

vancing times simply for want of money? To us it seems like dogged folly and blatant nonsense continually to boast an educational policy which will maintain the integrity of Acadia and make her the fear of rival institutions, and at the same time allow her to rot for the lack of paint, her Professors to live on the wind, and her students to be dwarfed by meagre and inferior fare.

### ECHOES OF THE PAST.

#### No. 11.

As the last two *echoistic* effusions did not come up to the previously established standard of "good form," in containing no examples of poetry (except the black-board epigram whose point was extracted by the printer), this one is intended to make up for the defect, while furnishing some parting "tho'ts" for the new "grads." By the way, does "thoughts" still rhyme with "shots" in Freshmanic utterance?

Here are three fragments, the productions of as many old grads. The first is from the pen of a genial soul of the class of '64, whose subsequent profession tends more perhaps to pedantry than poetry. It was read at what is called now-a-days an open session of the Athenæum, then styled a "semi public meeting." Many readers will recognize it as a parody on "Marco Bozzaris," by F. Halleck.

#### AN 'EFFUSION OF A WASTED YOUTH.'

One morning, on his unshook quills,  
The Soph was dreaming of the hours  
When youths, unscathed by College ills,  
Were free from x's powers.  
In dreams, through ancient scenes he roved;  
In dreams, an ancient maiden wooed;  
In dreams, his happy fate he heard;  
Then knew the joys that poets sing—  
Then felt the pain that fetters bring.  
Wild were his thoughts, but short of wing  
As Shanghai's long-legged bird.  
  
An hour passed on—the Soph awoke —  
That bright dream gone at last.  
He woke to hear his class-mates shriek,  
"There goes the bell!—the Greek! the Greek!"  
He woke, to curse the Grecian lore,  
And swear the Classics were a bore,  
And shower *sacres* thick and fast  
As rain drops from the mountain cloud;  
And, in wild assents fierce and loud,  
He raging eased his mind.  
"Work! till the morn succeeds the night!  
"Work! till your senses wing their flight!  
"Work! yet never get things right,—  
"But always go it blind!"

Then his frightened room-mate saw  
The fearful look that then he wore,—  
As then and there he loudly swore,—  
"You might have woke me up before!  
"It's no use now—I'll be too late—  
"Go, tell the Prof. he needn't wait.  
"Tell him I'm sick—my head's confused—  
"Tell him I'd like to be excused!"  
His room-mate said it should be done;  
Then saw in sleep his eye-lids close,  
Calmly as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Our second piece was written in the Spring of 1861, by a very prominent member of the class that graduated that year, who, with a number of fellow-students of succeeding classes, accompanied by a party of teachers and pupils from the Seminary, had been out over the hills to Black River (a tributary of the Gaspereaux) and there enjoyed a delightful picnic—the occasion of the poem.

#### THE BLACK RIVER EXCURSION.

It was not in the full flush of Spring-time,  
But the paleness of Winter had fled:  
And the stream, with a musical murmur,  
Gambolled over its rock-fretted bed,—  
When a party of teachers and pupils,  
From their hard mental drill were set free,  
To ramble at will o'er the mountains,  
And mix with the cataract's glee.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Far over the wood mantled hills,  
Drinking deep from earth's cisterns of beauty,  
Till we came to the flood-ruined mills.  
There, sparkling with pleasure exultant  
Over mischief so wantonly done,  
The rioting, revelling river  
Now laughed and then leaped as it run.  
We crossed, and away thro' the woodlands,  
We caught the faint roar of the falls,  
Where the rocks, frowning grandly above them,  
Re-echo the cataract's calls.  
Deep down through the rock-channelled ravine,  
The waters, like school boys at play,  
Now gambolled, then galloped, then bounded  
With deafening clamor away.  
No pen can describe their wild rapture—  
To ours words are but alloy—  
As we stood on the spray-smoothed rock-terrace,  
And gazed on their tumult of joy.  
We left them with pleasure and sadness,—  
With pleasure at having been there,—  
With sadness that life's sterner duties  
Could not alway their joyousness share.  
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The following poem will touch a chord in the heart of many an alumnus of Acadia. It should be read by the class of '83 before they part from each