

in nature—the name was given as a matter of birth-right. How flexible and luminous your dry metaphysics became under the magic touch of genius! Those were the days when *Philistines* stood agape and yearned after the unattainable! Even the matter-of-fact freshman shrugged his shoulders as incipient intuitions careered within him. The shrugging, however, was no mark of aversion, but an involuntary twitch of despair. Some specimens, please, some specimens, please. Yes, you shall have them, gentle readers. Here, student-of-to-day are a few of those spontaneous, unvarnished, productions. First we shall give you a short product of inspiration called

## HAPPINESS.

"The spirit of joy—I see it dancing in ragged, dirty, children, gliding queen-like across the carpeted drawing-room. In what furrow, behind what wave of the sea, will you find this halcyon bird? In what furrow will you not? This only I know, that wherever found it will not long remain. No sea so rough as not to afford it shelter, and none so calm as to induce it to rest. It flies—but only to rest elsewhere. O heavens! to think how slight a thing when we are young can make us leap for joy. A few notes of melody floating in the air, a word, or a look from one that is loved—and what a tumult of joy."

Next we give you an outburst which owes its birth to that old, yet ever new fountain of inspiration—love. What you find here is but a dulcet drop or two of a great wave of sentiment which at the time well nigh engulfed the college. Only a few unsophisticated ones were very different boys afterwards. Well do I remember what a hubbub took place at the time. One of the survivors in a moment of entrancement expressed himself thus:

"Love! Love! What exquisite forms does it assume! Men are surprised at a very early and precocious attachment like that of Dante's. We are not surprised. See how a little child will love a bird! How the child longs to caress it—to hold it lovingly in its own two hands. Simple, pure, and exquisite feeling. Dante must love something, and if Beatrice was there it must be Beatrice. The bird and the flower cannot understand our love and return it like Beatrice. There is for this reason some sense of repulse and disappointment in our love of nature. The poet who saw in the beautiful laurel a transformed nymph whom not even the god could more approach, expressed a feeling we have all experienced. There is the imprisoned Daphne in every graceful tree. How it attracts and yet repels!"

Nor were practical themes overlooked. The timely hint to the student was given. He had to wrestle then, as we do now, with Demons of his own creation. Dark clouds often curtain his spirit, and in his depression he sinks into despair and nothingness. The following was written for his deliverance:

"What student has not had the blues! This lump of clay is a sad thing. It hounds us hither and thither. This body is a slow, crabbed, old shaffer. If you crack your mental whip over him, he puts back his ears and kicks and sets back in the shafts. Go he won't. Hear now! You must coax him. Use him the best you can, and he will take a fair jog.—*Cause of the 'Blues'*—Enmity between the clay and the spirit. *Treatment*—Strive by the following means to get them to 'make up' and work together: Bolt out of doors, strike hands with the glorious blue, and pay your respects to it—pay them to the heavens and clouds—to the green fields and forests, and shout for joy that there is one room of some size in the world. Forget not 'Mud-Creek' and Minas Basin. Take the oars,

'And sitting well in order.  
Smite the sounding furrows.'

Then you'll feel nerve and limb and soul leap together for very joy. That green scum won't thicken on the waters any more for a season at least. No mantle will gather over the sunbeam and cloud daylight in gloom. A clear sky, a good road and a willing team. Now crack your whip."

Again see the touch of a master's hand. What an appeal is made in behalf of literature in the following:

"It is sad for a country if her mechanical progress surpasses her literature—if she has great strength of mills and vessels and roads, and no strength of written books—sad when any country is skillful in making cottons and houses and puddings, yet has no sublime thoughts that wander thro' Eternity—has embodied none of those glorious principles which shall bloom like the bursting rose when the narrow, swift isthmus of this world shall have crumbled away—when merchandise no more shall be carried across ocean or continents, and no man shall need cloth, or boards, or bread, or gas-light. Look we'll to it, ye students, that we have salt in this land."

Students of the old days to which I refer were as "much at home" in poetry as in prose. Whatever their pen touched became at once beautiful under the nimbus of their brains. Let us close the present article with a sample of metrical composition of no mean order:

"Come rouse up boys, let us have a sail!  
The drifting scud shows a favoring gale,  
And Minas' bosom your yacht-keel invites.  
Let's over the billows and far away,  
Where the porpoise blows, and the haddock play.  
A death to dull sloth! boys what do you say?  
Will ye court the ocean's delights?"

Thus cried a youth to his happy classmates  
When the unchecked web of the all-busy fates  
Shewed the first gay threads of a holiday.  
The Juniors' hands clapped in innocent glee  
The hands of their hearts ('tis a figure, you see).  
From Wolfville's dull shores we'll joyfully flee,  
And we'll make thus a true jolly day.