

ness" enters into the study, and claims homage of the student on the Sabbath day.

The college is closing. Under the fatal "order of standing," the student rises or falls in the public estimation. Pure culture ignored, dishonesty rewarded, the ominous word "merit," fixes the reputation for life; and love for *Alma Mater*, otherwise deep and tender, on that fatal day is crushed out forever.

In review of the "Tyranny of Marks," in the December number of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM, the *Colby Echo* says: "We cannot agree with the writer in absolutely abolishing all means of keeping a student's standing, yet we cannot blame him for making a most violent attack upon the ranking system, for we learn that at Acadia they practice the hitherto unheard of custom of parading the graduating class on commencement day in order of standing. If a student is to go through college with no higher aim than to march the first in this procession, we can easily see how it will bring about disastrous consequences. It will injure him physically, corrupt his moral nature, and give his mind altogether the wrong discipline."

But a lover of marks has said, "it is one thing to admit an error and quite another thing to reform it." True, but does not the above criticism, coming from the Colby University, on "the hitherto unheard of custom," imply that there are other and less objectionable methods of grading. A late correspondent to one of our leading college journals recommends "a more excellent way"—free from insidious comparisons and wholesale injustice. He writes that, "there is a system practiced at Oberlin College, and a few other schools, which may be called a recognition of the natural condition of things. It is a system which seems to the writer to have all the advantages of the prize systems, and to be exposed in only a slight degree to their dangers. It is the confident opinion of the writer that it produces a much larger proportion of good scholars, encouraging instead of discouraging the weaker portion of the class. Each recitation and examination is marked and recorded, but the marks are shown only to the student and his immediate friends, and no comparison is drawn on strict 'ranking' permitted by the authorities. Nor are the marks in different studies added together to make up a 'general average.' Each student is constantly confronted with his 'record' and compared with an absolute standard, but the desire to make solid attainments, and the honor which inevitably belongs to merit, are alone invoked to stimulate his endeavors. The pressure is even upon every student, and the element of emulation is ruled out."

Other systems might be commended, but time admonishes to close this letter, already much too long. Thanking you, Messrs. Editors, for so much of your valuable space; and hoping that the Senate will abandon a custom which fosters dishonesty, outrages justice and drives students from college;

and that Acadia will seek at once some better way. I am,

Yours &c., &c.

UNDER GRADUATE.

Locals.

The Wolfville church is to have a new organist. This departure will no doubt seriously effect the "invisible choir."

The interest of the morning exercises in chapel has been enhanced by the addition of both vocal and instrumental music.

Senior (meditatively), "who was the father of history?" Class-mate, tapping him on the cheek, patronizingly, "Why Herodotus, sonny!"

Wolfville had its skating carnival on the 8th ult. A few of the students appeared in costume, but the larger part spent the evening in their rooms.

Prof. in Chemistry: "Mr. S., can you tell me why the loadstone is called a magnet?" Mr. S. (promptly) "Because it is derived from *magnus* and *eo*, meaning a great go."

"Shaw! my book has fallen," impatiently exclaimed a lady sophomore. The gentleman who sat near regarded the remark as personal, and looked confused accordingly.

A soph. being asked by a friend the meaning of the term "*emeritus*," which is found in connection with the name of a venerable D. D., promptly replied that it was a branch of theology!

An unsophisticated freshie enquired of a senior if a certain soph. was pious. The senior looked perplexed, but finally ventured to hint that the question was a conundrum, and so gave it up.

Scene on the stair at midnight. Soph. struggling with an appropriated packing case—noise agonizing. Voice from a disturbed sleeper: "Say, stop that diabolical din and put a *lock* on that box." Noise ceases, Soph. retreats.

A senior was trying, with a pained look, to identify an individual who was loudly repeating his name, when suddenly a relieved expression stole over his countenance, and he exclaimed, "O, I know you; you are the fellow who speaks so much about *eternity*."

A senior being accused of serious matrimonial intentions, became excited, and wildly exclaimed: "That accusation is a fabrication of a brain given to hallucination, and has not the slightest foundation in all creation. Darnation!" The listeners were convinced.