

CONTRIBUTED.

AN EXPERIENCE.

TRULY the Divinities are rapidly evolving, and it would be rash at this period to venture any predictions as to the probable type which will be produced in the near future. An idea, however, of the direction in which some of them are tending may be gleaned from the following "experience," which was narrated in an impressive tone of voice by a solemn Theologue who had just returned from his mission field, where he had proved himself a dauntless hunter :

"One pleasant afternoon in autumn I took down my gun and rambled off in search of game. After a short tramp through the woods I came to the verge of a large cave or pit, which was partly concealed by brushwood. Laying down my gun, I stood musing on the probable cause and age of this strange phenomenon, when suddenly I lost my balance and fell down the steep bank to the bottom. Here I found myself in the presence of a huge bear, which seemed greatly terrified at my sudden intrusion, and immediately began to scramble up the side of the pit. It at once occurred to me that my only chance of escape was to seize Mr. B. by the tail, so I instantly acted on the thought, and we soon arrived at the top of the pit in safety. He now, however, regained his courage and turned to attack me. As a last resort I darted into the muzzle of my gun, and down the barrel we both dashed at top speed. I had a slight advantage in the start, and so I reached the breech first, ran out through the nipple, released the hammer, corked up the muzzle, shouldered my gun, now heavily loaded with bear, and started triumphantly homewards."

A THOUGHT.

Ruskin has characterized this continent of North America as "a land without ruins." Had he but known, *we have* ruins—ruins, not like those of the old world, vast piles of stone and mortar, raised by the retainers of the great barons to serve as fastnesses behind whose walls foraging parties and marauding expeditions could take shelter, whose histories and traditions form one long record of unremitted oppression; but *here, our* ruins are those of half-squared logs, the spaces plastered with mud, not so extensive perhaps as theirs, but fully as picturesque, with their moss-grown timbers now in a state of semi-decay, though once strong and firm as the hearts of their builders; built, not as his were, by the hammer and trowel of men cringing before their feudal lord, but with the ringing axe of men who acknowledged but one Lord, and who were free in His earth to battle with the forest for space

whereon to grow the necessities of life. These, too, have their histories, fraught with just as much danger, set with as many, aye and more, tales of indomitable bravery, lasting courage and sturdy manhood as those of the proudest feudal stronghold. In their traditions honest toil takes the place of pillage, and the brave struggle for existence with a wild nature and the scarcely less wild aborigines replaces the heartless oppression of a poor peasantry.

These will live in the heart's memory of all true Canadians as monuments "*are perennius*" of the industry, the perseverance and the bravery of the men who founded our nation; and long after descent from a great feudal family shall have lost its glamour, we will point with pride to these and rejoice in the memory of the race from which we sprung.—B., '95.

A LADY DEAN.

That "woman is not lesser (or even greater!) man, but diverse," is perhaps, even in these latter days, a rather worn out truth. None the less is it one of the "eternal verities," and one which we, at Queen's, are in some danger of neglecting.

If our Alma Mater would still prove herself the wise, far-seeing mother that she has always been in the past, she will turn her eyes for a brief moment to the anxious upturned faces of her daughters. They come from all corners of the Dominion to place themselves under her fostering care, and well does she nourish them. Perfection is, however, a moving point, and can never be attained by those who retain a dignified repose. There is one step at least which, in the opinion of many, should with all speed be taken.

The slightest glance, at the present condition, will convince the earnest of the need of a change. A young girl of seventeen or eighteen comes to the city to attend college. With the aid of the Y.W.C.A. reception committee, or of some friend, she finds a passable boarding house. On the appointed day she enters classes. The girls greet her heartily and do their best to banish any vestige of homesickness. She at once becomes one of the girls. Perhaps she scans the calendar with some sympathetic spirit, and whispers the story of her hopes and plans for the next four years. She receives cheer, sympathy, friendship, but what more? This ardent young girl, who has, perhaps, for the first time left the shelter of home, this human being of infinite possibilities, this golden link between the past and an unknown future, is left during the most formative period of her existence to fight her own way through college, to combat, single-handed, the baleful influences of boarding-house life, and to choose without advice, except from those as inexperienced as herself, her own good and ill.