

spring was far advanced, the trees draped with their richest foliage, the orchards blushing at their own loveliness, about all the beauty of the dykes, simple and unvaried, and the beauty of the hills, broken and diverse. The weather, too, was cool and pleasant, not as clear and hot as at some former anniversaries.

WE formerly mentioned that Ike is an enthusiastic student. He is also an unwearied supporter of the "Athenæum"—losing no opportunity to gather in subscribers. The other day Mrs. Partington was in town and Ike took her into the Acadia Book Store to get her to put down her name for the Athenæum. The old lady gazed around the store with that expression of mingled curiosity and sageness incident to elderly persons of her sex, and ran an inquiring eye through the show-cases and along the shelves. At length she paused, looked troubled and asked Mr. Payzant if he "kept any of Mr. Dime's novels." "Certainly," he replied, "no bookstore would be complete without them." "Ah!" said the old lady, sighing over the depravity of the times, "Mr. Dime was a bad man, a very bad man, nobody ought to read his books." And then Ike coaxed his mother out of the store and went off to hunt for more subscribers.

By the time this issue of the Athenæum is distributed, our students will be also distributed, some home to rest, some out to labor. To all we wish a pleasant vacation. Just here let us say that a vacation cannot be really and permanently pleasant, unless it is profitably spent. And when we say "profitably," we do not mean that a great amount of work, especially mental work, must necessarily be done; we do not mean that the mathematics must suffer or the classics weary the mind, although a three month's course in the higher calculus, or in the syntax of the classics, would be by all odds preferable to a three months course in lounging and *ennui*, every lesson in which would be a sledge-hammer blow at the foundation of that mind-culture and mind-strength, which we have been laying the whole winter long. Rust, not rest, is a more sure and speedy destroyer than use. Idleness, not recreation, is a fearful demoralizer. Not recreation, we say. The most profitable summer may be spent by him who leaves all his text books on his College bookshelves. We have had a long winter's work over them, and if we have used fairly our time we need rest, change, recreation, either in amusement or physical labor. We would not say that a hard student wastes his summer if he never opens a book. Fishing and shooting, swimming and boating, gardening if you choose and geologizing, may add such strength to his body, vigor to

his brain and vivacity to his spirits, that in the course of time he will be the gainer rather than the loser by the interval of recreation, and then he has all the fun into the bargain. So let those of us who are not called to the Bema, or the Ferule, or the Yard-stick, or the Mowing machine, enjoy ourselves in the modes mentioned, as far as we severally require. Beyond that we may find modes of employment both useful and restful. Physical labor, and the unwearied mental activity that attends it, generally, if not always, prove more beneficial than an unbroken course of amusements, even recreative amusements. Physical labor, to the student, is both creative and recreative. The same is true of the lighter kinds of intellectual employment. An hour's study, daily, of Shakespeare, or Macaulay, or one of the first-rank poets, would add much both of pleasure and profit to the summer months. Some time spent each day in composing, too, would not be thrown away. In a word, the summer should be employed so as to preserve and supplement the culture of the winter.

THE Queen's Birthday was the most holiday-like holiday of the session. If loyalty consists in filling our Sovereign's natal day with enjoyment, we are loyal far beyond the average provincialist. The Yarmouthians, in celebrating their own natal day alone, can compete with us in variety and multiplicity of amusements. The day began about three hours earlier than the ordinary student's day begins. At 4 A. M. the halls resounded to the call and tramp of the Freshmen, who with satchel on shoulder and joy on face took the land route for the shores of Blomidon. There they were to geologize, as well they knew how, and enjoy themselves immensely. Quiet, broken by an occasional footstep, then reigned over the institutions, till about 6 A. M., when the cricket club woke up and wanted its breakfast. It was bound for Windsor in the 7 A. M. train to add another laurel either to their own brow or that of the Kings College club. The Juniors had, a few days before, departed on their usual geological tour, and so when the train left the station, few and far between, comparatively, were the students that were left to honor the Queen at Acadia. The Senior class, three Sophs, the Sems, and some Academy boys who had not gone to Windsor with the Sophomores, or to Blomidon with the Freshmen, still remained. After breakfast all these, with the exception of the Sem., gathered before the College, and as the bell struck and the flag climbed gracefully up the staff and shook itself out to the breeze, a 30-voiced cheer broke against the College walls. Then the grand old "God Save the Queen" swelled up and again the 30-voiced cheer rang out. At this juncture, the