

So this is the long-sought solution of the problem. We are awkward, ergo, we must keep to our cells and our books till we gain more social polish. We can't swim, but on no consideration must we "go near the water" till we learn how. Anyone who has got as far as *Barbara* in *Whately* must see that. If a young man, driven by the spirit of learning out of the backwoods, comes here with his backwoods roughness and awkwardness and bashfulness, let him cultivate the acquaintance of Olney, Hadley, Harkness, Blair, and gentlemen of that stamp, and turn his back resolutely upon evening parties, etc., till he feels that with an easy, refined manner and a ready tongue, he can take his place among the knights of the drawing-room. Let him not intrude among those polished, high-bred spirits, who will be shocked by his unsociety-like habits and awkward manners—and especially by the way in which he uses up the chairs and carpets. Nor let the many who hail from the more favored localities, from the rich and easy-going towns of the west, or the poor and proper villages farther east, and who fondly dream that they know a thing or two in etiquette, entertain the idea that the society in which they have been accustomed to move, possesses any of the true notions of decorum and refined intercourse which are extant in these parts; but let them, too, shun the walks of social life, till some true conception of propriety dawns upon them.

But, seriously, on the other hand, is this a time for intellectual, moral, responsible beings to fritter away their attention on chairs and carpets, when great questions for discussion, and mighty subjects for contemplation stand in every man's path, and knock at every man's door; when the human mind is being swayed by new and powerful principles; when nations are being hurled against each other in stern encounter, and the fates of Empires are hanging in the balance? This, too, is the day of sympathy for students, and advance in education. Throughout the three Provinces all good Baptists are waking up to the tune of \$100,000; from every part of the land comes the token of interest and the word of encouragement. From Shippegan to Cape Sable, from Scataro to Passamaquoddy Bay, sounds the denominational watchery, "Progress," spiritual, social and educational. And is this a time to mourn over loose

chair rungs, and point dolefully to holes in the carpet? Truth is still "locked in deadly struggle" with error—the burly arms of ignorance, still parry the deft thrusts of learning. The fort must be held and new fields must be won, and young men, pointed by the finger of Providence, are coming from the lumber camps of New Brunswick, the potatoe fields of Prince Edward Island, the fertile valleys of the western counties, and the bleak fishing grounds of the east, to join the hosts of progress. They bring to the ranks muscle and brain, and strong-souled resolve, but they want training and culture, intellectual and social. The large-hearted and whole-souled of the land, with their hands in their pockets and a blessing on their lips, stand up and cry "God speed you." And is this a time to examine marks on the plaster, and lament over mud-prints on the hall floors? Is the tide of advancement to be dammed back by carpets and wall paper? Are the hosts of truth to be discomfited with chair rungs and sofa legs, as when in the case of the first Gracchus, the reformers were subdued with the fragments of shattered benches, and the champion of the people's rights was laid low by the fatal stool? No, but they may be hindered and sent the weaker to the conflict.

Intellectual training we find in the halls of Acadia, physical development we may obtain on our cricket field or in our prospective gymnasium, but for the cultivation and improvement of our social natures, we are dependent, to some extent, on those within the circle of whose dwellings we are thrown for nine months of the year. Let not those to whom has been entrusted the privilege of helping equip some of the volunteers for the great conflict of life, be kept back from its enjoyment by the creak of crazy chairs, and the flap of dusty carpets.

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OWING to the fact that the Secretary is unexpectedly absent at the time of going to press, we are unable to obtain the usual list of Acknowledgments for publication in this issue. Asking the patience of those who have paid in during the past month, we will endeavour to make all right in June Number.