

shrewdly remarked, "He knew his duty, and brilliantly promised to perform it." Brilliant promises are oftentimes empty. We therefore feel that they should be sparingly used. We will do the best we can to make the paper worthy of patronage. If we succeed, we shall be glad; if we fail, we fail.

WHILE casting about in our minds for some new feature which would make our paper more interesting to readers generally and especially to graduates, we conceived the idea that reminiscences of by-gone days might be collected and put into readable form. Recently one of the most highly esteemed of the graduates of Acadia recommended that a department be introduced with the heading: "Echoes from the Past,"—expressing at the same time the opinion that men could be found who would cheerfully furnish a description of the amusing and interesting incidents of their college life. On consulting one of our professors with respect to the feasibility of attempting something of this kind, we received not only great encouragement, but also promise of assistance in gaining access to treasures of the past.

The project seems timely for several reasons. In the first place students are always interested in what was done and said by their predecessors. They desire to know what was the character of their sports; how they relieved the tedium of school life, or obtained relaxation in the midst of drudgery and toil; in what exploits they won a temporary fame, or how, less fortunate, they became innocent occasion of merriment. All who now grapple with the mighty and monstrous Calculus; or grub among Greek roots, patiently endeavoring to unearth those rude deformities of yore; or hunt in the forests of Northern Europe, in the Roman forum, or the Grecian theatre, for the origin of the language with which they now scold, and gossip, and make love: all these, we believe, will read with interest the wit, the humor, the comicalities, and even the pathos, of the past.

And then the graduates of former years will be pleased to be reminded of scenes and sayings which once moved them to laughter, or tears, or both. Old men will grow young

again in heart, recalling "auld lang syne." Pleasant memories will be awakened, and converse will be had with the persons of former days, some of whom, perhaps, can live no longer on earth save in memory. We see a practical side to the revival of such memories. Old-time love for *Alma Mater* will be awakened and strengthened. Hearts that have been partly won by other loves, or by the myriad cares of life, will cling again with boyish ardor to the old school home. And from this affectionate attachment of her sons, the college derives great strength.

Besides, the material which would be required for this purpose has heretofore been untouched. That there must be considerable of it is evident. For half a century the history of the Horton institutions has been forming. Who can number the incidents suitable to our purpose which have occurred in that time? Perhaps some of these have been partly forgotten by many, but by some they are doubtless retained; and when once our bonfire is lighted, we expect to see sage professors, solemn jurists, and reverend preachers coming forward, with twinkling eyes and many chuckles, to lay their offering of fagots upon the central heap. And we have hope that the light thus kindled will illumine all faces turned toward it, and send rays into many shady recesses of care.

The first contribution of this character will appear next month. It is our wish that thereafter the series be uninterrupted. We shall spare no pains in securing contributors to this department, by direct solicitation; but since we cannot know, in every case, who is in possession of the treasures which we want, we respectfully request every former student of the College, the Academy, or the Seminary, who remembers any incident, a narration of which would interest our readers, to consider himself, or herself, particularly invited to make an offering of it to our paper.

"There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers who have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence: They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel."—HOLMES.