

The Month

ALTHOUGH Dame Nature has not been in her most genial mood during the present month, we have had our usual quota of social and intellectual treats which add greatly to the pleasure of College life.

An interesting service was held in College Hall on Wednesday the 4th inst at which reports were presented by Mr. J. S. Clark, delegate to the Maritime Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Truro in July last; and by Mr. C. W. Rose, delegate to the mid-summer students' Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Northville, Mass., under the direction of Mr Moody. These reports were helpful and well received.

On Saturday, the 7th, the first open meeting for the year of the Athenæum Society, was held in the College chapel, the ladies of the College honouring us with their presence. After the usual routine of business, an interesting programme was carried out.

An enjoyable reception given in the Wolfville Baptist Church under the auspices of the B. Y. P. U. on Friday evening the 13th, was participated in by the students of the various institutions. All speak highly of the entertainment offered them.

The Propylæum Society gave a reception to the visiting foot-ball team of Mt. Allison College in the Hall on Friday the 20th. The large gathering which filled the Hall was entertained with a short programme, consisting of addresses of welcome by Dr's. Jones and Keirstead, Captain Morse '97 and the reply of Capt. Butler, representing the Mt. Allison team. The Wolfville orchestra furnished choice music; the remainder of the evening being spent in social conversation. Although this is the first time we have had the Sackville boys with us, we hope it may not be the last.

An evangelistic service was held in the Hall on Sunday the 22nd inst under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The Rev. A. J. Gordon of St. John gave a very helpful and stimulating address, on the subject "Value of a Purpose in Life"

On Tuesday the 26th, the students of the University united with the Wolfville Baptist Church in a Thanksgiving service. The Rev. J. T. Denovan gave a strong and invigorating address.

The night wind with a desolate moan swept by;
And the old shutters of the turret swing
Screaming upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stain'd and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

WILLIS.