

The lecture was one of peculiar interest and power, and delivered in the Professor's most pleasing and attractive manner. The very large audience assembled on the occasion expressed their appreciation and enjoyment by repeated bursts of applause. It is to be hoped that the genial and learned Prof. will soon favor us with another of his instructive and highly popular lectures.

APOSTROPHE TO THE GORILLA IN A MENAGERIE.

O mighty ape, half beast, half man,
Thy uncouth shape betrays a plan
The gulf of being at a bound to span.
Thou art the link between ourselves and brute
Lifting the lower to a higher plane;
Thy human face all cavillers refutes
Who sneer at Darwin as a dreamer vain.
How camest thou beneath this canvas tent,
Within this cage, behind those iron bars,—
Thou whose young days in tropic lands were spent
With strange companions under foreign stars?
Art thou not lonely? what is life to thee
Thus caged in prison, innocent of crime,
Become a spectacle for crowds to see,
And reckless boys to jeer at all the time?
Hast thou no feeling such as we possess?
Art thou devoid of any sense of shame?
Rise up, O brother and thy wrongs redress;
Rise in thy might, and be no longer tame.
I paused in my apostrophe. The animal arose;
He seized the bars that penned him in, my blood with
terror froze;
He shook the cage from side to side, the frightened
people fled;
Then in a tone of savage wrath the horrid monster said,
I'm hired by the week to wear the dirty craythur's skin
I came from Tipperary, and me name is Micky Flinn.

CLASS OF '84.

The college career of the Class of '84 is now a matter of history, and it is with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain that we refer to their past and attempt to foreshadow their future. Student life in Acadia, is to them, no longer a trembling aspiration or a sober experience. It is no more a golden season mingled with sunshine and shadow. It has been withdrawn from the realm of the ideal and the real and transported into the regions of memory. It has ceased to be a picture painted in all the golden coloring of youthful fancy, and has become a recollection that will become deeper and mellowed with the years.

It is said that reminiscences of college days are mostly pleasurable, that whatever of shadow may becloud the student's life or whatever friction may have, from time to time, marred his intercourse with teachers or fellow students, will quickly fade from memory, as he passes through the portals of graduation into the rugged fields of active life. If this be so, the college recollections of '84 will be peculiarly happy, as their history presents fewer unpleasant features than most of their predecessors. They have walked the course with becoming decorum, and in many respects leave a record behind worthy of imitation. They are gone and we

miss them. In the hall—on the campus—everywhere—fancy pictures their forms, and their familiar foot-falls sound through the corridors of memory. Three of them were, at one time, on the editorial staff of the Athenæum, and the remembrance of those pleasant associations crowd upon us as we write. Other duties now claim their attention, and we sit alone in the sanctum solemnly invoking the inspiration of their deeds, and hoping to arrest their falling mantles.

The class of '84 has entered the whitening fields of life where faithful labor reaps a rich reward, where the urgent claims of duty, and the pressing needs of the hour awaken and quicken into intenser activity the dormant energies of the soul, where contact with the sterner points of actual experience evoke mental and moral power and suggests possibilities of future success encouraging and alluring to the ambitions. To the Class of '84 Alma Mater will not be the *ultima thul* of student life, but only a bright landmark on the broadening highway of intellectual advancement. The crowding years may be burdened with honour, cares and responsibilities, but the motto of the class will still be *ad al-tiora*, and the rules of life inculcated upon the student, will be employed in testing the principles and solving the problems that confront the man. They have been entrusted with many of the secrets of success, and trained to employ their power to the best possible advantage. Thus they stand upon vantage ground. Life is before them and success with alluring smile beckons them on. We feel safe in predicting an honorable career for each of them, whatever line of life they may adopt, and that they will more than justify the hopes awakened by their past record.

As a class '84 has not been as adventurous as many of its predecessors. From the fact that most of its members still breathe Canadian air, and dwell upon Provincial soil, might be predicated extreme loyalty to British institutions. Horace Greeley's advice has failed to inspire them with enthusiasm for pioneer life. To some of them the *tender* associations of home are much more *attractive* than all the splendid possibilities of life in the far West. H. Bert Ellis alone has felt and responded to that mysterious impulse which has guided the race from its cradle in the Orient to a richer heritage in the land of the "setting sun." With eager eye and "kindling hope" he has pursued the star of promise to the sunlit slopes of the Pacific and permanently located himself in the golden State. In his selection of a calling "Bert" obviously had an eye to the law of adaptation. Humor hath it that he has renounced his cherished schemes of professional distinction, and proposes to vegetate during the remainder of his days upon a fruit plantation. There he can sit beneath sheltering groves under occidental stars and munch oranges cultivated by his own. Amid these scenes of Arcadian simplicity we wonder if his philanthropic soul ever goes out in sympathy towards the unhappy youths and maidens, who languish in this rigorous clime, where ye precarious pear and ye historic apple alone tempt the ambitious to *nocturnal indiscretions*. In a recent issue of the "Pasadena Union" his name figures