

word inconsistency not been prescribed under the new regime, we would say it was an example of charming feminine inconsistency.

The sight of our destruction has appeased us. Our momentary frenzy has passed, and we are ourselves again.

Womens' rights are whatever women are best fitted for. It is hard at times to tell what we are best fitted for, but by no means the least trustworthy method is to consult our ambitions and ideals. Tell me what a man's ambitions and ideals are and I will tell you what his capabilities are. If this be true, can we not find out what woman's true sphere is by finding out the ideals of true women. We will not attempt to settle the question, but would like each woman to settle her true sphere for herself. Is it not your ambition to be the wife of a true, strong man, and a devoted mother? As a wife, to feel that there is an equal dependent on you, that you are as much superior to him in some things as he is to you in others and that for full development you are both necessary to each other, that it is his to supply the material and yours to transform it into comfort or luxury. As a mother, to have characters to mould and lives to shape. As both, to see your influence circling out and onward. Yet not confined to your own home but helping and helped by others, to see other circles of influence starting toward infinity. Or is it your ideal to pore over legal terms in musty offices and to expound theology from lofty pulpits. Whatever may be your ideal strive toward it, for it is your true sphere. Accidents may happen in this iconoclastic world and you may have to earn your living, but strive on. Be true women, knowing that pure and exalted womanhood is as necessary to the world and as noble as the right solution of the more manly problems of statesmanship.

"The artist is he who strives to perfect his work,—the artizan strives to get through it."

"It is not what, but how we do that determines our character."

+ Obituary. +

With feelings of the deepest sadness and regret we chronicle the death of Mrs. Evans, the mother of a member of our staff.

We realize that Hamilton has lost one of its most most devout Christians. A beautiful life has closed,—a life of unassuming self-denial for the sake of others,—a life whose influence cannot cease. The outgoings of her hopeful, sunny nature will be embalmed in many a soul and furnish its most precious memories.

"She rests from her labors and her works do follow her." Her last journey was a message of mercy. Caring for the orphaned with a tenderness known only to noble souls, she was struck down in the midst of her activity and bade cease from her labors.

In behalf of the college we extend to the sorrowing family our heartfelt sympathy.

At a meeting of Class '91 the following resolutions were adopted on the death of Mrs. S. J. Evans:—

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has in his all wise providence taken from this life the mother of our friend and class-mate, Ch. Lute Evans, and

Whereas, we desire in some fitting way to express our fellow feeling for our class-mate in her bereavement, be it

Resolved, that we, the members of Class '91 of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, extend our sincere sympathy to our class-mate in this, her sad hour of bereavement.

SUSAN PATTERSON, '91,
NELLIE TAYLOR, '91,
ESTHER KEAGEY, '91.