

Northfield is situated in the Northern part of the State of Massachusetts, on the eastern side of the Connecticut River, just where the river enters the state, and hence on the borders of New Hampshire and Vermont. A wide level street with spacious residences, well kept lawns and meadows rich with grasses, is adorned on either side with a beautiful row of stately maples, then rejoicing in a profusion of foliage. Beyond the straggling village lie the beautiful grounds and stately building of Northfield Seminary, the spot made famous by the noble life of one of God's great workers—D. L. Moody. The place wears almost an air of seclusion, shut in, as it is, by hills and woods and river.

On entering the grounds we found white tents gleaming in the sunshine, and nestling on every little knoll and hillside wherever sufficient shade was found. How suggestive they were of odorous pines, of murmuring brooks, of cheering birdsong, of fleecy floating clouds, of dreamy hours of idleness and ease. They stood in rows beneath the lines of maples and birches, they appeared at every turn of the curving driveways, they seemed to be everywhere. But where was ours? Ah! there in a row near to Marquand Hall stood a line of tents where proudly floated the banners of McGill, Dalhousie, Mount Allison (U. N. B. had been assigned quarters elsewhere) and two other tents; surely these were reserved for the representatives of the fairest of all the fair, Acadia. From this veritable beehive of shining white tents what manner and number of persons shall we prepare to meet? To find the answer to this question come with me to Marquand Hall and dine.

At 12.30 the incessant ringing of a clamorous bell summoned everyone to the great dining hall. Then from Seminary buildings and from tents, from shady nooks and corners, came pouring forth a tide of student life, five hundred strong. (About two hundred more were dining in other quarters) We took our places during a continuation of the most glorious confusion of wild college yells that had ever greeted my ears,—five hundred men, each bent, not only on making himself heard, but on drowning out the other four hundred and ninety-nine. The Canadian delegations, of which McGill was the largest, occupied the centre of the room, and from this point of vantage we surveyed the rows of tables and the groups of shouting men. Our delegation numbered only eight *precious souls*, so that after an heroic effort to make the name of Acadia famous, we found ourselves looking into