

LADIES' COLUMN

—EDITORS:—

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

WE ARE LOOKING BACK.

BY A LADY GRADUATE.

STUDENTS are apt to regard their life while in college as uninteresting and their tasks as laborious. No matter how earnestly they enter into the various activities of college life—its societies, its clubs and its sports—yet there is a steady undercurrent of thought to the effect that they are in the play-room of the world, that the life they are now living is but the reflection of that larger and fuller life before them in the untried world. They may be earnest and enthusiastic students and enjoy thoroughly the studies they pursue, yet there is a feeling of relief when they have written their last final examination and their college days are over.

Let us sketch briefly the different eras of college life and then show the influence of their Alma Mater in the after lives of our students. Men and women anxious to obtain an insight into the hidden mysteries of ancient and modern learning enter our colleges and enrol themselves as students. Session after session passes away. Our merry freshmen with their important airs become sedate sophomores. One year at college has shown them that they have many things yet to learn. This thought makes them "sadder but wiser men." As "every action must have a corresponding reaction," so our sober sophomores are transformed into gay and festive juniors. Life seems one long holiday to them. They have very little responsibility and an honorable share of all those favors regarded as belonging exclusively to the seniors. As our juniors pass into the senior year they become grave and dignified. As members of the senior class their responsibilities are increased and they are entitled to the respect and reverence of the other students. All through the year our seniors are grave and busy, and when the session is over they stand before us to be laureated. Proudly our fortunate seniors kneel to receive the laurels on their brows. It is one of the happiest moments of their lives. They have reached the zenith of their college term. Now that all the labor and routine are over the recollection of their college life is very pleasant. Laureation day affords them a breathing space before they resume work in a larger and more practical school. Here they rest upon their laurels and view the world in the rose-coloring of youth and hope. The time comes soon, however, for them to go out into the world and fight the battle of life for themselves. This period is the most difficult and discouraging time of their lives. They have passed the entrance examination into the world's school of individual and independent work, but they must wait some time before they are recognized as possessing full citizenship and as having a right to all the privileges and honors of their city or country. They must submit to the world's "golden rule" of treating every one as a rogue until the contrary has been proved.

It is during this transition period that they act in a rather inconsistent yet not unnatural manner. While in college their chief ambition was to get through as soon as

possible that they might enter a wider field of labor; now when they have their desire fulfilled they look back with longing to that Alma Mater who has so tenderly sheltered them for years.

"Thus all through the world where'er we turn
There are aching hearts and souls that yearn
Over bygone hours; and thoughts still burn
Within us, that were uttered years ago,
As, in the midnight watches slow,
We are looking back."

For the first time perhaps they realize what their college has done for them. There they met many of the intellectual of the land—men and women who were training their minds and disciplining their lives to meet the difficulties that would come to them in the future; men and women who would have much to do in shaping the destiny of their country and protecting her interests. They had mingled with each other in free and unrestrained intercourse and had sympathized with each other in joy and sorrow.

There they pursued studies which directed their minds to higher objects. They were led through the mazes of Natural Science, History, Literary English, Political Economy, etc. What to them would have been otherwise unintelligible now becomes full of meaning, and they are willing and even anxious to go on by themselves and gain a complete knowledge of the subject. Then those studies whose relation to practical life had not occurred to them while they were in college, are now made use of and in many cases become their most valuable friends. They have been a complete mental drill and are helpful to them in trying to solve the problems of life.

It is only the students who have spent their time well and have been faithful in every respect to their Alma Mater who are able to look back with tenderness and love to their college life. Those who have mis-spent their time can think only regretfully of their many wasted opportunities and sigh that they are gone forever.

Y. W. C. A.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year:

President Miss Connell.

Vice-President—Miss O'Hara.

Recording Secretary—Miss M. Chambers.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Turnbull.

Treasurer—Miss White.

AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE TABLE.

"How are you, Butter? How do you feel to-night?"

"Oh, I'm just as strong as possible. How are you, Mr. Coffee?"

"Me! Well, to speak the truth, I feel very weak. I don't feel settled, and the grounds upon which I am admitted into society don't suit me at all. How are you, Miss Milk?"

"Oh, I feel very blue. I fell in the water this morning and came near being drowned; but don't chalk that up against me, and if you see a cow anywhere around I'd lactometer."

Then the steak yelled out, "Bully," and the mutton said, "Go at while you're young," while the boiled eggs fairly cackled in derision."