

meets the kisses thrown from the tips of the morn's white fingers. But the mournful, envious winds are not pleased with all this beauty, and will in a short time remorselessly shake from the trees their wealth of brilliant snow-jewels. Even now the wind can be heard rising and falling in mournful cadence as though chanting a requiem over the grave of a buried past. And as I sit by the glowing coals to-night, and listen to its moaning, my thoughts fly back to other Winter nights spent at dear old Acadia. The old familiar faces float 'round me, and the memory of loud voices soothes like sweet music the weary spirit. Oh, golden, glorious days that have glided into the eternal past, but which shall be forever present in memory's treasure house! Somebody says:

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

I do not agree with the poet.

The memory of those happy days spent at Acadia shines like a star, lighting and cheering dark nights of disappointment and soul-weariness. Every beautiful thing we have to remember is so much gained, and is so surely ours that nothing can rob us of it, for the darker our lives may grow, the fairer and brighter shines the memory of past joys. Acadia has gone; but as I sit thinking of her it seems impossible to realize that the old familiar walls are not resting upon their foundations as when I last saw them. I remember, at this time of the year, the halls would be unusually quiet, on account of the absence of many of the students who had gone away to enjoy the merry Christmas time. But still an air of quiet expectancy, and joy would seem to pervade every timber of the old building. For would not the new year bring back the old loved faces, and with them still others to be taken to her warm mother heart. How strangely different all our lives have grown since then. Dear old Acadia, if you could see the care-worn faces and the heads touched with silver, would you recognize the hopeful, happy boys, who a few short years ago left your sheltering roof to bear arms in life's battle? If you could see to-night a white marble slab and a narrow mound of snow-clad earth, would you know that one of your loved ones lay there with quiet hands and noble, humanity-loving heart forever at rest? We know not why it hath been thus, but we are sure the loving father doeth all things well.

But these stray thoughts are forming themselves into a long letter, and must be checked. The new year is upon us, may it bring peace and prosperity to the institutions.

Yours truly,

UMBRA.

January 1st, 1879.

Exchanges.

We find a welcome place on our table for the *Bates Student* from Lewiston Maine. The editorials are fresh and interesting. In referring to "Reading and Writing in Preparatory Schools" in the *Boston Advertiser*, the *Student* makes some very sensible observations. "It is surely a disgrace to a College graduate, however skillful he may be at gerund grinding, or however well he may write and speak foreign tongues, not to be able to read, write and speak his own language properly. And is it not a serious defect in the prevailing preparatory course of study that English receives no more attention." And we might add, in our College course also. We believe too much stress is laid on other branches. In fact we do not put enough study on the classics, so that we can read them without the use of a dictionary and grammar, and we never study the English language as long, as critically, and as extensively as we ought. We think the figure employed in "Our Two Worlds" is obscure, involved, and altogether too long.

Far away to the south the *Roanoke Collegian* of Virginia is published, a new exchange on our table. An article on "Philosophical Dishonesty" will repay careful perusal. It compares the tendency and results of materialism, and the doctrine of intuitive truths both in the field of philosophy and of morals. "Now physical truth gives law. . . . The mind materialized, the Ego degraded, the lofty sentiments of truth, patriotism, integrity, righteousness, and honor are counted as mere moral abstractions, convenient servants, rather than controlling principles of life." The writer bears down heavily, though not too much so, on the doctrine of Mill that "virtue is an enlightened and refined expediency," and shows the effects of this principle in men's and nations' characters.

The *Tripod* again greets us in its new phase of a semi-monthly magazine. We have often experienced a feeling that news around home and the mention and discussion of current topics becomes stale when a College paper is issued only monthly, but still we shrank from the other almost alternative of quantity less quality. We hope the *Tripod* will succeed in its new departure. It is essentially a paper for the "record of those incidents and pranks which sandwich college life." The Locals, Personals and Items from Other Colleges are many and entertaining.

The *Kansas Collegiate* is also a new comer. Its discussion of current events is very good. We object to the statement (we suppose it is a Western idea and characteristic) that "Americans are nothing if not original." We presume if all the ideas *The Kansas Collegiate* has were critically examined, not many original and noteworthy ones