

the preceding game was unable to play, the Knights of the red and blue plunged fearlessly into the strife, and retired at last, beaten, but beaten gloriously. In both contests the visiting team handled themselves in fine form, and put up a gentlemanly and creditable game. Acadia's team individually deserve great praise for their noble efforts, and the brilliant and plucky plays of Freeman, Conrad, McCurdy, Morse, Rose and Ferris are worthy of special mention. In the game with Halifax Morse's place was taken by Crandall, who with Duval won fresh laurels for himself. It remains to congratulate Capt. Morse on the skillful and efficient way in which he handled his men; and to remark that Acadia in times past may have had a better team in point of practice and experience, but never a pluckier one than the team of '96.

Cathedral Building

BEAUTY is Truth. In all the quaint old legends it is so. The two Twin Sisters are never absent. Their subtle fingers have woven into the web of Antiquity patterns of surprising fairness; their inspiration has kindled the fire of poetic genius; nations in the first flush of victory have fallen across the threshold of the Morning: worlds have trembled at their speaking. Beauty is truth. In the ceaseless surging of the times the spirit has departed, the form has dominated; in the ceaseless surging of the times man has fallen. Fresh and beneficent they drift upon the troubled waters when three thousand years or more have failed to dim the lustre of their presence or mar the deftness of their touch.

It was always so. Our superstitious ancestors wondered at the strange relationship and rather than blur the softness of their mythical coloring sacrificed reason to emotion. They had no cynics in those days. They had no reasoners. All that was beautiful was true. It mattered but little to tell them it was a fable. It made them happy, and if it made them happy why dismiss it? After all what do we know of anything? Is there anyone in this great, wise century who has defined Truth? Was there anyone in the foolish Past who babbled of Truth? Will there be any in the Future? We reason and are miserable. They believed and were happy. They labored under an illusion? Perhaps so—but who is there to tell us that we are not also laboring under an illusion far more deceptive than their own?

Cathedral building is an art. To us it is merely an art; a seen and an unseen something that awakens the latent spirit of appreciation. To the mediæval monks it was an art, but an art is a far different signification. To them it was a religion, a breathing existence; the essence of all things known and unknown. Noon and night in the lonely cell; the vision of completion was their only sustenance: noon and night their one ambition; noon and night their death. The winds of winter shrieked in the crannies of the cloister. The petals of an errant summer hid the ruinous wall. Blocks of marble torn