

Contrasting past things with present he regarded the prospects of a student of to-day as most hopeful. The development of the world's resources had been on a grand scale since his student days. Then each village in this favored land was an almost isolated community. But now steam and electricity bring us in close contact with our fellow-countrymen, and make us feel the throbbing pulse of the great world beyond us. According to the advancement in favoring circumstances, so he hoped might be the success attending our lives:

The Doctor received a well-earned vote of thanks, and the students pocketed their note-books and retired well satisfied with the outcome of the evening.

We publish below an extract from a paper on "The Holidays," read before the Literary Society on the evening of January 15th, by A. E. Shaw, '88:—

"There is a ditty, or something to that effect, beginning thus:—

"A little pleasure now and then,  
Is relished by the best of men."

And a week or two at the end of the year, devoted to the pursuits of that which fancy dictates, or caprice suggests, is universally enjoyed. It is looked forward to as first, a period of rest, second, a period of enjoyment, and third a period of recuperation. Many a weary brain is rested by the thought of that time; hard working hands grapple with fresh vigour their arduous undertakings. People, indeed, who work for the sole pleasure of mere work, are scarce in this world. The man who can wheel a pile of stones ten rods, and then turn about and wheel them back again, and do this for a week for the simple pleasure of wheeling stones is generally set down as a poor fool. A stimulus is needed, in order to insure earnest work and faithful performance of duty; and holidays serve this purpose. Again they are a restful period; there is a change, which in itself is a rest, and when a delightful change, doubly so.

Such a period affords an opportunity to review the past a little and plan for the future, to converse with old friends, and the family who generally make it a point at these times to meet together. Boarding house fare is exchanged for home goose and other changes of a pleasant nature, all tending to drive away dull care. It is a period of rejoicing and general happiness, all things conspiring to make life agreeable.

Perhaps of all classes who take delight in, and look forward to holidays with peculiar fervour, the student takes first rank. It is for him a season of unadulterated bliss; immunity from care of all kinds, books laid aside, deep voiced professors in their studies puzzling over his last crib, home with all its

attractions before him, college life with all its happy experiences and gay associations behind him. Certainly to the student the shaking hands and all the other little preliminaries incidental to getting aboard the train for "Home, Sweet Home" are the happiest experiences of his life.

Let us follow him as he goes. Once aboard the train, rushing along, perhaps at the rate of twelve miles an hour where there is a good down-grade on the W. & A. R., he feels a spirit of exultation which overcomes every other emotion. Arrived at Annapolis, he, perhaps, has time to reflect a little, to think of how many things he has forgotten, and how big a fool he has been making of himself the last two or three days, that is to say, the steamer is a day or two behind time, or tired of waiting has left for St. John. Here, then, his exhilaration somewhat sours, like skim milk in murky(?) weather. His exultation, which awhile ago he found leaping up, suddenly takes a header, gloom seizes his soul and angry waves of sentiment swell his new coat and heave the twenty-five cent diamond stuck in his one dollar necktie. Other evils await him after he is aboard. The sea at this season of the year is not always as calm and placid as a senior's side light, and if he does not heave up his immortal soul it is well for him. Arrived at last on the wharf, he finds, of course, no one to meet him, and all the other little things so pleasant to a half sick and tired traveller. He reaches home however, goes through all the touching little formalities, kissing for instance, and after a day or two spent principally in sleep, begins to look about. The rink perhaps possesses attractions; but skating is at all times a precarious pleasure, it has its ups and downs, more downs than ups to the uninitiated. The picture of a man trying with all his might to embrace the heavens with his legs, the back of his head at the same time reposing on the bosom of the cold ice, is certainly refreshing on a cold day, but not the pleasantest thing in the world for the man himself. Sleigh riding has always been considered as one amongst the most enjoyable of out-door sports. Sleigh riding had, however, to be taken this year on horseback. Then there are the in-door pleasures, the "O to the music entrancing," "Tripping the light fantastic toe," or the more refined and cultivated pleasure of Baptist whist or Presbyterian poker.

But all things have an end, and so have holidays. Happiness is the reward of labour; but holiday happiness too long protracted too often degenerates into slothfulness. A holiday dreamer wakes up to find ahead of him the stern realities of a five months' winter term. Goodbyes are said, trunks repacked, and faces turned once more to old Acadia. One by one the students return, each fresh arrival seeming to receive a more enthusiastic welcome.

Holidays have their effect for good or evil according