

L. B. Meek sends greetings from Denver, Col.

C. E. Whidden is happily engaged in the mercantile business at his home in Antigonish.
SOPHOMORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Acadia Athenæum :

DEAR SIRS :—While reading of the early days of the College not long since, it occurred to me that our students of the present almost entirely overlook a subject of very great interest, and one for the study of which they have many facilities. Intimately connected with the history of the College, though not coming exactly within its limits, is that interesting class of narratives which is handed down from one to another—*traditiones loci*,—in short the history of these institutions, from their foundation as a means of giving to all the benefits of education unrestricted by religious tests, and from their having been sustained since then by the self-sacrificing spirit of their supporters, must have many minor points, the knowledge of which would lead to the better understanding of the times and the character of the men. The situation of the College too, in the historic land of Evangeline, affords us the means of studying the French Acadian remains, a subject singularly in need of careful research. To me it appears that the only systematic way of proceeding would be the formation of an Historical Society, not one of these meteoric affairs that start with a blaze and quickly burn themselves out, but one worthy of the support, not only of the students, but of all the friends of the College, and one that would foster a healthy interest in this study. The meetings of the society need not be frequent. Perhaps two public meetings a year would be sufficient, as most of the business could be done by a committee. If there is interest enough to sustain a society of this kind, and if this method is approved, it might be well for some of the students to make a move in the matter.

Yours, etc.,

ANTIQUARIAN.

POETRY.

"BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED."

I feel the monstrous hand of Fate
That leads me into doubt and sin ;
It seems at times that Fate must win
Grace seems so distant and so late.

The passions sway in wild unrest
And rouse a hell of discontent
With soul-despair and darkness blent,
Within my aching, aching breast.

My God! the way is dark before ;
I cannot see, but grope my way :
My path, a path without a ray,
My sea, a sea without a shore.

I hear the roar of distant doom ;
Appalled, I turn and blindly flee ;
In vain, in vain ; it cannot be !
I plunge me into deeper gloom.

Thought burns, a fierce and ghastly light,
As burns a ship on some lone sea,
Revealing death and agony
And adding horrors to the night.

There ghost-like hopes with eyes aglare
And arms outstretched in mute appeal,
Behold he wares relentless reel ;
And sink, unwept, in deep despair.

* * * * *

Oh, late and distant still is Grace !
All blind I wander on, and moan ;
Celestial Pity hears my groan,
And now I see my Father's face.

A golden summer on the hills
Finds golden summer in my soul ;
My weary heart hath reached the goal,
And, panting, rests by rippling rills.
REV. J. R. HUTCHINSON.

ERRORS IN RESEARCH.

In connection with every theory and system there exist wrong views which at first sight seem trivial ; but when closely examined show us the contrary, and also the amount of evil which may result from apparently small errors.

The efforts put forth in research have been weakened by diseases which have appeared in various forms, some of which we shall endeavor to point out.

First is the seeming distrust which some have that anything new can be discovered. They seem to have settled down to the belief that all institutions for culture have been perfected, that the inventive genius of man has been fully developed, and that the world has already sufficient truths at hand. If this