

ledge that we have honestly tried to be faithful to the trust committed to us and have not shirked the responsibilities imposed upon us by the student body.

We are pleased over the result of our efforts in seeking to have as large a number as possible of the student body contribute to our columns. We believe that the true success of a college paper such as ours must be measured not so much by its literary make-up, for that is a most variable and uncertain quantity, depending almost wholly upon the talent possessed by the student body in general, but by the means the paper offers for the self-development of the student. From the fact that about sixty of the students have this year made contributions to our columns we believe that the paper has in some degree fulfilled this purpose. Our thanks are sincerely extended to all those who helped in this material way to make the paper a success.

If our readers will pardon a personal word the editor would like to thank the Assistants through this column for the services which they have so ably rendered. Even the extra work placed upon them has been willingly performed. The Assistant Editors by attending in the most careful manner to their various departments, the Business Manager by his hearty cooperation, have freed the editor of all needless anxiety and care, and made the work of getting out the various issues assume a degree of pleasurable otherwise impossible.

Now our work is done. For a whole season we have gleaned the literary field of Acadia, and the sheaves, eight in number, have one after another been placed before you for inspection. Frequently notes of approval and encouragement have been received from our graduates, and at times the students have showed appreciation of our efforts by kind words and expressions of interest. These words have been appreciated by us all. Though of the past they will live in the future. No more now may we reap. We tarry only long enough to bind up this last sheaf, then, with hearts beating love for old Acadia from whence it has been plucked, with one last lingering glance at our field of work, we shall silently steal away, our going unnoticed, and when the morning appeareth others will have taken our places and the work will be carried on. We fain would tarry just a moment longer, but the day is far spent and the last call for the weary toilers has sounded. We tie together the last strands, lay our rickles aside, and step out forever.