

THE CLASS OF '88.

As the seasons change, so do the scenes at Acadia. Each anniversary sends forth its graduates from their educational nativity, clad in the mail that four years of study has put upon them and, in a measure, prepared for the great struggle of life.

Though Acadia, as we trust, is very far from the zenith of her glory, already, during the fifty years of her existence, over five hundred have entered upon the full undergraduate course, and of this number two hundred and eighty-two have received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. What a host of thoughts crowd around the portals of our reflection as we look into her history!—a history replete with noble deeds, and filled with precious memories, that cannot fail to awaken an interest in the most sluggish mind.

At the beginning of this, another college year, it is with feelings of regret that they have gone from us but with pleasing recollections of associations with them, that we say farewell to another class of graduates. As individuals and as a class we hope that, whatever they may accomplish, in the various avocations to which they have gone, they will ever feel their indebtedness to the influences and associations of Acadia. We believe the elements that contribute to a successful and honorable career, are obtainable here and we hope that each of them may have obtained.

Go forth then, ye zealous worshippers in the temple of exalted achievement unto whose shrine we trust that we also may be permitted to bring our offerings.

JAMES W. ARMSTRONG,

of Kingston, N. S., arrived on the hill somewhat late in the autumn of 1884. The class '88 then famous as freshmen looked at him with a scrutinizing eye as he took his place for the first time in the mathematical room. Notwithstanding his bashful and blushing appearance there was something about his manner of reciting that soon convinced the class that no ordinary student had joined them. When a year later he met in single combat and worsted a giant who had easily put to discomfiture whole generations of sophomores, his fame was well established as the best mathematician in the college. In speech his words were well weighed and carried conviction. As a tough man in a scrimmage, as a faithful and successful student, as a president of the ATHENÆUM, this man with the occasional moustache, impressed all who knew him as having the powers which would lift him

into eminence in the profession of his choice. Clementsport has been lucky enough to have him for several summers. After a year or two in one of the American Universities he will be ready to fill a professor's chair. In stating his virtues we should not fail to remark the one great weakness of his character—his heart's imperviousness to the arrows of cupid. We hope he will outgrow that.

OLIVER H. COGSWELL,

of Morristown, N. S., joined the sophomores of Class '88, having completed the freshman work several years previously. During his stay in Chipman Hall, his hearty laugh and melodious voice with organ accompaniment, were enough to enliven the dullest moments of study intermission. He was an active worker in the Athenæum Society, a student of good abilities all around, a financier in the superlative degree. He loved the foot-ball, except when a new hat was smashed; and admired fair widows. As a pedestrian, it was vain for an ordinary mortal to enter the lists with him. He is engaged in teaching, and with eye bent towards Harvard University, he means to climb to a high round in his chosen profession.

CARMEL L. DAVIDSON,

of Gaspereaux, is now in Vancouver, B. C., and as it has been for several years his settled determination to proceed to Erin on the Rhine, we suppose this must be the orthodox route. During his college life he was known as a diligent and successful student, occasionally burning the midnight oil, and carrying away an honor certificate in both his junior and senior years. In speech he was easy and graceful. Singing was his forte and music, reeded instruments being his especial delight. But no sketch of Carmel would be complete which overlooked one marked trait in his character. He was fair, and loved the fair—belles were his chiefest study, even the hours of muscular exercise being enlivened with dumb-bells. He intends joining the medical fraternity.

HORACE L. DAY

matriculated with the class of '87, but having dropped out of their lists, he subsequently joined the ranks of '88. Though true to the conviction that long hours of study were equally injurious to the pleasures of night as well as the comforts of day, he nevertheless acquitted himself creditably in all the obligations resting upon him as a student. During his junior year, he discharged the arduous duties of the office of