

Much interest always centres upon the incoming Freshmen. This year the large class matriculating from the Academy has been largely supplemented from other sources. We do not wish to judge hastily, but we now consider these quite up to the average type. The change from home to college life, the breaking up of old associations, and the formation of new may prove somewhat trying. Yet we must be in the world to learn of the world, and the experience of the freshman year is often invaluable. We welcome our young friends to their work. We are through with it, and glad of it, but believe that it was beneficial to us and will prove so to them.

Apart from and above all the pleasures of satisfied curiosity or of mere fraternal greeting experienced at this season, are the high aspirations, the noble resolves, the inspired determination, that now arise in the breasts of one hundred assembled students, and which but await time and patient endeavor to manifest themselves in tangible results. In the pursuance of such motives the dormant powers of the untrained intellect will be quickened into active life, and possibilities before unseen, will be recognized and attained. The high destinies of nations are often descanted upon by poet, politician, and philosopher, but they are most truly controlled by the silent yet powerful influence of the training obtained in our Universities. As the life-giving blood bounds from the heart to artery and vein and thus with fresh material keeps the body in repair, so the educational principles enunciated here and carried abroad by enthusiastic disciples, gradually permeate the masses, thus renovating the social fabric. Oxford and Cambridge have been as a heart to England, the bulwark of her throne and church, the source of her strength, her morals, her laws and constitution. From the cultured ranks of their students have come the long line of distinguished men who have made England the pride of nations and the mother of every beneficent movement. Although Acadia has not yet gained the strength which years have given to these, she is nobly following in their footsteps. Already her sons are among the leaders of the people, sitting in their council chambers, and representing them in distant courts. Thus we find that our great men who are content to spend their lives in almost cloistered retirement that they may mould the budding intelligence, still sacredly guard the fountains of power. Hence the reason why so much talent lies here seemingly

engulf in the silence of the tomb, whilst the blatant empiric often brays from the disdained rostrum.

The four years spent in college are by far the most important in our lives with respect to the influence on our future. During student life habit and character become fixed. The aimless, shifting student is stamped for an aimless shifting man; the diligent, unobtrusive worker for a successful man. From this the importance may be seen of striving to infuse into our fellows right notions of life, right principles of action, and right views of their duty to themselves and the world. Such nobility of character is best engendered in others by presenting to them concrete examples. The model student indeed may exist but in the realm of ideals, but his is none the less a character worthy of emulation. With the élite of the youthful intelligence of the land gathering daily in our class-rooms, there to be guided in its development by tried and worthy teachers, the highest hopes and grandest expectations of the prophetic spirits who laid the foundations of Acadia may yet become facts of history.

HORACE, BOOK IV, ODE III.

(To Melpomene.)

Whom thou, Melpomene—the nurse
Of men's poetic breath, hast looked upon
At hour of birth with calm and favoring eye,
Him shall no Isthmian toil adorn with fame,
No flying steed to victory shall bear
In Grecian chariot wheel'd with the wind,
Nor warlike deeds 'admir'd thousands show
A hero crowned with sacred Delian leaves
Whose pow'r has crushed the haughty threats of kings.
But liquid streams that flow with gentle force
Through Tibur's fertile banks, and on the shores
Thy thick-grown locks of mossy forest trees
Shall make him noble—in Æolian song.
The sons of queenly Rome have me enrolled
Among the choir whom bards and minstrels love;
And now less deadly bites dark envy's fang.
O sweet Pierian Muse, with fire-touched soul
That rul'st the dulcet sound of golden shell,
Who, if thou wilt, can'st make the fishes sing
In tones that float as soft as dying swans,—
To thee, thee only, are the praises due
That, from the songless crowd of passers by
I walk apart,—“Lyrists of Roman Song.”—
From thee the fire in all my songs that please.

B. B.