

Awed, and solemn, yet thanksgiving, filled our spirits as with balm.

Thus we spent the first half hour, and those there will ne'er forget,

Words have failed me to describe it, but the memory's vivid yet.

Then at last surpressed emotions, victory, triumph, gained the day.

We broke forth in exultation, wild rejoicing then held sway.

Martial hymns and songs of nations, everybody on parade

And for might a huge bonfire on the campus waiting laid,

There we burned the Kaiser William, and when low the embers burned

To the northern lights, to skyward, all our countenances turned.

After this came social gaieties, a party held in Somerset,

This the first of social functions and the best as Juniors yet.

Thus to Bish's home from Wolfville went the Jolly Junior class

All intent on fun and pleasure, forgot how swift the hours pass.

This the first of social functions was far distant from the last.

Who forgets the skating party and the time in club room passed?

Now again we hear of changes, one more change for this poor class

Two years essays, Junior, Senior, we must pass in in one mass

Though it seemed a heavy burden we determined to "be game"

But this we hope, you lower classmen, you'll not have to do the same.

"Oh I have to do my essay", is the never ending cry

And the task it seems most endless, no, no matter how you try.