

These all meet at College. What, then, does it mean to them? Those who seek excitement find it, but find with it the more serious tasks of books and classrooms, the introspect a place to build up his personality only in so far as he is willing to share it with others; the bookworm finds plenty of books but he finds, too, that his studies are interrupted by careless, noisy creatures that he cannot help but see and hear. College is a place where we find the warmer, friendlier side of humanity. In college no one is really the centre of the crowd and no one is entirely left out. Oh yes, college life may be selfish, it may have its limits and its mean side, but it is worth trying for all that. And so we are back to Acadia for one more year.

C. OSBORNE, '29

NIGHT

Farewell bright sun — since dawn your burning flame,
Has bathed in golden light, the scenes of day;
But now night's artist hides them all away,
And paints his picture in the vacant frame.

He blurs the vaulted canvas shadow black,
Then, taking up a brush of silver hue,
With quick and skillful touch begins anew.
Soon night-robed fairies draw the curtain back.

Ah! wondrous beauty, stars all silver bright,
That seem to dance and laugh in merry glee;
A pale and shining moon shedding its light—

The background black, now seems a purple sea,
Where silver barks are drifting into sight;
For night to silvery magic, holds the key.

MELBA MADIE ROOP, '29