

Mr. Steele was credited with a memorable paper in the Hiawatha metre. It contained many allusions to matters relating to college life—Here is a stanza ;

“If, we say, you want to see it,
See our neatly written paper,
Paper we ourselves have written,
Paper which both men and maidens
Take delight in, have a hand in ;
Come to Wolfville, come to Horton,
Where they have the peerless sunsets,
Where they teach the women Latin.”

The class of '60 numbered eleven, the largest to that date in the history of the College. What was said of the Spartan soldiers, might have been said of these, “Every one a brick.” They were known as the powers, and were graded as to rank as follows : *The first power, the second power, the Altus-Tri-Vortimer, and the permeate youth.* The two highest in rank—the great Mogul and the Mustapha—occupied the loftiest room in the East wing of the College. Beneath them roomed the writer and another fellow student.

Generally about 10 o'clock p. m. the occupants of the lower room would hear strange noises in the upper as of powers in fierce encounter, but it was only the Mogul and Mustapha giving vent to long pent up energies. On one occasion the humble freshmen were surprised by the sudden appearance of the denizens of the upper air. The Great Mogul mounts a chair and pours forth a plaintive strain.

“By all that's great, by all that's good
My maw now yearns for extra food
O Freshmen, if you've any cake or pies
For mercy sake bring out your ample treasure
And think not that we eat for pleasure.”

But it is too late, nothing can be had from the kitchen. The next morning the Freshies mount the stairs and voice their emotions, in words beginning thus :

“O juniors vain your anxious cries
For bread and butter cakes and pies
You cannot get what you like best
For Mrs. Coldwell's gone to rest.”

The Great Mogul now leads Acadia's students into the fields of classic lore. The Mustapha discloses to admiring auditors the beauties of the English classics in the Queen city of the Dominion ; or on the banks of the Minas, the home of Glooscap, holds converse with nature to discover gems more precious than those that glitter in the cliffs beyond the swirling tide.