



HON. H. R. EMMERSON, M. A., LL. B.

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Hon. H. R. Emmerson, M. A., L. L. B.

The Athenæum during the college year has presented to its readers portraits and biographical sketches of men who have won high rank in the legal and political world. There are many others who are justly entitled to a place in this Journal, and no doubt succeeding editors will be glad to bring them before the college constituency in this way. We have already presented biographical sketches of Hon. J. W. Johnson, D. C. L., Hon. J. W. Longley, D. C. L., Hon. W. N. Graham, Hon. Neil McLeod, M. A., Hon. Judge Chipman, M. A. and Silas Alward, Q. C., D. C. L.

It affords us much pleasure to present to our readers in this number a portrait and biographical sketch of the Hon. Henry Robert Emmerson, L. L. B. M. A., Premier of New Brunswick, a man whose brilliant career Acadia has watched with growing pride and interest. Mr Emmerson is a son of the late Rev. R. H. Emmerson, Baptist clergyman, and Augusta Read, daughter of the late Joseph Read of Minudie, Cumberland Co., N. S., of English paternal descent, and on mother's side from Loyalists from the American Colonies.

He was born at Maugerville, Sunbury Co., New Brunswick, Sept. 25th, 1853. Educated at St. Joseph's College, (Memramcook) Amherst Academy, (Nova Scotia,) Mount Allison Academy, (Sackville,) English High School, (Boston,) Horton Academy, and Acadia College, (Wolfville.) He first attended Horton Collegiate Academy in 1869, and took a partial course in Acadia College in 1870, and 1871. Studied law in Dorchester, N. B. in the office of the late Sir A. J. Smith, and of late Albert J. Hickman, Q. C. He graduated from Boston University Law School in June 1877, with the degree of L. L. B., and was successful in carrying off the prize of \$50.00 for essay on "the legal condition of Married Women", offered by the Faculty of Boston University, and competed for by members of the graduating class of 1877.

Mr Emmerson was admitted an attorney of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick in Michaelmas Term 1877, and called to the Bar as a Barrister in Michaelmas Term of the Supreme Court in 1878. In 1887 he was nominated by the Liberals of Westmorland Co., N. B. as a candidate for the House of Commons in their interest at the General Elections held in February 1887. His opponent was Josiah Wood, now (Hon. Senator Wood) who was the Conservative Candidate, and defeated Mr Emmerson. In 1878 he was married to Emily C. Record daughter of the late C. B. Record, of Moncton, N. B. Mr Emmerson unsuccessfully contested Albert County for the Commons in the Liberal interest at the General Elections, March 3rd, 1891, his opponent being Dr R. C. Weldon.

In 1888 he was elected to the legislature of New Brunswick, for the County of Albert. He was appointed a member of the Legislative Council and successfully advocated the abolition of that body. The abolition took effect on the dissolution of the House of Assembly in September, 1892. While a member of the Legislative Council Mr Emmerson was invited to become a member of the Blair Government, as President of the Executive Council and leader of the Government in the Upper House, and accepted. On the dissolution of the Legislative Assembly in September, 1892, Mr Emmerson was sworn in as Chief Commissioner of Public Works, and successfully contested the County of Albert at the General Elections which followed. He has since continued to represent that County, having been re-elected at the General Elections in 1895, and 1899, and still holds the portfolio of Minister of Public Works.

On the resignation of Hon. James Mitchell as Premier, because of ill health, in Oct., 1897, Mr Emmerson was called upon by the Lieut. Governor to form a Government which he did successfully, and has since continued as Premier of the Province, his government being overwhelmingly sustained at the General Elections, there being only 5 of the 46 members elected in opposition to the government.

Mr Emmerson was for several years a Director of the Maritime Baptist Publishing Co. of St John, and a member of the Senate of Acadia University. He has recently resigned the latter position having been appointed on the nomination of the Alumni Society of the University a member of the Board of Governors of the University of Acadia. In religion Mr Emmerson is a Baptist, a member of the Dorchester Baptist Church, N. B., and takes a deep interest in the welfare of the denomination. He is chairman of the Canadian National Baptist Convention Committee, which was appointed to arrange for a Convention of the Baptists of Canada to be held in Winnipeg in September, 1899.

Mr Emmerson has discharged the responsible duties to which he has been called with dignity and ability, and his moral fearlessness coupled with a most genial manner has won for him the respect and liking not only of his friends but also of many of his political enemies. The people of New Brunswick displayed in a most striking manner the confidence they have in him, and in his government by the overwhelming majority they gave to him in the last political contest.

Class Prophecy 1899.

In the year of our Lord 1920 I died.

Those to whom this message may come will pardon, I hope, the introduction here of such a seemingly trivial incident, as it has a very important bearing upon what is to follow. And really I had no other course. Let me explain.

This prophecy business is overcrowded, and all the trances and

visions and magic crystals and electric telescopes and other exceedingly convenient devices for peering into the future and all over the world at once, have been so used again and again by those whose mantle I have inherited, that I had not the heart to reinflct any of them upon this long-suffering faculty and student-body and assembly of friends that meet here year after year and kindly try to be interested as we play our last little farce on the stage of this institution. And again, it did not seem fitting that this class, like unto which none other has studied and loafed, and chummed and squabbled and found pleasure and pain within this classic walls, should be ushered into the "to-be" by any commonplace method. And so, as I said, I died. I had no other course.

As this to-me-important event happened not so very long ago, I still have a very distinct recollection of the circumstances, which, at the risk of boring you, I will briefly relate.

I was walking aimlessly along the crowded street of a great city in one of the upper provinces, when suddenly there was a dizzy, choking sensation, then a numbness and the next I knew I was somewhere watching an excited crowd surrounding something still on the sidewalk. I say *somewhere*, because I had then and have yet no distinct sense of locality. Indeed, I have not yet settled to my satisfaction whether what I now call *me* is a definite organism which can travel at will through space, or whether I have no relation to space and am simply conscious wherever my thought or attention happens to be fixed. Be that as it may, the fact remains that at whatever place I happen to be thinking of, there I actually am and am conscious in some inexplicable way of what is going on there.

At the time of which I have spoken I was conscious of being near a crowd of people who were discussing in quite an animated manner whether that on the sidewalk which was formerly me, was dead or in a fit or simply—overcome. Opinion seemed about equally divided with a slight preponderance in favor of the last view. Their conversation was interrupted by the advent of a burly and important looking individual who, shouldering his way through them and loudly announcing himself as a doctor, made a brief examination and pronounced me to be undoubtedly defunct. This done, and finding that no one in the crowd could identify the body, he rang for an ambulance to take it to the hospital near by of which he was the chief surgeon. While waiting for this, he was hurriedly approached by a diminutive figure who excitedly addressed him :—

"Say, Webster, is he dead?"

"Hullo! Pidgeon, is who dead?"

"Why Crandall there."

"That's Crandall is it? I'd never have known him. Oh yes, he's dead enough. Why?"

"There!—isn't that my luck! He's owed me a dollar and a half for over a week now. He was down to my office last week and tried to get me to admit him to the asylum but the patients there

made such a kick I had to refuse, so he hit me up for one-fifty and promised to give it back the last of the week. I see *my* finish."

In explanation of this, I may state that Mr. Pidgeon who had entered upon the practice of law in that city a few years after his graduation, at the time of which I am speaking had gone actively into politics and occupied a responsible position in the civic government with full jurisdiction over the public institutions of the city. The asylum which he mentioned and through which he had taken me a few days before was a large stone structure just outside the city limits. At the time of my visit there were only about twenty eight inmates but they were an extremely interesting collection. One curious fact concerning them was that one and all wore immensely large straw hats with which they absolutely refused to part for an instant and the very sight of a man with a camera threw them all into violent convulsions. I was conducted through the building by the keeper who was also the chaplain and of whom all the patients seemed to be exceedingly fond. His name was Kierstead—Rev. Jacob Kierstead, formerly of Acadia and his work in this asylum, as I learned from one of the inmates, was chiefly of a philanthropic nature as he was in receipt of a large income from some electric light works with which he was connected.

Among the patients were men who imagined themselves to be reformers, one actually insisted that his name was Martin Luther; one thought himself to be Commander-in-chief of the British Army; another was fully convinced that he was a humorist while one or two labored under the absurd delusion that they were pugilists. It was all very pitiful and I was glad when the visit was over.

To tell the truth, I did borrow some money from Pidgeon but I honestly intended to return it sometime and his insinuation that I had purposely died to escape payment was unjust in the extreme. While he was in varied and picturesque language making this complaint to Dr. Webster the ambulance arrived, the object in question was bundled into it and drove off with my former classmate seated comfortably on a cushion composed of my anatomical structure.

The next day I had the privilege of listening to the learned gentleman lecture to a large class in anatomy, illustrating the same with moist sections of me. It was very interesting but at the time I was somewhat hurt at his devotion to science at my expense. However he amply atoned for it afterward, for the parts he did not use were accorded a magnificent burial the expenses of which were borne by himself. Mr. Pidgeon and two other old classmates of mine who were also citizens of the same place, and I had the never-to-be-forgotten pleasure of hearing the Rev. Horace B. Sloat, M. A., in the largest church in the city, preach most eloquently and pathetically my funeral sermon, after which I was tenderly and scientifically planted by the sexton of the same church whose name if I remember correctly, was Freeman

I was very lonely for a time after this. I could find no one in the after-world whom I knew and really, ghosts are a very con-

servative people and hard to get acquainted with. And there is so little of them to get acquainted with anyway, that they are very unsatisfactory when you do know them. I was lonely and wanted to leave the city where the events I have narrated had happened but my completely unhampered freedom of choice made it difficult to decide where to go. People make a very foolish mistake when they select the most unpleasant and gruesome places as the possible abodes of ghosts. Do they think that we, who can have the interstellar spaces for our play-ground and the milky way for our promenade, have nothing better to do than to haunt forest paths and graveyards, frightening children out of their wits, blanching the faces and stilling the laughter of the peasant lads and lasses slouching homeward from the village dance? They give us credit for very little intelligence.

But although I had the choice of the universe, I couldn't make up my mind where to go first until one day the sight of those of old '99 whom I have just mentioned, walking up the street to settle for my funeral expenses, called up a flood of reminiscences of the days at Acadia and set me wondering what had become of the rest of the class. Many I had not heard from for years and though, while at college they had always insisted with great vehemence that they were "bound to shine," I had only heard vague rumors from time to time that would justify the idea that they had kept their promise. So at once I decided that for the time I could do nothing better than to look them all up for old sake's sake and see to my own satisfaction what had been the amount of their shining.

Naturally my mind reverted to the place where over twenty years before we had confidently sallied forth from the protecting shelter of our Alma Mater, and armed with our roll of parchment eagerly faced whatever of danger or difficulty that offered itself for vanquishment. Very formidable that weapon seemed to us then but somehow we lost confidence in it later on.

Hardly had the image of the place and the desire to see it arisen in my consciousness before I was there, in Wolfville, and as luck would have it, it was anniversary time. The sleepy little town, which had seemingly changed very little, had on its best spring costume in honor of the throng of visitors that filled it to overflowing. The air was heavy with the odor of apple blooms, the streets were filled with the flutter of gay femininity and the birds sang just as they did twenty years ago. Yet everything seemed strange and I looked in vain for the sight of a familiar face. On the hill too, everything was changed. The old college building still stood but it looked dwarfed and insignificant beside the great stone and brick structures flanking it at every side. Chip. Hall was gone; it fell to pieces I think and in its place stood a magnificently commodious lodge, holding several hundred students who always kept their rooms neat and clean and never by any chance forgot themselves so far as to drop a water pitcher out the window or down the stairs. As I said, things were somewhat changed.

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-

dress which, by the way, was a strange one for a politician was on "Woman's Influence" and in justice to him it must be said that he displayed a thorough and intimate knowledge of his subject.

The exercises of the two following days possessed but little interest for me as the participants with few exceptions were total strangers. The obsequies on Wednesday morning were conducted in a most dignified and pompous manner by the new president, Dr. E. H. Simpson whose election to that office the year before after a distinguished literary and pedagogic career on both sides of the water had given universal satisfaction. The only other item on the program in which I was interested was an address at the close of the exercises by the Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, editor of the *Maritime Baptist*, published at St. John, N. B. This influential organ of the advanced religious thought of the Maritime Provinces was started under considerable difficulty in 1905 and had attained its present position only after strenuous and uninterrupted exertion on the part of its promoter. It is now bracketed in Baptist affection with that other famous periodical the *Messenger and Visitor*. After saying this, any further comment on the value of the paper is entirely unnecessary. I was present at the conversazione that night in the hope of learning the whereabouts of some of the boys whom I had not yet been able to locate and was successful beyond my expectations, for in one corner of the room all the members of '99 who were present held an informal re-union, and from their reminiscient remarks I gathered material enough to direct my peregrinations for some time.

As a result of what I heard the next morning I was at St. John. The first object that drew my attention was a titanic bridge that with two great spans leaped the harbor at a spot a little above where the old ferry used to cross, providing passage-way for railways, trolly-cars, carriages and foot passengers innumerable. This triumph of modern engineering, only finished a year before, had placed the name of its designer and builder, Mr. E. C. Harper, among the foremost men of the century and had gained him the honor of knighthood from the hands of a grateful government. I was not at all surprised at this, knowing his work at Acadia, and the difficulties under which he labored, for he would have done far better there had not his room commanded a clear view of the back windows of the Seminary. That's an awful handicap for a man.

With the exception of the bridge and a considerable extension in radius, the city had much the same appearance, or rather, disappearance, for it was foggy as usual, as it had twenty years ago. At Fredericton, my next stopping place, the chief objects of attraction were the new and magnificent Parliament buildings, where my friend Farris swayed the rod of empire. These buildings had been erected under the government of the former Premier, Mr. Emmerson, and splendid as they were in design and execution, yet they had given considerable dissatisfaction to many of the New Brunswick sore-heads. As far as I could understand, the ground of their complaint lay not in any fault in the buildings themselves, or in the price—or two prices—paid for them, but in the fact that the contract had been given to a Halifax architect by the name of Dumaresq.

They said that Dumaresq had in some mysterious way, a pull with the government.

Farther up the St. John river, at Woodstock, I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Arthur H. W. Hay, the wealthy, well-dressed and portly proprietor of a large departmental store. His success in business had been even greater than I had anticipated, although even in Wolfville, his devotion to all mercantile branches, especially book-keeping—and book-keepers—had been very noticeable.

Attracted by the rumors of the fame of the law firm of Bill & Dodge, my next stopping place was Winnipeg where those two clever class-mates of mine had established a legal practice second to none in British North America. Their specialty was in criminal cases, and Bill's merciless handling of witnesses, who all stood in mortal terror of him, and Dodge's eloquent pleading which no jury could resist, had won them every case placed in their hands. Dodge's natural eloquence was greatly improved by the special course in elocution which he took while at Acadia—and afterward.

The whereabouts of the rest of the class it took me some time to ascertain, but at last after patient and prolonged investigation I was able to locate them all. Vince—Rev. J. O. Vince—was the head of a large and flourishing family and pastor of the Metropolitan tabernacle in London where his fame as a pulpit orator was second only to that of its illustrious founder.

Elliot was the master of a singing school at Gaspereau and was respectfully addressed by all who knew him as Professor. To those who had had the pleasure of listening to the college choir during the year of '98 and '99, his success in this profession gave no surprise.

Hardy was the pastor of a neat little church in Western Nova Scotia where he was adored by the female portion of his congregation and affectionately regarded by the young people, to whom, between the intervals of religious teaching he was accustomed to give instruction in French and German. He still persisted in parting his hair in the middle.

Baker, whose ability would have opened to him, had he wished it, the pulpit of any church on the American continent, had chosen rather to give his life to the service that was ever close to his heart even while at school with us, and was doing a noble though unrecognized work among the poor of New York.

Roach, as I heard from many sources, had been lured from the ministerial pathway by the beckoning fingers of Art and had made a great name for himself. His delicacy of touch made his work with a whitewash brush inimitable, and his boldness and originality lent a charm to a patent medicine advertisement that was irresistible.

Bishop, as I discovered after considerable trouble, was a journeyman Methodist parson during the camp-meeting season and at other times of the year devoted his attention chiefly to agricultural pursuits.

Now, and last, comes Clark,—Jeremiah S. Clark,—and fain would I be silent concerning this sorrowful end of his career but duty bids me sternly—Forward; for the list must be completed. After his graduation Jerry entered upon missionary work among the Nova



GRADUATING CLASS OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY 1989.

Scotian Micmacs and for a time met with wonderful success. But upon one evil day he called an assembly of the tribes together and rising in their midst began, without a word of warning, to read selections from his own poetical works. For a time his audience sat stoically silent only glancing sadly and wonderingly at each other as if to say "What are we up against?" At length even their iron nerves could stand the strain no longer and they arose as one man, and more in sorrow than in anger, fell upon him and smote him so that he died.

And so ends the story of the class of '99. Twenty-four first-class good men and women, for all you may hear to the contrary. And let me beg of you, ladies and gentlemen all, not to judge them altogether by what they became. It was not always because of their virtues that they attained, nor because of their faults that they failed. Life is not a game of chess, the victory to the most knowing; it is rather a game of cards; one's hand, such as it is and dealt to him by someone else, by skill to be made the most of. It is not always the wisest that is the most successful. We can play the game with coolness and judgment; decide when to plunge and when to stake small; but to think that wisdom will decide it, is to imagine that we have discovered the law of chance. If these of whom you have heard, have played the game of life as sportsmen, pocketing their winnings with a smile and leaving their losings with a shrug; if thereby they have learned some of the virtues of the good player—self control, courage under misfortune, modesty under success, and general indifference to fate, then whatever their winnings may have been, their time on this green earth was not entirely wasted.

C. F. Crandall.

Class History.

As one goes through college he is more and more impressed with the resemblance between one student and another, or one class and another. The man who takes honours, the man who gets plucked, the ministerial and the law student differ only in degree not in kind. They are all one and the same compound, only mixed in different proportions. What is microscopic in one is largely developed in another. What is rudimentary in one is an active organ in another. We find nothing new in student nature after we have once carefully dissected and analyzed a normal specimen. If a robust organism of a sophomore were put under a glass by a skillful mental microscopist even he would be found to have an embryonic germ somewhere indicative of a heart and rudimentary buddings that may become conscience with careful training.

But this paper is not written for the purpose of moralizing upon that phase of human nature brought out by university life. Its purpose is to deal with the history and doings of the class of '99, and this seeming irrelevant introduction is to explain the similarity between the doings of this class and those of classes preceding it.

To some this history will mean little, yet to others its significance is great. To the fond parents, sisters and friends who have watched the progress and development of the boy who was thrown upon the world of college life to weave his own fate and fight his own battles, it is important. Still nearer does it come to us as a class as we thus view our course and live again together the four years we have toiled here side by side.

The curtain went up on the college stage in the autumn of '95 with the class of '99 numbering thirty one upon the boards, ready to begin the four act drama with its numerous situations of tragedy and comedy.

We were Freshmen then filled with good intentions and homesickness. We gathered here like the sands of the sea shore for multitude and like the leaves of the forest for greenness.

Like the present Freshman class we were up to the standard in this respect. Acadia may want for greenbacks, but the Freshmen are her pledge that she will never want for greenness while she exists. Having paid our matriculation fee, we were allowed to don our under-graduate gowns, thus early in our course becoming distinguished, at least from the luxuriant herbage which Freshmen are prone to allow to grow under their feet.

How vividly the first morning in chapel comes before us. There sat the President in quiet dignity, and near him were the professors whom we were soon to know and honour, and all around were the faces of the three upper classes. Then the girls, we must not forget the co-eds. They are of us and can never be left out. They do the same work as we do which is fair, so are the co-eds. They pass the same examinations though often much better than we do. At such times we might say they are passing fair. The girls did not deign to look at the Freshmen. Some of the members of '99 say there has been a great change for the better in some of the girls since then.

If memory serves aright, the Doctor took as his text that morning, Acts 20: 29. "For know this that after my departure shall greivous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock." The significance of the words did not strike us until the Doctor had left the room, but then indeed the wolves entered in among us and did not spare the flock for with the many solicitations to join societies and contribute in various ways, we were glad to escape with our clothes, and if the missionary committee had been organized we would probably have lost them.

Next we were introduced to the recitation room. At first we were comparatively quiet when we should have had something to say. As time passed however we got into shape, and soon come to know which day we might be called upon. If through poor calculation we made a mistake we suffered the tortures of the professors inquisition in silence and upon such occasions rarely gave up the truth.

Then came the institution of class meetings. We had an idea at that time that lectures interfered too much with these meetings

which we held as often as possible. A constitution was drawn up and officers elected. We had only one lady in the class then, who has remained with us ever since, and the class regretted that the constitution would not allow her to accept every honor and office we had to offer.

The debates, orations and original papers delivered in those days were calculated to sprain our intellects. The first debate was well supported on both sides of the question, which read as follows. "Resolved that fire has done more damage than water." Some of the speakers showed a strong feeling against fire, in fact a feeling that has proved to be prophetic considering the number of times since they have been "roasted." Others again showed an antipathy to water which they have never gone back on.

Farris read an able paper on "What I shall do when I get into the New Brunswick government," and then proceeded to elaborate a scheme which he intends carrying out, of connecting St John and Digby by a steel bridge so that in the event of a mishap to the boat one need not be delayed when in a hurry to get to Wolfville.

Miss Cook delivered an original poem entitled, "Alone in the Howling Wilderne s." Vince a paper on "The degeneracy of England "

We had considerable controversy over the class yell, colors and motto. All sorts of yells from an epic poem to an Iroquois war whoop were proposed. The present yell was finally settled upon, and though there is less *clamour* about it than the yells of other classes, it tells of a laudable ambition to shine. The colours were chosen by our lady member, which no doubt accounts for the fact of their having never been lowered in any game or contest to any class in college. Oct. 5th brought with it the Y. M. C. A. *at home*. The programme consisted of hymns, prayers and apples. We blush now to remember that we enjoyed the apples much more than the first two items. Later in the season in fear and trembling we entrusted life and limb to one of those social merry-go-rounds called a reception. Those who have never experienced the *modus operandi* of these receptions can form no idea of the manner in which they fire the Freshmen from pillar to post. No reflections upon the young ladies are meant by this remark. We acquitted ourselves very creditably however. One sad accident alone marked the evening. A member of the class was carried out in convulsions brought on by a new Semite asking if he were a member of '98. He is married now and matrimonial troubles have helped him in a measure to forget the sting of that question. In November we won our first debate our opponents being the Sophomores. The remainder of the autumn passed quickly away, nothing of note happening except that the class had its picture taken. It was thought at the time that this fact accounted for the sun-spots visible that year, but this theory has since been abandoned by all leading astronomers.

After Xmas vacation had passed, we first met the deadly examination paper, some of us nearly falling victims to their insidious

temptations. We had thought up to this time that the faculty were trying to aid and assist us, but here we first became aware of their evil designs upon us, and we became convinced that they were determined we never should graduate.

Those papers contained questions that would have blasted the reputation of the Delphic Oracle and tomorrows sheepskin seemed slowly fading from view. In spite of the fact that the faculty have tried to do us in this way twice a year ever since we have been here. we freely forgive them. When they cut our marks we did not take it out of their salary. But if instead of spending their time trying to think up hard questions, they had formed a foot-ball team and cut recitations to give the boys some needed practice, we would not have suspended them.

In March Acadia met defeat in her debate with Kings, the only debate she has lost in her five years of intercollegiate contests.

The Spring of '96 dragged slowly along, but at last come April 18 when '99 was to meet a rival in her first ball game. That rival was '98 and with their new uniforms and a record of never having been defeated, they were a formidable and confident foe. But alas for '98, it is said they kept their score on a postage stamp. '99 stopped keeping score when the front of the manual labor building was covered and then they had one inning to spare. Next the Seniors were met in base-ball and the story was repeated, and the spring closed with '99 the base-ball champions of the University.

During commencement week Dr Sawyer our beloved and venerated President grieved all friends of Acadia by resigning the position he had so faithfully filled for over a quarter of a century. Dr Sawyer was of course better known to the upper classmen at that time than to the new students, but enough our time under his supervision had been brief, still we had come to hold him in the highest esteem and regard. Fortunately for the undergraduates of that time, he has continued his professorial duties and as the years have passed he has endeared himself more and more to every student fortunate enough to have come in contact with him.

The fall of '96 saw us back in our places again, lurid eyed Sophomores, the wild animals of the college menagerie, just emerged from the Freshman jungle, never more to be roasted, but to take everything that came in our way. There was a sort of an idea in our minds as in the minds of all Sophomores, that since we had successfully passed our Freshmen year, our life's work was at an end, and that we had come back for the sole purpose of getting up the annual racket. But we found out very soon, that though we had surpassed to expectations of our friends and got through, that there were a few things still to be done. The first thing we discovered that if we wished to take honors we would be under the painful necessity of working. As this could only be done at the expense of foot-ball, it was of course out of the question with some. The next thing was to obtain canes, but this idea was abandoned as '98 had made a corner

in the market and we did not wish to deprive them of their only visible means of support. The gym. was well patronized by '99, but in this work they were surpassed by '00, who have always had great skill with dumb bells. At receptions they have not nearly so much skill as '99 with belles that are not so dumb.

When the roll was called for the first time this year, Miss Fillmore, Wallace, McDonald, Jonah, Faulkner, Frizzle and the Church-hill boys were silent having failed to return with us. But there was added to our number the Misses Clark, Bill, Crandal, Dodge, McNeil and Simpson.

The first event of note was the debate with the present Junior class who were Freshmen then. The question was, "resolved that the fact that a person has been presented at the English Court is Prima Facie evidence of their complete qualifications to enter the most exclusive of Wolfville's Social Circles." The Freshmen had the affirmative and based their arguments upon deductions, but we argued from observation having had a year's experience with Wolfville social methods (from a distance) and our opponents like the late Mr Zaccheus, were up a tree and the resolution was lost.

The Autumn passed slowly with nothing of interest. The institution lost a good opportunity this year of adding to its varied history by not giving us a chance to display our oratorical powers in the usual Sophomore rhetorical, but the preceeding class had displayed so much more than rhetorical power at their exhibition that the Faculty no doubt felt a hesitancy about taking further risks until the red paint so lavishly laid on had somewhat faded.

However, '99 was not to be deprived so summarily of her rights to attract and startle the public. So a Sophomore racket dearer to the student's heart than honors or diploma, was decided upon and successfully carried out, and after waking the community from Port Williams to Grand Pre, we felt we had vindicated ourselves and went home for vacation with the happiness which is always the reward of virtue. After vacation, again came examinations which we got through with less worry than before, having become fully familiar with the many labor-saving devices used in passing there. It was during the month following the examinations that we became aware of the fact that a deadly malady had afflicted one of our number, which if not checked before it becomes chronic is calculated to result in grave bodily harm to our classmate. It came upon us like a thief in the night and was slow and deadly in its growth, causing much heartburn and agony to the class, much more, in fact, than to the afflicted one, for so strange is the nature of the disease that the victim is dead to the depths of sympathy of his classmates and totally lacking in appreciation. It is said that the cause of this disorder, was a chronic melancholy settling down upon the intellect of the victim resulting from the death of a beloved plant, a little inoffensive heliotrope, which would no doubt have died long before had it known the trouble and sorrow, of which it was the innocent cause. The first

symptom of the disease appeared in the Athenæum paper under the title, "Love Thoughts or one result of reading Burns' Songs." We are not told what the other results were, but judging from this case they must be startling. Burns is dead, and so is the heliotrope, so why throw the responsibility upon these defenceless ones? After carefully reading one of the results mentioned above, I have transposed it slightly with apologies to Jerry, substituting the word Poetry, for the word Love which appears in the original,

Poetry is a passion that masters the mind,
Turns a man to a fool, or an owl, makes him blind,
And though hatred and envy be lurking behind,
It will sweep or the steep and the deep unconfined.
Poetry is the lever that lifts mankind.

The last line was probably called forth by the writer's experience of being lifted with his poetry out of the offices of various journals.

The remainder of the year is of no interest if we except the organizing of what is known as the Chip, Hall quartette, composed of Farris, Webster, Hall and Burns. They all sang bass. Hall first bass, Webster second, Burns third, and Farris home plate. The quartette only practised once, which so blasted the *budding* hopes of the trees near the Hall, that they had to *leave* earlier than usual.

The Junior Year opened with the largest attendance in the history of the Institutions, and with every indication of a successful year for the various departments. Dr. Trotter had taken his place as head of the college, and had entered upon his work of placing the Institution upon a firm financial basis. How successfully that work has been done is known to you all.

We missed from among us this year, Bill McNeil and Miss Annie Clarke, and there was added to the class, Baker and Roach.

Every class when it reaches its Junior year, is distinguished for some reason or other. The present Junior class, be it said much to their credit, derive their principal importance from the fact of being next to the Senior class, and like sensible fellows they recognize the fact.

'99 however, gained their reputation during the Junior year, as the class of married men. Baker came to us married, and after the summer vacation, Vince and Keirstead returned to us with all desires of attending future receptions, figuratively speaking, knocked out of them. Vince went all the way to England and brought back a wife to Wolfville, which seems very like carrying gold to Klondike. Had college closed a week later this year, the indications are that others of our number would have crossed the bourne of matrimony, from whence no bachelor ever returns.

Sunday, Oct. 17th., brought with it the great Windsor Fire, and also the mass meeting of the students to hear the report of the Northfield delegates. Do not infer that there must be a connection between the two events because they came on the same day. Much interest was manifested in the service, especially in the paper by Brother Farris,

subject, "Personal Reminiscences of my friend Mr Moody." The Song, "We Shall Meet but we Shall Miss Him," as sung by Mr. Charles Crandall, brought tears to the eyes of all.

In foot-ball this year, Acadia was fairly successful. Five men, or one-third of the team, were from '99, and though defeated at Dalhousie, the team won from Mt. Allison, the try which won the game being scored by Webster of '99. On Dec. 14th. the class held its exhibition. There was, of course, much discussion over the flag, the class being divided into two factions regarding it, each party desiring to present its own design. It was finally settled by choosing the design prepared and submitted by Dumaresq, and the artistic result is before you this morning. The faction whose designs had been rejected, however, were not satisfied, and wished public recognition of their æsthetic skill and taste. Last year, at the exhibition of the present Junior class, this persistence was rewarded by the public display of '00's flag, which they had carefully and tastefully designed and embellished with the class motto and colours. The flag is now carefully preserved in the museum, and will be on exhibition immediately after these exercises. Get your tickets at the box office, and provide yourselves with smoked glasses.

The exhibition, like everything else we have undertaken, was a complete success. After the exercises, the class spent an enjoyable evening at the home of Professor and Mrs. Haley.

In January we returned once more, full of the hopes and high purposes which the new year season brings. Suddenly, in the midst of our seeming security, the hand of death was laid upon one of our number, and terrible was the shock to us, when we heard that our classmate, Sanford Doleman, had suddenly died in his room, while in the very act of gathering up his books to join us in the lecture room. At first we could not realize that one of our number had gone from us so suddenly, and that never again should we meet him in Hall or on the campus. On that day, when our beloved classmate was borne in, and laid beneath the shadow of the flag, which he had cheered so heartily in days now gone, the unreality of life was brought home most vividly to our minds. College days are a preparation for life, and death is perhaps farther from a man's thought while in college, than at any time during his life. In imagination we could see Doleman leaving his old home and coming up to college; we thought of the hopes that had sent him forth, the ambitions that had given zest to his work, the visions of honorable distinction, and the dreams of sometime going back to receive the loving congratulations of his parents. And then instead, this homecoming. It seemed a pitiful ending. But as we listened to the remarks of the professors who had known him, and the tribute each one paid to his merit as a man and a student, there was impressed upon us the thought, that it is no small thing to have played a part manfully, to have won the respect of professors and students, and then to come back stainless to the green fields, and to the old par-

ents, proud to say, "this was our son." We call such a death untimely, as ours is only a finite view, it seems presumption to offer judgement. The brief life of our classmate had its place in the inscrutable processes of human development and its full significance Omniscience alone can apprehend. Sanford Doleman was a systematic worker, an honor student, and a man beloved by all; and one who never spoke ill of any man, and in him Acadia lost one of her most sturdy sons.

The winter dragged slowly along until at last came April, and the third Acadia-Kings debate, in which Acadia was again victorious, Farris representing '99 on the team.

And now comes the Fall of '98, and for the last time the curtain is rung up, and the last act in the drama begun. We numbered 24, Cann having met the well deserved fate which he had so long courted, and "Never came back." Foot-ball again became the all absorbing topic, and with Farris as captain, the team went into active training. The same five members from '99, who had played in the Junior year, again represented us. Mt. Allison team came up from Halifax, where they had put up a good game against Dalhousie, confident of victory, but they were not in the game from the start, and Acadia won. Score 5-0. The team kept well in shape for the Dalhousie game, but after postponing it repeatedly, the Dalhousie men, those oracles of sporting ethics, decided not to come; and Acadia had not the satisfaction of trying conclusions with her old foe, and the best team the college has seen in five years, disbanded. Later in the year, however, Dalhousie lowered her colours to Acadia in their first inter-collegiate debate. Capt. Farris had the satisfaction of smashing their arguments if he couldn't smash their scrum.

This Spring base-ball has been more popular than ever before at Acadia, and '99 again took her old place in this sport, defeating every class in college. No doubt a large measure of the success of the team was due to the fact that the Senior class in the Seminary, always flew our colors at the games, and backed us heavily with long odds in chocolates, and the team simply had to win. '99 has always been fortunate. Some account for it by the fact that we all say our prayers on the right side of the bed, which, Webster says, is a sure sign of good luck.

And now the history of the class is made and written, and we go from here to take our part in the making of history in a larger field. We have had a history marked by no startling situations or wonderful upheavals, which perhaps is not our fault. The Faculty were bound to give us our own way and it is awfully monotonous when you have to be good all the time. True there have been forces arrayed against us. Last year some envious person thought to prevent our graduation by prophesying that the world was to come to an end in the Spring. With the promptness that has always characterized us, we empowered the Registrar to telegraph on that rather than have anyone go to all that trouble and expense '99 would take the earth.

We intended to immortalize ourselves by handing it over to the college authorities for farming purposes that all users of the festive straw hat might find scope for their talents.

The natural modesty of '99 has often led her to conceal her many virtues. But alas, the great secret could not be forever kept. The Seminary girls with woman's wonderful intuition first saw our real worth at the first class reception they gave us at the Seminary. It is needless to add that it was a first class reception.

The great Exposition at Paris opens the last of this year, under pretense indeed of celebrating the closing of this and the opening of the next century. But the intelligent audience gathered here this morning will readily pierce the thin disguise and understand that it is really in honor of our graduation. In closing we do not wish to dwell upon the victories and triumphs of '99. Beside our class triumphs we hope we have done something towards college scholarship. We have striven to purify class and society politics and endeavoured to maintain among ourselves and extend to other classes a broad fraternal spirit. Towards these objects let the undergraduate now contribute his share of the work, and when the glitter and 'aurels of these days have faded, may it be said of each member of '99, "He bore the palm who merited it."

F. M. PIDGEON.

The Coming Day.

VALEDICTORY, ACADIA, 1899, BY H. SPENCER BAKER.

Slowly, steadily, laboriously has the world climbed the hill of the centuries. Up from the valley on the thick darkness, up to the slanting foothill slopes, still indistinct in the rising mist, up to the bolder shoulders of the heights in the grey dawn, where the winds are fresh and free, up to the very summit has she ascended, and the sky is clear, the retrospect vast and various, the prospect pleasant and prime with promise, and the glory of a new day is breaking. Along the eastern sky, light is growing, it is the light of the twentieth century, the stars pale before it and in the west the night cloud sinks low. Through the opening curtains of this new dawn, burst the foregleams of the resplendent day shoot their fire-tipped, golden lances into the zenith and cause the face of the sky to flush with a new brightness. Soon the rising sun shall tinge with glory the western clouds ere they vanish, and crown the mountain peaks with fire, and hang about their huge forms their mantle of mystic purple and lay a richer green on field and forest and a brighter blue on lake and river, and piercing to the lowest and remotest of earth's valleys, banish night and bathe them with the day.

Nineteen centuries have rolled away since Christ was born and we pause with bated breath at the dawning of the twentieth. A few

more revolutions of old mother earth and we shall have been projected into the glorious epoch, the golden age of the world. It is our privilege, we the class of '99, to complete our preparation with the old and begin our life work with the new.

Honor to our fathers who have made for us a mighty nation, who have wrought out for us a mighty constitution, and whose good old British blood still leaps from hearts as steady and as strong! Honor to the heroes who through the ages have fought and labored, who have taught us how to fight, how to labor, how to love, and how to die, who have won for us the battle for freedom and the right, who have laid for us the groundwork of our civilization and bequeathed to us our blessed Christ! Honor to those men from whose hands we now take the torch of learning, whose words have instructed, whose example has encouraged and whose thoughts have inspired us with the love of truth and lofty aspirations!

Our time is now come, the day of labor and of conflict has arrived for us, the blaze of the twentieth century sun is even now appearing and the call that summons every hand, heart and brain, is "Work! Work!"

Ah, men of '99, that will be a day of triumphs! Truth shall triumph over error, and the low-browed countenance of superstition and the subtle-eyed, cadaverous jawed visage of imposture shall descend to darkness and oblivion, while smiling truth, with open face and honest eye, shall wield her sceptre with universal sway and hold the world in willing and in sweet obedience. Peace shall triumph over discord; the temple of Janus shall be closed forever and the olive shall flourish in every land; the war drums shall be dumb and the battle flags be furled; the swords and bayonets shall be beaten into knives for pruners and shares for ploughmen; those huge engines whose thunder shakes the earth shall be molten into implements of peace; those war dogs of the sea that go roaring about the world shall be converted into ships of trade and travel, and those millions of idle fighting men already armed, drilled and disciplined shall be disbanded and sent back to farm and factory. Liberty shall triumph over slavery, and the hydra headed monster Oppression, whose victims now appear as captives of war, now as purchased bondmen, now as native born serfs and now as struggling laborers, shall become so hideous in the far shining torch light of justice, that men shall loathe its shape and banish it from the earth. Then shall be full liberty, liberty of body, free to go and come at will, liberty of mind, free to hold what doctrines one pleases, liberty of speech, free to speak out one's beliefs, liberty in all things save in error, sin and selfishness. O Liberty thou art a priceless jewel, thou art the world's highest good, thou art the safeguard of human happiness and of religion, art and science, the sole condition of success! Equality shall triumph over class distinction and social gradation, and there shall be no proletariat, no struggling laboring class, no respectable middle class, no titled upper class, no aristocracy, either of blood or gold;

no kings, no emperors. And there shall be no high, no low, no degrees of honor save high and low of moral worth and the degrees of inborn native genius. Fraternity shall triumph over racial difference, over national prejudice, over political division, over family pride, over selfish motives, and the race, being of one blood with one father, God, and one king, Christ, shall live together in the bonds of peace and brotherhood. Then shall mother-earth blossom like the rose and smile again and rejoice! Then shall the stars sing in gladness! Then shall the angels strike their harps and sing in unison with men the praises of the glory of the Father.

And my classmates, that will be a day of opportunity! Never in the history of the world has such a time for chances been known as the twentieth century day promises to be. It will be as though our old planet were transformed and all the treasures of her wisdom and knowledge laid bare. It will be as though the souls of men were to unfold, like flowers in the spring time, revealing their hidden ideals of love and beauty. It will be as though the unknown were to part its veil and the mysteries of the universe, of God, of Christ, of existence were to be made clear. Even now, by the spade of the excavator and the lantern of the antiquary, the records of our race begin truthfully to unfold, laying open a mine of exhaustless treasure. Even now, by the successful labors of earnest pioneers, many new and correct paths are being opened in the field of natural science which invite our feet and promise rich discoveries. Even now, daring Columbases begin to cross the unknown seas of speculation, returning with strange tales of the new world beyond, and we have ships as good as they. Even now the mists begin to lift from the heights of spiritual truth and many an untrod tableland and unclimbed lofty peak emerges to our view. Even now, while kindled by the old, sparks of the new artistic genius begin to rise and there is hidden fire enough to light the world with beauty and to fill it with sweet sounds. Opportunity thy name is Legion! For the lawyer, doctor, scientist, teacher, preacher, statesman, philanthropist, for a man in any field of work, our day will glitter with as many chances as there are stars in the firmament. O what a day our's promises to be! A day when tidings shall compass the world in the twinkling of an eye, when a man's achievements shall become in a few days the possession of the race, when easy rapid transit over land and sea shall open the accessible parts of the world to all, when the struggle for existence shall give place to an easy livelihood for every man, when there shall be ample leisure for mental improvement, and when all people shall be taught to recognize and appreciate the good and true. Our hearts bound within us with a life never so strong and our souls spread their wings for a flight never so high as we think of it. Let us remember our heritage, it is great, for we stand in the foremost files of time and are the heirs of all the ages. Let us remember, also, as we stand on the great divide of the centuries, as we pass the portals of our dear old *alma mater*, as we strike hands at

the parting of the ways, that, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, omitted, all the voyage of their lives is bound in shallows and in miseries."

But it will be a day of giants, for the stature of true manliness shall have attained gigantic proportions. No longer will it be possible for the unproductive drone, the heir of ill-gotten gains, the lord of wantonness and ease, or the idle inheritor of vast estates to live a burden upon their fellows and to hold the highest seats on the social coach; for the giant in that day will not be of that kind and neither will they tolerate that sort of gianthood. No longer will it be possible for professional politicians to lead their constituents by the nose, or to feed at the public crib, or to line their pockets with monopoly franchise dividends, or to implicate the state with other states in wars and broils of tariff, reforms and boundary disputes, or to complicate the legislation of the land by interminable laws and clauses and red tape and devious ways, until justice is a farce; for the giants in that day will not be of that kind and neither will they tolerate that sort of gianthood. No longer will it be possible for men, unqualified both in brain and heart, to set themselves up as spiritual guides and teachers of the people, and to stand forth on their lofty pinnacles of high office braced and bolstered and supported by an organization called the visible church, which for ages they have befogged and hoodwinked with endless form and dogma; for in that day there will be no giants of that kind, neither will they tolerate that sort of gianthood. Men will stand on their merits, and the places of honor and responsibility shall be filled by men possessing peculiar adaptability for them. What then will the gianthood of that day be, and what will make a man a giant among giants? Not physical might, for there will be no gladiators, not military genius, for there will be no war. Not wealth, for there will be no capitalists; but rather a giant brain to think with, a giant hand to work with, and a giant heart to love with. The true worth of the soul as character will be recognized, and because the shackles of social bondage shall be struck off, and because God has fixed no limit to the soul's development, and because every human soul is an independent activity, every man may become a giant.

Hark! What sound is that we hear rolling along the hills or time and waking the echoes in the far eternity? The bells of the twentieth century! Listen, how they roll and rattle and reverberate, peal on peal! It is the world's holiday and the angels who sang at the birth of Christ, Peace on earth, goodwill toward men, are ringing now the coming of the kingdom.

Farewell, fellow students, farewell, honored professors, farewell, kind friends, farewell all, we can stay no longer, if you want us you will find us where the dust and din are thickest.

Up classmates and away! Up for the honor of old Acadia and the glory of the homeland! Up and lay our giant shoulders to the world's wheel, and like giants lift until the old world coach shall

roll on level ground! Up, and upon the sounding anvils of our professions, let our giant strokes descend with such rapidity and strength that the very gates of hell themselves shall tremble with their shock. Up, and like the fixed stars for steadiness of purpose, set our eyes on the goal, crying, as we bear aloft the standard of the cross; *In hoc vinci* and *Palmam qui meruit ferat!*!

June 6, 1899.

Class Poem.

Half unconsciously I wandered back upon the College grounds;
And unwittingly I listened for the old familiar sounds—

Listened though I knew 'twas folly for a class-mate's call,
Coming up across the Campus or down from Chipman Hall.

Not a peal of silvery laughter fell upon my waiting ear;
For the Nymphs and elfish Sirens had departed for the year.

Down I sat upon the threshold of the Athenæum room,
Lost in reverie and mystery 'till the gathering of the gloom.

As I mused a tardy sunbeam kissed good-night the College dome;
And the birds which haunt the willows sang their joyous home sweet home.

Darksome shadows waved and flitted trembling with the leaves,
Honey-laden bees went humming to their home beneath the eaves.

Orchard trees like snowy spectres breathed sweet odors everywhere,
Each white crystal giving promise of the fruit each tree shall bear.

What are school-days but the spring time and florescence of this life?
Glowing thoughts and kindling fancies promise give of fruitage ripe.

Oft this promise as projected forward down the aisles of time
Gave me visions of a future bright with stars of NINETY NINE.

Then saw I an apple blossom falling faded to the ground:
And my class-mates sundered widely that so lately stood around.

Clothed in academic-garments, each his parchment in his hand,
Listening to the final message, ere they break the filial band.

Just as oft the sparkling dew-drops are distilled upon the hills;
And as flowing ever seaward they unite in rippling rills:

So our lives four years comingled in the happy classial tide,
Lingering now, then dashing forward on to meet the deep sea wide.

Thrice that day down to the station with old comrades sadly gay
Had I gone in friendly office and seen them borne away.

Change in all things change incessant—why this ceaseless endless
flow?

Why this coming and departing ? solve the riddle ye that know !
 Stars of meteorus brightness pass most fleetly through the sky ;
 And their trailing glory streameth forth as if to vivify ;

And relight each star of heaven from the primal source of light ;
 Changing every neb'lar shadow to a robe of spotless white :

So the men of kindest nature who as meteors pass our way
 Greet us with a smile of benediction, but they cannot stay.

There's perchance another island in the great eternal sea
 Whither they must bear the light and likeness of the Deity.

Such an one our class once brightened but he passed—we know not
 why,

Yet, his memory is to us as sunshine in a weeping sky.

Death, O Phoenix, rings for thee but matin bells of fuller life ;
 Thou canst soar through cloudless skies, while we remain amid the
 strife !

Yet we count it not ignoble to remain upon the fields
 Where a countless host of noblest name have borne the dinted shields.

Or upon their concave surface found a respite for all pain—
 Found a land where error creeps not and unknown the tyrant's chain.

Ah this earth is but a record of the glorious deeds of men,
 Scribed by the armless finger of the one beyond our ken.

Fields and rocks give up their secrets to the one who holds the key.
 To all but the noble minded sealed forever must they be.

Speaks a voice to every member—'tis the spirit of the class,
 Speaks it with a thrill so stirring that not one will let it pass.

Stop and listen thou art noble thou hast proved it from the start
 If thy soul needs inspiration press thine ear to nature's heart.

Having learned her holy passion, having been within the vail,
 Thou hast sipped life's sweetest nectar, thou hast found the Holy
 Grail.

Thou hast learned a greater lesson, learned the powers of thine own
 soul,

Learned that life's no trifling moment, nor its end the final goal.

Where stern duty calls the loudest, where his finger points the way
 Thither go—success will follow just so long as you obey.

Duty most relentless master ! who so heeds thy stern decree,
 Leaves his class, his home, his comrades distanced far by land and sea.

Scattered widely O my class mates ! though each face no more we see,
 Golden chains of memory bind us now and to eternity.

Hours passed I knew not of it—thus the future life will seem—
 Was it all an idle fancy or the fabric of a dream ?

Had the sun in envy stolen all the glories of the day ?
 Had his fiery steeds in scorn of mortals borne them quite away ?

Ha! the moon in compensation now restored the balmy night ?
 And was I with nature bathing in her cool and softer light ?

Having left my lonely station at the threshold of the door ;
 Having turned me now to Eastward which I could not see before ;

I beheld the waning moon, as climbing her altar stair,
 Nodding to each fleecy cloud as pleased to find the world so fair.

All around how calm, how peaceful, slept the town beneath the hill
 Ghost-like up the Basin crept a vessel ladden for the mill.

Scenes of beauty rich in story—sacred seat of classic lore,
 Long I've loved thee but in parting—well I could not love thee more.

Now farewell to Town and Campus and adieu O classic halls !
 Far away I'll be to-morrow ere the dew of even falls.

J. W. KEIRSTEAD, '99.

Addresses To The Graduating Class Of Acadia University, June 7th., 1899.

BY PRESIDENT TROTTER.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

It is my duty and privilege to speak to you to-day a parting word.

At the outset I must, on behalf of the Faculty, congratulate you on the successful completion of the course for the degree just conferred. At matriculation you entered upon four years of strenuous work. You stood at the base of a mountain which looked to you steep and high ; stage by stage you have climbed it, and to-day you stand upon its summit enjoying the clearer air and the broader view. We congratulate you.

The few words I shall speak this morning will, however, be concerned not so much with the past as with the future. We are cherishing the hope concerning you that the future will mean for each one persistent progress in all that has been best and noblest in the four years past ; that it will be marked by growing knowledge, increasing power, heightening purpose, enlarging usefulness, and that to the very end. Such hopes are not always fulfilled.

By the time the members of a college class have reached the age of forty they may be classified in various ways : as the rich and the poor ; possibly as the married and the unmarried. But there is another classification which would generally be in order. They might be arranged under the headings G. F., and S. F.—G. F. standing for Growing Force, and S. F. for Spent Force. How many college men are practically spent forces at forty.

Against this peril of the loss of momentum, of stagnation, of premature decay, I wish to warn you and if I may be permitted to add a few words of positive counsel, I shall have fulfilled my purpose on this occasion.

Now, when a college man, who still has health, becomes a spent force at forty, how shall we account for it? Doubtless various explanations might be given. If I were asked to give some generic explanation which would cover most of such cases, I think I should name as that explanation

INTELLECTUAL INDOLENCE.

I do not mean by this utter indolence; I mean a lack of vital and sustained purpose and effort. The men I am thinking of have no fixed habit of reading; no fixed habit of thinking; no fixed habit of interest in the life of their times; no fixed habit of effort to help solve the problems of their times, and make some contribution to the thought and life of men about them. You hear their names, but these names never call up the ideas of vitality, of aspiration, of independence, of enterprise, of strenuous expenditure. Life as we connect it with them is tame and ineffectual, and tends to monotony and decay. They have their dreams of strenuous things, but somehow let the world go past them. They remind one of the words—

“The drudging student trims his lamp,
Opens his Plutarch, puts himself in place
Of Roman, Grecian, draws his patched gown close;
Dreams, ‘Thus should I fight, save, rule the world,’
Then smilingly, contentedly sinks back
To the old solitary nothingness.”

Now this lapse into a life of indolence ought to be impossible to a college graduate. If the four years at college should have taught him anything it is that unremitting industry, persistent effort, is the condition of all worthy development and achievement. Where the lapse takes place, there have generally been prophecies of it during the college days. At college the man has worked, but rather by the constraint of external pressure, than by the impulse of an inward enthusiasm. He has acquired knowledge, but not much of the love of knowledge. There has been a development of the memory, but not much development of the man. His vacations have been not so much times of healthful rest by wise change of occupation, as times of idleness. He has found it as easy to sell his text-books, which for the most part should have remained to him as dear friends, or at least treasured reminders of golden days, as to sell his old chair and carpet. I say that when the lapse into indolence takes place there has generally been some prophecy of it during the college days.

Not always so, however. Men who have made a good record, and have given distinct promise, sometimes lose their momentum and slacken down into monotonous and indifferent living. They have been careless as to the consecration of force once acquired, careless as to

the maintenance of continuity in their development, and have gradually and unconsciously deteriorated; or life has gone hard with them, they have sought in vain to reach the plane of their aspirations, and at length, forgetting the lofty passion of their earlier struggles, they have ignobly acquiesced, and have turned to such comforts as are left them.

Let me warn you then young men and women against this insidious indolence, this rust of the soul, this devitalization of the spirit, to which, from one cause or another you will all be exposed, some more, some less, despite the excellent start you have made. Let me warn you that an acute stage of the danger will be encountered in the first days after leaving college. Some of you are going to other institutions for professional training, in your case the danger to which I allude will be postponed, but it will come whenever college days are over. The knowledge and impulse acquired during the college years are acquired under a set of external conditions organized specifically to aid and inspire the student. On leaving college he finds himself translated to totally different circumstances, where it may be everything depends upon his self-reliance, where external stimulus is almost wholly lacking. There is danger that he may lose his momentum, that his development may slow down, if not come to a stand-still. This will surely follow unless he intelligently and promptly adjusts his life to the changed conditions. And this care that is needed at the start will be needed again and again.

I urge you then to a life of untiring industry. I urge you to cultivate a passion for work. The drones among men are too numerous already; the world has no use for those it has, and certainly no room for any more. That was a great word of Christ's when he described the fields as white unto the harvest, and then bade his disciples pray the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest. If you will enter life as laborers, then angels and men will hail your coming, and bid you welcome a thousand times.

But when we have traced the loss of momentum, the premature decay of the men I am speaking of, to indolence, we have by no means reached the root of things. When in this life of ours, with its noble tasks, its mighty appeal, sloth is permitted to eat into a man's soul, and to paralyze his aspirations and energies, when it makes him content to drudge on for the rest of his days in comparative uselessness, there is some more

FUNDAMENTAL EXPLANATION.

He has radically imperfect views of life, he is imperfectly adjusted to the hearts of things.

It makes all the difference what views men cherish. To one man life is simply a bundle of means and conditions to be manipulated for his own ease and comfort and selfish ends. The service of God and the service of man, are but incidental things. No wonder if such a man dies prematurely to all high thinking and doing. When his nest is once feathered, when as a parasite he has stuck his discs

firmly into some good, succulent, enduring bough, what need of further struggle and expenditure on his part. Having reached the crest of his own little hill, having filled out life to the measure of his conception of it, it is inevitable that he should now begin to die even though his years be but half spent. But to another man life is far different. It is a sacred trust. His gifts, his attainments, his opportunities, are all talents to be invested for God and man, talents for which he must account at last to the judge of all. It is a splendid opening for service. He sees that unspeakable evils have fallen upon men, that superstition, and ignorance, and vice, and oppression, hold multitudes in soul bondage. There is evil on every hand to be transmitted into good, and the good to be made better. He sees in every man an immortal Son of God, and in the cross of the world's Redeemer the passion of God working to bring back the prodigal race to love and righteousness. He catches something of this passion, and, in imitation of the Redeemer, inscribing upon his banner the great words "non ministrari sed ministrare"—not to be ministered unto but to minister—he plunges into the fight. Such a man is proof against indolence, is supplied with lofty and enduring inspirations. He passes middle life, that time of sore testing to the spirit, with undiminished ardor and in old age may be heard singing:

"Grow old along with me !

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made :

Our times are in His hand

Who saith, 'A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all, nor be afraid ! ' "

Our conviction then is that the vitality, the growth, the increasing effectiveness of your future, which we so eagerly desire, will depend ultimately on your views of life and your character. What you are will depend largely upon what you believe, and will determine what you will do. Life at its roots is moral and spiritual. Your Alma Mater has been saying this to you ever since you came within her halls. Through me, her servant she says it to you once again. We believe that you will remember this, that you will organize your lives more and more in accordance with it, and that when twenty years more have past, aye, and thirty or forty, you will not be spoken of as spent forces but as growing forces ever growing up into greater nobleness and effectiveness in the service of God and men. To each one I say ; in closing :

"Go forth into life, not mailed in scorn,

But in the armor of a pure intent ;

Great duties are before thee, and fresh songs,

And whether crowned or crownless when thou fall'st,

It matters not, so that Gods' work is done.

Influence of the Invisible.

The keynote of the subject given for discussion may be struck by the use of the following paradox ; that the most visible things we are acquainted with in this universe are invisible. Take for example light. According to the latest theory, light is that vibration of the ether which may be appreciated by the organ of sight, and while it is the condition of all visibility, is itself invisible, and can only be made to appear by falling upon some object, as a building, a star, or a human face.

What is true of physical light is also true of mental light, that which we term thought. Thought although it is the most real thing in our existence is itself invisible, and must struggle weakened and robbed of its pristine glory through the symbol of language spoken, or written, to become visible.

What has been said of physical light and mental light, applies still more truly to what is called "the light of the soul." How is this invisible light made visible? Through the beautiful medium of art, poetry, music, song and worship. It was said of Dante that "he sang of the invisible," and hence in him "ten silent centuries" found a voice for their fears and their joys, their sorrows and aspirations.

Having established the truth of the first proposition that the invisible is all about us, in the physical world and in the realm of mind and soul, let us next consider the influence of the invisible, as revealed first, in the world of physical forces. All about us are evidences of powerful, noiseless, unseen, subtle physical forces which can neither be touched, defined, measured nor understood. We see the influence of one of these forces in the mighty oak tree, scarred and scorched in the forest ; in the telegraphic message transmitted from one continent to another ; in the heavy cars which run the streets of our cities with almost incredible speed ; and in the powerful light which almost rivals in brilliancy the brightness of the sun. We call this mighty force whose influence in the last century upon our material civilization has been almost miraculous, electricity, but nomenclature is not knowledge, and whence in its first analysis it comes, and whither in its last analysis it goes remains a mystery.

We look out upon the face of nature at this season of the year and we are conscious of a mysterious invisible power that is transforming and making beautiful the world in which we live. This power is revealed in every seed that bursts its coat and pushes its root out into the soil, until finally the flower stands before you in all its beauty and perfection. It bursts forth in every blade of grass beneath your feet, and in every branch above your head ; it creates bark and bulk and wealth of coloring and grace of form. It is incessant in its labor, prodigal of its beauty, and causes a veritable resurrection in the dead branches and frost-bound earth. And yet what is it? We label it and call it Vegetation, but what it is in itself the greatest

scientist cannot answer. And so it is with all the other great forces, such as Heat, Attraction, Gravitation. Because of them life is, and without them life cannot be, but what they are in their essential nature is beyond the reach of human knowledge.

We see the influence of the Invisible revealed more beautifully and truly in the story of human life with its sacrifices, heroisms, martyrdoms, and benedictions. No patriot ever consecrated his life to his country, no mother ever looked upon her sleeping babe, no martyr ever offered up his life in defence of a great principle, without being conscious of an invisible power stimulating and kindling his soul to a white heat of love and self sacrifice.

Moses, watching his flocks under the stars of an Eastern sky, communed with the Invisible, and as a result a new nation was born in a single night to play its unique part in the drama of nations. Mahomet, alone on the sandy desert, fell under the spell of an Invisible Power which so permeated and possessed him that he went forth and changed the life-currents of nations and of races. Luther ascending on his knees the sacred steps of the Lateran, seemed to hear an inner voice declaring "the just shall live by faith," and as a result of that Vision of the Invisible he drew one half of Europe from the Communion of the Church of Rome and gave an impulse to free thought that has profoundly influenced all political as well as religious history from his time to the present.

As far back into the myths and traditions of the human race as the pale light of history penetrates, man has been conscious of the Invisible back of the visible, the ideal behind the real. The Persians of old beheld the Invisible in the glory of the Sun and straightway bowed the knee in adoration. The Indian as he trod the forest primeval felt the presence of a Great Spirit who controlled the mighty winds and raging tempest, and with awe and solemnity—he worshipped. Carlyle has said. "To us also through every star, through every blade of grass is not a God made visible if we will but open our mind and eyes." The man who is able to look upon what Fichte calls "the divine idea of the world that which lies at the bottom of all appearance" and to interpret this divine idea or Invisible One to his race we call poet, artist, thinker, musician. To him the world is a temple filled with the presence of the Invisible and as he looks upon the beauty of a sunset, or the wild grandeur of a storm at sea, or the pathos and puzzle of human life, he is caught up into the universal and is made to hear things which are not lawful for man to hear; and while the vision is upon him, he paints a picture or sings a song which sets the chords of the Divine vibrating in every human breast.

As physical light is invisible in itself and only become visible as it falls upon a flower, a city, or a world, so poets, patriots, prophets musicians, martyrs, apostles, are the media through which the invisible is made visible to men. These are the men who somehow makes us feel that "the music which on earth with the physical ear

we hear is but the physical voicing of a music which with the physical ear we are not able to hear. That the beauty which with the physical eye we see is but the physical flush of a beauty which with the physical eye we are not able to see. That all the light that breaks with pulsing morning flush or evening twilight glow over land or sea is but the physical radiance or adumbration there of a light that never was as yet on either land or sea"; they lift us from the world of sense into the world of the ideal and make us feel that we are immortal creatures, that the spark of the divine glows in us.

As it is impossible for us to realize the influence of the physical forces about us, so it is impossible for us to properly value the influence exerted by the Invisible Power who although unseen by us is, in the beautiful words of Tennyson "Closer than breathing and nearer than hands or feet." Down through the ages the men who have left their impress upon the pages of history, and whom the world has welcomed as god-inspired, have been those who were content to sacrifice self in order that they might reveal the Universal.

We need this influence of the Invisible because in this age of material progress, men are enamoured of the so-called visible. We find this tendency to exalt the material at the expense of the spiritual revealed in our generally accepted language, when for example we speak of "practical education," meaning by that an education which ignoring the beautiful in art and literature expends its force in training men to look upon material comforts and luxuries as the only real good in life. Or when we speak of our age as a "positive age," assuming that an age which would give its time to the ideal, the supersensuous world be wasting its energy on the imaginary and the unreal.

There are however indications that this age of the worship of material progress is drawing to a close. Psychical forces are at work in society, that must in the course of time usher in a new age, an age of the Ideal. Then shall poets sing their sweetest songs, and art and literature shall flourish as they never have in the past, and men shall know the truth and the truth shall set them free, and the visions shall come not alone to the few but to the many and Purity, Love and Truth shall be enthroned in the hearts of men, and the Invisible shall become visible and men shall be as gods knowing all things.

PERRY J. STACKHOUSE.

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S. J. CANN, '02

STUDENTS ARE REQUESTED TO PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

JUNE.

The Sanctum.

The Proposed New Building.

REFERENCE was made in one of our previous numbers to the unsatisfactory condition of the Athenæum Building, which is used as a Reading Room, and for the meetings of the Athenæum Society. We are glad to state that a movement has been set on foot among the students to erect a new building, for the purpose of Reading Rooms, meetings of the Y. M. C. A. and the Athenæum Society. It is proposed to erect a building, which will be a credit to the University. Five thousand dollars is the sum required, and of this amount the students have already subscribed \$700, and they expect to raise the remainder by a canvass among their friends and the friends of the University. There is no reason why this undertaking should not be carried to a successful issue. No doubt many of the Baptist Young People's Unions connected with our churches in the Provinces, would be glad to assist in this work of raising the amount needed, if their attention was directed to it. The Associations and Conventions which meet during the summer, would afford an excellent opportunity of having this subject brought up and discussed. We sincerely trust that this movement on the part of the students may meet with the success it deserves.

The Past College Year.

THE college year of 1898-'99 will be remembered as a highly successful one in the life of our Institutions. By the indefatigable labors of our President, the effort to raise \$75,000 to place

our institutions on a firmer financial basis was crowned with success. The regular work of the college year has moved along without any break or interruption, and we are of the opinion that more honest hard study has been done on the part of the students than in many previous years. Messrs. Jones and Haycock who were added to the Faculty this year as instructors have done splendid work in their departments, and we sincerely hope they may be retained on the teaching staff. Another thing that promises to be of great practical benefit to the student body was the establishment this year of a course of public lectures given by the different members of the Faculty. During the year Acadia has met in friendly contest representatives from three other colleges in the Maritime Provinces, and in every case has been successful in gaining the victory. Perhaps the greatest triumph of the year was the defeat of the Sodales Club of Halifax by Acadia in the intercollegiate debating contest. As the Sodales Club is composed of Arts, Medical and Law students of Dalhousie University, and the men of Pine Hill Theological School, Acadia has great reason to be proud of her success. It has been a number of years since Acadia went through the college year without suffering a defeat. May it be said of her next year, that her colors were not lowered before those of any other University!

Words of Farewell.

The old order changeth giving place to new," are words that are as true as they are familiar. Change is all about us, and even man who seems to abide in the midst of the Heraclitic flow, changes with the seasons. In the words of the poet

"Life glides away like a brook
Forever changing, unperceived the change
In the same brook none ever bathed him twice,
To the same life none ever twice awoke."

In college, the change is perhaps more noticeable than in other departments of life. Every year, a class goes out from college to play its part in the world of action, and another class fills the place it has left vacant.

With this number the editors of 1898-'99 make their *debut* to the readers of this Journal. It was with much fear and trembling that we assumed the responsibility of editing this paper at the beginning of the year, and it is with the greatest relief that we pass over the editorial pen to our successors in office, hoping that under their management the paper may meet with every success.

The Anniversary Exercises

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 2ND.

On the evening of June 2nd 'Alumnæ Hall was filled with invited guests to listen to the graduating musical recital of Miss Bessie Trites, Sussex, N. B. The hall was very prettily decorated in purple and white, the colors of the graduating class of the Seminary. Selections were given from Beethoven, Chopin, Rubinstein, Bartlett and Mendelssohn with much taste and expression. A vocal solo by Miss Lyda Munroe met with much appreciation from the audience. The Recital was brought to a close by the singing of the Class Ode by the graduating class.

CLASS ODE, '99.

God save our little band !
 Here we united stand,
 Strong in our youth !
 God from all evil save !
 And may this standard brave
 Over us ever wave,
 "Honor and truth."
 Royal our colors are !
 So let our lives be fair,
 Steadfast and sure !
 Queenly as maidens should,
 Keep we our purpose good,
 Guard we our womanhood
 Regal and pure.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Wolfville never appeared more beautiful than it did on Sunday, June 4th. The sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky, and the air was fragrant with the odor of apple-blossoms. Even the birds seemed to enter into harmony with the occasion, and sang more sweetly than usual.

The Wolfville Baptist Church was crowded on Sunday morning with visitors and friends of the graduates to listen to the annual baccalaureate sermon by Rev. J. H. MacDonald the clever young pastor of t' e Amherst Baptist Church. As the organ pealed forth the strains of the processional march, the long line of the graduating class clad in cap and gown, headed by Dr. Trotter, Rev. J. H. MacDonald, and Rev. H. R. Hatch, slowly marched up the centre aisle to the front seats, which were reserved for the students. Scriptures were read and prayer offered by Rev. H. R. Hatch, pastor of the Wolfville Ch. ch.

The preacher announced his text from Luke 22nd, 29 and 30th, verses. "And I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father has appointed unto me ; that ye may eat and drink of my table in my kingdom and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel," the theme : Eminence through Service.

The theme was treated under three divisions : 1st Ambitions Request ; 2nd Ambitions Realm ; 3rd Ambitions Reward.

1. *Ambition's Request.*

Grant us a position of influence" "says disciples." This still remains a factor in our human nature. It comes into the life of every student when a consciousness of his powers dawns upon him. We should not condemn the desire for eminence. It is only when an unworthy element enters into it that it should be condemned.

2. *Ambition's Realm.*

See how Jesus pointed it out to the disciples. There is no arbitrary concession in the divine government. The best qualification a man can have for a place is eminent qualification for the place. Christ came not to crush but to conduct. Jesus told the disciples that if they were to be leaders, they must serve. In the great field of service there is always room. Distribution is heaven's first law. Culture is a trust. Let no one cultivate it, unless he intends to use it for the service of God and humanity. "He that is greatest must be your servant." The dignity of manhood is ministry. Greatness rests on those who live to give, not on those who hire to get.

3. *Ambition's Reward.*

Christ not only says that the sphere of honor is service, but that the reward of service is judgeship. In the words of Jesus we have a prophecy and a principle. All the world abounds with illustrations of this principle. We see it in the literary world and in the musical ; it is so in legislative halls. Joe Howe fought for responsible government. At first he was laughed at, now he is honored. Roger Williams, banished from New England, now sits upon the bench of that country. Christ was One who gave his life to the needy, the outcast, and the fallen. The world failed to appreciate Him, and he died on the cross. But now, though he has not yet become the universal conscience yet in every department of life, men are turning to Him and asking, "What are the teachings of Christ?" Other things fade away, but loving service is never forgotten.

In closing his discourse he said : "Young ladies and gentlemen as you go out from Acadia enter into the door of usefulness. Do not stand aloof and judge the world by methods of exclusive criticism. In that case men will judge you. Attach yourself to some good cause and there work out your ideal. Seek greatness, but let it be the greatness of a pure heart and a useful life. Seek it from Him who transforms the love of greatness into the greatness of love."

Mr. MacDonald's sermon made a most favorable impression upon all who heard it. It was a masterly effort, and was greatly appreciated especially by those to whom it was particularly directed.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Rev. G. O. Gates, of St. John addressed a large audience in College Hall, on Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., on the subject "Jerusalem, as it was, and is."

There is no land in all the world that has such a fascination for us as the Holy Land. It is a land of fascinating interest, and Jerusalem is the centre of attraction, being visited by Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians of all denominations. To all these it is a sacred city. Jerusalem is a place connected with the deepest interest. No other place has suffered so much. It has no associations like Athens or Rome, and yet no city has had such an influence. The speaker traced the history of the city from the days of Abraham to the present, showing its vicissitudes under various rulers. From personal observation he described the modern city, giving a very graphic and vivid description of its situation, its inhabitants, its streets and buildings, especially the interior of the Mosque of Omar and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where the sacred stones were being worn away by the kisses of the successive hordes of pilgrims, that press through the sacred enclosure. Mr. Gates also took his audience through the suburbs of the city, describing in a most realistic way the Vale of Hennom, Vale of Kedron, Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Village of Bethany, the Grave of Lazarus and other places of interest. In closing Mr. Gates expressed the opinion that God would bring back the people that have been preserved so miraculously during the centuries to their ancient home.

Mr. Gates' fame as an orator is well-known throughout the provinces, and the address Sunday evening fully sustained the reputation he bears.

MONDAY AFTERNOON

Notwithstanding the fact that rain was falling in showers, a large number of people gathered on the College Campus to witness the annual sports of Field Day. The baseball throw was won by Harrison, 92 yds 12 inches; 100 yds Dash, by Steele, 10 3/5 sec; High Jump, Richardson, 5ft. 5in., breaking the College Record by one inch; 220 yds Dash, won by Steele, in 25 sec; Steele won the Pole Vault and the Broad Jump, 19ft 5 1/2 inches; Richardson won the High Kick, and Rice the Half Mile Run. The gold medal offered by the A. A. A. A. for the most points in the Athletic Contest was won by Steele, the silver medal went to Richardson, and the third prize to Rice.

MONDAY EVENING

Monday evening a scholarly address was given by James Hannay, of St. John, Telegraph, in College Hall, before the Senate. Mr. Hannay's subject was "The duty of the college graduate to the State." The address was listened to with deep interest by a large audience, who warmly applauded his effort. Rev. Dr. Trotter presided and Rev. A. C. Chute made the opening Prayer. At the close a vote of thanks was moved by Hon. J. W. Longley, in a most entertaining speech and seconded by Principal Oakes of the Academy.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Early Tuesday morning a large crowd gathered in College Hall

to see the graduating class and hear the Class Day exercises. The class was seated under their beautiful banner, which bore the motto: "Palmas qui meruit ferat." The programme of exercises was as follows:

Class Day '99.

PROGRAMME.

Opening address.....	Pres. A. B. Webster
Roll Call	Miss Clark
Music.	
Class History.....	F. M. Pidgeon
Music.	
Class Prophecy.....	C. F. Crandall
Class Poem..	J. W. Keirstead
Music.	
Valedictory	H. S. Baker

CLASS ODE.

Loved Acadia, fair Acadia,
 Grand old Scotia's classic Queen;
 On a throne or in a cottage
 Fairer form was never seen.
 We, thy sons, four years have feasted
 Daily, at thy bounte'us board;
 And with glowing hearts have tasted
 Wine thy royal hand hath poured.

But to us the gladsome music
 Of the flowing wine will cease;
 Each to his appointed kingdom
 Goeth forth to war or peace.
 From our Alma Mater sundered;
 From each other though we stray;
 Though our worlds remain unconquered
 We shall ne'er forget this day.

In the theatre of mem'ry
 Oft' we'll gather round our Queen,
 And be moved to mirthsome feelings
 As we reenact this scene.
 Then fair ye well Acadia,
 And adieu to ninety-nine,
 'Till we bear our palm of vict'ry
 In that holier happier clime.

Words by J. W. Keirstead.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

The closing exercises of Horton Collegiate Academy were of a most interesting character. Principal Oakes presided, and introduced the speakers who entertained the audience with the following order of exercises:

Processional.....	Miss Annie S. Chipman.
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Prayer.....	Rev. W. C. Goucher
Valse, (Chopin).....	Miss Mary Davidson
Essay : Relation of Character to Success.....	Edwin H. Freeze, Penobscuis, N. B.
Essay : The Dreyfus Case.....	Frederick R. Shankel,* Hubbard's Cove, Halifax Co., N. S.
Song : The Minstrel Boy.	Charles B. W. McMullen
Essay : Ideals and Aspirations.....	F. Herbert Peitzsch, Isaac's Harbor, N. S.
Essay : United States Imperialism.....	Gifford H. Oakes, Kingston, Kings Co., N. S.
Polish Dance : Xaver Scharwenka.....	William L. Wright
Essay : Open Doors	Miss Hilda A. Tufts, Wolfville, N. S.
Spring Song.....	Miss Hattie Masters
Presentation of Diplomas	
Addresses.	
God Save the Queen.	

*Excused on account of illness.

The following is the graduate class of '99 from Horton Academy:

Albert C. Berry	Winthron Lockhart
Berton S. Corey	John V. McDonald
Heber S. Corey	Andrew D. McCain
Eva Cleveland	Gifford H. Oakes
Avery DeWitt	Warren C. Oxner
Ernest M. Eaton	Fred A. Peitzsch
Henry R. Emmerson	Edward H. Scott
Edwin H. Freeze	Fred R. Shankel -
Miram M. Hayes	Wilfred L. Strong
S. Louise Hayes	Walter Tingiey
Jennie M. Johnson	Hilda A. Tufts
Wylie E. King.	William L. Wright.

TUESDAY EVENING

Notwithstanding the fact that the weather on Tuesday evening was not especially propitious, a large audience gathered in College Hall to witness the closing exercises of Acadia Seminary. Promptly at eight o'clock when the music of the processional march sounded forth, some seventy young ladies clad in white marched "with stately step and slow" into the body of the hall and occupied the seats which had been reserved for them.

Following is the Programme :—

PROGRAMME.

PROCESSIONAL MARCH.....	Gounod
Misses Redding and Crisp.	
Prayer	
ESSAY—The Red Cross Society.....	Mabel Solely McLaughlin, Lower Economy, N. S.
ESSAY—A Visit to Antwerp.....	Winifred May Robbins, Yarmouth, N. S.

- ESSAY—Some Women in English Literature.....
 *Mary Tryphosa Kinley, Port Hillford, N. S.
- ESSAY—The Value of the Study of Art.....
 Mary Black Schurman, Turo, N. S.
- PIANO SOLO—Etude.....*Anton Rubenstein*
 Lou May Redding.
- ESSAY—Amateur Photography.....
 Sarah Elizabeth Calhoun, Calhoun's Mills, N. B.
- ESSAY—A Good Heart Necessary to Enjoy the Beauties of Nature.
 Bessie Maud McMann, Mosher River, N. S.
- ESSAY—Literature for Children.....
 *Emily Raymond Christie, River Hebert, N. S.
- ESSAY—The Kindergarten Movement.
 Alice Amelia Bates, St. Stephen, N. B.
- ESSAY—Our New Immigrants.....
 Edith Adelaide Shand, Windsor, N. S.
- VOCAL SOLO—In Native Worth (From the Creation).....*Hadyn*
 Lida May Munroe.
- ESSAY—A Favorite Corner in Westminster Abbey.....
 *Mary Grace Estabrook, Middle Sackville, N. B.
- ESSAY What the Greeks Knew about Music.....
 Emily May Christie, Amherst, N. S.
- ESSAY—The "Hudson" of Canada.....
 Ethel Record Emmerson, Dorchester, N. B.
- ESSAY—Silent Influence.
 Bessie McMillian, Isaac's Harbor, N. S.
- PIANO SOLO—Kamenoi-Ostrow, Op. 10*Anton Rubenstein*
 Elizabeth Allison Trites, Sussex, N. B.

*Speakers.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

ADDRESS..... Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D. D., LL. D.

COD SAVE THE QUEEN.

GRADUATING CLASS.

Alice Amelia Bates	Collegiate Course
Sarah Elizabeth Calhoun.....	" "
Emily May Christie.....	" "
Emily Raymond Christie	" "
Ethel Record Emmerson.....	" "
Mary Grace Estabrook.....	" "
Mary Tryphosa Kinley.....	" "
Mabel Soley McLaughlin.....	" "
Bessie Maud McMann.....	" "
Bessie McMillian.....	" "
Winifred May Robbins.....	" "
Mary Black Schurman	" "
Edith Adelaide Shand.....	" "
Elizabeth Allison Trites.	Course in Piano

After the presentation of diplomas to the members of the graduating class, certain prizes were awarded as follows :

The Payzant prize for excellence in music, was taken by Miss Bessie Trites, of Sussex.

A prize for best work in French was awarded to Miss Bessie McMillian, Isaac's Harbor. Also prize for English to Miss McMillian. Honorable mention was made of Miss Lillie Webster, of Kentville. The St. Clair Paint prizes were won by Miss Mary Kinley, Port Hilford, second prize by Miss Bessie King, of Wolfville.

Three pictures, copies of celebrated paintings were unveiled and presented to the Seminary for Alumæ Hall. The presentation was made on behalf of the Art Class and the School, by Miss Nina Shaw, of Avonport.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

On Wednesday morning College Hall was crowded to the doors by an audience who came from far and near, to listen to the commencement exercises. It was an impressive sight and one not easily forgotten to see the long procession of governors, senators, alumni, faculty and graduating class, file slowly into the Hall to the strains of the Processional March, played by Misses Trites and Christie.

Following is the programme of the morning's proceedings :—

Programme.

PROCESSIONAL.

PRAYER

Oration by members of the Graduating Class.

Architecture the Expression of National Life and Character.

Sydney P. Dumaresq, Halifax, N. S.

*England's Colonial Policy

John Oliver Vince, East Grinstead, England.

The Future of China

George L. W. Bishop, Greenwich, N. S.

*Forces that Promote Civilization

Avard L. Dodge, Melvern Square, N. S.

Is Pauperism a Necessity?

George W. Elliott, New Ross, N. S.

England and the Soudan

Milford R. Foshay, Yarmouth, N. S.

*The Historical Novel

Edna C. Cutler Cook, Canso, N. S.

The Command of the Mediterranean

E. Raymond Freeman, Milton, N. S.

The Mission of Cromwell

Horace B. Sloat, Centreville, N. B.

*"The Federation of the World"

J. Philip W. Bill, Wolfville, N. S.

Social and Political Condition of France.....	Aubrey B. Webster, Coldbrook, N. S.
MUSIC	
Influence of the Invisible	Perry J. Stackhouse, St. John, N. B.
*The Exploitation of the Tropics.....	Arthur H. M. Hay, Woodstock, N. B.
Micmac Mythology.....	Jeremiah S. Clark, Bay View, P. E. I.
Dante as a Literary Artist	J. Whitefield Keirstead, Cole's Island, N. B.
*The Function of Religion in Society.....	Irada Hardy, Lockport N. S.
Science and Morality.....	H. Spencer Baker, New York, U. S.
The Bi-Cameral System.....	J. Wallace DeB. Farris, White's Cove, N. S.
Omar Khayyām.....	Charles F. Crandall, Wolfville, N. S.
Woman's Debt to Christianity.....	Zella M. Clark, Bay View, P. E. I.
Civilization ; Its Crime and Its Cure.....	Frank M. Pidegon, St John, N. B.
The Rise and Fall of the Spanish Power.....	Ernest C. Harner, Sackville, N. B.
*Milton's Ideas of Freedom.....	Edwin Simpson, Belmont, P. E. I.
Awarding Honor Certificates	
MUSIC	
Conferring of Degrees	
ADDRESSES	
National Anthem	
Benediction	

*Speakers

All the essays were not delivered but six young men and one young lady were selected by the Faculty to represent the class on this occasion. These were Miss Cook, Messrs J. O. Vince, A. L. Dodge, P. W. Bill, A. H. Hay, Irada Hardy and Edwin Simpson. All of the essays were characterized by original thought and high literary value and were a credit to the Speakers, the Class and the College.

THE DEGREES

The degree of Master of Arts in Course was conferred upon I. M. Longley, '75, Mabel Caldwell, '96, Frank Chipman, '98, Evelyn Keirstead, '98, J. E. Forsyth, '98, Etta J. Yuill, '97, A. F. Newcombe, '98, Wm. Smallman, '91, Edward Blackadar, '94.

HONORARY DEGREES

The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. G. O. Gates, M. A., of St. John, and upon Rev. Hiram K. Pervear, of Jamaica Plains, Mass.

The degree D. C. L. was conferred upon James Hannay, of St. John, and B. H. Eaton, Q. C., Halifax.

The honorary degree of M. A. was conferred upon Nicholas Smith of Milton, upon J. C. Craig, of Amherst, and Rev. George Churchill.

After the degrees were conferred interesting addresses were made by Governor McLellan, Dr. A. H. McKay, Superintendent of Education, Rev. Dr. Gates, Dr. Hannay and Dr. Eaton. The Governor-General's medal for general proficiency in class work was awarded to A. H. Hay, of the graduating class.

On Wednesday afternoon an exciting game of base-ball was played between the college team and a team from Melvern Square. At first Melvern Square had everything her own way, and in the sixth inning with the score 5-0 in favor of the visitors, it looked pretty dark for Acadia. But after that Acadia took a start and played great ball and when the game was ended the score stood 9-11 in favor of Acadia,

The Conversazione in College Hall in the evening was a great success. The Museum and Library were thrown open and many visitors and others availed themselves of the opportunity of viewing the treasures which have been collected. The Wolfville Band gave several excellent selections and the selections rendered by Professor Siebelts on the violin afforded great delight to all. At 10.30 the Conversazione and the Anniversary exercises of 1899 were brought to a close by the playing of "God Save the Queen."

Acknowledgements.

Rev. G. R. White, \$100; E. L. Franklin, \$100; J. W. Roland, \$100; Miss Mabel Ross, \$5.00; F. R. Haley, M. A., \$2.00; W. L. Baker, \$1.00; S. C. Dukeshire, B. A., \$1.00; Dr. Lawrence, \$1.00; Wm. Regan, \$1.00; J. F. Herbin, B. A., \$1.00; A. L. Bishop, \$1.00; Rev. H. P. Whidden, \$2.00; J. H. Tabor, \$2.00; Miss E. K. Keirstead, \$1.00; N. M. Sinclair, \$1.00; J. D. Chambers, \$1.50; A. V. Dimock, \$1.00; R. J. Colpitts, \$1.00; P. C. Reed, \$1.00; Miss M. H. Vanderpoel, \$1.00; A. E. Ringier, .50; Miss A. Pearson, \$1.00; C. E. Atherton, \$1.00; A. V. Pineo, LL. B., \$1.00; C. W. Rose, B. A., \$1.00; C. A. C. Richardson, .60; W. S. Wallace, \$1.75; W. M. Steele, \$1.00; F. R. Ford, \$1.00; Harry Ford, .50; W. K. Haley, \$1.00; E. C. Bates, .50; Chas. McMullen, .50; E. S. M. Eaton, .50; Rev. H. S. Baker, B. A., \$1.00; Dr. McKenna, \$1.00; W. W. Robson, \$1.75; Judge Steadman, \$3.00; F. R. Faulkner, .75; W. F. G. Verge, \$1.00; M. C. Smith, M. D., D. D. S. \$1.00; Extra copies, .60.