

cordingly the Principal, Miss Grayes, has been enabled to place at the disposal of the young ladies a library containing 444 volumes. The books are purchased under her direct supervision, and consequently comprise classes of literature admirably adapted to their intended use. The departments at present best represented in the library are History, Art, Fiction, Poetry, Biography and Essays, and in the last class alone may be mentioned such writers as Lamb, Macaulay, Emerson, Carlyle and Ruskin. But besides the writings in these departments, and of such authors, there are numbers of miscellaneous works, and an efficient complement of the different cyclopædias and dictionaries.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 7.

Old boys now living who resided on the Hill during any of the years from '54 to '61 will hear multitudinous echoes near and far at the mention of the name DON. Reference has been once or twice made to him in this column already, and it is not surprising that those who have read and pondered his vigorous and stout address to the Seniors of long ago, should desire to know more fully of his history and character.

As his name implied, he was a gentleman of blood—a King Charles's Spaniel. He took residence in Room No. 5 in the east wing of the old College, his then master being now a wearer of the judicial ermine. Don's superb suit of soft and silky black and white, with tawny trimmings; his profound eyes, large and human; his noble head, and his dignified, cultured bearing on all occasions, made him welcome everywhere. When his master left the ranks of the undergraduates and passed out to use his wit and eloquence in the addresses to the learned Courts instead of to "Poor Richard" or "Donati's Comet" (for many weeks a transcendent glory in the Western sky), Don was his parting gift to the Mustapha—a right royal gift!

Whether it was because of the new master's skill in divining educational aptitudes and developing them, or because of maturing powers in the subject of this brief sketch, it is certain that Don soon thereafter entered on a career of renown, both as a philosopher and a poet. The Mustapha, doubtless, could readily supply surprising evidence in support of this statement. We are able to record, however, the interesting facts that Don habitually attended the various lectures in College, and was an example

to others of steadfast attention and decorum. The grave professors had a loving regard for him, ever failing, it was often observed, to record against his tardiness at class-roll. We are fully aware that he was a boon and blessing to students and professors alike, serving to mediate between the torpor and slowness of the former and the swift energy of the latter.

The distinguished professor of mental philosophy on hearing Don's knock for admittance to the lecture room (he was tardy on that occasion—*i. e.* Don was, the professor was *never* tardy) suddenly paused in his earnest protection to enquire of the Mustapha whether he considered "that act of knocking to be in the brain of Don as a mere antecedent to his admittance, or a *vera causa?*" Neither the Mustapha, we believe, nor any of his distinguished class-mates were able to render a satisfactory reply, but Don never had even a doubt on the subject—a state of philosophic calm to which the professor, even at this day, has hardly attained in this behoof.

Don was a regular attendant at the convocation of the College, and also at the Sunday services in the Baptist church in the village. He walked up the centre aisle of the church with great dignity, stepped with deliberation upon the dais, faced the audience, reclined upon the carpet under the communion table, and placing his noble head upon his paws (projected at full length directly in front), he shot his steadfast glance down the entire length of the broad aisle, at once commanding and furnishing an example of subdued and reverent demeanor, from the opening hymn to the benediction. That was an effective object lesson to all occupants of the galleries. At that time, and doubtless ever since, the sexton and deacons of the church brought swift expulsion from the very portals of the house upon every other dog seeking to enter, a proceeding which Don often witnessed with imperturbable gravity of outward aspect, if not with internal satisfaction. We are not aware that the College Faculty, or the Board of Governors, or the Baptist Denomination, ever accorded to another of the race the privileges accorded to Don.

That Don was graduated B.A., *cum magna laude*, was stated in a previous number, but no reason was assigned why the Faculty or the Governors have not included his name in the calendar list of the Alumni. Perhaps the new Senate of the University of Acadia, now that all matters pertaining to degrees come under its consideration and decis-