

cluded sighed heavily. The Seniors looked not towards us. Thinking of previous years, their countenances grew sober, and in pity they turned their faces away. But, not knowing what it was to entertain fears, throughout those opening exercises we sat undaunted. As we rose to depart, the President, ever shrewd at reading character, looked down upon us, and as he looked his face brightened. An expression of unspeakable relief and satisfaction had at once taken the place of the anxious look with which he had at first regarded us. His countenance plainly said: "Well, the Freshman class for which I have been long looking is here at last. I have not lived after all in vain." And so it proved.

Mathematics first claimed our attention that autumn morning. The professor greeted us kindly and his face betokened, "Be of good cheer; I will steer you through." Howbeit an ominous silence pervaded the room as our first assignment was announced. The countenances of a few that first hour reflected a determination to go through anything. In the faces of Moore and Bishop, as they turned the pages of Euclid, could be seen a look which predicted plainly enough their future work in mathematics. To the classical professor we next turned. His genial countenance at once put us at our ease. Beginning to discourse upon the benefits of a classical education, an inspiration at once seized us to obtain reading mastery at least of the languages in which Virgil sang and Demosthenes thundered. As Miss Cook and Miss Roop began to translate from the pages of Livy, the class felt that in classics as well as in mathematics good work might be expected. To the department of physical science we next bent our way. Little did we dream of the wonders to be revealed to us here. But as the professor began his opening lecture, our enthusiasm was at once aroused. We began to look forward with high anticipation to our studies in this department, and our hopes were not doomed to disappointment. The professor, matter-of-fact as he is, as we sat there listening to his lecture, looked upon us as any other Freshman class. However, as one of our number began to ply him with questions, and to knock the bottom out of his atomic and molecular theories, this idea was quickly dispelled. Poor J. Harry! In the Freshman class he left, and with his departure our reputation for scientific knowledge sustained a shock from which it never completely recovered. He was one of the few who needed not any academic training. When he came to Acadia he knew more than the professors, and every day becoming more and more conscious of this fact, in a few weeks after his arrival we bade him good-bye with tears. In the class-room that morning was one, sitting on a back seat, clad in red socks and homespun pantaloons, in whom we little suspected lay scientific genius. But such the future was to reveal. At the present time no student at Acadia is a