

song," rising in the choruses of the demons to a voice of thunder that "makes the solid mountains quiver," or dying away into the "linked sweetness" of the spirit's songs.

"Like the lutes
Touched by the skill of the enamoured wind."

Everything here is on a grand scale. There is none of that elaborate description found in other poets of that time, for Shelley was impatient of details. Neither was it his design to draw ordinary scenery or ordinary persons; his world is

"Peopled with unimagined shapes
Such as ghosts dream."

We pass from the "eagle-baffling mountain, black, wintry, dead, unmeasured," where Prometheus is chained, to the home of Asia, the "ravine invested with fair flowers and haunted by sweet airs and sounds," and filled with the light of her presence

"As the ærial hue
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water."

We look from a dizzy height down a winding Indian vale paved with "billowy mist," then plunge to the "depths of the deep," where a mighty darkness veils all things and Demagorgon "sits on his ebon throne."

Shelley did not expect that the "Prometheus Unbound" would find more than twenty readers, and perhaps it did not during his lifetime find more admirers. But now in spite of its mysticism its beauties are recognized; and although many of its views are fanciful, its confidence in human nature and encouragement to strive for a higher life through all difficulties strike a sympathetic chord in every heart.

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrong darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love and fear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan! is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!"

B.

Our great hope for the future, our great safeguard against danger, is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education.—*J. A. Garfield.*

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 9.

When the writer's hair was black, Cricket was the only game in repute at Acadia. Now, it appears, Foot-ball has been naturalized, and athletic sports of more or less violence have been added. We may venture to say that none of these modes of recreation will be found sufficient for the needs and tastes of all, any more than was that fine old game of Cricket in our time.

There comes before us as we write, the gentle form of a fellow student who cared not for Cricket. *Utile cum dulce* was his principle in physical exercise, as in all else. So he obtained permission from the College authorities to make a carriage road on the western side of the College property. There was noticeable a sly twinkle in the eyes of the heads of the College Board, when this request was granted. With pick and shovel, wielded by himself alone, this genial student delved at his sweet pastime. As he proceeded he soon discovered that all the stones which had been unearthed in Wolfville, from the days of Evangeline to the founding of the College, had been carefully deposited on the strip of land over which his road was staked out. We well remember how the beadly sweat rolled from that student's face in his prolonged efforts to excavate the "gutters." One can imagine the sweet sympathy so liberally professed to him by each and all of his fellow students as, bat and stumps in hand, they were wont to march to the cricket-ground. We can see at this far-off day the blue eyes, and flaxen hair, and firm facial muscles of that plucky fellow. In about two years, we believe, a dim outline of a road came into view, at which time that laborious student received with honors his A. B. A happier man was never graduated at Acadia. That road was more than a match for him, and had he not received an honorable release through graduation, the event might have proved that he had dug his own grave; for he was of too high mettle to abate his purpose. When, gentle reader, you bowl freely along the avenue which passes Dr. Welton's residence, give a kindly thought to the labors of at least one of your predecessors.

The courage and tenacity of purpose of that student have, since he left Alma Mater, shone out in weary efforts connected with General Bank's Red River expedition in the Civil war in the United States, and most gloriously in his life work of providing for the spiritual training of the freedmen.