

with "chaste language and sweet temper," and ascends to the loftiest heights of poetry.
Rye.

JOTTINGS, ETC.

NOT SATISFIED.

On beginning a course of study that is to take your two letters down the alphabet, the period looks long; but *retrospectively*, how brief! As the years go what do they leave us? A little knowledge of the world's progress in action and thought, a little knowledge of ourselves and our capacities, a little power developed for study and original research, together with increased ability for continued and unwearied efforts in the line of duty. But who finds himself satisfied? Our ideals recede, like "the circle bounding earth and skies." The goal set to-day promises contentment when reached, but attained, other objects farther on allure us.

MORAL WHITEWASH.

"I shall turn into another *Old Mortality*," as Guizot said. One of those beautiful afternoons in April we stood on an eminence from which can be seen four graveyards, or cemeteries for euphemism. Visiting the nearest, we deciphered inscriptions on antique looking, moss-covered stones. What virtues are ascribed to the departed—virtues of which no one believed they were the possessors while they lived. "Superstition no longer *deifies* the dead, but affection *angelizes* them." If moral whitewash is anywhere appropriate it is our grassy mounds. But the most eloquent tomb stones have the least to say. It would be well were we a little more lavish of good words while those whom we praise can hear us. More kind expressions scattered this side the grave would brighten life and bring no after-sorrow. A denizen of another planet upon the first view of ours would think the mystery of abounding sin solved on visiting the abodes of the dead. "It is not to be wondered at," Rogers says, that "there is so much evil above ground when there is so much good beneath

it." If those who "tread the globe" could only change places with those who "slumber in its bosom," what a Paradise our world would be!

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Four years ago a large company from the Institutinos visited Blomidon—that favorite resort—by steamer. One year ago, the evening closed in with a thunder storm; but it was calm upon the water. This year our cricketers went to play a match with the club of a sister College, and were beaten. A dozen or so crossed to the Cape in a boat, and were tossed about by the winds. Our Seminary friends drove around to the "look-off." A few of more staid, stayed within the precincts of Acadia. The *one* o'clock train left at *eleven* according to the holiday arrangements; and so we, ignorant of the change, were denied the promised pleasure of visiting King's College and surroundings. Not all frustrated plans prove misfortunes, however. This did not. We spent an hour or more with Dr. Cramp in his library; and a little longer time with Dr. Crawley. Dr. Cramp is feeble, and was at this time slightly indisposed. His has been a laborious and successful life. For the sixty-seventh time he is reading the Greek Testament, and was then at the eleventh of Revelation. For many years the first work of the day has been the reading of a portion from this book. His interest in us was manifested by enquiries as to our plans for the future. Dr. Crawley finds himself failing somewhat in bodily vigor, but his mental strength seems unabated. His characteristic modesty and warm heart set the student at ease. "How the years go!" he said on alluding to certain things suggested by meeting us. "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." It is good to come in contact with noble men like these. "The Bible is *the* book to be studied;" "That life is a failure which is not built upon and does not centre its hope in Christ;" such are the ideas which will arise on calling to mind these visits.