

learning and it is just cause for honest pride to know that they keep a close look-out for men of talent and make public recognition of their merit. We believe that Acadia is not blind to the fact that she has many worthy sons and it has been her practise to reserve distinction from her own men to avoid any suspicion of having taken the initiative in order to bring them into prominence. She is proud that others acknowledge true worth as then she will get her full share. Commendation from one's own household does not carry weight that the same from outsiders. To censure her for modesty in this direction would be lessening the dignity of her standing and calling for something that would lower her reputation rather than raise it. Acadia holds a foremost place among institutions of learning and, instead of retrograding, she is daily making rapid strides toward higher achievements.

READING.

"A jollie goode booke, whereon to looke,
Is better to me than gold."

Amid the fleeting hours of daily life, oftentimes the questions arise—When? What? and How shall we read? and to the mind searching for culture these queries are of weighty moment. The fleeting hours! They are but a moment and they are gone, and as quickly glide away the days and months and years of student life. How may they best be improved? How may the best results be attained? To attempt to answer these questions at all fully is quite foreign to the range of the present intent; but a few thoughts may be suggested, which may serve as an aid to inquiries, at once so comprehensive and so pertinent to the well being of every student.

The time-worn objection, "I have no time to read," oftentimes places itself as a stumbling-block in the way of many a one, perchance not so careful of the minutes as his more enterprising neighbor. Perhaps a little while, stolen from times of profitless conversation, or from seasons of hazy musings, or mayhap from times of greater indolence, might do great service in obviating this difficulty. The same objection might too be made, by him who considers the studies of his compeers not taxing enough for his own mental calibre; and who adds to his regular duties others, e'en more taxing, yet in the same line of toil. Might

not the time for empty honour be better spent in a wider range of subjects, that all the powers may be called into action? But for this course of procedure reasons might rightfully be demanded by him, whose time is thus so unceremoniously broken into, and whose judgment might seem to be seriously questioned.

The taste for good reading requires cultivation, and an education lacking this is wanting in a vital element. When better than while at school, when the education in other lines is being carried on in so great a degree, when the mind is in such a receptive condition, and when characters are being moulded for a lifetime, can this liking for true literature be instilled into the brain; and we venture to say if this be not done then—never will it.

No intelligent person to-day is unaware of the advantages of reading; so without lingering to show these advantages, without lingering to compare the well-read man with the unread, and hardly noticing the clear head, sympathetic heart, and lively fancy, of the person learned in good books, let us hasten to consider what we are to read, in order to get the most benefit therefrom.

If anything be better for being old, then a saying, which we think has been written or uttered somewhere before, might now come well in play namely—to read the Standard Authors. Of course some will think we must have a variety, we must read by the square yard, we must read anything on which we may happen to lay our hands. This might be well for those who have time to read everything; but for them whose time is somewhat limited, and who wish to make the best of it, perhaps the standard advice will be a good rule by which to guide their selection of books. By a standard work, is meant, "a work of time," as Mr. Ruskin has it and not "a work of the hour," or perhaps an hour's work. By a standard author is meant the writer in whose soul are stirring the master thoughts of the day, whose mind grasps the noblest questions and answers them for us, who sees down deep into the motives of men, and reads their hearts as we read them in the book he writes. An oasis in the desert is he, a beautiful garden in the wilderness, a mountain peak rising from the monotonous plain. Him all other writers imitate; and they but reflect his rays of intelligence, as the moon does those of the sun.

In their works of History and Biography, Fiction and Poetry we come into contact with the greatest