

The Woes of a College Girl.

"Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heav'n "

Early in life I gave signs of those peculiar marks of genius, which not only excited the profoundest admiration among my relatives and friends but were also destined at some future date to send me to the co-educational college of Acadia.

My early youth was spent during the stirring times in which the appeals for the higher education of women were strongly agitated. My parents were deeply interested and, for the most part, highly approved of this movement. After weighty deliberation worthy of the subject it was thought best by them, as an experiment to send me to college and in that way be better able to pass judgment upon this important question. Accordingly the family physician was consulted to ascertain whether I was adapted physically to stand the mental strain, the wisdom of the minister sought as regards my spiritual condition, and lastly though naturally first the village pedagogue concerning my mental aptitude. All were agreed as to the advisability of the undertaking. Minor questions then came up for consideration, which college should I attend? Should it be a college for women only or co-educational? At this stage, my opinion was consulted in order to learn my wishes concerning the matter. When asked, I quietly replied that it mattered little to me, provided that, it was co-educational. Yet with such emphasis was this latter statement added that a co-educational college was immediately decided upon and the matter was never after alluded to.

As it would be exceedingly wearisome to enter into the details it is sufficient to say that Acadia was finally agreed upon as a college best fulfilling the requirements. It was also resolved that I should take up my residence in the seminary. This important conclusion was only arrived at by consultation with the aforesaid minister, who had at some previous time been a student at Acadia. It is needless to say that no doubt existed in his mind as to the advantage of life in the Seminary over that of the town. In short he was strangely excited over the subject on which he discoursed so learnedly and with such accuracy concerning the details of the refining and enchanting effects of seminary life that all the previous doubts of my parents were scattered, as it were to the four corners of the universe and it was then and there decreed that I should reside in the Seminary,—such were the arguments of the minister. With many misgivings I bade farewell to my parents and set out for the unknown. Nothing need be said of my journey thither nor of the bustle and hubbub of my first day in the Seminary. No doubt my experiences were similar to those of any other girl who arrives there for the first time. My first night was spent in meditation upon the important subject of deportment. I felt I was no longer an ordinary mortal and that my usual