

that "majesty that doth hedge a king" upon us, we hail our new sovereign, His Majesty King Edward VII. Long may he reign!

Y. W. C. A.

THE Y.W.C.A. has been having especially interesting meetings this session. Last week Mrs. Howard Taylor, a missionary to Inland China, and a lady of most charming personality, addressed the society on her work in China. It was exceedingly interesting and much appreciated by the large number of girls and their friends present. Mrs. Taylor adjusted many of our notions about China and the Chinese. Her remarks tended to modify the harsh feelings that many of us have towards the Boxers. When one like Mrs. Taylor, who has lost many dear friends in the recent massacres, can honestly say that the Chinese, are at heart a splendid people, and more sinned against than sinning, we can surely afford to discount many of the wild newspaper statements.

THE Y.W. has never listened to a more interesting discourse than that given last Friday evening, by Dr. Watson. The subject was a striking one, "The Sadness and Joy of Knowledge," based on Eccles. i, 18, "In much wisdom there is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." The speaker held the rapt attention of the audience from start to finish, as he told in his own simple, forcible and exquisitely clear manner of the sorrows of those who pursue knowledge,—“a sorrow that they should not be willing to barter for all other joys.”

We're mad. That's all about it. We used to believe that human beings were meant to be happy. It was one of the little pet theories we were brought up on. But it is a mistake; they aren't. There isn't a ghost of a chance for the editor of a column to be happy—and editors are human, all except the chief who is really, to put it mildly, most awfully inhuman at times. In proof of which we could—but that's another story. If anyone ever tells you that the editor of this column knows one happy

moment from one issue to the next, there is grave danger that that person's progenitors were chums with Ananias of unsavoury fame. In other words, why doesn't somebody write something about anything, enough to fill up and grace two columns, once in a way? Really, if a tiny little well-meant contribution were landed on us unexpectedly, we couldn't answer for our actions. But for goodness sake try us and see how we'll take it. In time our hilarity will pass into mere benigance, and we'll grow peaceful as old age. It is manifestly unfair, to expect one person to write for every issue without any outside help, and still give you something which will be spicy, as well as edifying. For the Queen's girl has a high standard and is very critical. As for "classes" and "essays," one girl, has generally speaking, as much time as the next, and brain power is pretty evenly distributed amongst us. Of course we can *fill* our column unaided; but then, if it falls below the standard, public opinion never spares us! You would think we were paid like Kipling. Besides, the muse of the best of editors runs down occasionally, and their productions are bound to get insipid and wearisome. Be a good Samaritan, help your unhappy editor out. We will look on it in the light of a pleasant surprise rather than as a practical joke.

We're not going to coax or wheedle you into it. Editors have some dignity,—even sub-editors. We never canvassed for books, nor sold tickets for tea-meetings, nor tried a soap-wrapper contest, and we've no ambition to start into the begging line at our advanced age. The other day we assailed a promising damsel, with the light of genius shining in her eye. We were very polite, but dear me! You'd think we were asking her for twenty dollars! Did you suppose *she* had time for *that*, and, besides, what was the other editor for? Cheap! well yes, we felt like fifteen cents, box thrown in. No, we will not coax (after this). We leave it to your good sense and your honour. Next time you get a cheque you weren't looking for, or an "a + +," seize the moment of ecstasy and remember the Ladies' column.