

Why crowdeth the Sems to the window so high
That openeth its face to the blue tinted sky
With tresses thrown back and the eye sparkling clear
They gaze with soft look as two students pass near.

The crowd still increasing, more room must be found
For the comers to see what is passing around.
A window blind near, with dark covering obscure,
Hid the sweet maiden faces, so cute and demure.

A pull,—with intent to bring curtain to place,
Made the thing tumble down, shewing each eager face,
The fair faces vanished, and nothing was seen,
But the sun's parting rays as he shot his last beam.

The spirit of the north is with us again. His icy grasp is felt even when sitting by the glowing coals, and he paints with the genius of a Raphael curious designs on the window panes. The rustle of his wings is heard riding on the whistling winds, and his tireless arm scatters the snow flakes from yonder leaden cloud.

“Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river.
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape.”

The Basin looks cold and dreary with its icy bosom. Blomidon's hoary head seems bent with the weight of ages. The distant mountains appear dismal and forbidding, and the lengthy expanse of the dikes stretch out in unrelieved barrenness. And yet winter has its joys despite the forbidding majesty of his solitude. When the pale sunbeams gleam across the snow, we see the small boy's sled shoot like an arrow down the slippery hill, and the toboggan slide with its noisy, merry crowd. The skater skims like a swallow over the frozen bosom of the lake. Yes, old Winter, you are welcome to our midst and spring will seem all the brighter after your chilly visit.

Whence cometh this strutting monster, who sweeps with lordly stride thro' Acadia's classic corridors? What class may have the honor to number him among its glittering orbs? Surely he is a professor, or at least senior, and yet that budding growth on his upper lip seems to deny these thoughts. Whence cometh those jokes that seem to paralyze the small minds of certain beings that bask in the sunlight of his smile. He seems to combine in one mighty intellect all the lore of the ages. On his brow he fancies he feels the garlands of victories won. Cupid bows his head in abject humility. But watch him closely, observer! Soon the false coloring fades away and lays bare the hidden affectation, boundless self-conceit and infinite gall. But when, alas, I tell my readers that this man is a freshman, I can see a look of surprise and disgust sweep across their faces. Here we draw the curtain, and resign his fate to the class of '96.

It would be an interesting study to follow the course of thought that flows through the minds of Acadia's hopeful sons during church service. In one instance, at least, it is sufficiently plain, when we find a lengthy