

ACADIA

BY

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WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA

1920

ACADIA !

Hard by a lovely, lonely way
Acadia arose,

A home for those

Who, in the love of Christ, the Morning Star,
Must ever toil and pray

That Learning usher in a clearer day.

Now, in the face of all that doth oppose
Her lasting home

On that dear site where old Acadia arose,

Where river and fields and trees and sound of ocean's foam

Welcomed her to her home,

Her sons and daughters bid her rise again

And hold her own domain.

M.K.I. '11.

Mary Kinley Ingraham

*A project
against
a tentative
plan to
amalgamate
Acadia
University
with a
new In-
stitution
to be located
in Halifax*

To the Rev. John MacDougall, D. D.
with kindest regards from the
author, Mary Kinley Ingraham
Wolfville, N. S.
Jan. 21, 1925

ACADIA

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A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

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- Act 1. The Coming of Acadia
- Act 2. The Sorrows of Acadia
- Act 3. Woman in Acadia
- Act 4. War
- Act 5. Peace

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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The Genius of Acadia

Truth
Learning
Science
Art
Theology
Man
Woman
War

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ACT 1.

THE COMING OF ACADIA.

CHORUS. A-C-A-D-I-A,
A-C-A-D-I-A,
A-C-A-D-I-A,
ACADIA.

College slogan

Enter the Genius of Acadia.

ACADIA.

Who am I? For upon my lovely head
Star dust hath blown;
Where am I? From far regions of the dead
I come to seek my own.
Who called me? Waking on a golden bed
I heard a mother's moan,
And a strong man did cry.
From cliff to cliff in far infinity
A hundred voices rolled;
Above them all the Truth did call to me.
"O daughter, rise and be.
In lowly Scotian vales my people pray;
Arise, and gather them to me;
Gather my people to their ancient fold."

I know not who I am, nor whence I came;
Strange memories arise; the cross and flame
I seem to know,
The rhythmic dancing of the spheres,
The holy sacrament of tears
That from the home-sweet sorrows of the heart do flow,
And on this breast have little children lain;
I know the strong man's pain,
The spirit's force inhibited,
And I have wailed above a people dead.

In far cathedrals dim
I sure have raised with Gods the holy hymn,
And bowed with them a reverent knee.
Oh, all the love of God hath come to me!

Death had a venom'd sting,
The grave had victory,
But life again and once again would call,
"Awake, my child, and sing."
Sweet, ah, sweet that voice did ring;
On many a Mother's bosom I have lain,
On many a Father's knee;
A holy sweet of God can never cease to be.
And now to this dark land I come
As homing pidgeon home.
That Blomidon is mine,
And these old hills divine.
Who calleth me?

Enter Learning, Art, Science, Theology, Man, Woman, and War.

LEARNING.

Who calleth thee? O daughter of the Sun,
Whose radiant feet o'er golden sands have run,
Abide, and make a home for me;
I called thee.

ART.

O Lady, God beloved in holier air,
Bless thou this land so fair!
The people will love me
So I may live in thee.
All hail, Acadia!
I called thee.

SCIENCE.

Here must I dwell, O heart of good!
My strength shall be thy stay;
My way is hard, but 'tis a holy way;
God will hallow all thy food.
Abide, and make a home for me;
I called thee.

THEOLOGY.

The BOOK, beloved one, I bring with me;
I seek a shrine,
A holy home divine;
The people loudly call for me;

Acadia will give me home;
O come, beloved, come,
I called thee.

MAN.

I called thee, Lady, for my love of these,
Art, Science, Learning, and Theology;
For my sons' sake I called thee; for the peace
Thy God will give to those who dwell in thee,
For the fair crowns that Learning bringeth me,
And for the wonder of infinity
That Science showeth me;
For Art's dear beauty too,
And for the teaching of Theology
Who will declare my God in thee.
All hail, Acadia!
I called thee.

WOMAN.

O sweet, I called thee too; a woman I,
But yet fair Learning's loving votary.
Perchance I may not in thy chambers dwell;
Home is my sphere, man saith; but softly tell
O Lady dear, yea, sweetly whisper me,
That if I wait and pray, a home for me
Within thy hallowed walls may be.
My sons now marry thee!
All hail, Acadia!
Woman wept for thee!
Woman called thee!

WAR.

Move onward in thy majesty!
A people wait for thee!
Sister and wife to me,
Yet mystic mother of me!
All hail, Acadia!
A land will know thee that hath long known me!
All hail, Acadia!

CHORUS " A-C-A-D-I-A,
A-C-A-D-I-A,
A-C-A-D-I-A,
ACADIA!"

Enter Truth, veiled. She moves towards Acadia, who kneels for her blessing.

TRUTH. "In the beauty of holiness, from the womb of the morning, thou hast the dew of thy youth."

ACADIA.

O holy Truth! On the hills of God
Thy chariot I heard!
O lovely Truth! from the sleep of death
I awoke at thy sweet word.

CHORUS.

Truth has come in light and beauty,
Holiest one of God on high!
Truth whose eyes have seen the viewless,
Truth who bore Eternity!
How we love thee!
Mother of all things that be!

TRUTH. "The blessings of the God of my Fathers have prevailed unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; they shall be upon the head of Acadia, and upon the crown of the head of her who is now separate unto me."

CHORUS.

Lo, the Truth our hearts have longed for,
Angel of Shekinah old!
Love of earth and love of heaven,
Bright and beautiful and bold!
All will love thee,
Lovely one in earthly mould!

TRUTH.

Righteous is the good, dear one,
Mine own Acadia!
But hard, and all austere!
God will liken thee to me,
The sweetest of His loves that be,
And thou art His and mine. But, dear
And dearly honored daughter, fear!
Down vistas of the future I can see,
And from the chambers of the Vast I hear
A Voice that prophesieth war!

Come hither, War, and kneel to me!
Thy voice will yet be heard afar.
Thou, Learning, find a reverent knee!
Art, Science, and Theology,
Ye may not live here if ye love not me!
Yea, bend on holy knee!
This Man and Woman will not fail;
Yet, children dear, the stoutest hearts may quail
Before the enemies of God and me!
Ignorance, Sloth, and Bigotry
Will hate His creature here,
Acadia, the mother fair
Of many a people yet to be!
Fear not, thou one of God, for hosts encompass thee!
Now circle her with charmed ring,
In stately measure move,
Acadia we ever sing,
Child of Love!

All join hands, making a circle, and move with measured step
around Acadia.

CHORUS.

With mystic zephyrs fanned,
Let her enchanted stand,
Strong in her youth!
May Learning's ~~atsndard~~ *standard* brave
Over her ever wave,
Daughter of Truth!

Royal her banners are!
So let her life be fair,
Steadfast and sure!
All hail, Acadia!
Loving thy chidings are,
Thy precepts pure!

ACT II.

THE SORROWS OF ACADIA

Enter Acadia.

ACADIA. (turning to Chorus)

Sing to me, sons and daughters dear!
Sing of the God of love!
Weary I am, for Penury and Fear,
The sordid Hates, the sordid Loves are here;
Oh, call my soul above!
Was it for this I came? These dragging feet
That once in heavenly meadows were so fleet
Now move but wearily;
And very, very drearily
The Hours, with drooping wings, go halting by;
The heavenly Truth I can no longer see;
She hideth her bright face from me;
Learning doth flout Theology,
And Science looks on both with scornful eye,
While Art, the beautiful, doth sleep.
War, lazy grown, is but seditious here,
And Man hath banished Woman. All I fear
If Truth will not her faithful stronghold keep.

But God is good, beloved! Sing to me;
My songs of late have found a minor key!
Sing of the God of good.

CHORUS.

"Our God, our help in ages past . . ."
(They sing the hymn through)

Enter all.

MAN.

O holy sweet of Learning and of Love,
Comfort thy soul in hope. Thy God above
Hath heard thy call, and thou art blessed in me.
Think of the men who toil and live for thee,
And think of many who will die for thee!
The names of Pryor, Cramp, and Crawley live;
Yea, let them live forever; let all give

Due meed of praise to them; and let thy son,
Sawyer, the scholar sweet,
Let him complete
Their work so well begun.
Live, Acadia!

ACADIA.

My children go unfed. Drear Penury
Hath wrested Learning's key.

LEARNING.

Sweet mother, I have loved thy children well;
Straitly I nurture them, but they love me.
Let the high chorus swell
That youth will ever raise to Mirth and Jollity.

CHORUS. (A rollicking college song. Acadia throws off her de-
jection)

LEARNING. (to Theology)

I crave thy grace, austere Theology,
If I have flouted thee.

THEOLOGY.

"Let Knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in me dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before
But vaster."
Sweet my sister, pardon me;
I will ever follow thee;
I may never follow thee;
Jehovah guide both thee and me!

ACADIA AND ALL. Amen.

SCIENCE. (to Theology)

Is it that thou and I, Theology,
Must ever be at variance? Oh, dear
To holy Truth are both, I ween;
The Truth shall be our queen.

ACADIA.

Call for the Truth, belovéd, call,
That she, the blessed, may return;
Oh, call!

ART.

Sweet will be the answering call,
For on her altar holy fires burn.

CHORUS.

Come thou blessed of the Father,
For thy people yearn for thee,
Holy Truth Neglect hath banished,
Ignorance and Blasphemy!
Come and bless us,
Where thy people wait for thee!

ACADIA. I heard a Voice!

TRUTH. (unseen) Acadia, Acadia, Acadia!

ACADIA. Truth!

THEOLOGY.

Sisters and brothers, hear her call,
And answer, "Sweet".

ALL. Swe-e-e-t!

LEARNING. Oh, greatly answer!

ART.

Come, Mother, love my beautiful!
Thy loveliest child doth wail alone!

ACADIA.

Nay, darling, not alone!
The Truth will make all beautiful.

TRUTH. (still unseen) Acadia, Acadia, Acadia!

ACADIA. Mother beloved!

Enter Truth.

TRUTH.

O daughter, I was never far from thee!
I did but hide my light;
Now in a vision white
I come to dwell forevermore in thee!

WOMAN. Acadia and Truth have kissed each other!

WAR. A greater, grander work Truth brings to me.

ACADIA. And to us all.

TRUTH.

Faction hath torn thee, Ignorance hath harmed,
And Pettiness had sway.
Here, all unarmed,
War hath done naught but keep dear Peace away.
But come, Acadia!
Come with thy sons and daughters unto me,

Come and cosmic be!
Come in the light of all enscrolled
On the tablets of infinity;
Come and affray'd be!
Come in the thought of thy sin unrolled
To Truth's pure judging eye,
Come and weep in my bosom's fold,
Come and ashamed lie!
Man will go to the feet of God,
And will pardon Woman there;
Learning will love the soulless clod
Till he build him fanes of prayer;
Science and Art will wedded be,
And Love will hallow Theology.
Acadia will dwell with me,
And God will rule this university,
The God who ruleth me.

ALL. God doth rule thee.

ACADIA.

Far from the Vast,
Come to me, my dearest!
All pain is past,
Truth, when thou appearest!
Once more we two
Faring forth together,
Heart to heart anew,
What need I care whither?

ALL. What need we care whither?

ACADIA.

My bed of pain I leave;
Ah, it was lone without thee!
Now God my soul receive,
So thine arms be about me!
Strange portents me affright,
I go, I know not whither;
But in the darkest night,
Truth, we must be together.
Ah, good thy love and mine will be,
While we love in God together!

TRUTH.

And God will comfort thee and me,
As we rest in Him together!

ACT III.

WOMAN IN ACADIA

Enter Woman. She kneels to Acadia, who raises her.

ACADIA. What wouldst thou, daughter?

WOMAN. Mother beloved, love thou me!

ACADIA. Tell me thy sorrow, sweet.

WOMAN.

Man loves me not;
I may not live with thee,
And Learning will have none of me.

ACADIA.

The way of Learning, ever hard, austere,
And thorny oft, will sorely wound thee, dear,
And if thou stay with Art and Science here,
Thy children well may miss a mother's care.
For Man I came; for Woman, save in him
I have no place as yet; my way would dim
The lustre of her eye, but she may share
With him my chapels when he kneels in prayer;
Nor love I less the Woman; hard and grim
The Man must oft become for Learning's sake,
And toilsome is the way my sons must take.
The learned Man loves not a learned bride;
Content thyself in home, and there abide.
Fie on thee, daughter!

MAN.

Yea, shame her, Mother, shame the Woman there,
And bid her cleanse her soul, who longs to share
With Man the steep ascent to Learning sweet.

WOMAN.

I only ask that I with thee compete.
Let Learning judge me; and for Art I pray,
For Science, too. Within her temple gray
I fain would offer incense; as for thee
Art flouts thee, and e'en Learning turns from thee;
Science doth scorn thee oft; her jealous eye
Loves not thy leaning to Theology.

WAR, (jeering) And wilt thou also share my love with Man?

WOMAN.

I long have shared it. Judge me those who can.
Did Joan of Arc not follow thee in all?
Yea, to the burning.

LEARNING.

Man must humbly fall
In penitential prayer for wronging thee!
Well hath thy soul in every age withstood.
Love but thy husband and thy babe, and good
My love will be to thee, O Woman sweet!
But ah, beware, if thou with Man compete.

SCIENCE.

"Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

WOMAN.

To God alone let my desire be,
And He will rule me.
Mother Acadia, hear my prayer,
And bid me ever deck thine altars fair;
I will not be the slave of Man,
I will his loving helpmate be,
For only in an equal love may he rule me.

MAN.

Shame to the Woman who will say
'Tis not her fairest crown
To love and honor and obey
The Man who never treads her down,
The Man who will enthrone her high,
A very queen of chastity.

WOMAN.

The little Man of earth
Will never rule me,
Save as the sheltering wing of God his love will be;
And Man hath failed me utterly.

ART. Fool of the holy birth!

MAN.

What is the matter with my sweet?
That which concerneth her
I will complete.

ACADIA.

O Woman of the Holy All,
Chastised in all
That life hath brought to thee,
And broken sadly on the wheel

Of social use,—
(I love the social use)
Now wail no longer for your love's abuse,
Your love of Holy All.
Come hither, Woman, unto me!
Come and a greatened Woman be!
But on thy hearth let holy fires burn,
Let little children love upon thy knee,
Else go forever far from me.

WAR.

O lovely Woman, love the good!
Love all the Gods whose tortured souls withstood
The littleness of Man,
The cruelty of Man,
The petty tyranny of hell;
Love Jesus well,
But love your husband and your children well.

THEOLOGY. Love well the God in thee.

SCIENCE.

Come, O Woman, unto, me,
Come and cosmic be!
Come to the love impersonal,
And find thy spirit there.
Oh, mirrored in the sky, the sea, the air,
The holy, cosmic Woman of the all
Will ever smile on thee.

ART. She ever smiles on me.

SCIENCE.

Go ever there,
Where reigneth love impersonal,
And find a holy altar fair.

THEOLOGY.

Yea, beloved, go to Him,
Go to God Impersonal;
The fire burning on His altar dim
Will light the feet of those afar
To this dear, lonely star,
And they will guide you to the pierced feet of Him
Who told you of God Personal.

CHORUS.

All hail the power of Jesus' name.
(They sing the hymn through)

Enter Truth.

TRUTH.

Acadia, dear Woman of the All,
Will open now her door to thee,
Where Truth enthroned will ever hear thy prayer.
The holy mother here
Hath cap and gown for thee, her daughter dear.
(Acadia gowns Woman)
Now see that thou a lovely Woman be!
I will not have my daughters aught but fair,
And Woman ever must obey.
Tell me the little Man of earth
Will never conquer thee?
His love must ever conquer thee,
Or he has slain thee.
Not yet doth God decree
That Woman must not honor and obey.
O Man, see thou to that, and humbly pray
God give thee grace to love the Woman here.
She who did once before thee kneel,
A humble suppliant for thy love,
For every sorrow thou hast made her feel
Has turned from thee to God above.
A greater creature now, her place
In all is at ^{thy} ~~her~~ side; ^{thy} ~~her~~
If she outstrip thee in the race
The sceptre must with her abide.
Oh, what a changed world 'twill be,
When Woman rules thee!

WAR. (laughing)

And I must die when Woman ruleth me!

Curtain

CHORUS, (behind the screen)

The Voice that breathed o'er Eden.

ACT IV.

WAR.

WAR, (to Acadia)

Great Mother, call thy sons, for God is here,
And Mars, His glorious Son;
The tyrant hath his way,
But let thy people pray,
And on thine altars offer incense dear to Mars, almighty
One.

Now through thy soul the sword will pass; oh, sweet
The chrysm of the blood that flows from thee!
A holy sacrament it is to me!
All hallow'd be thy children's bruised feet
That press o'er burning battlefields for me,
And good their death will be.

CHORUS. "The Son of God goes forth to war. . . ."

ACADIA.

Here must I sit alone, while sons of mine
Die on the battlefield, untended, stark?

LEARNING.

Yea, guard this sacred ark.
In after days 'twill be a home divine
For me and for my children.

MAN.

Mother mine,
I will go forth to battle for the right,
That thou and thine may find in darkest night
A loving home where Peace may dwell;
Now bless thy son who may no longer stay
Within thy hall, for this is Mars' great day,
And manly Cutten will go forth to war
If God permit; thy sons who have gone on,
Perchance in greater battlefields have nobler trophies won,-
The ~~earthly~~ fathers of Acadia.-
And good, dear Trotter lists the passing bell.

Strange times are these, say not that evil days
Have fallen here, so Truth's sweet standard swell,
Though moved no longer by the gentle breeze,
But by the gusts that come down dark, dread ways,-
Perchance a wind from hell.

WOMAN.

Now I am humbled, mother. Here I stay
While Man goes forth to battle.

(To Man)

The Lord be with thee, brother.

MAN. And with thy spirit sweet!

WAR.

Too many words are here. Man, come with me,
And Truth, our unseen parent dear,
Ever guide both thee and me!
In my hard hand I clasp your dainty ones,
Sweet Learning, Art, and good Theology,—
My hand, that soon will know but swords and guns.
Fair Science, there is work to do,
And thou must here abide;
Love thou our own Acadia,
And fail not from her side.

ACADIA. Oh, that the Truth were here!

TRUTH, (entering)

The Truth will ever bless her children dear!
Now search your hearts to find me! I go hence
Till blood-stained Earth be purged of her offence,
And in the bosom of our God I rest.
But not one tremulous sigh,
Not one sad, lonely moan from those who die
In love of me, but pitying, I will hear.
Now list to War's behest;
For blood-red Mars doth mightily decree
That for the sin of all 'gainst Love and me,
Only through Pain can Earth be blest.

ACADIA. Kyrie eleison!

ALL. Crist eleison!

Christie Exit Truth, followed by War and Man. Acadia sits drooping
Woman sits on a stool beside her, her head in Acadia's lap
Grouped about in attitudes of sorrow are Learning, Science, Art,
Theology. The following songs are sung, and then the Dead
March in Saul is played. As it dies away the curtain falls.

It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary
My Soldier Boy to the War Has Gone
A Mighty Fortress is Our God
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

DEAD MARCH IN SAUL

ACT V.

PEACE.

Enter Acadia, and all.

ACADIA.

Behold, I have walked through the valley of the shadow of death!

There Mars did walk with me;

My soul was scorched with demons' breath,

But holy was the word He whispered there to me,—

"My rod and staff

Will comfort thee."

His rod and staff!

His rod and staff

I could not bear to see!

Sorely He chastened me;

Where are my sons who loved upon my knee?

Grim War did claim them all;

A few he left with me,—

The sick and young, who yet did call,

Ever did call to Him,

Eager to clasp His banner grim,

Eager to grant Death victory;

And loving Woman, humbled now,

Took Learning's burden with a chastened brow.

Oh, peace be with my dead!

Methinks unseen by me they softly tread

My halls. For them my work is finished now,

My prayers have all been said.

Now let the living praise the Truth;

They come, my votaries fair,

Learning as ever leading on, and there.

Art, Science, and Theology;
Here Man and Woman, lovely pair,
Together bow at Learning's knee;
But War hath still a troubled brow;
Oh, mighty son, fear not!
The dove of peace is circling now
Above this charmed spot.
The stately steppings of the God of war
May yet be heard afar;
But Truth hath brought a glorious crown for me.

Enter Truth, who crowns Acadia.

TRUTH. Now, daughter, love and be!

CHORUS. A-C-A-D-I-A,
 A-C-A-D-I-A,
 A-C-A-D-I-A,
 ACADIA!



