

# The Acadia Athenæum.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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## GEOLOGY AT ACADIA.

IN the last issue of the ATHENÆUM there appeared an article over the signature of Fred M. Shaw, '90, in which some sweeping charges were made against the mode of education in colleges, particularly in Acadia College. The writer seems to demand that the ordinary college accomplish the work of a professional and technical school. Although we do not believe that the Arts course exists for such a purpose, it is not our intention to criticize this, the general tenor of the article. On behalf of the class studying Geology, we desire to reply to some definite statements made by the writer, and inferences most naturally drawn from them.

In the first place Mr. Shaw seems to confound Geology with Mineralogy, and requires the student to have a definite knowledge regarding the composition and characteristics of certain minerals, while he leaves out the vast field of physical, dynamical and historical geology, and the great principles underlying these departments of the study. These last features, which we claim are the most essential to the college student, and indeed to all educated men, are seemingly ignored in the scheme of study outlined.

But although these divisions have been considered the more important, and have therefore been given the greater prominence, we have nevertheless devoted considerable attention to the study of mineral species. In this department we have done much individual work. Each student has been equipped with his own set of tools, consisting of alcohol lamp, blow-pipe, hammer, anvil, chemicals, etc., and with these he has done regular and systematic work. The student is given a mineral, heretofore unknown to him, and through a series of physical and chemical tests, he is required to describe and name the species, thus fitting him for actual field work. In this way we have determined more than a hundred species.

In referring to object study, Mr. Shaw says: "There is practically none of it done at Acadia, compared to what should be done. A beautiful museum is a fine ornament, but unless its counterpart exists in the laboratory for use as the whole basis of scientific study, it is only an ornament to set off anniversary occasions and college receptions." Whatever the past might have been, we are prepared to prove that this is not true of

Acadia now. Indeed object study has been the basis of our work throughout the whole course. Scarcely a day has passed that we have not had in the class-room, specimens illustrating our work. In the laboratory we have duplicates of nearly all the specimens in the museum; and apart from the study of these duplicates we have spent some time in the museum itself.

In regard to the statement about the one "thumbed and greasy text-book," we reply that the class have had access to, and have made use of such works as those written by LaConte, Dawson, Hugh Miller, Sir Chas. Lyall, Winehall, Crosby, and others. In addition to this the professor has supplemented his general teaching by various lectures concerning the different phases of our subject.

Besides our laboratory and museum study, we have made several excursions for field study in different localities; for the object lessons on stratigraphy we went to Horton Bluff; in surface deposits, drift material and glacial striæ, the University vicinity afforded a good field of study; a day at Wallbrook was spent in collecting sub-carboniferous fossils; and at the last of the term we spent several days in the vicinity of Blomidon and Cape Split, collecting trap minerals. Each one of these several excursions has been very interesting and of paramount benefit to the individual members of the class.

We have deemed it necessary to make the above statements, because we consider that Mr. Shaw's article misrepresents the amount and method of work done by our class, and therefore much of his criticism concerning Acadia is inapplicable.

F. R. FOOTE,	}	<i>Committee appointed by Geology Class.</i>
S. R. MCCURDY,		
R. E. GULLISON,		

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#### CLASS DAY OF '94.

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THE preliminary of the closing exercises of the College was given by the Graduating Class in the form of a Class-day Exercise. The first on the programme was the Salutatory, wherein, with a few very appropriate words, Mr. Murray welcomed the audience and stated the object of the exercises. Next came the Roll Call of all members of the class, present and past, by Mr. Balcom. Then followed a Class History, a humorous, interesting and masterly production by H. S. Davison; and which our readers have the pleasure of reading in this number of the ATHENÆUM. Succeeding the history came the Class Oration, wherein Mr. Vincent, in his usually forcible and happy style, told what is meant by "Success, and how to attain it." The speaker

held the closest attention of the audience to the finish. After music by the class double-quartette came the "Class Prophecy," by Miss Alberta Parker. This paper was certainly a brilliant one,—always overflowing with wit, humorous imagination, poetry, and good sense, Miss Parker here fairly excelled herself. The paper, well worthy of preservation, is printed in the current issue. Mr. Ferguson gave a short address to undergraduates, which contained a number of good points, and, if followed, would do away with a good many inter-class quarrels. Then came the awarding of prizes, according to the merit or the success attained in the peculiarities which were the leading characteristics of the prize-winners. The awarding was done by Mr. Dunlop in a remarkably clever and characteristic manner. After this was read "The Class Poem," and "Valedictory," by E. Blackadder, which appears in this issue. Lastly was sung the "Class Song," written for the occasion.

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#### CLASS HISTORY '94.

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FOUR years ago, on a bright September day, a modest, unassuming, but nevertheless talented class of young men and maidens entered these halls of lore. No extraordinary demonstration was made at the time. Indeed each autumn for many years had seen gather Freshman classes to outward appearances similar to this. When the trees put forth their buds in spring little can we surmise the harvest. The intervening years have done their work. To-day the class of '94, though modest and unassuming as ever, yet feeling it useless to attempt to conceal longer facts so palpable, invite your closest attention to a narration of the events of these years. If at times the adventures and intellectual feats may seem to be portrayed in colors too mild, it must be remembered that no little allowance should be made for the fact that characteristic modesty forbids of course the disclosing of all.

A Freshman class is ever characterized by more or less trepidation. Not so that of '94. Strolling into the chapel with sedate and dignified tread, unabashed by the presence of those who professedly knew more than we, with coolness and self-possession on that first day of our college life we took our seats. The Sophomores eyed us curiously, as if wondering whether we would carry the burdens of the first year as successfully as they had done before us. The Juniors cast furtive glances towards us, and as the President began to read the usual passage for the first day, beginning, "The way of the transgressor is hard," seemed to wonder whether the path to be trodden by us would be as hard as it had been for them, and as the chapter was con-

cluded sighed heavily. The Seniors looked not towards us. Thinking of previous years, their countenances grew sober, and in pity they turned their faces away. But, not knowing what it was to entertain fears, throughout those opening exercises we sat undaunted. As we rose to depart, the President, ever shrewd at reading character, looked down upon us, and as he looked his face brightened. An expression of unspeakable relief and satisfaction had at once taken the place of the anxious look with which he had at first regarded us. His countenance plainly said: "Well, the Freshman class for which I have been long looking is here at last. I have not lived after all in vain." And so it proved.

Mathematics first claimed our attention that autumn morning. The professor greeted us kindly and his face betokened, "Be of good cheer; I will steer you through." Howbeit an ominous silence pervaded the room as our first assignment was announced. The countenances of a few that first hour reflected a determination to go through anything. In the faces of Moore and Bishop, as they turned the pages of Euclid, could be seen a look which predicted plainly enough their future work in mathematics. To the classical professor we next turned. His genial countenance at once put us at our ease. Beginning to discourse upon the benefits of a classical education, an inspiration at once seized us to obtain reading mastery at least of the languages in which Virgil sang and Demosthenes thundered. As Miss Cook and Miss Roop began to translate from the pages of Livy, the class felt that in classics as well as in mathematics good work might be expected. To the department of physical science we next bent our way. Little did we dream of the wonders to be revealed to us here. But as the professor began his opening lecture, our enthusiasm was at once aroused. We began to look forward with high anticipation to our studies in this department, and our hopes were not doomed to disappointment. The professor, *matter-of-fact* as he is, as we sat there listening to his lecture, looked upon us as any other Freshman class. However, as one of our number began to ply him with questions, and to knock the bottom out of his atomic and molecular theories, this idea was quickly dispelled. Poor J. Harry! In the Freshman class he left, and with his departure our reputation for scientific knowledge sustained a shock from which it never completely recovered. He was one of the few who needed not any academic training. When he came to Acadia he knew more than the professors, and every day becoming more and more conscious of this fact, in a few weeks after his arrival we bade him good-bye with tears. In the class-room that morning was one, sitting on a back seat, clad in red socks and homespun pantaloons, in whom we little suspected lay scientific genius. But such the future was to reveal. At the present time no student at Acadia is a

better authority on scientific questions and neck-ties than Mr. F. W. Young, of Paradise, Nova Scotia. Leaving the class-room of science, we repaired to that of modern languages. In true Parisian style were we welcomed. When the professor, addressing Champion, another class-mate who left us before the second year began, said "Comment vous portez-vous?" The student with tennis shoes looked perplexed, but at last, brightening up as he recalled the French as spoken in his native province, answered, "If you mean 'Comment ce va?' I'm pretty well thanks." He was from Prince Edward Island. The way in which the French was comprehended by Miss Parker and Miss Bishop, to say nothing of Mr. Frank C. Ford, of Port Williams, betokened the way in which the class work was to be done in this department. The opening lecture in the department of English language and literature completed our first day's work. Though somewhat shaky in our mother tongue in comparison with our knowledge of French and Latin, the class as a whole gave good promise for the future, and in the years succeeding the members of the Athenæum Society have been spell-bound more than once by the eloquence of '94 students.

Thus we began the first year's labors. Ere the snow had melted and the trees again put forth their leaves, the reputation of '94 was established forever.

The marks received in the department of baseball and football were a surprise even to our strongest and most able-bodied students. They constituted indeed a striking portion of the year's work. Collar bones were esteemed lightly. Twisted ankles, sprained and broken arms and legs were matters of small import. What mattered the fracture of a few limbs here and there, so long as the glory of the class was being sustained? Not a match was lost that year by '94. On the campus as well as in the class-room, the Freshman class was winning a name for itself.

Chipman Hall entered little into the events of the first year. The class had two rendezvous in the town,—the "attic," and the lodge afterward known as the "nunnery." Here the students would congregate occasionally, and all that passed among them lies beyond the power of words to describe. A rollicking party it was that had lodgement in the "attic." Far into the stilly hours of the night the dulcet strains of the Freshman quartette, accompanied by Champion's alto horn, would echo and re-echo throughout that region of the town where was their domicile. It was here and under such circumstances as these that the Tonic-sol-fa method was introduced at Acadia by certain members of '94. It is said that at one time during that memorable first winter the "attic" was haunted. In the silent hours of the night strange rappings were heard, and hollow muffled sounds disturbed

the slumbers of the inmates. One night a member of that lodge, having retired at a late hour, was aroused on the point of falling asleep, by hollow rappings on the wall near him, which at length were accompanied by ghostly groans. The hair of the first year student at once began to stand on end. His blood was quickly congealing in his veins. With a frantic scream he leaped from his couch, and in excited tones awakened his fellows. A consultation was held, and a party set forth in search of the ghost. Finding it not, a small door leading into a narrow apartment between the sloping wall of the attic and the roof (through which a ghost might be reasonably expected to find entrance) falling upon their notice, they securely bolted and barred it, and retired again for the night. The next morning as Ferg. walked into class thirty minutes late, with solemn step and haggard countenance, his pantaloons worn through at the knees, and the heel knocked off one of his boots through hammering away at bars and bolts, something in his manner seemed to say that a ghost leads a troubled life. Since that eventful night the attic has never been haunted.

In the cellar of that far-famed boarding-house was discovered one day a mine of apples, it is said. The opening into it, tho' at first no larger than a man's hand, assumed at length such dimensions as to permit a small-sized Freshman thro'. The student of the correct size was at once forth-coming. On one occasion while the slender youth was doing service for his more stalwart class-mates,—passing through the apples to be borne aloft,—a noise above was heard. In consternation the small-sized Freshman pleaded to be lifted out, but the requisite number of apples had not yet been procured. Quickly and nervously were they handed thro' the meagre opening, but before the stated number had arrived, the footsteps above had approached too near to tarry longer. The stalwart Freshmen had fled. Attempting to hide himself in the great mound of apples, the slender youth succeeded in concealing all but his feet, which alas! disclosed all. Even to this day, when such Freshman foibles have long since been overcome, it is said that much of Elisha's nervousness and trepidation can be traced to this event.

But all the occurrences of that first winter it would be useless to attempt to narrate. Both rendezvous were scenes of startling incidents. Their memories will long linger with the students of '94.

The receptions of that first winter were entered into very cautiously by not a few of the Freshmen. However, before the months wore away it was to be seen that our class was not destined to be behind in social intercourse. Poor Johnnie Parker! adapted in every way to lead the college in this department, had not the fates determined otherwise. After the Freshman year he never came back. But fine-looking, curly-

headed Melbourne, arising to the emergency, regained for our class the fallen laurels, and it is with no small measure of pride that we point to him to-day.

The class meetings of that year were very successful. The weighty arguments of Ferguson, Moore, and Daniels, the eloquence of Wallace and Slaughenwhite, the plain practical remarks of Vincent, and the jokes of Carl Shew, will not easily be forgotten.

When the class dispersed in the spring to canvass for "Dr. Pond's Conversations on the Bible," etc., etc., the fact that there had been a Freshman class at Acadia College during the past year was brought home to the people of the Maritime Provinces in a very forcible way. No one longer doubted the fact, had he ever been disposed previously to do so.

When in the autumn we came back as Sophomores, the seats of not a few who studied with us as Freshmen were vacant. Genial Saunders and plucky Reid we missed. In vain we looked for jovial and studious A. S. Ford. Ira Wallace's seat too was vacant, and Johnnie Parker's smiling countenance was seen no more. From the six lady students one was missing, the clever and diligent Miss Bishop. But if we lost we also gained. Blackadder, who afterwards was to make an enviable reputation as an English student, joined us in the Sophomore year. Mathematical Dunlop and steady-going Whitman also joined us at that time. F. Coldwell and Miss Coldwell, who while among us did excellent work, were Sophomores with us. Better work was done during the second year than the first. Less time was spent on the campus and more over books. The rendezvous of the class this year was the S. S. Club on the top flight of Chipman Hall. The incidents which here occurred were many and will long be remembered. The Freshman class was tractable, and gave us little anxiety. It was not until the close of the fall term that the class of '94 brought reproach upon themselves. The time-honored method of having a Sophomore racket by tooting on horns, breaking up furniture, and in other ways appearing silly and ridiculous, was departed from, and a method more in keeping with respectability and sense followed. The Freshman class disappointed, showed at this time slight symptoms of untractableness, but with the help of pea-nuts their docility was restored. The friendship cemented that night has remained till this day—of<sup>c</sup> and on. An important event of this year was the marriage of one of our class-mates. Returning from one of the many social gatherings of that winter, news came of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Slaughenwhite, and a right royal welcome was accorded them.

The Junior year brought us back fewer students than the Sophomores. Miss Roop, who had done excellent work during the past two years, and was considered one of our best all-around

students, bade our class good-bye at the end of the last Sophomore term. H. A. Payzant, H. M. Shaw, and Carl Shaw, all good students, also left us with the Sophomore year, to study medicine. Enlivened by social gatherings, geological and other excursions, the year passed rapidly. Good work was done. As the last term came to an end, preparations began for the Junior Geological Expedition. In good time were the examinations over. Ready to start were we at any time. But alas for fond hopes! the boat forgot to come. However an expedition was held, which proved enjoyable, at least so say those that went. The last week in May passed pleasantly.

Last fall we came back Seniors. Two joined us in the autumn,—Murray and Parker—making the class number twenty-three in all. The year has gone by quickly, and yet much of interest has occurred. Tho' not invited to usher at recitals as were the Senior classes before us, we have at last come to look upon it resignedly, and to keep back the tears. We have overcome all hard feelings, and as the closing days are hurrying away we would forgive, although perhaps we can't forget. With all your faults we love you still, that is of course the institution in an abstract way.

Time does not permit of narrating half of what suggests itself in writing the history of a college class. Many things no doubt have been referred to unimportant, and many matters of importance omitted. In the years that are to come, the memory of these college days will not easily be erased. Long will the events which here occurred echo in the memory of '94.

The last year of our course has come to an end. While conscious of many moments wasted in these years, of many opportunities for improvement lost, yet we can look back upon our course with much satisfaction, feeling that these years have not been wasted, but that for the training here received we shall be better able to perform life's duties, better fitted to do life's work.

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#### CLASS PROPHECY.

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"MUCH study is a weariness of the flesh." One bright May-day during the busy week of College examinations, I wandered heedlessly from the toilsome drudgery of books, and soon with a sigh of relief seated myself beside the rock dear to Acadia students.

Blue was the sky above me,  
 And green the earth at my feet,  
 The hemlocks sighed me a lullaby,  
 And the song of the water was sweet.

As I mused upon the names carved before me a shadowy form approached and said, "Maiden, I am the spirit of College Rock. I bid thee prophesy for the class of '94." But I replied in decisive and sur-

prised tones, "Sir Spirit, I am but a woman and no prophet." Whereupon, with a grandiloquent bow, he offered me a key and said, "With the possession of this magical instrument you may indeed look far on into other years, and see as in a dream the forms of ages yet to be."

I took the key and professed my willingness to unlock the future. The Spirit bade me hold the key fast and follow its leadings, then vanished. Sweet strains of music, subdued by distance, fill the air; wondering whence they arise I look up. A large object floats above. Attracted by the murmur of voices, I look around. I see a strange looking vehicle filled with people. The human freight is borne steadily aloft and soon is attached to the object in the air. Another is preparing for ascent; I quietly embark, and by listening to the conversation I learn that the conveyances are electro-aerial boats and that we are bound to a mid-air concert.

Thoughts of the sad fate of Darius Green and his flying machine haunt me, but a glance at my key re-assures, and I find the mode of travelling most exhilarating. In due time our boat becomes one of the aerial flotilla. All eyes are directed toward the centre boat, from which a flag streams bearing the words, "The Music Box." Standing beneath the flag I see two familiar forms, and as the dulcet tones float out into the pure air, I recognize 94's sweet singers, Bishop and Murray. As song after song is finished, rounds of applause show the appreciation of the renditions. Full of curiosity, when the concert is over I pass to 94's headquarters, and after pleasant greetings and congratulations, I ask concerning our strange surroundings. "You remember," says Mr. Bishop, "how fond I am of out-door exercise and how when at Acadia I yearned for a flying-machine? Well, this is the result of my experiments in the science department." He explained to me the plan and working of his invention, and said that he had reserved all rights and only a limited number had been made. "Murray made the first trip with me, and together we formed the scheme of holding mid-air concerts. They are proving a great success. You can hardly imagine how much pleasanter it is to sing in the quiet ether, and how much brighter your audience is. In time I hope to have mid-air halls and churches. You know what a torture it was for me to attend church."

At this point I bethink myself of the magic key and seek pastures new. I am in the broad street of a quiet thriving town. Glancing around, my eye rests upon a large sign—it reads, "F. C. Ford, Hairdresser, Bangs a Specialty." On the opposite side of the street a most toothsome spread of chocolate creams and dainty confections "takes my eye." McLasses candy has a conspicuous place. It affords me reminiscences. Looking up I read the sign, "Mammoth Candy Kitchen, F. C. Ford, Proprietor." Remembering my class-mate's proclivities I am not surprised when a little boy tells me that Mr. Ford is the children's Santa Klaus. Further inquiries reveal that this is what Mr. Ford is at home, but through his lectures on the Prevention of Cruelty, and his gifts to charitable institutions, the world knows him as its most self-sacrificing benefactor and noblest philanthropist.

Passing along the street I hear a peculiar talking,—no folk are in sight. I notice a box which reminds me of a phonograph, and sure enough from this melodiously tinkles forth the announcement: "Lectures

to-night by the world-renowned lecturer, Harriet E. Morton. Subject, 'Shall men have the right to vote.' To-night, come one come all, to F——'s Hall." I decide to attend, and in good time find myself seated in a grand hall comfortably filled. The audience has a peculiar look—the men seem so insignificant, but I conclude that it results from the way in which they are treated. The lecturer, in whom I easily recognize one of '94's girls, is met with subdued applause by the men. The women are undecided in their greeting; their faces wear perplexed and troubled looks. I am oppressed with the feeling that this is a critical time in the history of the human race.

In a few well-chosen words the lecturer treated of politics in the Nineteenth Century, then asserted, "Every reasonable person present must admit that the present state of affairs is unsatisfactory—women shirk voting and have proved incapable of guiding the ship of state." A few hisses greeted this, but the speaker proceeded, "Destruction stares us in the face, the only alternative is obnoxious to many present. It is to restore the franchise to men. Some may say that men are not yet educated up to voting. The speaker then made an appeal, stating the marked ability, the consummate tact shown by men in the Nineteenth Century, and ended by suggesting that a vote be then and there taken upon the question, "Shall we in this Twentieth Century give men the right to vote?" The eloquence of the lecturer had made its impression, and I felt sure what the result would be from the relieved and compassionate looks the women cast upon the men. Later I learned that this was but the beginning of a campaign in which the lecturer by her undying devotion to the cause of oppressed manhood won their lasting gratitude.

The next class-mate to whom my key gave me access is Mr. Daniels. I enter an elegant Southern residence, pass graceful Corinthian columns, thence through a marble-paved hall adorned with statuary, and am ushered into a library. As I await Mr. Daniels, I note with pleasure the well-filled book-cases and the air of refined comfort. Taking up an elegantly bound volume I read, "A Novel, An Earthly Paradise, by Estelle A. Cook." At this instant Mr. Daniels enters and greets me with his old-time geniality. "I see you have one of our class-mate's productions in your hand. Notice the illustrations,—they are her own etching; each one is a poem and faultless as a work of art. It is an exceedingly interesting book, like herself bright and helpful. She has won an enviable position in the world of authors." "Yes, Mr. Daniels, and I think some one else has also. I have been much interested in your late magazine articles, especially in the one entitled, 'The Solution of the Dream Problem.' You bid fair to be as famous as your namesake of old." "Hardly, but you remember when at Acadia the psychological inclinations of my metaphysical cerebral apparatus."

He told me of some recent investigations concerning the hypnotic state. Then we began to chat of old times,—opening an album we look over the tinted pasteboard representatives of '94. "Have you read Mr. Blackadder's eloquent and poetic declamation on 'Canadian Independence?'" "No, I am quite ignorant of many members of '94." "Yes, is that so? Well, Mr. King has made a great success of himself. He is the discoverer of the famous antidote for nicotine poisoning, and in

addition to being an enthusiastic lecturer and a successful physician, he is the author of a book entitled 'The Alpha and Omega of the Pipe.' It is prescribed by the Council of Public Instruction." Going to a book-shelf Mr. Daniels took down several books. "That is an interesting pamphlet of Mr. Young's on 'The Art of Imagination,' and this is a book by Mr. Balcom, the result of his science studies, the title is 'Cribbing in the Light of Recent Scientific Researches.' Here is a treatise on 'Physiological Psychology,' by Mr. Ferguson. You would be interested in it; he locates the bump of perpetual motion. This," showing me a number of volumes, "is a work of Mr. Davison. The title is, 'A complete Confutation of all Atheistic Theories.' Mr. Cohoon is among the eminent medical scientists of to-day. He has discovered the microbe of Indolence and its destroyer, Birchibus Switchibus. By his invention of an instrument by which severed limbs can be restored he has bestowed an immeasurable boon upon humanity. He is, I believe, now travelling.

I then ask Mr. Daniels about himself, and learn that after graduating from McGill, he indulged his fancy for solitary roaming by a journey round the world selling a famous Hair Restorer, his own preparation. He had amassed a considerable fortune and was now pleasantly settled. With pardonable pride he told me that the burgesses of the corporation had recently elected him mayor. I congratulate him on his prosperity and am about to depart when he directs my gaze to a window. "Do you see that cluster of buildings? They belong to a university of which Dr. Davison is the honored president. Prof. Blackadder is at the head of the mathematical department, his lectures are well attended, and the enthusiastic spirit of the teacher never fails to inspire the pupils with a deep love for the most prosaic problems." Bidding Mr. Daniels good-bye, I glance at my charm.

The scene in truth does marvellously change. From the land of balmy breezes and flowery fields I pass into the frozen North with its sparkle of frost gems and broad expanse of immaculate purity. The blood in my veins congeals, it grows dark, but soon the lights of a large city appear; the change continues until the doors of a large house open before me. I enter; the warmth and light cheer me. I learn that preparations for a concert are about completed. In a person who enters wrapped in furs I recognize with delight Mr. Cohoon. The pleasure is reciprocal. He tells me that he and Mr. Balcom have charge of arrangements for concerts throughout the globe, and that this is the first to be given in this latitude, which is 89° 59' north. I express my astonishment and ask how this part of the world became habitable and the concert feasible.

"Well, the credit is due to our class-mate, Murray. He conceived the plan of utilizing the Northern lights and with unrivalled perseverance imbued his fellow men with the practicability of the scheme, and you behold the result. Balcom and I have fine times, meet with some strange episodes, and the maidens of every clime are enamoured of 'our pretty boy,' but strengthened by the beams of the 'Colchester Sun,' thus far he has been impregnable. I expect he will soon settle down with his satellites. His business ability is extraordinary, his wealth already baffles calculation. I enjoy travelling around. We often meet

members of '94. Last month we met Mr. Young; he was conducting a party of students on a geological expedition in the Himalayas. His success in that work is world-renowned. He has discovered the fossilized remains of a new species of animal life belonging to the pre-Adamic period. In honor of his alma mater he has named it *Humbugus Acadiensis*. I must tell you about Lew Wallace, I had a fine visit with him. After being graduated from Rochester, you know, he became a missionary to the Patagonians. He has founded and is president of a Patagonian university with co-education. Owing to the scarcity of female help arising from co-education, he has perfected a system of co-operative living. He inherits such a hopeful patrimony of geniality that by the simple shake of the hand thousands of pagans have been civilized, and he will be renowned in history as the converter and civilizer of Patagonia."

After a few words more, I vanish. My key transports me now to a more genial clime. I hear a familiar earnest voice issuing from the open window of a handsome church. I recognize it as that of one of whom it was said, "He lifted up his trumpet voice, shouted aloud and spared not." When the service is over I join a pleasant looking person and learn that the Rev. Lindsay Slaughenwhite is the esteemed pastor of the first church in this prosperous city, and that his eloquence and faithful work are making a great impression for good upon mankind.

My surroundings again change. They are familiar and yet strange. My puzzled brain finds a resting place when I look northward upon stern enduring Blomidon. My senses emerge from their confused state. I am standing before a large stone edifice, glancing up I see in large gilt symbols "'94." Entering I find Prof. Coldwell. He knows me and readily answers my queries. "In this building, which I suppose you know is a museum, I take much pride. It was erected from the proceeds of the June concert which your class gave." I express my satisfaction with the disposal of the funds and say to myself, "Pretty well for the class that was practised on," and then proceed to examine the curios. Among them I notice a case with the label, "The ghost of the Junior Expedition laid by Dr. Sawyer." In another case I find a peculiar collection. It consists (1) A hideous and absurd petrification of a Sophomore racket, (2) the cast-off stupid looking mask of a Sophomore Special English Examination, and (3) beside this the withered and contemptible countenance of its twin brother the Sophomore Rhetorical. I next made a close examination of a collection of feathers plucked from the following orders: *Novi homines*, Sophomores, *Juniori* and *Seniori*. After gazing at a rare collection of University goose eggs, I press my key.

Time alone is annihilated. I wend my way from the College grounds along Professor Street, till I reach a stately residence on Extension Avenue. On the door-plate I read, "Judge Ferguson." Acting under the influence of the spell that is upon me, I pass through the closed entrance and realize that I am invisible. Seated before a sumptuous repast I see with delight a number of the class of '94. Men and women who have known each other in the golden days of youth, now gathered together in the prime of life, prosperous and yet full of hope.

I note that Time has dealt tenderly with them, has sprinkled his silver flakes but sparingly.

From the conversation I learn that this is no pre-arranged reunion, but the unsevered bond of unity and loyalty to Acadia, '94's prominent characteristics, have drawn a goodly number together to attend the Anniversary exercises, and that they have accepted Judge Ferguson's invitation to spend this hour at his home. "Do you remember Young," the host says to the gentleman at his right, "how you used to quote 'Tears, idle tears, I know not what you mean,' and how '94's children paraphrased it thus, 'Sems, idle sems, we care not what you do?'" My attention is diverted by the hostess. She is speaking to Mr. Dunlop. "I regret exceedingly that the Vincents are not present with us to-day." "Yes it is really too bad. Truly Vincent is a remarkably talented preacher. A few months ago I attended a service conducted by him. As I beheld his kindly countenance and listened to the oratorical deliverance of my old friend's eloquence, I did not wonder that his people loved him dearly and retained him as their pastor, though I suppose you know that in June of each year Vincent is strangely affected. I was told sorrowfully by one of his disciples—by the way, it was our old class-mate King,—that at such times Vincent is confined in a room, decorated with pictures of himself, where he busily turns a crank to the monotonous chanting of the word, 'millenium.' He is a true friend of Acadia and did much to obtain a government grant for the College."

The animated face of Mr. Ford, at the other side of the table now attracts me. He is talking with Mr. Slaughenwhite. "Have you read Dinnie's last book, 'The Evolution of His Uncle and Ant?'" "No, I have not." "Well, Dinnie has some awfully queer notions, but he's all right." "Yes," says Mr. Slaughenwhite, "I understand that he ranks at the head of the eminent evolutions of the age." "Yes indeed," replies Ford, "but have you kept track of Parker?" "Yes, after obtaining his degree of Bachelor of Divinity he went to Salt Lake City and engaged in the philanthropic and lucrative enterprise of selling the Mormon women silver-knotted cat-o'-nine-tails. They used these feline arguments for throwing off the yoke of domestic tyranny supposed to be taught in the Mormon bible, and secured for themselves the franchise in all things ecclesiastical and civil. In gratitude to their benefactor they deposed the president of the Mormons and installed the enterprising gentile preacher as head of the church of Latter Day Saints."

I turn to a familiar sight—Messrs. Blackadder and Davison animatedly talking. "Is it not grand about Moore? Do you know, I firmly believe he will gain his election?" "Yes," says Mr. Davison, "I should not be surprised if he did." "Well," Mr. Blackadder says, "who would ever have imagined that that rank Tory and loyal Britisher would ever offer himself as candidate for the presidency of Canadian America; but like our old friend Mr. Pickwick, he was open to conviction, and it was a good thing for him. I worked hard for the absorption of the United States, and I would like to see Moore president." "Yes," replies Mr. Davison, "he has proved a remarkably clever lawyer, and no doubt he is an equally clever statesman."

"Such a lovely lot of presents,—among them there must have been a dozen different editions of Wordsworth." "Why Estelle, I am so

delighted to hear of it. I must tell the rest," and rising the hostess said, "Class-mates, have you heard of Dr. Mason's good fortune? He has recently become the possessor of a most valuable Pearl. Our class-mate here was present at the wedding. '94's famous flirt is provided for at last." Applause greeted these words of the hostess and Mr. Mason became the general topic of conversation. I learn that he is the successful minister of a large church in Chicago and one of the eminent Doctors of Divinity of the day.

At this juncture a telegram is handed Mr. Blackadder who, after reading passes it to the host. The latter soon rises and asks the attention of those present. "Ladies and gentlemen, I take sincere pleasure in informing you that our class-mate Blackadder has been declared by the President, Poet-in-chief of Canadian America." Congratulations are heartily given and received. The conversation is renewed. "Oh," says Mr. Young, "I must tell you of a joke on Whitman." And turning to the gentleman who sits beside him he says, "You know Whit, you always were the scape-goat of the class, and you were true to yourself this time." Mr. Whitman smiles and looks uncomfortable. "Well, you see, Whitman had a fine church and was doing splendidly, but a fortnight ago last Sunday, would you believe it, I found him playing football—he is captain of the Albany team, and says he thought it was Saturday."

I listen no further to Mr. Young. Referring to my key it reveals to me that before he died Mr. Whitman became the founder and propagator of a creedless church, which supplanted all other denominations throughout the English-speaking countries, in recognition of which King Albert knighted him, and he is known to posterity as Sir Melbourne Whitman. But my spirit, loth to leave the congenial gathering, returns. Mr. Whitman's voice greets my ear—he is trying to direct attention from Mr. Young and as his topic is an inspiring one, even though many of the facts are familiar, all are soon paying strict attention. "You remember that Miss Blackadar two years after graduation entered upon missionary work in China. Among the many converted to the Christian religion as a result of her devoted and faithful labor was Lang Ding, the highly educated Chinese prince and heir to the throne. To make a long story short, in course of time Miss Blackadar became Mrs. Lang Ding. They took up their residence in the royal palace, and though surrounded with all the pomp and magnificence of Oriental royalty, our class-mate did not slight her beloved work, but proved that to her increased powers entail greater responsibilities. To-day I received a paper from her speaking of the well-known fact of the late Emperor's death, describing the coronation of Mr. and Mrs. Lang Ding as Emperor and Empress of the Celestial Empire, and stating that the event was celebrated by changing the ancient Chinese era into the Christian era, and thus in a day a nation was born into Christendom."

"That reminds me," says the Judge, "that Bishop and Murray are now in China. They are conducting services in an aerial evangelic flotilla and are outdoing Moody and Sankey in evangelistic work." The signal is given for rising. "We must not separate without our customary song," and the hostess as of yore takes her position at the piano. Song after song is sung with gusto and enjoyment. I miss the voices of the absent, but as the strains of "Blest be the tie that binds,"

begin, a ring is formed. I see the vacant places filled, I start to complete the circle, but as I join hands the key drops, the scene vanishes. I find myself with the flickering shadows o'er me and the rippling waters near. I know that it hath been a dream, and yet not all a dream.

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94 CLASS ODE AND VALEDICTORY.

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Far back ere the Stream of the Ages had widened to infinite span,  
 When Nature had yielded no secrets, and the mind and the spirit of man  
 Groping, reached forth in the darkness unpierced by one tremulous ray,  
 In that land by Old Nilus made bloom and where Summer is smiling away,—  
 From the uttermost heights of heaven descended a living flame  
 Of mighty and marvellous power, to sweeten the earth with its fame.  
 But men, in a blindness deep sunken of ignorance, folly and crime,  
 Beheld not that flashing splendor which dawned on the Ocean of Time;  
 All, save but a few and the wisest, they bathed in the glory and lit  
 A torch that proved quenchless thereafter; and the long-lasting shadows  
 did flit

From the vale and the shores of Egypt; and straightway o'er all the land,  
 Rose million-inhabited cities and the temples colossal and grand.  
 And the wave of the Ancient of Rivers through elysian gardens rolled,  
 While their guard against the Lybian sands did the time-scorning pyramids hold.  
 At length, o'er the wide warring waves of the storm-loving Central Sea,  
 Forth from the home of the Pharaohs, undaunted sailed Cadmus, and he  
 Bore a flame from the Memphian altars to the Grecian islands and shore,  
 That kindled till Greece was ablaze where all had been darkness before.  
 As the Sun to the worlds that encircle, was Athens to every clime;  
 Where the reason of Plato reached God, and Demosthenes thundered sublime;  
 And many a minstrel immortal awakened the lofty lyre,  
 To notes that have thrilled down the ages and mightiest minds yet inspire.

Greece flashed the flame on the Tiber, and over Rome's occident realm  
 It kindled and spread; and at length, when Her grasp grew weak on the helm,  
 When Discord, descending from heaven, brought Rage, Desolation and War,  
 And the Queen of the World was unscattered and millions sank down in  
 their gore,

'Mid the numberless nations that rose from the burning wrecks of the Past,  
 Cold quenched was the flambeau of Learning, for Anarchy strode every blast.  
 So the current of centuries rolled; and but now and then but into light  
 A spark which the gloom but insulted; and men marvelled much at the sight;  
 And seeing, they saw not, and hearing, they heard not nor yet understood;  
 So they wondered, then feared, then hated, then cursed it in murderous mood.  
 And many a beam was eclipsed, long, long ere its radiant prime;  
 As by rack and by scourge and by steel, perished many a spirit sublime.  
 So the current of centuries rolled; and the night hovered less and less deep,  
 And gleam after gleam pierced its breast, as man's mind loosed the fetters  
 of sleep;

Till at length the long slumber was broken; humanity woke, and behold!  
 'Twas Morn on the land and the sea, and the mountains were flashing with gold.  
 The brightness grew ever intenser and banished the shade with its rays,  
 Till the world was afloat in the splendor and wrapped in the tide of its blaze.

Thus the light was for all ; and life's battle raged fiercer and all unconfined ;  
 Not the fury of brand clashing brand, but the kinglier conflicts of Mind.  
 For the earth was not made to dream in, nor yet was man made but to dream,  
 Not a couch, an arena the world is, and to act, ever act, is the scheme  
 By God meant for man at creation ; so as grimlier gathers the strife,  
 He must arm at all points ; have each weapon a-glitter with keenness ; that life  
 May gather a harvest that's worthy ; and as the sun toileth all day  
 Through night-rolling vapors whose volumes obstructed his ruddiest ray,  
 Bursts into the azure ere sunset, and the clouds, which were darkness before,  
 Gleam gorgeous with gold and with jasper and purple and crimson all o'er ;  
 And Phœbus in robes of such splendor as circle the Lord on His throne,  
 Sinks under the west, leaving heaven and earth with its glories sown.  
 Such is the course of the mortal, who, dauntless, strives fiercely and long  
 With the barriers Fate rears against him, and the sorrows and trials that throng ;  
 But at length fighting down every foe-man, with victory's robes round him cast,  
 All things overcome by his manhood, emblazon his triumph at last.

'Twas the hour when numberless forces opposed every inch of the race,  
 And Duty called loudly "Up, arm ye ! thrice arm against defeat and disgrace !"  
 Thus spake she, nor vain were her accents ; they sounded in willing ears,  
 Telling the spirits within that a glorious future was theirs  
 If they worshipped at Truth's holy altar and followed where Wisdom might lead ;  
 Thus waking a noble ambition, and straightway, the thing was decreed.  
 The roses of twice twain Summers have yielded their dulcet perfume,  
 The tempests of twice twain Winters have mantled the planet in gloom,  
 Since to thy halls, Old Acadia, all glowing with life's crescent flame,  
 A band, till then strange to each other, of youths and of maidens came  
 From shores ever lashed by the surges and whitened by Fundean spume,  
 From isles where Atlantic's broad billows unceasingly thunder and boom,  
 From the banks of the swift tawny Avon o'erflitted by many a sail,  
 And the Valley of Orchards whose blossoms yield odorous wings to each gale,  
 And where on thy strand, o'd Port Royal, thy waters low murmuring pour,  
 Like phantom billows that beat on the sands of a fairy shore.

Unknown were we first to each other ; but long did not strangers remain ;  
 For soon were the golden links woven of Friendship's infrangible chain.  
 Happily, happily forward, the hours in sunshine flew,  
 While page after page of the Volume of Learning was turned to our view.  
 As Freshmen, oh ! we were the people, with whom doubtless Wisdom would die ;  
 And Knowledge no region held hid from our restless, omnivisient eye.  
 Month after month marched along to the still-gaping tomb of the Past,  
 Till we woke one clear October morn, and behold, we were Sophomores at last !  
 Oh, wondrous sublime consummation ! was ever man raised so before ?  
 But what marvel was this ? the horizon was widening more and more ;  
 And numberless objects appeared which appeared at no previous view ;  
 When we fondly imagined all known and nothing on earth could be new.  
 Then a grim, dark, suspicion came o'er us, like a cloud o'er serene summer skies ;  
 The suspicion that other things, yet undiscerned, to our vision might rise.  
 A year rolled a way ; and, as Juniors, we found our suspicions prove truth ;  
 And concluded to let the professors still teach our ingenuous youth.  
 As men when the billows engulf them, will cling to a straw in despair,  
 So, despairing, we clung to this hope : that we knew what we knew, sound  
 and clear.

Thus darkly conditioned, we passed to that distant and awful clime,  
 Where, accompanied by mightiest sages, the Senior stalketh sublime.  
 There first we encountered the Doctor ; his face wore an ominous smile ;  
 And he welcomed us solemnly, kindly, as somewhat our fears to beguile ;  
 But fleeting the fatal delusion ; brief, brief did our last hope endure,  
 When we learned, that we know, all we know is, that we know nothing for sure.  
 Pleasantly, pleasantly forward the hours in sunshine flew,  
 Each day brought its tasks to be studied, and its time for diversion too.  
 Do we not with pleasure remember our class-meeting programmes of old,  
 Where Ferguson's logic slew, and Moore's eloquence brightened and rolled,  
 And Bishop's sweet tones bade the echoes on pinions of melody rise,  
 And the keen sword of Davison's wit flashed forth to confound and surprise ?

Never was season so fair, but its splendor departed at last,  
 From the life and the glow of the Present to the silence and death of the Past.  
 Three times hath the Spring seen us parting, dear class-mates, to gather again ;  
 Now earth laughs once more with the blossoms the sweet season brings in  
 her train,

Every grove bursting forth into singing ; the flowers are fair on the hills,  
 And the lispng leaves low murmur to the shouts of a thousand rills.  
 The trees of the myriad orchards are clad in their raiment of white,  
 Like brides that stand by the altar, their soul's full affection to plight ;  
 And the foam-caps glimmer and glisten, as the ripples rejcingly play,  
 Where Blomidon, sombre with shadows, frowns over yon glistening Bay.  
 The valley lies steeped in the sunlight ; but, class-mates, a shade glooms the  
 heart ;

For the Spring all ablaze with its beauty, cometh only to say, "We must part."  
 And day shall give place unto day, and season to season shall yield ;  
 The Autumn shall crimson the harvest, and Winter imprison the field,  
 And the years with their changes sweep by to the Past and its sepulchred night ;  
 But never, ah ! never, may we, as of old we united, unite  
 Again in old class-rooms familiar, and list to the accents that fell  
 From the wisdom-fraught lips of instructors ; and haply,—for ah ! who can  
 tell ?—

To ne'er behold all the old faces again in this world be our doom ;  
 For the pathways of life run divergent and only rejoin at the tomb.  
 To some Fate may grant a brief season ; they fade in the morning of youth ;  
 And some seek the shores of far regions, to bless with the noonlight of Truth.  
 Some names Herald Fame may emblazon, to glitter a planet of dawn ;  
 But oh ! may no spirit dis-sever its love for the days that are gone.  
 'Tis Spring,—but its buds may not linger, for Summer is nearly at hand,  
 Then Autumn, when harvests are garnered ; last, Winter glooms over the land.  
 Dear class-mates, 'tis our life's Spring with the summertide flaming a-near ;  
 That time we must cherish unceasing, and nurse with the tenderest care  
 The fruits of the tree we have planted ; that the ripening Autumn may reap  
 A worthy and bountiful harvest ; so when we lie down in our sleep,  
 When Winter congealeth life's currents, we may leave no regrets ; for one day  
 We must die as our fathers before us and slumber as silent as they.  
 And the streams of the world shall sweep onward, and sunshine and shadow and  
 storm

Shall come to the verdure above us, but not to the motionless form

That moulders below in the darkness ; then, while the world gladdens our eyes,  
Strive ever ! let no dreams content you ! look steadfast towards heaven,  
and rise !

So that when on your last earthly even, sinks downward the saddening Sun,  
The world's latest words in your ears be, " True servants of Duty, well done !"  
But now—ah, the heart throbs with anguish and quivering lips scarce can tell,—  
Instructors, old scenes, and loved class-mates, farewell ! and God bless you !  
farewell !

THE following class-song ended the programme:—

AIR—" JUANITA."

Sad, sad to sever  
From the friends we love most dear ;  
Heart strings must quiver,  
Fall the blinding tear.  
But the gloom is lightened  
By the hope, we'll meet again ;  
Every prospect brightened,  
Riftless friendship's chain.

CHORUS—Parting, yes parting  
From the scenes our love that bind ;  
Leaving, yet casting  
Lingering looks behind.

Still in full splendor  
As of old the Sun shall shine ;  
Moons beam as tender,  
Stars as now divine.  
But those years advancing  
Us shall many changes bring,  
And of youth entrancing  
Age shall droop the wing.

Changeless forever  
Gleams the lamp of memory ;  
True love may never  
From the bosom flee.  
So we'll love and cherish  
These sweet days and scenes and friends ;  
Love that shall not perish,  
Till life's throbbing ends.

Words by E. BLACKADDER.

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### GRADUATION EXERCISES.

On the morning of June 6th, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather, a large number of people were assembled in College Hall to witness the graduation exercises of the Class of '94. At half-past ten the Faculty, Governors, members of the Senate, Alumni, and the Graduates entered the Hall, marching to music, and took their accustomed seats.

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. J. W. Manning, after which the following programme was presented,—those essays which are marked by asterisks being recited :

ORATIONS BY MEMBERS OF GRADUATING CLASS :

- \* "Philosophy and Faith." HAROLD S. DAVISON, Wolfville, N. S.
- ' Machinery and the Wage Earner.' MELBOURNE P. DALCOM, Paradise, N. S.
- " Prohibitory Legislation." HARRY KING, Chipman, N. B.
- " Science and the Public Weal " BRADFORD S. BISHOP, New Minas, C. B.
- " Turgot." ..... FRANK C. FORD, Port Williams, N. S.
- \* " The University as the Fortress of the Higher Life of the Nation." JAS. EDWARD FERGUSON, Hantsport, N. S.
- " The Times." ..... EDWARD BLACKADDER, Wolfville, N. S.
- " The Last Twenty Years of Gladstone's Career." MELBOURNE B. WHITMAN, New Albany, N. S.

Music.

- \* " Virgil as a Character Painter." ESTELLE A. COOK, College City, California.
- " The Main Features of Roman Worship." ELISHA H. COHOON, White Rock, N. S.
- " Adaptation of the Earth to Man." FRED W. YOUNG, Paradise, N. S.
- " The Christian Element in Plato." LINDSAY J. SLAUGHENWHITE, Tancook, N. S.
- " Civil Liberty." ..... ARCHIBALD MASON, Tancook, N. S.
- " Tyndall's Contribution to Science." ARCHIBALD MURRAY, Yarmouth, N. S.
- \* " The Prospective Reorganization of Society." HATTIE E. MORTON, Bridgetown, N. S.

Music.

- " Rhythm as a means of Culture." BRADFORD K. DANIELS, Paradise, N. S.
- " Emerson and Carlyle." M. HELENA BLACKADAR, Great Village, N. S.
- " Government by Party." WARREN I. MOORE, Wolfville, N. S.
- " Recent Economic Movements." M. ALBERTA PARKER, Wolfville, N. S.
- " Ethical Import of Darwinism." ALLAN E. DUNLOP, Jordan, N. S.
- \* " Evolution by Blind Force and by Intelligence." WM. CAREY VINCENT, St. John, N. B.

Awarding Honor Certificates.

Music.

Conferring Degrees. Addresses.

National Anthem.

As will be seen from the programme, fewer orations than usual were presented, there being but five. This is certainly an improvement, as it renders the exercises much less tedious, besides giving greater time for each address.

Twenty-two were admitted to the degree of B. A. Mr. D. L. Parker, whose name does not appear on the programme, also received the degree. Especial mention was made of Mr. Lew Wallace, whom a serious illness prevented from passing all his examinations, but who would be granted his diploma on completion of his work during the summer.

The orations were of a high order and did credit to the members of the class. The subjects were well chosen and equally well developed. It is clearly evident that Mr. Davison possesses a mind of strong philosophical turn. From the finite in nature and from man as a personal being, he reasoned to the Infinite and the personal as the source of all things. His arguments, thoroughly logical, were remarkably concise and carried much weight. Few treatises have ever been delivered at an Acadia anniversary which have equalled it in comprehensiveness and profundity. Miss Cook's essay was clearly and forcibly written, and shewed keen philosophical insight into Virgil's peculiar powers as a character painter. She first discussed the Roman poet's characteristics in this direction, and dealt separately with the two principal persons of his great poem, Æneas and Dido. The ruling element, which amounted to a passion in Æneas' character was his piety, his unflinching obedience to the Divine behests. He ever obeyed their commands, let the consequences be what they might. He was also a valiant warrior, a wise counsellor and a tender father. Dido was of a deeply passionate nature, and always loyal to the uttermost in her affections; and when deserted by Æneas and determined to end her own life, she invoked no external curses to descend upon her betrayer, but only asked that the remorse of his own conscience might be his sole punishment. From an elocutional standpoint this essay ranked first. Mr. Ferguson had a well written oration of great merit. In appropriate and expressive language he pointed out the value of education, and the necessity of the higher institutions of learning to the social and political advancement of a country. Mr. Ferguson is certainly a good writer. Miss Morton's paper was very interesting and instructive, as it touched on one of the greatly controverted questions of to-day. She examined thoroughly the two theories proposed by modern socialists for the reorganization of society: Collectivism and Individualism, and proved that neither theory of itself would provide a perfect system. She forcibly showed that education and Christianity were all-important factors in bringing about a more perfect social system. Miss Morton's delivery made it evident that elocution was not by any means an unknown art with her. Mr. Vincent's oration was certainly of a superior order. The conception and the arrangement of the thought showed no small genius on the part of the writer; and his general handling of the theme proved that he thoroughly understood his subject. He examined

minutely the theory of "Blind Force," giving the views of some of the principal exponents of the theory : as Spencer, Darwin, Hæckel. He stated that this doctrine was fanciful and unreal, and did not satisfy the full demands of reason. But the doctrine of Evolution by Intelligence furnished the mind with something to rest upon. "The theory also satisfies the demand of modern scientific research," by providing an intelligible source of nature. Mr. Vincent is thoroughly at home upon the platform, and has an easy and pleasing address.

The programme was varied by excellent and agreeable music. The honor certificates were awarded as follows :

*Seniors.*

M. HELENA BLACKADAR.....	English Literature.
ESTELLE A. COOK. . . . .	Classics.
H. L. DAVISON.....	Classics.
W. I. MOORE.....	Classics.
J. E. FERGUSON.....	Political Science.

*Juniors.*

MARGARET W. COATE.....	Modern Languages.
W. J. LOCKHART.....	Political Economy.
M. A. MCLEAN.....	Classics.
D. P. MCMILLAN.....	Physics.
H. A. STEWART.....	Physics.
EVELINA K. PATTEN.....	Mathematics.

*Sophomores.*

SADIE P. DURKEE.....	French.
C. W. JACKSON.....	Classics.
W. C. MARGESON.....	Mathematics.
A. H. MORSE.....	Classics.
INGRAM OAKES.....	Classics.

The following degrees were also presented :—

*Master of Arts.*

FRANK H. BEALS.....	Hebron, Yarmouth, N. S.
H. Y. COREY.....	St. John, N. B.
W. N. HUTCHINS.....	Halifax, N. S.
Z. L. FASH.....	Bridgewater, N. S.
BLANCHE BISHOP.....	Toronto, Ont.
MILDRED J. MCLEAN.....	Atlanta, Georgia.
ANNIE M. MCLEAN.....	Atlanta, Georgia.
REV. W. P. HUTCHINSON.....	Topeka, Kansas.
REV. J. W. TINGLEY.....	Hopkinton, N. H.
REV. A. S. KEMPTON.....	Massachusetts.
ARTHUR KEMPTON.....	
H. W. WARING.....	St. John, N. B.
GEO. E. CHIPMAN.....	St. Martins, N. B.
R. C. MORSE.....	

*Honorary Master of Arts.*

G. U. HAY. PH. D.....	St. John, N. B.
REV. J. A. GORDON.....	St. John, N. B.

*Doctor of Divinity.*

REV. G. M. W. CAREY, M. A.....	St. John, N. B.
REV. S. B. KEMPTON, M. A.....	Dartmouth, N. S.
REV. D. A. STEELE, M. A.....	Amherst, N. S.

DR. A. J. EATON, of McGill, was admitted *ad eundem* to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Diplomas were granted to MISS MORTON and MISS BLACKADAR for work done in the Department of Elocution.

Dr. Sawyer, in his own grand yet kindly manner, gave the class words of wise counsel and wholesome advice at parting. He told the class that it had been the effort of the teachers to discourage the idea that a college graduate was different from the rest of mankind, but that all were to be laborers in the common field of human good. Each one must work for himself and success comes only by hard labor. The old maxim of the worldly-wise Polonius,—“To thine own self be true and it must follow that thou canst not then be false to any man,”—the Doctor said he would reverse and make it, “If you are true to others you must then be true to yourselves.” Dr. Carey and Dr. Kempton then spoke and thanked the Faculty and Senate in expressive terms for the honors conferred upon them.

Attorney-General Longley addressed the audience and spoke in high terms of the President of the College and his inestimable services to Acadia. Rev Dr. Thomas, of Newton Theological Seminary, followed. He expressed his pleasure at being able to be present and his enjoyment of the exercises. He spoke in the highest terms of the graduates of Acadia who had attended Newton, referring not only to their superior mental training, but to the grand Christian character which the men sustained. The time for closing being fully come, the Doctor pronounced the benediction, and the audience dispersed.

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#### RE-UNION OF THE CLASS OF '91.

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JUST before graduation the class of '91 resolved to hold a re-union during the anniversary week of June 1894. In accordance with this resolution a good proportion of the class met once more amid the scenes of former happy days. That all could not be present was a matter of regret. Those who were in attendance enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

The various exercises were as follows:—On Tuesday afternoon, June 5th, a glad re-union meeting, at which letters from absent members were read. In the evening, after the Seminary exercises, a banquet was enjoyed at Chipman Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Keddy's kind consideration will long be remembered. On Wednesday afternoon a business and farewell meeting was held. The class resolved at this meeting to raise a fixed sum towards the endowment fund of the Alumni Professorship. A committee was appointed to solicit contributions from the class members. It is to be hoped their efforts will meet with all success.

Space forbids commenting upon the many changes that have taken place since the class bid their Alma Mater farewell. The one most marked and sadly felt was that one, whose future promised brightly, has passed to the "undiscovered country,"—and it was with feelings of deep sorrow that the break in the circle caused by the death of J. H. Secord was entered on the class records.

Again the class is scattered far and wide, trusting to meet at the re-union in 1900; but how many of the familiar faces will gather with joyous greetings the years alone will tell.

L., *Class Secretary.*

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## The Acadia Athenæum.

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F. W. NICHOLS, '97.

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## The Sanctum.

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WITH this number of the ATHENÆUM, the present editorial staff resign. Next year into new hands will the work of editing and managing this paper fall. We feel that much more might have been done by us to make the ATHENÆUM interesting and useful. Some improvements we have tried to make; others we have suggested, and leave to our successors to decide their merits, and if commending their approval, to carry out. In withdrawing from the work of this paper, which has been so pleasant, we bespeak for our successors the heartiest support of their patrons. It seems a little thing for each subscriber to pay promptly the subscription price each year; but, we regret to say, this has not always been done in the past, and the result has been that the managers have been greatly hampered for want of finances, and been unable to make it the paper what they would wish it to be. We are well aware that this has occurred for the most part through thoughtlessness on the part of

subscribers ; but could they see just how much the paper stands in need of that which is due from them, we believe they would confess their thoughtlessness to be inexcusable. We trust that all subscribers will bear this in mind, and in this direction give better support to our successors than they have accorded us. We have to thank those contributors who have provided us with such excellent articles during the year, and trust that they may continue to lend such able support to the ATHENÆUM. We believe there are many others who have graduated from Acadia's walls who might do much to improve the ATHENÆUM in this respect. The new editors will be glad to hear from you. In withdrawing from the editorial staff of this paper, the editors thank one and all, those who have helped them in their work during the College year now closed, and hope that in the coming year the ATHENÆUM will far excel what it has been under their feeble management.

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WE have been asked to give more space to a report of the closing exercises of this year than has been given it in the past. Request has been made to publish in full the papers read at the Senior Class Day exercises. When this number will have reached its readers, the Anniversary will have been long past. However, the ATHENÆUM does not profess to be a mere newspaper, and the contents of this number, though not fresh to all, will at least be valuable to those readers whose friends have this year been graduated from the University. We are inclined to think that the suggestion to make the last number an Anniversary number is a good one. Every student will eventually become a member of the graduating class. As each student leaves his alma mater for the last time, the Anniversary number of the ATHENÆUM would become to him a memento—more valued as the years go by—of his college days.

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WE would suggest that in the future the new editors of the ATHENÆUM begin their work with the June number, rather than with the October number. It requires no little time for the new managers to become acquainted with their work, and the assistance which might be given them by their predecessors is beyond their reach in the Autumn. If the editors became acquainted with their work in the Spring, much could be done by them in the vacation for the coming Winter. Contributors would be secured ; new lines of work thought out. We trust that this suggestion may be acted upon in the future.

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IN the present issue of the ATHENÆUM will be found a reply to some points urged by Mr. Shaw in his article on the Bridgewater Normal School, printed in the May edition of this paper. As the reply does not deal with all the points raised in Mr. Shaw's article, we will make

some observations upon a few of the neglected ones. In the first place, the writer starts out to give a treatise on a Normal school, "one of the best, if not the best," as he says, "in America." Now the work of a Normal school; as everyone knows, is to train teachers for carrying on the business of teaching in the Public schools. And, since the subjects taught in those schools are of a necessity restricted in number, and meant chiefly for the benefit of those who are to follow the mechanical or commercial pursuits, the work of the Normal school, in preparing men to teach those subjects, must be followed and intensified along a few lines of study. Philosophy and all the higher literary training are left out. A college, on the other hand, does not aim to turn out a mere teaching machine. Its aim is broader: to develop all the powers of the human mind; to cultivate the entire man. Thus we see that an institution which would make an excellent Normal school would make but a sad show as a university; and that any comparison made between the two is absurd. Mr. Shaw says that "a graduate of an ordinary college (no doubt he means Acadia), knows little or nothing definitely along any line." We reply, that depends upon the graduate. The college offers a good course which, if fairly followed, will result in a good deal of definite knowledge; for proof of which see the Calendar. Again, Mr. Shaw says that students generally know considerable chemistry before entering the school. But since, according to his own statement, many of those who enter are fresh from various colleges—including Acadia,—they must have some definite knowledge, even in science, which they have learned at those very colleges, where, according to Mr. Shaw, nothing is learned definitely, or even at all. Again, he says that "the preliminary course is about equal to the entire course at Acadia." Strange paradox! for all the way through he has been impressing us with the wonderful thoroughness and definiteness of the whole course at the Normal School. Now here is a riddle; solve it who can: the preliminary course in chemistry at the school is, as far as it goes, very definite and very thorough. The same course is about equal to the entire course at Acadia. But the course at Acadia is perfectly chaotic and without a shadow of thoroughness. Not satisfied with this, our writer turns to describe the advanced course in chemistry at the school, and names a list of studies which is followed out almost *ad literatum et ad figuratum*, in the chemical course at Acadia. Strange that subjects that are perfectly definite, etc., at the School, are perfectly indefinite and incomprehensible when studied at the College. History is also touched upon in Mr. Shaw's article. He wants it made an object study. Whether he means that there should be magic-lantern views of the great events in history used in the class-room, or that the mummies of all the ancient heroes should be there exhibited, I know not. But I

