usurp her place. Now that a silver cup is to be competed for between the various years will enthusiasm rise to a still higher pitch.

As I looked back over the year one

evening with its lights and flowers and music stands out pre-eminent—the ever-to-be remembered night of the Levana Tea, which shall go down to history as one of the happiest as well as one of the most successful events not only of the college year but of all the reign of Levana.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." The interesting philosophical address on beauty given by our popular French professor was much enjoyed by all the girls, and yet down in the depths of some poor lone French student's heart rankled a sense of the eternal inconsistency of things; "And still she gazed, and still her wonder grew," that one who so thoroughly understood and enjoyed beauty could make such gruesome and altogether horrible hieroglyphics in blue lead-pencil on poor, little, innocent French essays. Perhaps, however it is we who are benighted, and there may indeed be a beauty in those grotesque markings which certainly does not appear on the surface.

It was indeed a dream of fair women which appeared before us as we listened to the reading of Tennyson's beautiful poem. To most of us this poem will have a far greater significance than ever before, and when in after days we sit in the warm summer sunshine, without a thought of spring examinations to confine and cramp us, we shall read again and see once more the galaxy of beauty in their regal robes of splendour.

And now the year is all but over. Many are the scenes which have been smiled upon by the goddess.

Seek not to pry too deeply into hidden mysteries. Underneath that cozy seat upon which you so unconsciously