

forms flit through the curling smoke—forms once attenuated by struggling to grasp the abstruse discussions of the deceased, but now proudly standing in the vanguard of intellectual strife and beckoning us to destinies worthy of college students and faithful disciples of Olney.

Alas he is gone! In the bustle of the mathematical room, that *sanctum sanctorum* of the Sophomore in the quiet stillness of the study we shall behold him no more. Other forms will take his place, other counsellors invite our confidence, but none in whom we may place more implicit confidence or for whom we may entertain more profound respect than the great departed.

The sun may hide his face behind *MacLaurin's formula*, the moon may be turned into the *Witch of Agnesi*, the stars may forsake their *elliptical* orbits and rush in *hyperbolic* curves through the boundless fields of *infinite*, the great globe itself may be converted into a flaming *spiral*, but though *constants* may become *variables*, through the *asymptote* may meet the *curve*, yet no change in the laws of nature or mathematics can erase from our minds the impressions which have been engraven there by contact with the mighty spirit whose genius blessed the world with Olney's Calculus.

But we have come to cremate Olney, "not to praise him!"—

The evil that men do live after them,
The good is frequently interred with their bones;
So let it be with Olney.

Great as he was he could not escape the inevitable doom. In his case are verified the words of the immortal Horace:—

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tebernas
regumque turres.

May nothing obstruct his flight to the gloomy Plutonian shores. May old Charon speedily ferry him across the dark-flowing Stygian river. May Cerberus greet him with a friendly howl. May no vengeful shades of perished Sophomores pursue him through the dreary realms of night, but with the kindred spirits of Euclid and Archimedes may he spend the revolving years in the sublime discussions of mathematical science.

The moment has now arrived in which we must leave the remains in their silent resting place, and though we erect no *tumulum inanem* to his memory, though we do not thrice invoke his shade with a loud voice, yet our grief is none the less intense. But over our sorrowful hearts breathes this cheering reflection that though dead to us, he will live again, that in the years to come when we shall be treading with firmer footsteps the ever broadening fields of College life or striving for honor and fame among the busy haunts of men, Olney, the departed friend, the lamented companion, will again be guiding the faltering footsteps of plodding Sophomores through wavering *curves* and *circles* to that higher culture which has stamped Acadia's students as men of thought.

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