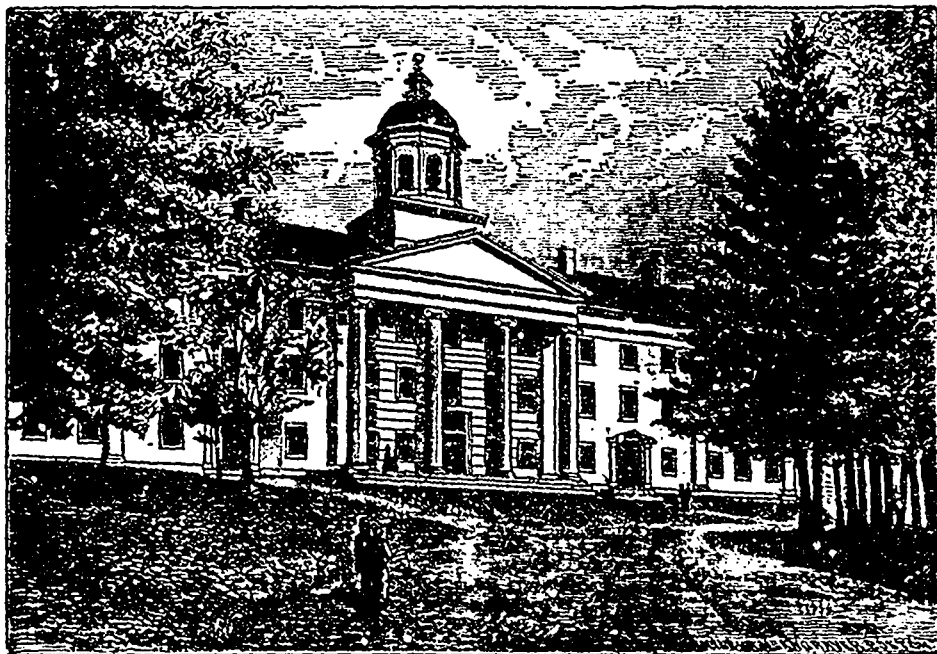


June, 1877.

Vol. III. No. 8.

# The Acadia Athenaeum.



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Sept., 1876.

# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 3.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1877.

No 8.

## At Home To-night.

### I.

The lessons are done and the prizes won,  
And the counted weeks are past;  
O! the holiday joys of the boys and girls  
Who are "at home to-night" at last!  
O! the ringing beat of the springing feet,  
As into the hall they rush!  
O! the tender bliss of the first home kiss,  
With its moment of fervent hush!  
So much to tell and to hear as well,  
As they gather around the glow!  
Who would not part, for the joy of heart.  
That only the parted can know  
At home to-night!

### II.

But all have not met, there are travellers yet  
Speeding along through the dark,  
By tunnel and bridge, past rim and ridge,  
To the distant, yet nearing mark.  
But hearts are warm, for the winters storm  
Has never a chill of love:  
And faces are bright in the flickering light  
Of the small dim lamp above.  
And voices of gladness rise over the madness  
Of the whirl and the rush and the roar,  
For rapid and strong it bears them along  
To a home and an open door—  
Yes, home to-night!

### III.

O! home to-night, yes, home to-night,  
Through the pearly gate and the open door!  
Some happy feet on the golden street  
Are entering now "to go out no more."  
For the work is done and the rest begun,  
And the training time is for ever past,  
And the home of rest in the mansions blest  
Is safely, joyously reached at last.  
O! the love and light in that home to-night!  
O! the songs of bliss and the harps of gold!  
O! the glory shed on the new-crowned head!  
O! the telling of love that can ne'er be told.  
O! the welcome that waits at the shining gates,  
For those who are following far, yet near,  
When all shall meet at His glorious feet  
In the light and the love of his home so dear!  
Yes, "home to-night."

## The Moral Teachings of "Shakespeare's Tragedy of King Richard the Second."

THE character of every man is a beam of seven-colored light photographed in distinctive and imperishable features upon the plane of an universal life. According as the brighter or darker elements predominate in any character is the life of the individual made a success or a failure. The successes or failures of individuals cast the die of nations. The truth of these statements has, to some considerable extent, been demonstrated in real life; for, now and again, in the study of history, we meet with persons who have foreshadowed the grander prosperity or the overthrow of kingdoms and nations from a thorough and widespread knowledge of the elements which entered into the composition of those particular powers. From this source alone, and we say it reverently, if no other were at his command, could he who perfectly knows the hearts of all men read the eternal future as clearly as the eternal past.

He, therefore, who discovers to any nation, or class of individuals, evil in its primary and simplest forms, and who most clearly and acceptably points out the issues, thereby helping men in the most agreeable manner into the way of escape, confers the greatest good. Shakespeare, in his tragedy to King Richard II., appears to have had such an aim in view. Before the mind of this great and imaginative poet rested a dark scene in English history, and as he possessed both a loyal and benevolent disposition, he was led immediately to conceive and aim for the good of his country. The masses would not read, many of them could not, but they would listen and learn, too, when Shakespeare and the stage should become the medium of instruction. The step was taken, and as a result this, with the other historic dramas which quickly followed, "produced a very deep effect on the minds of the English people," and "were familiar even to the least informed of all ranks." "The spirit of patriotic reminiscence," says Coleridge, "is the all-permeating soul of this noble work." I have already shown that when we know the elements of any society or people, we may see, as from a mirror, the reflection of coming events. This is exemplified in the play before us. Look for a moment at the principal characters and scenes of this tragedy.

Norfolk, in his hidden purpose, who takes up the gauntlet of the brave, far-seeing, and insinuating

Duke of Hereford; rash and fanciful Richard, the emblem of weakness, instability and foolhardiness, whose every act tends to the consummation of his own ruin; the "wretched creatures" Bagot, Busby, Green, the worthless sycophants of the court, who, with deceitful smiles and flatteries incessant, stop the ears and steal the heart of their Sovereign against all wholesome advice; the arrogant, unfeeling, ever-changing Northumberland, who, no doubt, long stood ready to omit the title of the King; the inhuman York, who may sacrifice his son, his wife, or his political friends, but cannot forsake the stronger party; the treacherous Aumerle, Henry Hotspur, Sir Pierce of Exton, Surrey, Fitzwater, and others of like disposition, are the restless spirits and elements of discord with which the poet deals. The redeeming characters are but few. Conspicuous among them stand, like towers, "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," and the Bishop of Carlisle, the embodiment of wisdom and truth, and perhaps we should include the Gardener, whose modest but judicious counsel, had it been received in time, would have preserved both the life and the dignity of the King.

With these characters in the full bloom of zeal and power the play opens. Every moment the tragedy deepens, and anon we catch glimpses of the dark cloud of disaster, as it rises higher and higher above the western horizon. There is trouble in Ireland abroad, and discontent at home. Men rush hither and thither, news flies, nature arms herself against the rash King, and the Queen, wisely foreboding evil, is continually oppressed with a "nameless woe." Does the son of the Black Prince yet hope in an overruling Providence, and trust in guarding angels and a heaven-bestowed title? Does he still flatter himself that "not all the water in the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king?"

It merely lends additional force to the hint of Carlisle, that if "the means that heaven yields" were not "embraced," but were "neglected," Richard's overthrow must follow. Already the time had come when "the breath of worldly men" could "depose the deputy elected by the Lord."

History informs us that Richard II came to the throne amid the loud and joyful acclamations of an entire kingdom but here we see him die, by an assassin's hand amid the same applause which greeted Hereford King. In the early part of the play the Queen speaks of him as "so sweet a guest" referring to his personal qualities and beauty of form and face, but in the end we are shown that aimability and sociality are no safe-guards to a rash, weak man while beauty, at the farthest, is but evanescent strength. The moral is good. God help those who are inherently just. Right is the true source of power. But we must pause here. Time would fail us in any attempt which we might make to point out all the moral teaching of this play. It is heard in

speeches, it nestles in sentences, smiles in figures, is displayed in person and characters, and hinted at often when not plainly expressed. There are no really immoral suggestions in this tragedy—morality and right-doing it breathes forth continually. Granted if you wish that the names of the Deity,—of hell and heaven and sacred things are sometimes employed when they might have been omitted, that alliteration and a play on words is too frequent, that strained figures, which, by the way, are often strained quite naturally, are scattered here and there throughout the whole, yet we dare believe that both the scholar and the critic, although they may condemn play-writing and stage-acting as now conducted, especially since at the present time there is no necessity in christian lands for resorting to theatres and theatrical representations to gain any wholesome knowledge, will alike cheerfully grant us that in the public presentation of the drama before us, Shakespeare not only did well, but the best thing possible under the circumstances, since he utilized the stage and dignified it while at the same time by rising above the morality of his age, above his competitors and their grovelling motives he became the wise and generous instructor of Old England and shall yet be the benefactor of the many in other lands and times whose minds and whose hearts shall open to receive the teachings of his Richard II.

It is better to be loyal and good than to *seem* so.

### Professor Foster's Lecture.

Dear Editor,

We have not often been so thoroughly well pleased by a public lecture as by the "Plea for the higher Culture" given by Professor Foster on Wednesday evening.

Not that we were just determined to be pleased, and therefore every thing went well. We had an inward consciousness that the wrinkles would have come out, had there been any, in spite of ourselves.

Prof. Foster possesses, indeed, an honest, taking earnestness, that bespeaks attention and interest; but beyond all the interest of appropriate and pleading manner, the value and high claims of the subject stole into our hearts, and took us by storm in like manner as the whole audience were, evidently, we thought, swayed with the feeling of satisfaction and conviction.

But this, it strikes us, was no small thing to effect, and gives strong evidence of the ability of the lecturer.

It is not every man or even woman who has the power to make an unpopular subject popular. Is it then true that "the higher culture" is an unpopular subject? We are afraid so, tho' we

by no means intend to make an unfriendly remark.

It was always of necessity somewhat so. To the large majority who count it beyond their reach it must have always seemed too patrician and "stuck up" for love, tho' it may have often been an object of envy. But in an age, a community, a continent eminently utilitarian, in which time seems every hour to move faster; where is the individual who will consent to be "button-holed" with the praises of the higher culture? Lower culture may make dollars; higher culture rareity. And just here it is we seem to find our conviction of the winning talent and enthusiasm of the able lecturer from the University of New Brunswick.

For that he was understood and his subject relished, the large audience who heard him gave abundant evidence. Who did not perceive that the air was elastic with approbation? And yet, we repeat to you, friend hearer, you were listening to a theme for which the great army of progress marching, on and on, to some golden Eldorado in the west, has little if any relish.

Of course we "editorial correspondents" are bound to be considered juvenile, and yet, we may venture perhaps to say, the pet dream of our little life has been a wide diffusion of the higher culture. We have believed, in our young breast, that it possessed the power of a mighty principle, and have often felt convinced it were for any man a worthy life-work to make it popular. Judge then of the echo of enthusiasm with which we listened to the lecturer's enthusiastic, often eloquent, and always intelligible, rendering of our favorite idea!

We were too pleased to take notes, and shall therefore attempt no digest of the lecturer's argument and illustrations; suffice it to say, these were cogent, appropriate, convincing, and conveyed in that style of language which seems never burthened with a word too much, and which, notwithstanding, never burthened the hearer with straining after the speaker's meaning. The thoughts came from a deep abundant spring, and yet rose, so to say, to the lips of those who drank them.

"Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring," might not have been a bad motto for the lecture: and surely all who listened appeared to "drink deep," however new to some, perhaps to many the idea that higher culture offers to all men, all societies, all nations, the large and varied values claimed on its behalf.

Long live the worthy lecturer to present often and to many his well-timed discourse; and often and to many, to follow it with admirable practical addresses like that he gave us on Thursday.

Yours truly, "SHADOW."

### The Concert.

THE audience room and galleries of the Baptist Church were thronged last Thursday evening by the ladies and gentlemen who had been drawn to the anniversary exercises of the College.

The choir which exercised such attractive power was from the Baptist Church, in Germain Street, the pastor of which, Mr. Carey, was present. The exercises continued for upwards of two hours,—the swiftest gliding of the day, in which the high anticipations formed by the exercises of the morning were amply justified. Several pieces of superior excellence were *encored*, and all commanded the deepest attention, and elicited the heartiest applause.

To some of us this was the first practical demonstration of the superiority of the human voice over the most exquisite of instrumental harmonies. For the expression of all the passions—the blitheness of joy, the intensity of despair, the depth of pathos, the utter abandonment of woe, the human voice has ranked and ever must rank first as the immediate instrument of the soul through which its emotions are more naturally communicable, and also as being superior in absolute power, flexibility and melody. To what a rich æsthetic repast we were treated, let all true lovers of music bear witness. We who know nothing about the Jenny Linds and Nilssons can only say that we never listened to more delightful melody than the solos of the Misses Harit and Foster. We have to tender, in behalf of every student of Acadia, our sincere thanks to Mr. Harding and his choir; both for the pains taken to instruct and entertain us, and the cultured talent of such high order as they brought to the task.

For ourselves we mean to profit by the lesson. It was not without a feeling of emulation mingled with admiration, that we heard a lady's voice in the crowded and heated room, rise through two octaves so buoyantly and effortless, and fill the space, from the highest note to the lowest, with a volume of sound. We were well aware that had we been speaking we could not properly fill it with respectable ease. If our present inspiration only lasts, the woods will ere long be ringing to our vocal gymnastics.

THE ACADIAN ATHENÆUM is the name of a bright monthly issued by the students of Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S.,—a Baptist College founded in 1838, and ever since sustaining an excellent reputation.—*The Watchman and Reflector*, May 17th, 1877.

## Correspondence.

(For the Acadia Athenæum.)

DEAR EDITORS,—

I hope you will not conclude from my long silence that I have forgotten you. So far from this, not a day passes, on which in fancy I do not visit Acadia. Had the time at my disposal for writing been equal to my disposition and to the abundant subject-matter on hand, I should frequently have trespassed on your space. But without any contributions from my pen you have succeeded admirably in filling and enriching the columns of the *Athenæum*, and I beg to congratulate you on its improved character and appearance.

Ere you receive this the anniversary exercises will be over and the college halls again for a time deserted. Those who have worked hard—which is true I believe of Acadia students generally—will appreciate the rest which vacation brings. But rest comes not to all, at least at the same time. In the German university the present Semester lasts till the middle of August. The student may indeed enjoy the glories of the bursting spring; he may—in Leipzig—regale his eyes with the beauties of Rosenthal, and his ears with the songs of its nightingales, but none of these things must be allowed to allure him from his books. True, a breathing spell of five weeks or so is given him from the middle of April on. In my own case I added a week to each end of this, and availed myself of the opportunity it afforded of visiting Italy, going thither by way of Nuremberg, Munich, Innsbruck, and the Brenner Pass, and leaving it from Venice across the Adriatic to Trieste, and thence through Vienna and Prague to Leipzig. I spent 18 days in Rome. And such days! so full of delicious—I had almost said—delirious pleasure—well! in few life-times do they come more than once. I cannot of course speak particularly in a single letter of what could not be fully described in a hundred. To mention only the churches and palaces of Rome, of which of the former there are 365 and of the latter over 100, how many and peculiar are their attractions. Then there are the museums and galleries of painting and sculpture, the walls and gates and bridges, the forums and temples and amphitheatres, the arches and columns and obelisks, the baths and aqueducts and fountains, the piazzas and promenades and villas, the mausoleums and catacombs and historical houses, and last but not least the charming environs, such as *Tivoli* whose scenery inspired some of the most beautiful lyrics of Horace, and 10 miles more distant, *Horace's Sabine farm*, and *Tusculum* the birth-place of Cato and the scene of Cicero's Tusculan disputations, and *Alba Longa* made familiar by the poetry of Virgil, and *Ostia*, and the *Via Appia* &c., so that Rome and its surroundings are not only full of interest but almost inexhaustibly so. And the same is largely true of Venice. Florence, and Naples, all which with Verona, Milan, Turin, Genoa, and Pisa I had the pleasure of visiting.

The attendance at the University this Semester is possibly greater than it was last, and last Semester it was about 3100. The majority of these may be seen in a body in the University Court on any day during the 15-minute intervals between the different lecture hours. And swarming like a hive or standing in

groups distinguished from each other by the different colored caps worn, showing to what *Ver...* or *Gesellschaft* each group belongs, the sight is quite an interesting one to look upon.

Taking them altogether these students are a gentlemanly lot of fellows. They follow some practices indeed which would hardly consist with the code of American Colleges; which at least I hope will never prevail at Acadia,—I refer to smoking, beer drinking, and duelling. The last is against the laws of the University, but the laws are evaded, and pretty often too, judging from the number who go about with gashed faces. But in the matter of order and propriety in the lecture room and respect for the lecturer, the conduct of the German student is unexceptionable. After the Professor has taken his stand before his class, the class take the question of the preservation of order into their own hands, and permit nothing in the shape of noise or interruption. The poor fellow who is behind time and ventures to enter the room after the lecture has commenced will probably, so to speak, be *scraped* out of his shoes. *Scraping* with the feet upon the floor is the way in which a class expresses its indignation, and the indignation of three or four hundred scraping all at once is about enough for one mortal to bear. The same thing is done also, only with respectful intent, when the lecturer speaks too fast or too indistinctly, and the class find themselves unable consequently to take down his words or catch his meaning. Then *scraping* is heard and there over the room; the Professor takes the hint and goes over the sentence again. Not a single lecture is given in which more or less of this does not occur. This morning, for instance, as Dr. Kahnig was lecturing on the connection of Religion and Philosophy, he gave a quotation from the Greek of Aristotle which was not understood. *Scraping* was the result. He went over it again, but still the class could not catch the words; hence more *scraping*. Then the Doctor took up the chalk and put the quotation on the black board, and turning to the class with his broad face full of humor said:—"nun verstehen?" The class replied with a tremendous cheer.

The Germans have the reputation of being good students and good scholars, but I am convinced it is not so much from superior intellectual sharpness and vigor as from dogged persistence in the particular line of inquiry that has been chosen. As original investigators they are probably behind the English and Americans. On equal terms the American student will be found every way a match for the German. But the entire educational system of this country, and even the social and political condition of the people seem to favor that singleness of aim—that concentration of endeavor, which characterize the German student and ensure his success. In this old and over-populous country where, in every department of labor, there seem to be two or three persons to do the work of one, where the condition of things appears to be settled and finished, there are far fewer diversions from single lines of study than the student meets with in America. Here, with all the paths to distinction thronged with aspirants, success is impossible to him who spreads his energies over too large a field. It is only by the severest application of the principle of division of labor and by the selection of a single line of pursuit, that ultimate distinction can

be gained. Then the general course of education here pursued adapts itself to the same necessity and end. In the Gymnasium indeed, the range of study is large; in it the student is expected to familiarize himself with several branches of knowledge. But passing from the Gymnasium to the University, the field of inquiry is immediately narrowed. One principal study and two side-studies are all the student is expected to devote himself to in the University. After leaving the University the one main study becomes his work for life, and rare scholarship therein is consequently often the result. You have perhaps heard of the German Professor who spent his days in the study of the Greek article. On his dying bed however he expressed his regret that he had attempted so much. It would have been far better, he said, had he confined his attention to the *iota subscript*.

But my letter is already too long. There are two or three other topics to which I should like to refer, but must defer doing so to another time. In the mean time with best wishes for the College and Academy, I remain,

Yours very truly,

D. M. WELTON,

Humboldt St., 31 H., Leipzig.

### Obituary.

DOUBTLESS our readers have already ascertained, through the medium of the "Christian Visitors," the sad details in connection with the death of our much beloved and highly esteemed brother G. B. Clinch, of Musquash, St. John Co. This being the case we deem it unnecessary to repeat them.

This brother was an inmate of our halls during the greater part of the last two years. During his connection with us, he won for himself our highest esteem; and also that of a very large circle of acquaintances. His presence was always welcomed by his fellow students. Being of that affable and obliging disposition, which endears one to his fellow man, his memory has sunk deep in our hearts, and will ever be cherished by those who knew him.

Immediately after his death the sad news was transmitted over the wires to us that "He had lost his life at a fire." The thrilling news was speedily whispered from one to another.

Never have we heard anything that has cast such a gloom over the institutions as this. A melancholy silence appeared to take possession of each one; the customary levity was abandoned to give place to thoughts of a more serious nature.

We were anxiously expecting his presence among us at the closing exercises of the year. But "God's ways are not as our ways." The mysteries of a Divine Providence are beyond the conceptions of frail man. At the moment when he may be prompted by the noblest aspirations, and everything bears a favorable aspect towards a career of

usefulness, then may the brittle thread of life be severed. Although the Divine face may at times be hid from us, and his dealings with us may seem mysterious let us quietly and trustingly wait.

"God is his own interpreter  
And he will make it plain."

We tender to the bereaved family our warmest sympathies in this the greatest of their afflictions.

### Things about Home.

HOORAY!!

THE POOR Student's Dream: 30, 0.3, 0.0.

THE Graduate's Dream: ! ! ! ! \*\*\* ! ! !

NOBODY'S Dream—awake or asleep=10.00.

THE Matriculant's Dream: +, —, =, ×, ÷ ; : , &c.

This is the last number of the Athenæum for the year. Aren't you glad?

It is pleasant, just now, while sitting at our sanctum table in our shirt-sleeves, perspiring over the June locals to have the usual number of young lady visitors hesitatingly open the door and want to know if "this is the Museum?" Just as we write a disappointed couple have stepped down and out.

WE count 23 faces in the class picture of the coming Freshmen, honest, intelligent, and promising. A few who were forced by circumstances to leave before the examinations, may inmatriculate in the Fall. We welcome the new class to the toils and pleasures of College life.

THE number of College students was smaller this year, considering the total of names on our roll, than for some years. Our students are largely of that class who have to fight their own battles, and these hard times take them to the field earlier than they are wont to go.

LAST year's graduates will be pleased to learn that all their class-trees are doing well. The trees set out at the same time by the College are also flourishing. This year a number of deciduous trees have been put in different parts of the ground.

WOLBVILLE, and with it Acadia, looked its prettiest this June. It fairly excelled itself. The

(Continued on page 95.)

# Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1877.

**EDITORS.**

J. GOODWIN, '77 } *Chief Editors.*  
 B. P. SHAFNER, '77 }  
 B. W. LOCKHART, '78 } *Asst. Editors.*  
 C. K. HARRINGTON, '79 }

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The Acadia Athenæum is sent to Subscribers at the exceedingly low price of Fifty Cents per year, IN ADVANCE, postage pre-paid.

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We have reached the close of another College year, and it becomes our pleasant duty to address a few parting words to the readers of our ATHENÆUM.

With the printing of the present copy our paper finishes the third year of its existence. We have labored to fulfil the promises with which we began our editorial work. The burdens of our office have often oppressed, and sometimes wearied and annoyed us: but superior to all these has been the pleasure that came from the consciousness that we were doing our best under the circumstances. Thorns have pained but they have generally been covered by roses. If one mail has brought the surly—"don't want your paper"—the next has borne messages of kindness and sympathy. Across the storms that have shaken our sanctum the rainbow has flung its arch. Our relations with other College journals have on the whole been amicable.

With the exception of a single passage at arms with the "Argosy," our career has been crowned with peace. Our numerous exchanges have manifested uniform courtesy. The suggestions of

friends have been gladly received and duly considered. In the heat and fire of youthful blood we may have preferred our own notions, and perhaps have thus sometimes erred, but our intention has been to do the right thing, at the right time. The ATHENÆUM now stands on a firmer financial basis than ever before.

The opening year found us solicitous about money matters. The voice of the croaker was heard in the camp. Some said we will have to foot the bills out of our own pockets, and poured forth their jeremiads over our short though bewildering subscribers list.

Others struck a different but not less dismal note. Our list has swelled beyond expectation; our bills have been promptly paid, and if we have seemed to some a little too pushing in our mode of procedure, let them remember their own youthful inexperience.

We take this opportunity of thanking those of our graduates who have assisted us in our arduous toil. They have helped in a good enterprise and strengthened the bonds that bound them to their Alma Mater.

We now bid all our readers farewell. We trust that our successors will avoid our mistakes, and widen the reputation and so increase the power of the ATHENÆUM. We write these lines in sadness for the memories of College life even now are receding into the past.

NO MEAN attainments are requisite to enable one to form an opinion on the tangled questions that meet us everywhere at the present day. Hence the necessity for a broad culture. The student who would turn in flight the legions of false hypothesis that swarm about him, must have a stalwart arm nerved by a well-balanced well-stored brain. Reasoning from the known to the unknown is a delicate operation, and one beset with peculiarly perplexing dangers. Fallacies infest all subjects. Sly errors may secretly snap the chain of argument. A faulty syllogism may explode a brilliant theory. Language may darken thought and palm off the spurious for the real. A fair exterior may hide a mass of hideousness. Many a blooming tree is rotten at the core. Ambiguous terms may lead into the desert of doubt.



The views we get in the realm of facts often hang upon trifles. How essential then to the truth-seeker is a penetrating gaze and a keen intellectual incision. Unless the direct endowment of nature, this rare quality can be largely acquired only by prolonged systematic and exhaustive study. The main object of all training is the development of power. Education as a source of pleasure is but a grovelling view of its work and mission. The athlete swings his ponderous hammer to toughen muscle, so we wrestle with giant problems that we may gain mental vigor in the struggle. We plough into the subtleties of metaphysics, logic and philosophy, that we may catch the spirit of sharp inquiry. In a word we study all known relations, material and spiritual, to acquire that clearness of vision and steadiness of nerve, so essential to original investigation. In this view what a dignity crowns student life. No longer is the drill of the class-room drudgery, but a valued source of good. Is the subject abstruse? so much the better as a stern educator. The nobility of the task linked with its importance fascinates and enchains.

The truism, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, finds copious illustration in our day. There is a modern tendency, as pernicious as it is general, to gloss men and style them cultured. A smattering of the merest rudiments, backed by the gift of prating, is deemed ample equipment for the exigencies of a life conflict. Young America must learn to harangue a crowd or edit a College magazine, though be to sacrifice to this art the priceless benefits of a ripe scholarship. Instead of storing the mind with solid facts, and thus fortifying it against the stealthy attack of false opinions, how many squander their best days in evolving twaddle out of an undisciplined brain. We believe heartily in original independent thought and esteem it one of the loftiest endowments, but we seriously question the tenet that it receives abiding strength from a mere habit of composition, energized by no rigorous well regulated training. The youthful intellect, like a raw recruit, must feel hard service. Its exuberant faucies must yield to the shears of actual life. Its overflowing vigor to be utilized must, like a running stream, be turned into channels of work.

We would not make the student the slave of a

mental tyranny, or crush out the gladness that springs from the full unshackled exercise of his own judgment; but we unhesitatingly affirm that severe drill lies at the bottom of working power. The pressing need of the age is trained men—men who are masters of self and of sound learning,—men who are prepared by long and faithful toil to lay bare the wretched sophistries of a false philosophy, and to set forth the beautiful harmony of truth in every realm.

### Anniversary Exercises of 1877.

Our current academical year closed on the 7th June. The amount of work performed and the general results obtained have been such, we believe, as to ensure the continued patronage of the public and to incite the friends of these useful seats of learning to renewed effort on their behalf.

The attendance during the year, notwithstanding the continued financial depression, has been encouraging. In both Institutions there were 193 students. Of these 55 were in the College and 138 in the Academy. The attendance at the Academy may be classified as follows: Males 77; Females 61; Boarders 108; Day pupils 30. The attendance at the Academy for a calendar year gives much larger figures. For 1876 it was, Males 130; Females 91, total 221.

This amount of work contrasts very favorably with what is being done at similar institutions in N. S.

From the last report of the Supt. of Education we find that in the Arts course, Acadia had 57 students; Dalhousie 52; Sackville College 33; Kings 28, for the last school year. These figures taken in connection with the fact that the standard of admission to Acadia College,—its course of study and length of term time are all in advance of any similar Institution in the Province,—are at once an index of the enterprise of its supporters and the appreciation of the public. Horton Academy exhibits a similar gratifying comparison. From the same authority we got the following figures:

Horton Academy in Latin,	176.
“ “ Greek,	87.
The ten County Academies, Latin,	116.
“ “ “ Greek,	37
The six other Special “ Latin,	178
“ “ “ “ Greek,	58

It thus appears that our Academy does considerable more classical teaching than either the Ten County Academies or the Six other Special Academies belonging to the Educational System of N. S. This is done, too, at no expense to the Province, while the other academies receive a yearly grant of over \$10,000.

## GEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION.

One of the features of a College course at Wolfville, is an annual expedition for Geological and Mineralogical purposes under the direction of the Professor of Science. This usually takes place towards the last of May and is designed to give the Junior Class, who have just completed their Geological studies, an opportunity for practical work. This year, the party chartered a small schooner and visited in her, Blomidon, Five Islands, Patridge Island, Cape L'Or and the Joggins. The trip proved to be a very pleasant and profitable one to the budding Scientists. The shores of Minas Basin and the Bay of Fundy afford excellent facilities for scientific exploration. Minerals abound in great variety and valuable fossils are often obtainable. Among the rare specimens collected this year was a *Stigmaria* about ten feet long. It was found in complete condition and will be placed by Prof. Kennedy in the College Museum so that future visitors to our collection will be able to see what kind of trees grew in the Carboniferous period of N. S., untold centuries ago.

## MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

The Examination for admission to College took place this year on 31st of May and 1st and 2nd of June. About twenty-five candidates presented themselves, all but one coming from the Academy. The examinations extended over 13½ hours embracing a wide range of subjects. The results of this Examination have not yet been made known, but we have no doubt that the class which is a very promising one will give a good account of themselves both at their examination and in their subsequent college course.—Five prizes amounting to \$80 are to be given to this class, but the awards will not be made before September.

## COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS.

The terminal Examinations of the College classes took place on Monday and Tuesday, 4th and 5th inst. These examinations are conducted by writing and are very thorough and searching in their character. Their results combined with the average obtained in class work determine the student's standing at the end of the year. The subjects of this examination were as follows:—

*Freshmen.*—Chemistry, Algebra, English Literature, Poems of Goldsmith, Memorabilia and Agriculture.

*Sophomores.*—Analytical Geometry, Differential Calculus, Logic, Astronomy, Ethics, de Amicitia, Alcestis and poems of Gray.

*Juniors.*—History of Germany, Mechanics, Optics, Geology, Mineralogy, Satires of Juvenal and *Æpius Tyrannus*.

*Seniors.*—During the term have been working at History, French, Classics and Moral Philosophy. We understand that the work done during the year

in the College classes has been with few exceptions extremely satisfactory.

## HORTON ACADEMY EXAMINATIONS.

These were for the public and were held on the 5th and 6th in the Academy Hall. A very encouraging attendance of the leading supporters of the Institution was present during the exercises and expressed themselves well pleased with the results exhibited. Classes were examined in Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, French, Greek, Latin, Botany, Mental Philosophy, Grecian and Roman History and English Literature. The promptness and intelligent mastery of the subjects exhibited by the pupils was very commendable. The young ladies acquitted themselves with marked ability, in Latin, French, Arithmetic, Mental Science and other branches, while the class prepared for college showed themselves well grounded in their preparatory studies. On Tuesday evening a very spirited contest took place in declamation and reading. The successful competitors will appear below.

The chief attraction of the Academy exercises was the

## MUSICAL AND LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT

of Wednesday afternoon, which took place in the church in the village according to the following

## PROGRAMME.

- Duet, (Overture).—*Le Cheval De Bronze*. . . . . *Auber*.  
Misses Robbins and Shafer.
- Essay—*Living with an aim*, Miss Ellen Freeman.
- Duet—*Ernani* . . . . . *Rummel*.  
Misses Brown and Sawyer.
- Solo—*Faust* . . . . . *Leybach*.  
Miss Curry.
- Essay—*Thomas Babington Macaulay*.  
Mr. G. W. Gates, (excused).
- Duet—*May Dance* . . . . . *Sydney Smith*.  
Misses Graves and Rice.
- Duet—*Lucretia Borgia* . . . . . *Burgmuller*.  
Misses Can and Chute.
- Essay—*Hebrew Poetry*, Miss Bessie Shaw.
- Duet—*Priests March* . . . . . *Mendelssohn*.  
Misses Killam and McKeen.
- Essay—*L'Acadie*, Miss Lucy Curry.
- Duet—*Le Tourbillon* . . . . . *Gutmann*.  
Misses McLeod and Robbins.
- Essay—*Whitewash, Morally considered*, Miss Jennie Fitch.
- Solo—*Recollections of Home* . . . . . *S. B. Mills*.  
Miss Cann.
- Essay—*What to read and how*, Mr. Arthur Chute.
- Duet—*Les Colombes Messageres* . . . . . *Camille*  
Misses Crowell and Wier. (*Schuberg*.)
- Essay—*Uses of Culture*, Miss Annie Gilmor.

- Duet—Shepherd Boy's Song. . . . . G. Wilson.  
Miss Harding and Killam.
- Essay—The Study of Natural Science, Mr. Albert  
Pineo.
- Solo—LeFete des Fees. . . . . G. Warren.  
Miss Robbins.

## DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

## ADDRESSES.

## NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The music was pronounced by competent judges to be of a high order. Many of the selections were very difficult, but they were all well rendered, reflecting much credit upon the very excellent teacher, Mrs. VanBuskirk. The performers were heartily applauded by the large audience. The essays showed much vigor and originality of thought, expressed in graceful and even elegant diction. They were much commended. Prof. Tufts presented diplomas to two young ladies who had completed the Literary course prescribed, viz:—Miss Jonnie Fitch and Miss Bessie Shaw, both of Wolfville. He addressed them and the matriculating class in a very neat and appropriate speech. The following Prizes were then presented:—

*Essays*—1st, £5 sterling, given by William Elder, Esq., St. John, N. B. Miss Annie Gilmore, St. George, N. B. 2nd, ———, A. C. Chute, Stewiacke, N. S.

*Elocution*—\$5.00, given by Mark Curry, Esq., Windsor, N. S. A. C. Chute, Stewiacke.

*Latin*—\$5.00, given by Rev. G. M. W. Cary, St. John, N. B. Miss Laura Gourley, Great Village, N. S.

*Greek*—\$5.00, given by Clifford Locke, Esq., Lockport, N. S. Harry Bentley, Paradise, N. S.

*English Literature*—\$5.00, given by H. S. Chase, Esq., Hopkinton, N. H. Miss Ellen Freeman, Canning, N. S.

*Arithmetic*—Medal, given by Lord Dufferin. Howard Schofill, Black River, N. S.

*Reading*—Vol., given by Miss Woodworth. Miss Mercy McLeod, Brooklyn, N. S.

*Neatness of Rooms*—\$5.00, given by Mrs. Mar Curry, Windsor, N. S. Misses Rice and Chute, Bear River, N. S.

*English Grammar*—Vol., given by Mr. F. H. Eaton. A. N. Roscoe, Centreville, N. S.

*Spelling*—Vol., given by Professor Tufts. Miss Bessie Shaw, Wolfville, N. S.

*Geography*—Vol., given by Mr. F. H. Eaton. Rupert Dodge, Middleton, N. S.

## ALUMNI MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Associated Alumni of Acadia College took place in the vestry at 8 p. m. Owing to the illness of the President, E. D. King, Esq., the chair was taken by H. H. Bligh, Esq.

Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:  
*President*—E. D. King, Esq., A. M., Halifax.  
*Treasurer*—J. M. Smith, Esq., A. B.; Halifax.  
*Secretary*—B. H. Eaton, A. M., Halifax.  
*Vice-President*—Rev. G. M. W. Cary, A. M., St. John, N. B.

## DIRECTORS.

R. N. Beckwith; Esq., Halifax; Albert Coldwell, A. M., Wolfville; H. H. Bligh, Esq., A. M., Halifax; Rev. W. P. Everett, A. M., St. John; Rev. J. W. Manning, A. M., Halifax.

The recommendation of the Executive Committee was adopted that the nominees of the Alumni for the Governorships given to the Society to fill, be Dr. T. H. Rand Supt. of Education for N. B., and B. H. Eaton, Esq., of Halifax. It was announced that the *Vaughn* prize for the best essay on Acadia College had not been awarded. One essay only having come in, the judges had decided that there was no competition. The Sec'y is in correspondence with Mr. Vaughn and a further announcement will soon be made. The Society adjourned to meet in Aug., at the approaching session of the Convention in Wolfville.

## COLLEGE ANNIVERSARY.

Thursday, the great day of the feast, dawned propitiously. A slight shower during the night had laid the dust, cooled the air and given a look of freshness and renewed beauty to the graceful foliage of College Hill. Nature looked her loveliest as though she would lend the charm of her chaste beauty to the literary and social attractions of the day. The college flag floated proudly from the tall flag-staff as the dignitaries of the college, grave doctors, learned professors, governors, and alumni, with the gowned students formed in procession to make their annual march to the church, where the anniversary exercises were held according to the following

## PROGRAMME:

## Voluntary.

*Prayer*, by Rev. I. E. Bill.

*Music*—"Joy, joy to-day," By the choir.

*Oration*—"The systems of the Stoic and Epicurean Philosophies contrasted," B. P. Shafier, Annapolis Co.

*Music, Solo*—"Consider the Lillies." Miss Prudie Hartt.

*Oration*—"History Prophetic,"

Joshua Goodwin, N. B.

*Music*—Trio.

The president of the college then announced that the two gentleman who had delivered orations had been admitted to the degree of B. A., and the five of the former graduates had been admitted to the degree of M. A. These were Rev. G. O. Gates, A. B., Rev. I. A. Durkee, A. B., A. J. Eaton, A. B., J. B. Mills, Esq., A. B., J. W. Longley, Esq. A. B., and J. B. Hall, A. B.

These degrees were then conferred with the usual ceremony.

H. H. Bligh, Esq., on behalf of the Alumni Association, presented the following prizes:—

*Freshman* Class prize, \$20; W. Cox, Stewiacke.

*Sophomore* Class prize, \$20; A. I. Denton, Digby, C. K. Harrington, Sydney.

*Junior* Class prize, \$20; M. R. Tuttle, Wolfville.

Monthly Essay Prize, \$25; B. W. Lockhart, Lockhartville.

In addition to these Dr. Sawyer announced that the Lord Dufferin Silver medal had been awarded to Walter Barss, of Wolfville, for extra work in classics.

Dr. Sawyer said that it afforded him much pleasure to announce that Pr<sup>o</sup>. Jones, although desirous of remaining longer at Oxford, would meet his classes in September, and that Prof. Tufts had consented to resume his position as Professor in the College and Principal of the Academy. He explained that the graduating class, now so small, had numbered fifteen on entering College, but had become reduced, through various causes, to its present size. This diminution of college classes was partly through financial inability, but often through intellectual inability. Although there was no formal *plucking* at the yearly examinations, the same results were accomplished in a quieter way. The students who were unable, whether through insufficient preparation or through inattention to their duties to maintain the prescribed standing, were either turned back or advised to remain at home. These measures effectually secured the "survival of the fittest."

Prof. Foster, upon invitation of the President, made an excellent speech. He mentioned the pleasure he had experienced in witnessing these anniversary exercises and the evidences of advanced culture exhibited in the orations to which he had just listened. He felt sure that Acadia College was doing a great work for higher education in Nova Scotia. He hoped that its influence might be extended and multiplied till all classes should be benefitted by the thorough and liberal training imparted here.

The orations by Messrs. Shafner and Goodwin were of no ordinary merit. Both bore evidences of vigorous, independent thought expressed in elegant, often eloquent, language, and both were delivered with a distinctness of enunciation and grace of action that were very pleasing to the audience. The music, by amateurs from St. John, was beyond praise. The very favorable impression made by these singers when they were in Wolfville before was deepened by further acquaintance with them.

#### ALUMNI DINNER.

At 2 p. m., the Alumni and friends, to the number of 150, sat down to a very excellent dinner, prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Keddy, the steward and matron of the Academy. The spacious dining hall

was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and when all the ladies and gentlemen had taken their seats, and the waiters were industriously administering to the gastronomic demands of the company, the scene was very animated. The dinner was an excellent one in all respects, well selected, well cooked, well served, and well appreciated.

After the dinner, speeches were made by the Rev. Mr. Everett, of St. John; J. W. Longley, of the *Recorder*, of Halifax; Mr. Hay, of the *Morning News*, of St. John; Mr. Hathway, of the *St. John Globe*; Rev. Mr. Cary, of St. John; Rev. I. E. Bill, of St. Martin's; Prof. Foster, of the N. B. University; Rev. A. S. Hunt, Sup. of Education; Rev. E. W. Saunders, of Halifax; the Rev. Dr. Sawyer, Pres. of the College.

Mr. Everett made a very happy speech. It gave him great pleasure to join the annual pilgrimage to this Educational-Mecca of the Baptists of the Lower Provinces. He was glad to find things generally in such a satisfactory condition and to learn that the past year had been such a prosperous one in every respect. New Brunswick, he was happy to state, was well represented at Wolfville. He was glad to see Prof. Foster, of the Fredericton University, here, was delighted with the honorable position taken by the students from his Province, both male and female, and was further gratified at what was being done across the Bay for the Endowment fund

#### Acknowledgments.

H. C. Rand \$1.00; John L. Brown, \$1.00; R. P. Greenwood, E. A. Freeman, Rev. J. R. Stubbart, 98; Rev. S. March, \$1.00; Miss Annie Gilmour, Rev. E. Howe, Robert Howe, Hiram Smith, \$1.50; Robert Hannah, \$1.00; J. P. McDonald, Arthur N. Whitman, \$1.00; C. H. Whitman, H. N. Paint, \$1.00; E. Brymer, T. P. Calkins, \$1.00; J. S. Witter, C. E. Griffin, John Johnson, \$1.00; J. F. Covey, A. B., J. R. Bradford, Rev. T. W. Crawley, Wm. Lewis, John Burditt, E. P. Bowles, M. D., W. P. Shafner, J. L. Morse, H. W. Rand, G. L. Partriquin, \$1.75; L. P. Godfrey, 70; Albert Gates, \$1.00; Jos. Barss, \$1.00; Theophilus McDonald, \$1.00; J. A. Blair, M. D., J. H. Vaughn, Lachlan P. Farris, \$1.00; J. W. Jefferson, Prof. J. T. Mellish, A. Dykeman, R. A. Courtney, \$1.00; R. L. Telfer, S. D. Minard, David Stewart, 98; L. G. Hunt, R. E. Chambers, E. D. Fraser, \$1.00; Miss Helen A. Vidito, John R. Calhoun, M. P. P., Albert Clarke, Hon. John Lefargy, Chas. Baker, S. Simpson, Stephen Baker, J. B. Clarke, R. Rodgers, C. Schurman, W. G. Strong, J. W. Hamilton, Rev. J. N. Fillmore; L. S. Wallace, W. C. Archibald, Rev. W. A. Covey, \$1.00; M. B. Palmer, J. W. Spurdin, J. F. Currie, J. F. Forbes, \$1.00; F. F. Forbes, C. H. Morse, M. D., Rev. Malcolm Ross, F. M. Grant, \$1.00; Rev. D. H. Simpson, \$1.00; O. C. S. Wallace, 60; Mr. John Locke, Amos A. Wilson, C. T. Carbonell, Freeman Fitch, W. Neil Simpson, Jonathan Locke, Miss Cassie L. Harris, Joshua Thompson, \$1.00; E. C. Spinney, Rev. J. M. Parker, Judson Hughes, \$1.00; Wallace Phinney, Rev. J. F. Kempton, E. H. Robinson, 25; Rev. W. P. Everett, Myra Lockwood, Otis Redden, Amanda Hamilton, Carmon Marshall, John Shafner, T. G. Dunlop, 70; Alonzo Daniels, \$1.00; Mortimer Smith, \$1.00; Prof. Foster, W. Chase, David Phinney, Rev. D. W. C. Dimmoc, Geo. H. Durland; F. L. Shafner, Miss V. Wile, Silas Peak.

spring was far advanced, the trees draped with their richest foliage, the orchards blushing at their own loveliness, about all the beauty of the dykes, simple and unvaried, and the beauty of the hills, broken and diverse. The weather, too, was cool and pleasant, not as clear and hot as at some former anniversaries.

We formerly mentioned that Ike is an enthusiastic student. He is also an unwearied supporter of the "Athenæum"—losing no opportunity to gather in subscribers. The other day Mrs. Partington was in town and Ike took her into the Acadia Book Store to get her to put down her name for the Athenæum. The old lady gazed around the store with that expression of mingled curiosity and sageness incident to elderly persons of her sex, and ran an inquiring eye through the show-cases and along the shelves. At length she paused, looked troubled and asked Mr. Payzant if he "kept any of Mr. Dime's novels." "Certainly," he replied, "no bookstore would be complete without them." "Ah!" said the old lady, sighing over the depravity of the times, "Mr. Dime was a bad man, a very bad man, nobody ought to read his books." And then Ike coaxed his mother out of the store and went off to hunt for more subscribers.

By the time this issue of the Athenæum is distributed, our students will be also distributed, some home to rest, some out to labor. To all we wish a pleasant vacation. Just here let us say that a vacation cannot be really and permanently pleasant, unless it is profitably spent. And when we say "profitably," we do not mean that a great amount of work, especially mental work, must necessarily be done; we do not mean that the mathematics must suffer or the classics weary the mind, although a three month's course in the higher calculus, or in the syntax of the classics, would be by all odds preferable to a three months course in lounging and *ennui*, every lesson in which would be a sledge-hammer blow at the foundation of that mind-culture and mind-strength, which we have been laying the whole winter long. Rust, not rest, is a more sure and speedy destroyer than use. Idleness, not recreation, is a fearful demoralizer. Not recreation, we say. The most profitable summer may be spent by him who leaves all his text books on his College bookshelves. We have had a long winter's work over them, and if we have used fairly our time we need rest, change, recreation, either in amusement or physical labor. We would not say that a hard student wastes his summer if he never opens a book. Fishing and shooting, swimming and boating, gardening if you choose and geologizing, may add such strength to his body, vigor to

his brain and vivacity to his spirits, that in the course of time he will be the gainer rather than the loser by the interval of recreation, and then he has all the fun into the bargain. So let those of us who are not called to the Bema, or the Ferule, or the Yard-stick, or the Mowing machine, enjoy ourselves in the modes mentioned, as far as we severally require. Beyond that we may find modes of employment both useful and restful. Physical labor, and the unwearied mental activity that attends it, generally, if not always, prove more beneficial than an unbroken course of amusements, even recreative amusements. Physical labor, to the student, is both creative and recreative. The same is true of the lighter kinds of intellectual employment. An hour's study, daily, of Shakespeare, or Macaulay, or one of the first-rank poets, would add much both of pleasure and profit to the summer months. Some time spent each day in composing, too, would not be thrown away. In a word, the summer should be employed so as to preserve and supplement the culture of the winter.

THE Queen's Birthday was the most holiday-like holiday of the session. If loyalty consists in filling our Sovereign's natal day with enjoyment, we are loyal far beyond the average provincialist. The Yarmouthians, in celebrating their own natal day alone, can compete with us in variety and multiplicity of amusements. The day began about three hours earlier than the ordinary student's day begins. At 4 A. M. the halls resounded to the call and tramp of the Freshmen, who with satchel on shoulder and joy on face took the land route for the shores of Blomidon. There they were to geologize, as well they knew how, and enjoy themselves immensely. Quiet, broken by an occasional footstep, then reigned over the institutions, till about 6 A. M., when the cricket club woke up and wanted its breakfast. It was bound for Windsor in the 7 A. M. train to add another laurel either to their own brow or that of the Kings College club. The Juniors had, a few days before, departed on their usual geological tour, and so when the train left the station, few and far between, comparatively, were the students that were left to honor the Queen at Acadia. The Senior class, three Sophs, the Sems, and some Academy boys who had not gone to Windsor with the Sophomores, or to Blomidon with the Freshmen, still remained. After breakfast all these, with the exception of the Sem., gathered before the College, and as the bell struck and the flag climbed gracefully up the staff and shook itself out to the breeze, a 30-voiced cheer broke against the College walls. Then the grand old "God Save the Queen" swelled up and again the 30-voiced cheer rang out. At this juncture, the

Sons, who had been passive, but interested spectators, lifted up their sopranos and altos and warbled right loyally: Then the bass voices cheered again. Feeling, by this time in a very cheerful mood, we added to the usual proceedings and three threes went up in turn for the President, the College, the Academy, the Seminary, the Senior class and "the fellows who are going to be plucked. As a large per centage of the Academicians in the group were would-be matriculants, this closing cheer was joined in enthusiastically. The crowd then dispersed.

About this time a keen eye, on the lookout for some pleasant way of spending the day, espied the Basin Clipper making the village, and in a few moments the owner of this eye was on the wharf, chartering the steamboat for a day's pleasuring. Meanwhile the bell rang for prayers and three solitary students went in and sat down.

After prayers preparations were made for a day off, and a long and smiling array consisting of three collegians, nearly all the remaining Academicians and the entire Sem. teachers and all, waltzed down along the hill and through the village, and about 10 A. M. set out for song-famed Blomidon. The day wore on. The half-dozen still under the shadow of Acadia amused themselves in various ways. Some swung the oar, and a little party of three stole up over the hill and along the valley to Duncan's brook. A fore-taste of vacation hung about the College. The afternoon, in the village, passed pleasantly away, a cricket calling the older and a picnic the younger portion of the community from their homes. It would make this local too long to tell how the time went by abroad, how the Juniors compassed sea and land, how the Freshmen, removed from the awful restraint which the presence of Sophomores and Seniors ever imposes on them, disported themselves on the shaggy hillside and raced over the rocks; how the Sophomores, giving no peace to the wicket, batted their way to glory, or how the steamboat party amused themselves, both on sea and shore, in the thousand and two ways that a party of good-natured and light-hearted, care-free young ladies and gentlemen knew how to amuse themselves. Suffice it to say that the hour had crept around all too swiftly.

Towards evening the halls began to echo again to the voice of the student. The rowers came up from the Basin, the fishers returned, empty-handed, from the valley; the Freshmen, with their satchels full of doubtful looking amethysts, agates, and conglomerates, and their clothes full of the dust of travel; the Sophomores and others of the Cricket Club, with joy in their hearts and glory on their brow; the water party, imbued with the spirit of the sea and the infinite sleepiness that naturally results from a long day on the wave and

along the shore, surged up the hill, company after company, in due time. The 24th was over.

The Students and Officers of the College wish to convey their thanks to the many kind friends of the Institution in Wolfville, who have so hospitably entertained the numerous visitors from abroad, during anniversary week.


### Funnyisms ?

A dog fight is now facetiously called an "affaire du cur."—*Clip.*

Scene in the Grammar Class.—Question: "What part of speech is most distasteful to lovers?" Ans.: "The third person."—*Clip.*

It was a German editor who said that in the United States thieves were so scarce that they have to offer a reward for them.—*Clip.*

One of the Wooster girls says Mr. Senior's moustache on a cold evening tastes like ice-cream.—*Ex.*

Bright \* of my x is 10 ce, give me an m ~~~! said a Senior 2 to his sweetheart. She made a — at him and planted her  between his 2 ii's which made him C \*\*\*.—*Clip.*

A young lady sent to a British newspaper a poem entitled "I Cannot Make Him Smile." The editor ventured to express the opinion that she would have succeeded if she had shown him the poem.—*Clip.*

"John, what is the chief branch of education in your school?" "Willow branch, sir. Master has used up near a whole tree."

A Sophomore kissed his sweetheart the other night and asked her if she felt his moustach? "Oh, no," said she, "I only felt a little *down* in the mouth."

"Talk about the extravagance of dress in women," cries Martha Jane, exultingly. "What do you say to Tweed's six-million suit, I'd like to know. He isn't a woman, I guess."

Young lady to gentleman: "Pick up my fan, hand me a chair, and pass me a glass of water." Gentleman (indignant): "Do you take me for a servant?" Lady (serenely): "No, I mistook you for a gentleman."

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