

In the spring of 1899 an agitation had been started for the erection of a building to replace the primitive hut then used by the Athenæum Society, and the result of that movement was very manifest in the shape of a tasty and artistic structure in which the Athenæum, Propylæum, the Athletic Association and Y. M. C. A. took equal pride. But the greatest progress of all had been made by the Seminary. Two huge wings had been added to the sacred edifice and the whole now formed a vast quadrangle as imposing to the eye as the thought of what it contained was to the imagination. From a tablet in the new chapel I learned that the additions were the result of a princely donation from a wealthy widow, an ardent friend of Acadia who was formerly Miss Edna C. Cook and an old class-mate of mine. The name on the tablet was Mrs. —. On second thought, for the sake of peace and for my own sake I think I had better leave that name blank. You can each fill it in to your own satisfaction and thus save many a heartache and the unnecessary shedding of much precious blood.

While I was thoughtfully gazing around these scenes the college bell began to ring, for it was Baccalaureate Sunday, the doors of that abode of mystery swung grandly open and a long procession emerged headed by a dignified figure which I had no difficulty in recognizing as Miss Zella Clark one of the best of the many good students with whom I had been associated in '99. But from force of habit my attention soon turned from the principal and her accompanying teachers to the procession following, and but for its length it might have been the very one I had so often watched with awed fascination in the years gone by. Devout and demure with downcast eyes, totally unconscious of the many worshipful and longing glances cast upon them, they swept gracefully to their position in the gallery of the village church and while there, never suffered their eyes for an instant to leave the hymn book or the pulpit and wander down the crowded rows of the galleries to the right and left. Yes, it might have been the very same crowd. But even these could not retain my attention when I caught sight of him who was to preach the Baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of 1920. Gold-spectacled, small but stern, diminutive but dignified I thought I recognized him and when he opened his lips I knew it for none other than the Rev. Dr. Foshay of international fame as an orator and whom it would be sacrilege now to call Mike.

It was a wonderful sermon. The vast audience swayed to and fro under the magic of his eloquence as corn under an autumn blast; one moment melted into tears and the next borne on the pinions of his passionate oratory to peaks of prophetic inspiration. And he didn't read his sermon either; he used notes—shorthand notes.

On the Monday evening following, the address before the senate of the university, was delivered by a very distinguished looking individual who was spoken of with great deference as the Hon. J. W. DeB. Farris. Premier of New Brunswick, Before his accession to this office a year or two before he was a partner in the celebrated law firm of Farris & Farris in St. John. The honorable gentleman's ad-