

terms at the critical age. Never were school-masters more graced than we were by the reflected glory of the later success of those whom we had the privilege of aiding to start out. They are found not only in the useful but high places of our native province and of the Dominion, and around the world beyond. Men like Dr. Ross Hill, who in 1889 was our very youthful gold medallist, and now comes to speak to us from south of the border after promotion from State to State, and who at his inauguration only a few years ago as President of the great University of Missouri, was characterized by Schurman of Cornell as one of the five great University Presidents of the United States — and he was the youngest of them — men like the Chief Superintendent of Education for British Columbia, Dr. Alexander Robinson — men like Dr. C. B. Robinson, the most promising botanist ever born, equally well equipped by nature and education, who now lies beneath the sunlit waves surrounded by the gorgeous flora of the Malay Archipelago — men like Colonel George Brenton Laurie, who was among the first of us to fall while stemming the Hunnish invasion of civilization in Europe on the field of Flanders.

One word more to say how grateful we should feel to those who originated, directed, and aided to carry into successful completion this centennial celebration which is exhibiting to the country at large what the spirit of our ancestors — the passion for the discovery of truth and toleration for truth-seeking — a hundred years ago has done for us today; and how we can send down with added impetus through the ringing grooves of time the old spirit to vivify the distant posterity that is to be.

It is about forty years since Dr. Robert MacLellan became a member of the Pictou Academy staff. He had been for six years the school inspector, when he was really in authority above the principal. He has been twenty-seven years principal of the Academy. During these years the institution had to compete against the expanding High School system, and institutions manned by Pictou Academy trained teachers, such as some in the Halifax Academy, Campbell in the Truro Academy, MacInnes and Creelman in the Sydney Academy and many others in other localities. Its present standing, therefore, reflects high credit on Dr. MacLellan, whose connection with it is

also unique in reference to his long as well as successful administration.

In conclusion, therefore, I must say, that we, his associates or old students can hardly feel we have done our entire duty unless we shall at some time raise as a memorial of his uniquely distinguished career in connection with the Academy a bursary, scholarship or exhibition, for future students to compete for annually, to be known as the Dr. Robert MacLellan Scholarship.

#### SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

We held our exhibition in the school-house at Bayfield, September 25, 1916.

In the forenoon we arranged the tables and placed the exhibits in proper places.

One table consisted of vegetables as — beets, peas, corn, carrots, cucumbers, tomatoes, squash and beans; there were some good bunches of wheat and oats.

Another table contained cooking as — layer-cake, cookies, patty-cakes and loaf-bread, the preserves were blackberries, strawberries and apples.

The third table was covered with fancy work and knitting.

A fourth table was used for insect exhibits.

Mounted leaves, ferns and mosses were hung on the walls, also writing and various kinds of drawing.

There were several bunches of sweet-peas, asters and pansies.

There were a fair number of visitors in the afternoon, they all said the exhibits were very good and everyone enjoyed themselves.

The cooking was all sold, and some of the vegetables, to buy books for the school library.

JAMES RANDALL, VIII.

The report given above was sent us by the Director of Rural Science in Nova Scotia, to show how school gardens and exhibitions fit into ordinary school work. It is not a model in composition, nor entirely free from mistakes, but it is natural and well arranged. The writer was interested and knew what he was writing about. [EDITOR.]

Mirth is God's medicine. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.— *Beecher*.