

will ensure a careful and sympathetic reading on the part of the examiner, and at a rate that will keep his soul and body together during that trying period.

G. U. HAY.

I Have Dined

Mr. W. T. Stead thinks that England should adopt the above phrase as a motto for the next few years. Plateful after plateful of territory and power has been swallowed; the time has arrived for assimilation. Whether this be so or not, the present writer is not politician enough to decide, and perhaps he is not scholar enough to give a verdict on the subject which he intends to talk about, but as one who knows and cares more about vacations than about politics he would like to suggest to Acadia students that their policy for the four months after the 7th of June be "I have dined."

Perhaps there is no one who feels satisfied with his course of study as he plugs away at it from the first of October to the last of May. The student enters college with the expectation that the curtains are to be pulled aside for him by certain learned scene-shifters called professors and he is to see things as they are, or, as Emerson puts it, "the boy believes there is a teacher who can sell him wisdom." How disappointing are the first few days, even the first term. The student discovers that the fees he laid on the Treasurer's desk do not entitle him to a seat in Minerva's Cabinet; he is only permitted to see heaven through a telescope. The professor cannot carry him pick-a-back to the Golden City; he is but the Evangelist who points across the plain to where on the mist-girdled horizon one can dimly see the Wicket-gate and the Slough of Despond lies between. Naturally the student frets and fumes and talks a lot of nonsense about books being sepulchres of thought, etcetera.

But vacation comes, as do all things to those who have weight with the powers that be. He gets back home and swings a hammock under the old apple-tree or attired in the peaceful—grown football sweater and as little besides as possible throws himself down on the gray rocks where in public school days he watched the gambols of the summer sea. He takes a volume of poetry with him; some might object if the writer should add a pipe, but though I write under the awful shadow of the Seminary I will say among all post-prandial delights, whether we have been gorging on roast turkey or on psychology, there is nothing to compare with the little tobacco taken for the stomach sake. But as this paper is not written in order to lure a bequest for Acadia from the munificent hand of the Montreal Knight I will dismiss the question of narcotics and return to the student whom we left with the volume of poems. As he reads the poet's