

HORACE. BOOK II. —ODE III.

TO Q. DELLIUS.

PRESERVE thy mind in balance finely hung,
And calmly weigh life's gladness or its pain;
For such, oh Dellius, best befits the man,
Who at some time must see existence wane,

Be all remaining hours naught but grief,
Or lying soft within some green retreat,
Falerian wine of vintage choice and old
The hours make with pleasure-laden feet.

For what does pine majestic wreath its boughs
With silver poplar round a welcome shade?
And swiftly-moving waters murmur low
Stayed by the curves within its channel made?

Here let them bring the wine and unguents sweet,
And steep thyself in their short-lived perfume,
While yet thy youth enjoyment doth allow,
And yet the Fates draw out the thread of doom.

The woodlands set around thy stately home—
Thy villa washed by Tiber's dark'ning wave—
All must thou leave, and riches piled on high
Thy heir will please, when thou art in the grave.

Be thou descended from the Argive old,
Or claim a lowly birth, sky-roofed alone,
Alike in wealth and grinding indigence,
Still unrelenting Orcus claims his own.

Like sleep we all are driven to that fold.
The lots of all are shaken in the urn,
And soon or late must come the stern decree,
That makes us exiles, never to return.

Bk Br.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

"RULER OF MEN" I Whatever greatness lies
Wrapped in these three short words 'tis borne of Mind,
No prowess stands for this, the brawny god
Of muscle and of limb may sometimes sway
The gaping multitudes who court meanwhile
The lustre, the tumult and the fray,
The rushing foaming angry surface whirl
Of that great cauldron called Society;
But far below the troubled surface dwells
Among spare sleep that only Mind can reach
A pulsing heart that dominates the world.

—Selected.

IN answer to a solicited contribution to our columns we have received the following lines. We appreciate the sentiment expressed, and hope at no distant date the "Muses" may be more propitious.

IN vain I have worked the Muses,
Each one sternly me refuse.
I turn to earth, and tree, and sky,
But one and all my wish deny.
Oh, then forgive me when I say
That I to you must answer Nay;
And take kind wishes for the deed
You asked for in your hour of need.

HUGH.

THE CLASS OF '85.

SINCE our departure from these classic shades, another Anniversary has been held, another class been sent forth from Acadia's sheltering wing. Its members have passed honorably through the period of equipment, and now have fairly launched their crafts on the untied sea of life. May the breezes be propitious, the storms few, the journey to that farther bourne a successful one.

The mental discipline, intellectual strength, and educating influences which characterize the years of life at College will be of infinite service to them. Proportionate to the real benefit derived from these sources will be their future advancement. The four years of undergraduateship have determined to a great extent their lives and their success therein. They will therefore, we feel sure, be ever loyal to the Institution which has sought to instruct them wisely, and train their minds to the proper appreciation of all that is great and true. Often will their thoughts revert to the happy days at Wolfville, which sped so quickly by and never can return.

The members of '85 have gone from us, and we regret their absence. While we toil on in the path they have so worthily trod, as we near the great goal of the student's ambition, which they have gained, the memory of their success will be with us to cheer and to encourage. Then, when we also shall have bid adieu to Alma Mater, we hope to meet and greet them often upon the highways of life, as fellow-students in the great school of the world, as co-laborers in the fields of practical industry and literary enterprise, as comrades in the common course of civilization, education, virtue and truth.

J. W. TINGLEY

is the only member of the class who has, since graduation, seen fit to invade the neighboring Republic. He entered the Academy in the autumn of 1880, armed with a conspicuous mustache and goatee. The latter succumbed to fate during the first term of his Freshman year, and has not since appeared. His progress through College has been