

The past summer, he took a course at Chautauqua, where he obtained first rank. He now holds a position on the staff at Acadia.

J. HERBERT SECORD

having spent one year in Horton Academy, entered college on an equal footing with the other members of the class. Sec. was of a scientific turn of mind, taking two honor courses in that department. During his Junior year he was assistant in practical chemistry and also had charge of the Observatory on the hill. On the Campus he played a fine game of tennis. At receptions he did not a *pire high* but got there just the same.

WILLIAM M. SMALLMAN

came from P. E. I., to enter Acadia in the fall of '87. He was a practical student and one of the first to study for and obtain the diploma of the course in Elocution. "Smaller" had a strong regard for Wolfville society, to which he gave much attention, from good reasons and with equally good success. He now has charge of Dartmouth Baptist Church, and wherever the future may lead him we know that he will continue to be a strong supporter of the truth.

WILLIAM J. SPURR,

spent two years in H. C. Academy, entered with the class and nominally left with them; but he returns at intervals. Is to continue at Wolfville—taking a course in Pharmacy. His favorite study was fun made an ideal Soph. He was once seen playing tennis. Spurr had a big heart. Took for his motto, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Was a prominent member of Timjinsonians. We'll miss you "Bill" and your tenor too. Spurr is at present interested in "conversations," but will probably attend a theological institution next fall.

LITERATURE AND POVERTY.

Poverty is a word which conveys no bright image to the human mind. It implies sorrow and gloom; and yet, from sorest poverty, have come some of the brightest lights of literature. Since the time when blind Homer sang, and begged his bread, till Sir Walter Scott wrote with dying hand to pay his debts, poverty and literature have had an intimate acquaintance. Amid scenes of want and suffering, in bare, miserable garrets, in humble country dwellings, and with even frowning prison walls looking on, men of great and noble souls have written. Truly great souls they had, or all the brightness and wisdom which remain a priceless heritage to the world, would have died within them. Even "chill penury" had not the power to "freeze the genial current of their souls."

Misfortune, which has hushed the music of such as Keats, has only evolved sweeter strains from stronger souls. Most pitiful is the record of Goldsmith's life.

Disappointment and defeat met him at every turn. The greatest ambition of his life, to be a physician, was destined to remain unsatisfied. Plucked in the last examination he tried, he was compelled by the necessity for bread, to turn his attention to writing—the one thing he could do well. As the sunlight imprisoned in the black coal is, in after years, set free, giving light and warmth to those around, so, from this dark life, have come down the brightness and cheer of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the mellow tenderness of the "Deserted Village."

Poor Samuel Johnston, "trying hard to get some honest livelihood in the world, not to starve, but to live—without stealing," is another representative of a large class who wrote that they might suffer less. In physical pain, and heart-hunger for sympathy, Johnston thought out the majestic sentences of books which have long since lost their interest and popularity, but are still prized possessions whose loss would be felt by English literature.

It is not strange that Christianity, whose Founder had not where to lay His head, and whose mission is to the poor and lowly, should find some of the greatest of its uninspired writers among the poorer classes. John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer, the writer of words which are a source of pleasure to the child, and of comfort to those advanced in years, spent his youthful days in ignorance, as well as want. For his persistence in preaching the gospel, he was lodged in Bedford jail, where he was able to reach a larger audience than he could in a whole lifetime of freedom. There he wrote of Christian—his travels and triumphs—in that simple, straight-forward language, which gives much of the interest to the story. With his Bible, and the "Book of Martyrs," as his only companions and teachers, he was able to rear a monument which will keep his name in remembrance as long as English literature is read. A monument which the greatest wealth this world can boast could not construct.

Bacon says of riches, in regard to virtue, that "it is as the baggage is to an army, it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory." The same, and more, may be said in regard to literature, for the lack of riches has sometimes been the means of valuable additions to the stores of literature. Poetry, especially, is indebted to this lack. The man who has the means to thoroughly educate himself, and become familiar with all the great masters of melody, may be discouraged, by this very knowledge, from attempting to give utterance to his own thoughts. When others have done so well, and yet have not escaped criticism, it is presumption for him to try. On the other hand, the one with few opportunities for culture, and fewer for enjoyment, without knowledge enough to be timid, and with no reputation to spoil, may fearlessly and naturally express himself.