

Thus Arthur, in memory thou livest, and though Acadia will no more know thee, the "boys" of '90 will never forget the man whom they liked, and whose departure they regretted.

WELL, April, thou art gone and hast taken thy weather with thee.

Thou art gone, and we are sorry, still, "parting is such sweet sorrow."

Oh, those sunny days and balmy nights, whither have they fled! Forever their tender breathing is still, like a pleasant dream they have vanished.

Though departed, in memory ye will ever dwell, for who dare undertake to forget you! Your tender image is indelibly engraven by those soft zephyrs from the east that slyly slid through broken pane and gaping crevice. Then those days when the snow-flakes whirling came and all the land was cool, when straight down poured the sparkling, chasing rain-drops, and all without was damp; or when the loving mist tenderly gathered all beneath its wing and bade its brood to rest. Oh, those days, every one a study! (Kindergarten system.) Yes, April, thou wert never idle. Activity, variety and cussedness marked thy every turn. When the wise man sallied forth his vesture was ever built for shine and shadow, peace and war. Truly, thy cloak was one of many colours. But, what to thee of all thy chafe and fret when now thou art gone! From us thy memory can never fade. Other Aprils may come, but like others will they depart, for thou alone will reign above thy fellows.

THE public meeting of Acadia Missionary Society, which took place on the evening of April 15th, was one of marked interest. A well prepared paper was presented by W. S. Black, '89, upon "Missions in Japan," and one by W. H. Jenkins, subject: "The future of the Gospel in the light of Prophecy," was full of rich and original thoughts. Miss Wallace read, in her usual pleasing and effective manner, "Nathan Brown's Missionary Call," and Rev. S. McC. Black delivered an address upon "The Christian Life." In his introduction the speaker referred to the splendid opportunities awaiting the various members of the Society, but guaranteed the brightest and most permanent success to those who were entering the Christian service, whose motto was, "Not fame but Christ." He said, "Christ is at once the Crown and King of our race," and that our highest ambition should be to become like Him. The above quotation, which was the nucleus of the address, was elaborated and expanded in a masterly style. In connection with Christ's kingship the vision of the Revelator concerning "The New Jerusalem," which came "down from God out of Heaven," was most beautifully applied. Space forbids that we should attempt a lengthy extract, and anything less than a complete analysis will do the speaker injustice. We are sure, however, that the appreciation of the students will be expressed by another invitation to Mr. Black to address the Society in the near future.

Several selections of music, by the young ladies of the Seminary, added much to the interest of the service.

"EASTER HOLIDAYS," or, "A Week in Canning," a story of many chapters, has been going the rounds of late. Unlike most narratives its every detail is based on fact, and verily "truth is

more interesting than fiction." The story opens in Canning, where, on a raw and drizzly night, are gathered a number of friends for the holidays. Mud is ankle-deep in the streets, chill and gloom enwrap the town. The stores thrusting out upon the river their unpainted backs, stand shivering and in silence; life there is none. This picture of utter desolation without is strongly contrasted with the light and warmth of the fireside about which are assembled "the friends."

Then follows an amusing and somewhat lengthy description of the respective characters and relations of the "dramatis personæ." They have come, it seems, to make the most of life during their short stay of six days.

The story faithfully follows their every procedure, and abounds with striking passages. Though ever and anon the author drifts into *side issues*, still the interest is never permitted to flag. Human nature is well portrayed,—its strength, its follies and weakness. Light and shadow are about evenly balanced. Who, that has once heard, can ever forget the true yet simple pathos of that chapter, where Fever, at noonday, gathers in his harvest; and who can suppress a smile at the picture of complete despair and helplessness that attends the break of that "kingbolt!" The plot terminates quite naturally, though no one gets married, indeed its chief beauty lies in its *naturalness*. It deals with life as it finds it, in a practical business-like fashion. In a word, it is an animated narrative of the nineteenth century fairly well told.

MARRIAGES.

ON May 3rd, at Los Angeles, California, H. Bert Elles, '84, M. D., to Miss Lulu Talbot, M. D.

ON May 10th, at North Greenwich, Conn., Irving S. Balcom, '86, M. D. to Miss Annie Knapp.

PERSONALS.

H. O. HARRIS, '88, has recently taken unto himself a farm. May the "goodly acres" ever yield a liberal fold.

REV. J. O. REDDEN, '76, is, at present, stationed at Lompoc, California.

E. M. FREEMAN, '87, lives the life of a worthy pedagogue at Lompoc.

A. C. KEMPTON, '90, is no longer a child of Acadia. One fine afternoon he gathered himself and his goods together and departed. He contemplates the study of medicine.

H. BERT ELLES, B. A., '84, has lately been graduated with honours from the College of Medicine, of the University of Southern California.

REV. J. W. MANNING, '67, on Friday evening, April 27th, lectured, under the auspices of the Athenæum, before a Wolfville gathering.

W. B. CRAWLEY '89 has thrown off the restraints of college life and now fills the position of Parser on one of the Lake boats of Cape Breton. His *post office addresses* are changed.