

Who dwell with God, and His great glory see.
 Our dead yet live. The stone-marked burial ground
 Contains not them. No tomb can hold the mind.
 In brightest realms their golden voices sound ;
 In service high their powers employment find ;
 Grand thoughts are theirs beyond earth's shadowy bound.
 O bring us soon to them, Lord God, most kind !

At a meeting of the students on Nov. 3rd, the subjoined resolutions, which feebly bespeak their sentiments, were unanimously adopted :—

Whereas, It hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to call to Himself the beloved wife of our esteemed professor, Rev. E. M. Keirstead ; and,

Whereas, We have ever known her as a Christian lady possessed of the gentle, kindly and sympathetic nature of a noble woman ;

Therefore Resolved, That we record as an expression of our esteem this tribute to her memory, knowing that one who ever took a kindly interest in our welfare ; and whose example was ever an inspiration to a higher life has passed to the Life beyond.

Further Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband and daughter, who we trust can say with assurance,

" So long Thy power hath blest us sure it still
 Will lead us on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till,
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel-faces smile
 Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile."

Resolved, also, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the sorrowing husband and that they be published in the ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

On behalf of the students of Acadia College,

W. N. HUTCHINS,	} Committee.
M. S. READ,	
J. B. GANONG.	

MYTHOLOGICAL MURMURINGS.

Sydney Sisyphus.
 Bill Innemonides.
 Damon and Phintias, Longfellow's twins.
 The Viking Apollo.
 Diamond-Dust Nick, the Promethean fire-brand.
 L. Reynard Ulysses, the meaningless mortal.

Literary.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

HE who would help his fellow men must have a heart hardened and not anxious for praise. From the beginning of time, those who have taken a prominent place in the world's affairs have been subject to the shiftings of popular opinion. Of truly great men, perhaps none has been so variously judged as Oliver Cromwell. Let us examine a few of the characteristic events of his career, and see how they speak concerning him.

The first of Cromwell's life was quiet. Happy in his family, he appeared as a peaceable, law-abiding citizen, a God-fearing man, but little troubled by the noisy world about him. But his day was hastening on, though not yet come. England was being prepared as a field for his actions. Cromwell was the axe, tempered by heaven, laid to the roots of the tree of corruption which was fast undermining the constitution of Old England.

King Charles was blind. He could not or would not see ; and so, despite the remonstrance of Parliament, continued in the suicidal policy which was to lose the Stuart Line a kingdom, and cost the king of England his life. By attempting the forcible seizure of members of the Lower House, he deeply insulted the nation, which rose as one man to assert its ancient dignity. There was but one of two things for the people to do. They had either to allow the great principles of right to be trampled in the dust, and thus wrong, not only themselves, but all who might come after ; or to make righteous the government, by removing the cause of evil. The latter was the only course conscience would allow them to take, and civil war was the means used to carry it out. Horrible agent indeed ! But the only practicable one. Far better to lose a limb and save the body, than keep the limb, and, because of it, perish miserably. So civil war was begun, in which Cromwell was to play a conspicuous part, and which was to furnish him with abundant work, work for which he was well fitted.

Oliver Cromwell was distinctly a General. That, no one can plausibly deny. Whether combating enemies at the point of the bayonet, or striking at abuses in the councils of the nation, he conducted his plans with a masterly hand. His was a practical mind. He took in at a glance the condition of things, saw what was needed, and had the courage and strength to bring that to pass. One calm July evening, on the field of Marston Moor, the magnificent military genius of Cromwell blazed forth, attracting to itself the astonished gaze of the world—a gaze not to be withdrawn until he passed out of sight in the zenith of his power.

But if Cromwell was great as a soldier, he was terrible as a general. For the manner in which he conducted his Irish campaign, he has often been