

Y. W. C. A.

Nov. 11th.—On account of the inter-collegiate convention no regular meeting was held this week.

Nov. 18.—Our missionary subject was taken this week by our President, Miss McLennan. After the reading of the regular paper, a discussion took place concerning the past convention. A number of the girls took part and told what thoughts had benefitted them most. It was agreed by all that only those who are entirely consecrated to the Lord, those who have placed themselves in the current as it were, that only these can make their lives truly instrumental for good to the saving of souls.

Nov. 25th.—Subject, "Praise the Lord." Miss De La Mater brought out in her paper how thankful all should be, and especially the college girls, who are surrounded by influences tending to mould and build up dispositions found in a perfect life. The spirit of fault-finding was condemned and each girl felt that it would be difficult to enumerate her blessings.

Dec. 2nd.—Subject, "Our Brother's Burden and Our Own." Leader, Miss Wilkie. This subject was viewed from several stand points. Our leader clearly impressed us with the importance of leaning on the Everlasting Arm, which is ever ready to support us. Several of the girls took part in the discussion.

We would be pleased to see more of the new girls at our Friday night meetings.

Ladies' Column.

CONTRIBUTED.

COLLEGE days! The very word has a witchery about it that, like the magician's wand, can carry us far off, away from the perplexity and hurry and troubles of life back to the quietness and peace of old times. To the graduate there is ever a halo before her as she looks back the long avenue down which she has come and sees, not dimmed by distance, but perchance even fairer by its enchantment, the Alma Mater that she loves. She never hears "Old Hundred" sung but in a moment she is back again and sitting with averted face in the English room and listening to the soul-inspiring strains of

"Queen's College is our jolly home."

What will be the recollections of the girls of to-day I cannot say; perhaps they themselves may sing now for ought I know to the contrary; but I write of the good old times when girls walked in the halls with bated breath and downcast eye, and started in terror if they saw a man, when the Levana room was not, and no one felt the need of it, for lounging in the college had not as yet been introduced. Oh, well! there are doubtless many advan-

tages in the new system. I do not know it and have no right to criticize, but I do know what it is the fashion now to style the "dark ages," and I say emphatically that they were not dark.

It is sweet to look back upon those times, and if the readers of the JOURNAL are inclined now to be impatient with the prosings of an old out-of-date dreamer, they will understand better some day, when they, too, have grown out-of-date and must think of it all as past.

We come up in our freshman year, even as you do now, with our hearts thrilling with the glamour and freshness of the life we had so often heard described, looking forward with a sort of awe to living our four years among the learned (?) of the earth, and eager to pick up the grains of wisdom which would fall, we believed, with every word.

We were greeted the first day we arrived with

"Hop along, Sister Mary."

We gazed curiously round, wondering if this peculiar and bewildering demonstration were a well-meant effort to make us feel cheerful in our new abode, or if indeed much learning had made them mad. If the former, we somehow felt that they had missed their mark; if the latter!—and we looked about for a way of escape. Then gradually it dawned upon us that these were not the serious, studious youth of our dreams; that man in the corner, for instance—we were afraid to look at him, but our shy side-glances had suggested to us the dreadful thought that he was tying the man in front of him to the seat by the ends of his gown. We looked again—it was true. We fell from the clouds with a dull thud. And that man in the back seat; did we not see a glimmer of pale blue in his hand, and—oh shades of Virgil! it was true—a black key upon the blue. And that other one who made bad jokes in season and out of season! And the whole class that interrupted with profane trappings the great professor, before whom we scarcely dared to raise our eyes! Alas! Alas! they were not what we had expected; we were completely disillusioned. And soon—but tell it not to the classical professor—we might have been seen slipping into the book-stores under cover of night and emerging with guilty faces, and blue books beneath our arms.

We never dared, of course, to take any part in the songs, but we learnt to enjoy them (a process requiring some time), and they form one of my most vivid recollections now. One can stand a tenor that is continually dropping down into bass, and a bass that is ever striving upwards to soprano, these are common incidents of everyday life; but what would you say to a man who wandered through all the parts, never striking one, now far, far below the bass, now up at G, away beyond the soprano. I am not