

Personals.

We notice that D. T. H. Rand finds time amid his college labors to do some literary work. His article entitled "Lime Labor" in the June number of the *McMaster Monthly* was well received. The *London Athenæum* reviewed it quite favorably and copied a portion of it. Oliver Wendell Holmes inquired for the magazine containing it, and Lord Tennyson, the character of whose poetry the article dealt with, wrote Dr. Rand an autograph letter, thanking him for his kindly references. The Doctor also received many letters from strangers who were interested in his scholarly comments, upon some of Tennyson's greatest poems.

In the latest *McMaster Monthly* there also appears the following little poem from the Doctor's pen.

UNDER THE BEECHES.

The sibyl's speech breaks from these leafen lips,
 Moved by soft airs from shadowy spaces blown;
 "We rear these giant boles amid eclipse,
 We workmen die, the work abides alone;"
 The day has met the night beneath the sky,
 And the hot earth put off its robe of flame;
 Sweet peace and rest come with the the night-bird's cry,
 Sweet rest and peace the herald stars proclaim. . . .
 'Tis very heaven to taste the wells of sleep,
 The founts of supersensuous repose! . . .
 The sibyl's rune still murmurs on the breeze,
 The purple night falls thick about the trees,
 And blessed stars, like lilies, white and rose,
 Burst into bloom on heaven's far azure deep.

August.

T. H. R.

Dr. Rand graduated with the class of '60.

The *Colby Oracle* for 1891, contains a very fine portrait and a short sketch of Prof. Wm. Elder, Sc. D. In the article, the learned educationist, who spent some time at Acadia, though he did not graduate here, is spoken of in very complimentary terms. He has filled professorships at Acadia, Harvard and Colby, and has spent many years at the latter place. He has ever been an active worker, and his summers have been invariably spent in geological and mineralogical work, and other scientific investigation. He is highly spoken of not only as professor, but also as a Bible instructor and friend to the students. An attack of bronchitis compelled him to go last winter to South Carolina and Virginia, but when the *Oracle* was published, it was expected that he would return early to Waterville.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* says: "Ginn & Co. have in the press a new book on Latin Prose. It is a series of graduated exercises with notes, based on Livy XXI. Eaton, of McGill University, is the author." Mr. Eaton graduated in the class of '73, and is now filling a professorship in classics at McGill.

Frank H. Eaton, '73, is now instructor in Mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology-Boston.

F. R. Higgins, '91, is teaching at Acacia Villa, Horton Landing.

Locals.

The half of my *kingdom* for a pass.

KNOWING JUNIOR: "Who wants to buy Milton's 'Faery Queene?'"

Since our last issue whiskers on the moon are visible to the naked eye.

Why did the Freshman cut off their mustaches?
 Because it hurts to be plucked.

A great downfall. The boy spills off the pony's *side-lights* on the snow.

In Bible Class, TEACHER: "Where is your lesson?"
 KNOWING FRESHMAN: "In the Bible."

Discovered at last. A show of books is demanded,
 It is all up with us. *Humani nihil alienum nobis!*

A new economic problem propounded by a *burgess*:
 How to reduce the number of those imprisoned for suicide?

It is reported of our *archer* since last issue:—

"That broken is his bow and spear,
 And all his arrows spent."

Smokehouse, Aviary and General Science Department on top flight. Office hours from 7 p. m. to 1 a. m. Charges reasonable. S. D. Nosugref, General Manager.

PROFESSOR: Isn't it strange that your passage should always contain *naut scio!*

STUDENT: "I don't know."