

raised? Should the thinking student be expected to take everything on faith? Why quench that spirit of enquiry which is seeking out life's purposes? If there is any utility in prescribed work, why not, so far as possible, impress the fact upon the pupil so that he may have one of the most powerful incentives of study constantly before him. There are hundreds in colleges to-day doing half-hearted work simply because they fail to see any use in such work.

It is a sad comment on *somebody* when graduates and under-graduates deny that any appreciable benefits have accrued from certain parts of their collegiate course. True, the under-graduate may not be in a position to understand all the advantages of the training he receives; but too often these are only imaginary, as he and the world in which he lives find out only too late.

In some respects there is a striking analogy between the experience of students under the educative care of certain professors and that of the youthful Dorothea under the discipline of the learned Causobon.

Her nature she thought had found its counterpart—its prime necessity. Henceforward the desire to learn and be useful would be gratified in blessed fulfilment. For a time, learned phrases and dignified silence so checked her doubts, that with patient faith she engaged in the most senseless and useless drudgery; but the subsequent discovery and bitter disappointment of her mistake is sadly illustrative of what happens to many ardent youths who yield exhaustive toil to the exacting demands of men infatuated with mistaken notions.

TROILUS.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 10.

[We have pleasure in complying with F. E. C.'s post-scriptal request; and as his letter pours a flood of light on the genesis of the "Lobster Song," and also graphically records the scenes of a red letter day with two of the Powers, our Historical Editor imperatively directs the insertion of the letter in full.]

To the Historical Editor of the Athenæum:

DEAR SIR,—Having been an Academician long ago, I enjoy very much the visit of your paper. Your *Echoes of the Past* have called up the faces of many fine fellows who resorted to the Hill years after I left it, but whom I not infrequently saw in Cornwallis during their College days. By the ex-

planatory notes appended to No. 8, I have recognized the Mogul and Mustapha, whose characteristic by-play has furnished excellent materials for your historical pen.

Many of the members of the class of '60 liked to spend a Saturday on this side the Valley. One pleasant day the Mustapha, accompanied by his chum, the Mogul, came in great haste to my house. They proposed that I should take a holiday with them. They were an hungored for lobster, they said, and were bent on a drive to Scott's Bay as the only means by which this "crustacean poke" might be secured. It was a busy day with me, and up to the moment of their visit. I would as soon have thought of going to Grand Manan that day as drive over the North Mountain. But the sager faces and imploring eyes of these college boys made opposition useless; in fact, I soon found myself determined to go. At once I ordered my fleetest horse, (a three minute horse in harness, which was fast for those days), to be harnessed to a thoroughly sound, double seated waggon, whose wheels bore tires one quarter inch thick. If we were to have any sport in taking lobsters that day, we must be at the Bay before the tide rose too far. To accomplish this, a rattling pace must be maintained to the base of the mountain, and from the brow to the shore.

Away we sped toward Canning, the Mogul clutching his vanishing hat, and shouting under the exhilaration:—

O Lobsters fear
In front and rear
Throughout your vast dominions!

While the Mustapha, in high spirits, instantly caught the half pledged stanza and winged it for immortal flight:—

For to the fight
As swift as light
We come to pluck your pinions!

The road was firm, and the horse was at his best. The villagers at Canning faced one way one moment and another the next, as we flew through the upper end of their pleasant village. Reaching the mountain in good time, we footed it to the top, taking in from stage to stage as we ascended the widening outlines of the divinest view in Nova Scotia. From the deep quiet which settled upon the spirits of my companions, I saw they had come under the spell of the wonderful scene beneath us; and I was hardly prepared for the abruptness with which they