

than all human strains, he sees the problem over which he worried night and day at Wolfville interpreted in the world of beauty. What is more inspiring to a young mind than to behold the very questions which have been to him as a nightmare now rising glorified from the baptism of poetry. There is no truth which is not beautiful. Philosophy and poetry have been wedded from of old and he who tries to put asunder what God has joined together finds himself cheated of the blessings of heaven. It is because not finding wisdom in our text-books in the winter that we often neglect to look for her in the shady nooks in summer. The vacation comes as a good fairy to touch with her hand the homelike Cinderella who has been lines or listens to the lyrics of sea and field, to some more rhythmic sitting in the ashes of Geometry and Botany and clothes her with the bright garments which are her due. In these select moments the prosy labor of the past bears fruit, and we are thankful for the hours we devoted to study in the winter.

It is a pity that some of us cannot own our vacations but must sell them to necessity. Too many of us were born good looking instead of rich, and although the former grace is often a stepping-stone to the latter when we come to drive hard bargains with the world in our several summer avocations, yet we must spend much of our time planning how to make both ends meet. There seems little room for the anti-dyspepsia nap which in lieu of the whiff of tobacco, which we promised not to advise, one should have after his collegiate feasting. Very few however are deprived of their summer evenings. The melancholic poet Henry Kirke White, who was employed as an attorney's clerk all day, used to thank God that men did not deprive him of his nights. However much we may complain of the lack of time at our individual disposal while at college, the summer season must surely here and there yield us a few hours with which we can do as we please. That man is fortunate who knows how to use a summer night. The writer realizes that to the untutored imagination of the Cad the *summum bonum* of the summer is a plate of ice-cream and a dainty piece of muslin. He also realizes that to the Senior the same formula, with the ingredients perhaps in a reverse order, is still satisfying. But to the members of the intermediate grades who are a little too old to be frivolous and not yet wise enough to think there is nothing worthy of study there is ever truth in the words of Watson, "The sweetest of all pleasures is an evening of desultory reading." Such is what the vacation offers us and he is not wise who lets the opportunities slip past him. When the morning of the 8th of June, 1899 dawns let all text books be banished. If we cannot keep away from our Differential Calculus let us pitch the books into Mud Creek.

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."