

She was active in the formation of the Alumnae Association of Acadia Seminary, and as a member of the Executive Committee contributed largely to the success of its yearly meetings. Last June she was appointed by the Association as a visitor to the Art department of the Seminary to act in connection with the Seminary visitors of the University Senate.

While in the Seminary the heavy demands made upon her left little time for original work with her pen, but then and in later years, she wielded the pen of a ready writer. Her style was clear, epigrammatic, and forceful. Her thought was always serious and elevated, often original and profound. Among her best prose productions were several able papers written for the W. C. T. U. conventions, notably one on the law of heredity, which was published in the Halifax Herald.

She was an intense lover of poetry. She apprehended quickly and appreciated keenly the deepest thought of a poet, and could readily unfold his hidden meaning. That a thought was profound, and its expression obscure, only gave her the added pleasure of discovery. Indeed she often seemed by poetic intuition to see as in a flash of light what to others was dark and enigmatical. She not only had poetic insight, but she showed no little skill in versifying. The brief lines which follow serve as a specimen of this skill, and indicate also the quality of her spirit:

In the Dark.

When all is dark my baby wakes,
And fears to find herself alone;
The tiny hand a movement makes,
And o'er my face, like rose-leaves strown,
The velvet palm its pressure keeps.
Closer I clasp the form I hold,
And breathe about the baby's brow;
The little hand in mine I fold,
As God has taught us mothers how,
And then she sleeps.

Out in the dark I reach mine arms,
And grope to find my Father's face;
Helpless, and filled with vague alarms,
My spirit yearns for Thine embrace.
I do not ask Thy form to see,
Nor yet Thy ways to understand;
Could I but feel the breath divine,
But feel the pressure of Thy hand,
And on my Father's breast recline,
Enough for me.

These lines were written about ten years ago, and show that though she had for twelve years been married and the mistress of a home, her intellectual activity had not ceased. The problems of wifehood and motherhood were faced with the same intense sense of responsibility which she had carried into her work as a teacher. She had still that