

night. Next day Blomidon and Partridge Island were visited. Some good specimens of *amethyst*, *agate*, *dog-tooth spar*, *selenite*, &c., were found. After spending another night in West Bay we started on Tuesday morning for Wolfville, arriving there about 10.30 a. m. The process of unshipping being gone through with, we left the "Bella Barry" feeling satisfied with everything and ready to tell the coming juniors to make an attempt to have a junior expedition.

SOPHOMORING.

The following brief account of the Sophomore celebration has been handed us by a member of the class:—

Every hour of June 3rd was usefully employed by the Soph's. As incipient Juniors they next day wandered listlessly about, with heavy eye but light breast, thinking of the toils of the past. For weeks preparations had been progressing. On the eventful night under the scientific leadership of the "Duke," otherwise known as Mr. Wellington H. Jenkins, we issued with guns, torches, lanterns, &c. We sallied forth, surprised and disappointed the Sems, and took our way to the god of Mathematics. He was not in uniform, so spoke a few philosophical sentences in answer to the address of Mr. C. W. Eaton, from his post behind the window. Dr. Jones well repaid our visit by his eloquent words. Right about face, for our honored Professor of English, who rose to the occasion, as did also the man of science, Prof. Coldwell. Each, notwithstanding the outrageous hour, spoke in his own happy manner. The Sem, however, was our objective point. We now proposed to make up for all early disappointments. Salute after salute rang out, Chinese lanterns gleamed, hither and thither lurid torches ghastly glared, till their light was swallowed up in the blaze of saturated oil casks. Rockets shot into the heavens, burst over the Sem, and presented a sight hardly less beautiful than the faces dimly discernible within. The voice of song floated high into the early morning air, and at last came the climax of the evening, the burial of Edward Olney, who, notwithstanding that he has been laid on the shelf for two months, is still fresh in our memories. Dimly through the sombre shadows of the trees might be seen the pall-bearers, well led by the official who performed the last rites—Mr. A. E. Shaw. Mounting the stand, smoothing his brow and casting his eyes towards heaven (the East) he delivered a burial oration, extracts of which are as follows: Thus perisheth the pest of the earth. The tyrant who yesterday imposed his relentless task, who yesterday laid his lash of a hundred strings on the backs of his tumbling devotees, to-day is dust. If it is true that every heart knoweth its own sorrow, it follows that each must know its own gladness also, and I think if I should voice the feelings of each who surrounds the urn containing thy ashes, O Olney, I should send to heaven one

glad burst of song. Thou hast received thy just reward; the smoke of thy renown which soothes my very nostril is as grateful as ever was the costliest incense, which fanned the cheek of Egypt's loved queen. The thud of the spade which speaks of a resting place for thee is as sweet a solace as the groan of the prison door, as swung open by the turnkey it admits into almost a new resurrection the prisoner, perhaps unjustly condemned to lie for years amid the horrors of a dungeon.

Farewell Olney; to the shades of darkness, to the realms of night, to the regions of Pluto, we commend thee! What prayers have ascended from those in pursuit of thee. How hopes have been blasted! how the golden dream of imagination which has reared its aerial chambers in the breast of some son given scholar, has been recklessly, utterly dashed to the ground upon looking into thy countenance, where nothing is except hours of midnight darkness, whose presence nothing is felt except the cold, clammy hand of the chilling dew of morn. Thy ashes are livid with curses, are drenched with tears, are now sifting in death. Farewell grief, farewell woe, and come the eternal agonies of the Plutonian shades of thee departed Olney. None regret thee except the sod of all that is implacable, upon whose brow sits the scowl of immortal hate, whose breast is the home of chastisement, whose locks are glowering black forests threatening destruction, between the ligaments of whose hands are seen double-barrelled parallelograms far more terrible than their loaded hyden, or fifty black-tongued gonugones. Wander hopelessly in search of rest when naught exists but unrest, disorder, and destruction, O Olney!

Take up thy abode in the Plutonian mansions where gnawing want and murderous war waive their banners terrible. May the green grass which shall cover thee hide the scars which thou hast caused. May thy name pass in utter oblivion even as thy ashes scatter before the blast thou king of iniquities, thou prince of evils!

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