

urged along the path of knowledge (?) by the stimulating influence of bright eyes and witching smiles. Life at Acadia became stale, flat and unpalatable. As the usual hour for promenade approached, students might have been seen walking in the town and suburbs, who, by their uncertain step and searching glances, plainly showed to the most casual spectator that they felt the absence of an indefinable something, they knew not what. At church, our eyes continually wandered from the preacher to the rows of unoccupied seats; and our truant thoughts, leaving his theme, followed through the intricate windings of imagination, those who but a short time before had occupied them. It seemed like profaning sacred things when a few daring and calloused spirits tried to fill the vacancy. What could dissipate that vague consciousness of something lacking, save the presence of those whose absence had occasioned it.

All the happy and sunny portions of our lives, due to the fair residents of the hill, and the charming sociability, promoted by frequent receptions, that characterises life at Acadia, had been removed, casting a gloom over all. The wheels of existing organization seemed to clog and rotate with difficulty. The very time seemed "out of joint."

Yet our term of affliction was short, and we endured with as much fortitude as we could command, trusting that the future held better things in store.

By Classics only here we rise or fall
If weak in them thou art a dunce in all
In Science, English, French or German, there
Is not salvation—students wise despair
He who knows Shakespeare is not worth a clam
To him who "satis" hath devoured of "jam."

The sweet Freshette after her first experience at reception translated "Arma virumque cano" thus—The arm, the man and the corner.

A question in Infinitesimal Calculus—The Sophs. say that the professors know nothing; then "tell me ye winged winds," what do the Sophs. know?

Chip-Haller's song :—

Take me to my dinner, mother,
Dress me in crumb-catching bib,
Then O take me back dear mother,
Put me in my little crib.

Too much time I take, dear mother,
At foot-ball breaking many a rib,
There's then no time to get my lesson
So I get me to my crib.

Now exams. are coming, mother,
And my boat hath not a jib
And I cannot stem the tempest
So I'll rest me in my crib.

Sick in heart and spirit, mother
Far too earnest for a quib
I will take unto exams. and
Sweetly lie upon my crib.