

LADIES' COLUMN

—EDITORS:—

MISSES ANNIE G. CAMPBELL, JESSIE CONNELL, LAURA BENNETT.

"HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN."

WHAT an amount of talk there is about higher education of women! One would think that until girls were admitted into colleges and allowed to take degrees on the same platform as boys they had been living in a state, if not of heathen darkness, at least of weakness through want of cultivation of their mental powers, and that, to take a degree after a good deal of hard work, is to attain ideal womanhood. Have we not always had fine women in the world? Have women not always been helpmeets for the men of the same age? Why, Deborah even took the lead in Israel in judgment and courage! Have there been no ladies' schools where the girls attained a "leading out" of the mind to further cultivation and improvement all through life! Why then all this hue and cry? Did Mrs. Browning go through college to be capped? I think it's a shame to our foremothers to hear the way in which the nineteenth century women talk. Our girls are in great danger of imagining that everything manly is womanly and of forgetting that to be a fine woman is not to follow man. How, is woman to be true to herself? to be a "fine" woman? *There* is a subject for the Levana society to discuss. In the gospels we find women ministering to the Saviour and His disciples.

"When care and sickness cloud the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

We hear it said in this connection, "Oh, so many women have to work for their bread," etc. Now, that argument seems to me to take the sap out of the words "Higher Education" altogether, if there is any in it. From this utilitarian standpoint it is not *elevating* women but degrading mind to a mere money-making machine. We find teachers too often find it drudgery to be hammering away at the same things to a lot of miscellaneous brains whose efforts they have to examine, direct, etc. This is "high," the *height* of self-denial certainly, higher than the woman who has her mind working away at her own sweet will in her hours of rest after a day's manual labor. If women will calmly sit down and think over what her sex is meant to be and do there will not be so much twaddle talked about "Higher Education."

College degrees will be taken by those who prefer the drudgery of teaching to the drudgery of keeping a house clean and comfortable. In the latter case a girl has hours of quiet to read and study, but the former is "higher" in the social scale. It is the soul not the mental ability that is the measure of the woman, and it is a false idea that a woman is higher if she is a teacher and does not soil her fingers than her *hand-working* sister. Work is the duty of all. All work is honourable. "She that fears God fears to sit at ease." Make our women Christians, *i.e.* take Christ as their model and there will be less talk about higher and lower in education.

"Human bodies are sic fools for all their college schools." Well said! O far-seeing Burns!

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

PROF. in Hebrew—"Mr. Ph-l-n, will you translate Ps. 119:99?" Mr. P.—"I have more learning than all my professors."

Scene—A Professor's "At Home." A Freshman realizes the situation and endeavors to make himself thoroughly *at home*.

Freshman—"My name's S—th, what's yourn?"

Young Lady—"Miss B—."

Freshman—"I didn't altogether quite catch it."

Young Lady—"B—."

Freshman—"Er! would you please spell it? I! 'er!! ah! (Time.)

Wanted—Immediately, by the undersigned, one cat; must be sound in limb, wind and stomach, and fur uninjured from back-yard caucuses; wanted for purely scientific purposes, and a guarantee will be given that no notice be sent to the *Utica Globe*. Those having scientific felines (feelings) will receive a good price for the right article.

MAC ANDY B—.
TEMIE WICK—FEN.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

That is not specific enough.—[Prof. C-p-n.

That's all rot.—[Hugo.

Cats twenty-five cents.—[C. W-bst-r.

I guess the Prof. didn't know I was a Yankee.—[Davis.

Did you see me and my girl at church last Sunday night.—[Wm. W-lk-n-sh-w.

We cannot hear ourselves think with the stamping and uproar of the Freshmen over head.—[The Seniors.

Who has seen m'hood?—[Muirhead.

We have postponed our dinner until July.—[The Seniors.

Will you fellows hurry up and get out, I want my supper?—John.

I've lost my kittle, poor little mew wew.—[McKelvey.

I have a pair of dancing pumps—[Rev. Baillie.

The boys keep me to tear old notices off the bulletin board.—[J. F. McFarland.

Come, join my humble ditty, from Tipperary Town I steer.—[C. F. Hamilton.

I wonder what fellows do that don't swear?—[A Senior.

I am coming out as a classical soloist.—[Prof. Nicholson.

Why can't we have Miss Knox as teacher of elocution.—[The Divinities.