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The Drone's Vacation.

HE'S a drone!"

Seated on a wide veranda, behind a screen of honeysuckle, Mr. Haynes was apparently watching the bees that buzzed in and out among the yellow, trumpet-shaped flowers. But all the bees were workers; there were no drones in sight. Yet Mr. Haynes repeated his assertion still more emphatically.

"He's a drone. I suppose that is why I cannot understand him. I belong to the other class."

"Well, James," said Mrs. Haynes, "you must remember that your training has been very different."

"I remember that, my dear. I am accounting for him, not blaming him. Nor am I taking any credit to myself for being a worker. From boyhood it has been necessary for me to work, and now I know nothing else. But from the beginning it has not been necessary for Harry to work, and now he knows nothing but sporting and idling in their various artistic forms. That is to say, *he is a drone*. And yet the time has come when he should know how to work, when he should love work; and right here is a problem for solution."

Mr. Haynes was not a handsome man. He was long rather than tall. His heavy, uneven shoulders, his hands and wrists, with their large joints, his bony nose, even his heavy mustache and coarse, black hair, spoke more of strength than of grace, and gave one the feeling of standing in the presence of a statute that has been rough-hewn, but never polished, nor even hewn to the line as carefully as might be.

He was a lawyer, and was known to his fellow lawyers as their most formidable antagonist, to the poor as their best lawyer friend, to the business world as the most prosperous member of the bar, and to all as the only man of means in the city who had never taken a vacation in his life. It was generally believed that he could, and occasion-

ally did, work day and night without rest or sleep for days together, regardless of summer heat or other conditions that affect ordinary men. But forty years of ceaseless toil had told on even this man's India-rubber frame, and every nerve warned him that he must "let up."

But how? His son had neither the ability nor the inclination to take even a part of his burden from off his shoulders, and Mr. Haynes was not the kind of man who could turn over his business to rival firms. The boy had been given a good education. Every inducement had been tried to entice him to work, but so far without creating any interest beyond the most perfunctory and bored performance. So, as Mr. Haynes now said, "right here" was the problem for solution. And there was nothing in Blackfoot to suggest the key.

Meanwhile "the drone" was coming down the walk. Tall, straight, strong with his father's strength, blue-eyed, sunny-faced, with clothes cut after the negligee fashion of the present college boy, he was, as drones are apt to be, a fine-appearing specimen of genius.

Mrs. Haynes's face beamed with a look of pride.

"Harry," she said, rising and approaching him, "your father is wrestling with a problem. Perhaps you can help him. Recall all you know of insectology, and tell us, how can a drone be transformed into a working bee?"

Harry laughed. "Never was a case on record," was his reply. "While the honey is plentiful, the drone enjoys life."

"And when the honey becomes scarce?"

"The drone doesn't think of that. Say, people, I have planned my summer's trip at last," he replied, changing the subject quickly, and hurrying on to leave the old one well behind. I am going to Colorado. Rob. Croft is going with me. He has been out there before, and knows just where to go. We will camp most of the time—camp and fish. It will be a dandy trip; I just began to get the knack of casting last summer up in Maine, and Rob says the Maine trout aren't in it with those in Colorado. Now you be good and let me go: and then when I come back in the fall I will be all in trim for work."

"Work?" Mr. Haynes's dark brow was gloomy, and his month was stern.

"Yes, honest, father," replied the boy half jokingly. "I'll show you some day that I can work. I have it in me by heredity."

Blood will tell at last. I know my industrial tendencies have not come to the surface much as yet ; but I feel their strivings within, and I am sure that one day I will be as strenuous a worker as any of my ancestors."

A spoiled child, evidently, was Henry Haynes. He got his way, and made his plans for a summer in Colorado.

It was his first trip west of Albany. As the Empire State Express, swift and steady, swept up the Mohawk Valley, it seemed to him that he had already come a great distance, and that he had entered a wider, wealthier world. As they passed through that garden land of western New York, he found himself exulting over its beauty and fertility as if he had some share in the labor that produced it. At Niagara and Buffalo, somewhat to his surprise, he was more interested in the gigantic power-houses, the electric dynamos that boast of power enough behind them to "turn every wheel in America," than he was in the scenery from Goat Island.

Then came the States of the wide horizons, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas. As hour after hour, from sunrise to sunset, day after day, the train moved swiftly on, and always through the cornfields he was fascinated by the sight, and would watch the serried ranks march past until his eyes grew tired, for it seemed to him he had seen corn enough to feed the world. And always, as they proceeded further west and south, the green corn soldiers stood higher on their squares, and their ranks closed in more densely.

Henry and Rob Croft had tickets on the sleeper ; but, though Rob, with the non-chalance of an old traveller, spent most of his time in as comfortable a position as he could find, lounging, smoking, reading in the roomy parlor car, Henry found it more interesting, if also more hot and noisy, in the day coaches and even in the smoker, where he picked up acquaintances with the farmers and local travellers, and talked about the crops. Another thing that interested him here was that a dozen college men, most of whom he had previously known, were in these forward cars on their way to the wheat-fields of Kansas, where they expected to hire out as harvesters.

Everywhere the spirit of men and things was *work*. The collegians discussed over and over again their probable chances of finding it in Kansas, and the wages they should earn. These men were of a set different from that to which Henry Hayes had belonged in college.

He had known them, but only as fellows who had no social standing. They had belonged to the worker class, who earned their way, waiting on tables, mowing lawns, tending furnaces, doing janitor work, selling books, etc. ; but now, as he met them intimately, he discovered that college life meant more, not less, to them than to him ; and he wondered whether they did not take more pleasure in it than himself.

Another discovery no less surprising to "the drone" was this, that these men whom he had always pitied, when he thought of them at all, knew more of the world than he, and that the world was more interested in them than in himself.

"Where you boys goin'?" was the first question of the Illinois farmer, who shared his seat for a few minutes.

"The other fellows are going to Kansas to work in the harvest-fields," he would answer.

"So ! Well, I reckon they'll find work all right. I hear men is mighty scarce out thar. Them is husky-lookin' boys, too. I'll bet they kin do a good day's work soon's they git onto thar jobs a little. Say, now, that's what I like to see—college fellers that's good fer sumthin'. Be you one of the gang?"

"No, I'm going to spend my vacation in the mountains, on a little camping and fishing trip."

Then the farmer's interest ceased. Henry thought at first that was because the man was a farmer ; but, when a newspaper man also not only lost interest in him, but immediately turned his back on him to talk with the prospective harvest-hands, Henry Haynes felt, for the first time in his life, that the world in which he lived was not *the world* at all.

In the meantime the appearance of the country was changing. The rich corn-fields of the Mississippi Valley had given place to the wheat-fields of Kansas. If the former had resembled vast regiments of soldiers covering the level or billowing land, the latter resembled nothing more than yellow seas of grain, unsteady, as the constant wind blew across it, and stretching on all sides, often without a break, to the distant line between the wheat-fields and the sky. And all this grain, this wheat, this bread of man, was ready for the harvest. In a few weeks at most it must be gathered in, or be lost forever.

And men were scarce. Everywhere he heard that cry. Everywhere he saw evidences of the fact. Women and children were in the

fields, trying to do the work of men. Farmers with troubled faces came through the train, looking for men, telling of great crops and no hands to harvest them. He heard stories of tramps taken from freight-trains and compelled to work.

Henry Haynes had never in his life been so interested in any industrial problem. He even went so far as to figure out how much of that golden sea of food one man could harvest, how many thousands of bushels of wheat one man could save, how many loaves of bread that would make, how many people it would save from starvation. But the thought did not occur to him that he himself might do a man's work somewhere in Kansas. He had his ticket through to Denver. He was on his vacation—fishing.

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Just how it happened, Henry Haynes never told. He was up a little earlier than usual, and was forward among the college men who expected to reach their destination that day at noon. He was talking to Ned Neild, who had coached him in certain studies in days gone by, when the train pulled up to a little station on the prairie and stopped. The conductor was out on the platform, when seven or eight ordinary looking farmers came into the car. They seemed, however to be a little excited, and looking for something.

"This is the car," said one of the men, a heavy-set, vigorous young farmer with reddish beard and hair. And here are the lads. Come on, neighbors, we've got to have 'em! Come, boys, you go with us."

He seized Henry Haynes by the arm, and attempted to walk with him to the car-door, while the other men rushed for the remaining boys, most of whom were still asleep in their seats.

Immediately there was a scene of wild confusion. The boys fought and struck savagely with their fists. The farmers, re-enforced by another band from the outside, used no weapons, nor even their fists, but seized their men about the shoulders or waist, holding down their arms as well as they could, or taking the blows that were showered upon their heads as part of the price they had expected to pay. One after another the whole bunch of boys were pushed or dragged from the train, sometimes carrying away pieces of the car-seats in their struggle to hold on.

Henry Haynes had had the most desperate fight of all of them. Seeing at once the meeting of this affair, he at first tried to explain that he did not belong with the harvest-hands, but in the other car ; but words were impossible in that hnbub. It was fight or go ; so he fought bitterly and for awhile effectively. He backed in between two seats and made fast to them with his legs while he pounded his white fists red on the granger's neck and ribs. But his red-headed abductor had him under the arms with the grip of the bull-dog ; and, though he could not drag the young man out he refused to let go his grip. While the other boys were being rushed down the aisle, one after another, Henry and his man fought there in the seat, nip and tuck, neither one able to do much with the other.

No doubt "the drone" would have gained the day and detained the young farmer until the train started, but at the last minute two other Kansans came to their neighbor's assistance. So, as the train was moving from the station, the captured college boys and the amused passengers beheld our hero giving three men all they could do to tumble him on to the platform. His clothes were torn, his face scratched, and as he saw the train go off without him he was much rumped in body and in mind.

Henry was already angry enough but one thing made him furious. It was the sight of Rob Croft standing on the platform of the departing car, cigarette in place, and asking with a grin, "What shall I do with your baggage?"

"Keep it !" he shouted back.

That was more than flesh and blood could stand. His anger was transferred from the farmers, who were taking desperate means to save their crops, to the unfaithful chum, who had seen him overpowered by by three men, and had refused to strike a blow or make a motion in his behalf.

"I suppose he thinks I'll be along on the next train to join him for a summer's camping, but I guess not."

My story is almost done. The reader can already see its end. Henry Haynes remained with the harvesters. Of course, when the farmers, found out their mistake, they would have let him go, but the Scotchman who had captured him pleaded hard for him to stay. To lose that crop would be his ruin. To save it would set him and his family on their feet, and give them their farm clear of debt.

Henry wondered whether he could work, and at first told himself that just for the novelty of it he would try.

Pleased at first to find that, though it tired him till every muscle ached, he was able to do a man's work in the great world of workers, pleased, after that, to find that the same strength and intelligence which had made him the best tackle on the football team were now giving him the distinction of being the best of the college harvesters, he continued week after week in the fields. Then these boyish motives were superseded by a man's joy in the accomplishment of the work for its own sake. He exulted in the thought that the conquest of the prairie fields was a part of the world-wide battle in which man wrests his living from the earth. He had enlisted in the army of the World's Workers.

Mr. Haynes was sorely puzzled by the letters he received from his son that summer, though Mrs. Haynes was immediately allowed to enter into the secret, which Henry knew would be impossible to keep from her.

"*Dear Father :*" his first letter ran. "You will be surprised to see this note dated Kansas instead of Colorado ; but I find there is good sport here, and I may not go any further west. I am enjoying my *vacation* immensely. I will not write much tonight, as my arm is tired with *casting and whipping* all day. We get out *before sunrise* generally. We are now landing on an average about *three and a half* a piece a day big, *silvery* fellows. My appetite is good and growing. My face and arms are tanned as brown as a berry, and I am fairly coiling on the muscle.

"But next month I shall be through with this. Be sure to have a job ready for me in the office. *The Season* will be over here in a few weeks, and then I am *going to work* ; for I believe that *as a steady thing, work is more sport than play*.

"Yours affectionately,

"THE DRONE"

Judson Kempton, '89.



A Week in London.

LET it not be supposed that London can be seen in a week. The tourist who starts out lightheartedly with the idea of doing London in seven days will find himself at the end of the week a sadder and wiser man,—also a very weary one. A month will give one scarcely more than a superficial acquaintance with the city and its suburbs. And of all the interesting places in England, London is perhaps most worth seeing. Here, the accumulated treasures of Industry and Art are preserved in museum and picture gallery. Here, centuries of British history are embalmed in the Tower and Westminster Abbey, in St. Paul's and the Houses of Parliament.

Yet the fascination of London is not due to magnificent structures or historical associations. The things which appeal to you is the city itself, the life which pulses through its crowded streets, the vital energy which radiates from it. For London is the center of the world, the capital of civilization, the clearing house of the nations. Here is the greatest aggregation of human beings that the world has ever seen. If one should attempt to walk through the streets of the city and should cover thirty miles a day, at the end of three months he would still have some three hundred miles ahead of him. To pile up statistics showing the vastness of the city would result in confusion rather in edification. Just one instance must suffice. At the Grand Central Depot in New York there are no less than four hundred trains per day. At the Liverpool St. Station of the Great Eastern Ry. there are nearly a thousand trains daily, while at the Victoria Station of the Brighton and South Coast Ry. there are twelve hundred trains every twenty-four hours.

And the variety of life in the city lends to it an added interest for the traveller. For London is a magnet which has drawn to itself all races and classes and conditions of men. One may spend the afternoon in Hyde Park and watch the daily parade of the aristocracy of England on Rotten Row and the Long Drive, and within half an hour reach a district where the shop signs are in foreign languages and but few of the inhabitants speak English in their ordinary conversation.

Let me crave your indulgence for a few words on some general topics which should be noted. The first is the subject of London

traffic. The famous essay on "Snakes in Ireland" might serve, *mutatis mutandis*, as an essay on Rapid Transit in London. Yet a beginning has been made. The "Tuppenny Tube" runs westward from the Bank and carries passengers through its six miles of tunnel in half an hour. Another subway, over six miles long runs from north to south, passing under the Thames just above London Bridge. South of the river there are some lines of electric street railways, while on the east and north of the city there are a few lines with horses as the motive power. But in the centre of the city and the West End the omnibus reigns supreme. Of course it is not rapid transit, but then an Englishman is not often in a hurry. If you are in a great rush you can engage a hansom cab, which can dodge through any space through which a cat could squeeze. For the sightseer indeed a better situation would be hard to find than a seat on the top of a 'bus. As a typical ride we may start at the Bank and ride to Trafalgar Square, fare one penny. During the busy hours of the day the open square in front of the Bank is almost completely filled with a moving mass of vehicles. For a foot-passenger to cross the street is an exciting adventure fraught with many perils. To the west of the square is the Royal Exchange. On the southwest stands the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor. From the Mansion House we follow Queen Victoria Street and then swing west into Cannon Street. A little distance and we pass on our right St. Paul's Cathedral with its magnificent dome towering three hundred and sixty feet above us. Thence we descend Ludgate Hill, and are fortunate if we are not stopped at Ludgate Circus by the uplifted hand of a policeman while the cross traffic has the right of way. But our turn soon comes. The intersecting stream is held back by the same potent hand and we enter Fleet Street, and pass on our left the Temple, for three hundred years held sacred to the education of students and professors of the law. But just what degree of sanctity attaches to a law school I leave for others to decide. Temple Bar, the old gate which separated Fleet Street from the Strand, has disappeared. In olden times they had a pleasant custom of decorating its iron spikes with human heads. Entering the Strand we pass the Royal Courts of Justice, and soon reach the church of St. Clement Danes, in the center of the street. This is not the only church thus situated. A little further along the traffic is again divided by the church of St. Mary le Strand, built early in the 18th century. Then we pass

Somerset House, now occupied by government offices in which some sixteen hundred officials are employed. Next we cross Wellington St. where we are again likely to be held up by a bluecoated controller of traffic. Just beyond here is Exeter Hall, where the sessions of the Baptist Congress were held. A quarter of a mile further and we reach Charing Cross with stations of the South Eastern and Chatham and the Metropolitan Rys. on our left. A few steps further and the fine open space of Trafalgar Square appears, with the massive granite column of the Nelson statute rising in the center. So our ride is at an end and surely well worth a penny.

A good deal has been written about the London policeman, and chiefly in his favour. Really he deserves it all. Physically he is not superior to the American variety. In height he is all right, but he lacks that impressive rotundity which characterizes the average policeman of the American city. The thing that most impresses one is his intelligence, his ready comprehension of your difficulty, his exact and detailed knowledge of the city, the clearness with which he instructs the bewildered tourist, the usual obsence of the horrible Cockney accent, all speak of a superior mental equipment. To a stranger he is courteous without being servile. He is always ready to assist you—and he doesn't expect tips. In his control of the London traffic he has autocratic power. He stands in the middle of the crowded street and not even an automobile will run him down. Yet he wields his power so unobtrusively that you almost forget his presence until his uplifted hand stops the traffic, perhaps that he may conduct safely across the street some little child or feeble old woman.

Well ! well ! Here my space is nearly used up and nothing said about that week in London. To begin with we were there eight days before we began to see the city. There ! I am not responsible for that. You see I spent those seven days in company with an Irishman, and his baleful influence still affects me. It would not be right to tell his name, but (confidentially you know) he is the pastor of the Baptist church at Port Maitland. The eight days immediately after our arrival were spent in attending the Baptist Congress and that allowed no time for sight-seeing.

It would be an unprofitable task to mention in detail the places we visited and the experiences that befell us. Of course we saw the Tower, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. But these have been

described so often by more competent writers that nothing further need be said. Our visit to the Houses of Parliament added little to our knowledge of parliamentary procedure or our respect for those exalted personages who constitute the House of Lords. By applying to Lord Strathcona we received tickets to the gallery of the House of Commons for Saturday morning. On the previous evening the Government had been outvoted on some trifling measure by shrewd tactics on the part of the Liberals and Nationalists. On Saturday morning everyone was wondering what Balfour would do. When the House met he moved its adjournment until Monday. We were a few minutes late in arriving, and we reached our seats just in time to hear the question put and to see the members dispersing. And our precious tickets admitted us for that morning only.

Our visit to the House of Lords brought a different experience. After waiting for some time (for we were not going to be late again) we were ushered with great ceremony into a little hole which would hold about a dozen people, where we had the privilege of standing up and looking across at the august assemblage of lords temporal and spiritual. After the formality of opening had been properly observed a man arose and began to speak. Who he was I do not know. His subject, as near as I could tell, was the need of better protection for shipping on the east coast. The remarkable thing about it was the way the House received the (supposedly) valuable suggestions. A majority of the members arose and walked out. They did not go all at once, you understand, but kept sauntering out one after another for five or ten minutes. Those who remained, gathered in twos or threes and engaged in more or less animated conversation. No one apparently took any notice of the speaker. In fact he did not appear to take very much interest in the subject himself. We stood it as long as we could, and then, seeing no end to that sluggish stream of eloquence, we stole away, and thought regretfully of the hour that we had wasted.

Then there are the various museums in London. We did our duty by them too. We got at last so that we could maintain a three mile an hour gait, except when Rutledge (there the secret is out. But I won't say what those things were that used to attract him. It might somehow come to the ears of the people of Port Maitland). We visited the Zoological Gardens and after their dinner the lions got up

quite a little concert—for our benefit no doubt. We inspected Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, including the Chamber of Horrors. We spent nearly a day at the Crystal Palace, which is Coney Island on a small scale. We visited Woolwich Arsenal and saw them making the big naval guns and ammunition of all kinds. Within the enclosure of the Arsenal from twenty to thirty thousand men are constantly employed.

The week passed all too swiftly. On Thursday, July 27, the pleasant partnership was broken and Rutledge left to visit his home and friends in Ireland. Now the reverend gentleman is a most genial soul as all his friends will agree, and has a happy faculty of making acquaintances. So he was not long in getting on most friendly terms with the cat of the Euston Hotel, on the fourth floor of which hostelry our bedroom was situated. So on Thursday the news of his departure was circulated in some mysterious way among the feline tribes of the neighborhood and arrangements made for a grand mass meeting that night. Sometime after midnight they assembled and passed appropriate resolutions of regret, these being supported by speeches of great length and eloquence. Then a threnody, especially prepared for the occasion, was rendered by the full strength of the company, the heavy bass parts being taken by an obliging dog in the next yard. Either the song had a good many verses or else they liked it so well that they repeated it several times. At any rate it was what could be called a continuous performance, until an irascible lodger in the next house, who did not know the circumstances of the case, threw down among them a pitcherful of water. Then they hastily dispersed. "And when they had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." So closed with this experience my Week in London.

R. J. Colpitts, '01.



Christmas Morn.

*Come happy morn, serene and fair,
With outstretched hand, thy breath a prayer ;
Come with thy faintly smiling eyes,
And brow whereon majestic rise
Suns of eternal morn*

*Come happy morn. for see and hark !
A world lies waiting in the dark,
With throbbing heart and straining gaze,
To catch thy first up-springing rays,
O, happy, happy morn !*

*The whispering stars will see it first,
From star to star the tidings burst—
Their paling faces eastward bowed,
While men and angels worship loud
The Christ who is the morn.*

M. Blanche Bishop



One Missionary's Work.

ALONG with that deep and abiding spirituality which amounts to a passion for souls, the missionary requires what the late Dr. Cyrus Hamlin of Constantinople termed "faculty." What this means may be gathered from the following brief description of my work in India which involves, as will be seen, some knowledge of and capacity for twenty-four different callings, and embraces the work of evangelist, singer, pastor, teacher, educationist, linguist, translator, mechanic, bookseller, editor, secretary, manager, architect, builder, councillor, legislator, organizer, committeeman, accountant, correspondent, administrator, type-writer, photographer and dentist.

That portion of the twenty millions of the Telugu people for whose evangelization the Baptists of all Canada seem, in the providence of God, to be responsible, numbers about four millions of people. Dividing these up amongst the missionaries now in our two missions, after deducting those on furlough or engaged exclusively in educational effort, there are found to be 250,000 souls for whose evangelization each missionary family and single lady are responsible. This is my field. The problem that faces, impresses and inspires me ever is to so bring the essential principles of the Gospel to the attention of all classes of these people, within this generation, as to enable each to intelligently accept or reject the Way of Life. That means one thousand different congregations of two hundred and fifty each in my single parish. In more favored Canada we are putting 357 ministers amongst that number of people. The difficulty of the enterprise is greatly enhanced by the division of this quarter of a million into 300 different towns and villages distributed over an area of 500 square miles; there are also the obstacles presented by six great evils that rise like adamant walls about the people. These are as follows: caste, met with only in India and dividing the people into 100,000 different sects between whom inter-marriage and, generally, intruding are impossible; custom that perpetuates the hoary iniquities of infant marriage, the celibacy of the widow and the degradation of woman; polytheism, that hangs 330 millions of duties about the neck of a land with only 300 millions of people; idolatry, that drags down the worship of a Spirit God to reverence for a painted bed leg or a monstrosly hideous calithumpian image; pantheism, that confuses spirit and matter, obliterates all moral distinctions and abolishes all sense of obligation; and a fatalism, that, octopus like, grips the people in a hopeless, helpless apathy and sucks out all their spiritual energy. The almost utter illiteracy of the people still further complicates the problem. Only six men in 100 and ten women in 1000 know how to read and write. Then one's work must be undertaken in a hostile climate, with an average mean temperature of 75 Farenheit in January and 86 in May, or of 80.3 throughout the year, breeding the deadliest foes to man, the malarial fever, dysentery, small-pox and Asiatic cholera.

To overcome these difficulties and to establish Christ as King in the hearts of the people is the problem. The people will not enter a christian place of worship. The way of approach is that of the great

commission to "go" for the people. There is a Telugu proverb which says "Those who sell toddy keep a shop but the milkman must call at the house." So we must go with the good milk of the Word where the people congregate. For years, with all possible diligence and all available energy, I have given myself to the evangelization of the people. The work of the year 1903 represents the utmost possible of my endeavor. Then I preached 600 times and reached an aggregate of 43,000 hearers. Of this number perhaps 12,500 heard the Gospel for the first time. One missionary, with his force of six native evangelists, would take twenty years to thus reach one quarter of a million of the population with the Gospel story once only.

Our method is simple. Singing the Gospel in verse is the most effective means now, as in the days when the message entered Britain by song. A knowledge of music is a valuable asset to the missionary. Pictures, the Sunday School rolls by day and the magic lantern by night attract, retain and concentrate the attention, illustrate the narrative, (there is much infant class work to do) and draw the crowd of from fifty to five hundred that quickly assembles up close to the speaker and also keep the native preachers down to the one business of presenting the truth, and thus prevent song tirades on Hinduism to which all are prone. Discussion is not encouraged till the service of one or two, sometimes three hours is concluded. Then Gospel hand-bills are freely distributed to all. Scripture portions costing from one sixth of a cent up to two cents are sold and hand to hand work with those interested is undertaken. At these services the power of an orator, the magnetism of an attractive presence, the ready wit and quick retort of a skilled debater, the persuasiveness of a soul winner, the sweet melody of a skilled singer are all in demand and as effective as in the home land.

Quite as important as the missionary's work of evangelizing is that of his work as a pastor, overseer or bishop of the churches into which the new converts are formed. On my field there are two churches, one a Telugu church of 200 members, the other an English church of 50 members, the only one of the kind in the two missions. Our Akidu missionary has eleven churches with a membership of 2100 to care for. To prevent filling the churches with baptized "heathen" the missionary must generally be present at the examination of candidates and supervise their admission. In the formation of new churches on a

New Testament basis his presence and council are essential. In developing the three indispensable characteristics of a perfect church *self-support*, the whole duty of christian stewardship, *self-government*, including church organization, officering, discipline and direction, and *self-propagation*, that is, individual work for individuals, mass family movements toward Christ, evangelistic or revival meetings within the church, Sunday School effort, and home mission and other denominational activities—in all of these the impulse and example of the missionary are most important. The care of all the churches is ever upon him. To eradicate caste and to reconcile the factions ever springing therefrom, to lead to a deep conviction of sin, an experience rarely powerful in the native christian, to strengthen the sources of spiritual life against lust, the prevailing weakness of the people, and to inspire the pastors with a sense of responsibility and leadership are his chief care. Individual visitation is one of his great opportunities. Last year I was able to make 140 pastoral calls, and also engaged in conversation on spiritual themes with 300 individuals.

My work as a teacher is confined to the monthly meeting with my workers and a weekly English Bible class for educated Hindu gentlemen. At the former the pastors, preachers, teachers and students are assembled for a day to report on the work of the month, to discuss the plan of the campaign, to receive their pay and to be instructed in some special subject. As example is ever stronger than precept I endeavor regularly to visit the preachers stationed in out villages and conduct services with them. The workers in the town I see daily. In the Bible class, conducted for an hour every Sunday afternoon, are some twenty-five educated Hindus, some of them graduates in arts, others in arts and law, of the Madras University some officers of government, medical, clerical and executive and some lawyers and college professors, one state manager, two municipal councillors, all astute, intelligent and inquisitive, and deeply interested in the lesson which I must most carefully prepare. These men I visit regularly in their homes, provide with relevant reading matter and cultivate as intimate personal friends.

My field as an educationist embraces the following :—

(1) Six primary schools teaching up to the third book, three of them well equipped with good houses, trained teachers, free books and school furniture. Of these I am manager, engaging the teachers,

inspecting their work, paying their salaries, examining the pupils periodically, awarding prizes and evincing that lively interest without which their existence is uncertain. Primarily for christian children they are open to all sects.

(2) I have also been the manager of an English High School for Eurasians and Europeans conducted by two of our missionary ladies to which a select number of native Christian and Hindu girls are admitted as day pupils. The total attendance is about fifty of whom some thirty are girls in residence.

(3) I was also manager of an Industrial School at which about twenty native christian boys and young men under two skilled workmen are learning carpentry and cabinet making. The manager admits, disciplines and dismisses the men, calls the roll daily, pays the wages fortnightly, purchases the materials, collects the accounts, registers the orders, takes the stock and lays out the course of study.

(4) For some time I was a member of the advisory committee of our Theological and Normal Training School. All the above are mission institutions.

(5) I was on the Council of a Hindu College with 500 pupils on the roll and teaching up to the end of the second year of the University Course or to the degree of Fellow in Arts.

On taking up the Cocanada work I found one colporteur drawing \$1.65 a month and selling 20 cents worth of books. In the town of 50,000 people there were 55 drink shops and no bookstore. I discharged the colporteur and longed to send the liquor shops after him. Failing that I opened a bookstore at the mission compound gate on a street, along or near which were the large government district offices, the gaol, printing presses, registrar's office, post and telegraph office, three courts, the county buildings, the Hindu College and the large English Bank of Madras. The Madras Bible Society provided two book cases filled with Scriptures and portions in four languages and from one sixth of a cent to \$8 in value, the Christian Literature and Religious Tract Societies gave us three book cases and credit on goods to fill them. The Telugu Baptist Publication Society provided two more for the stock they made over to us as agents. Then we gradually added five more of our own and filled them all. Two men are in charge. The sales last year for this field alone were 15044 books and tracts worth \$512, as against 19540 books and tracts worth \$187 for all the other

fields in the two missions. Including the sale of books and tracts to other missionaries, of a line of good sellers in drugs from a medical missionary, of furniture from the Industrial school and of stamps of all kinds for which we hold a government license, the trade last year amounted to \$1370.

One of the book cases contains 656 volumes of a free circulating library of second hand books, sent to us from different parts of the world and which we sell at prices within easy reach of the means of that large class of young men with a taste for English reading and without the ability to purchase expensive books.

On the two large tables down the center of the room are 50 papers and periodicals in Telugu and English, providing a free reading room to the host of impecunious natives and cultivating in them a taste for good matter. Owing to the kindness of friends these cost us nothing.

Six years ago I founded and have since edited a Telugu weekly Christian newspaper, the Ravi, which, with the aid of missionaries of our own and other missions in the Telugu country, has attained a circulation of 800. I read the newspapers, mark the articles and news for translation and hear the sub-editor read all the matter before it goes in. For years I wrote the one religious article that is designed to be a conspicuous feature of the paper. Of these we reprint about 30,000 in hand-bill form for evangelistic work.

As chairman of one of the sub-committees of the Telugu Language Area Committee of literature I edited the first number of The Telugu Bookman, a small paper of six pages designed to review and encourage Telugu literature.

For some time I edited the International Sunday School lessons in Telugu and acted as annual examiner.

I was also Branch Secretary of the Madras auxiliary to the Bible Society, and as such collected funds, sold scriptures, conducted the annual meeting and distributed their prizes to successful candidates at the examinations of the University of Madras.

I have also designed partial or complete plans for seven mission buildings and constructed a part or the whole of six buildings; and twelve years ago annotated a book on building, as a special help to missionary builders, which is still in use.

I also served as a Municipal Councillor in Cocanada, being nominated to the post by the Governor of Madras, as distinct from the

locally elected members. For two years I was a member of what corresponds to a large county council with administration over the roads, schools, hospitals, markets, ferries and sanitation of about 2,250,000 people. With a committee of two others the fate of a light railway was settled by us. There are also the public functions, the charities, the reform and temperance agitations, the social obligations and relations that press heavily on the time of a missionary in India as on that of a pastor in Canada.

All these interests and connections involve certain side duties that, in any one of them, are not large, but in all together are considerable.

I acted on about thirty different committees, some merely nominal, but others involving arduous labor and lengthy reports.

The accounts alone for these necessitated the use of some twenty books, including ledgers, day books, pass books, stock books and sixty personal accounts.

Personal correspondence involves four letters for each working day of the year. I contribute somewhat regularly to seven different papers and magazines and send in nine reports yearly to boards and official bodies.

The administration of the mission property in Cocanada is a matter requiring some legal and business capacity.

In addition to my usual work as noted above the secretaryship of the mission and the field of a fellow-missionary whose health had failed fell to me last year.

It would be impossible for me to overtake this work were it not that I use shorthand for all my private accounts and much of my writing and am equipped with a Remington type-writer, an Edison Mimeograph, a Massey Harris wheel and a good riding horse. A clerk at five dollars a month writes up the Ravi accounts, despatches the paper, attends to the mailing list, conducts some of the mission correspondence and aids in the accounts.

Then as a pastime and yet contributing to the forwarding of the work I do some photography, about 350 prints a year. I also practice a little amateur dentistry.

There are a great many opportunities for personal conversation, several hundreds in a year, many of them being as important as much more public effort.

The young man who is considering a life calling may stretch himself out along the proposition here presented and will doubtless find in it ample scope for all the best that is in him.

H. F. Laflamme.



Acadia and the New Century

THE twentieth century has been called "Canada's Century," and this name is peculiarly appropriate.

Today Canada is the only country in the world with unlimited land at the disposal of the new settler. Millions of acres of fertile prairie are yet untouched by the plow, thousands of square miles of forest have never yet been visited by the lumberman, and a mineral wealth, whose value can scarcely be exaggerated, awaits development.

During the past century, Canada was overshadowed by the giant republic to the south. The United States has developed to a wonderful degree and with great rapidity ; but the limit has been reached. Her unoccupied lands have become a thing of the past. She is already experiencing some of the evils of an overcrowded population. The immigrant is no longer welcome. Already many restrictions on immigration have been imposed.

For these reasons Canada as the 'land of promise,' has taken the foremost place in the eyes both of the European settler and capitalist. Two things will certainly occur—first a great influx of population, and second, the rapid development of our wonderful resources. Both of these have already begun.

The people of Canada are called on to face new conditions, and to solve new problems.

Our new settlers are not the outcasts and scum of Europe. They include thousands of intelligent English and Scotch, and the immigration into the North West from the United States has increased greatly during the last two years. These people demand schools and churches teachers and preachers, and the Eastern part of Canada must supply them.

The development of our resources calls for engineers, mining experts, chemists and builders. Where is the supply to come from?

Canada has supplied some of the men, and some have come from the technical schools of England and the United States; but as Canadians we wish to see the development of our resources, and the education of the children carried on by Canadians.

The public is justified in demanding that our schools and colleges furnish men, not only for teachers and preachers, but for all the requirements of industrial and commercial life. If they are to do this, then many changes must be made, not only in the subject matter taught, but in methods of teaching and scientific equipment.

That such changes have been made by some of our colleges is well known. One of our larger institutions of learning stands second to none in the world, in the scientific training it gives. Some of the smaller colleges, which are but feeders of the larger institutions have established mining and engineering schools.

It is my purpose to show some of the changes that have been made at Acadia to meet the new conditions, which we are compelled to face.

To a student who has been in attendance during the past three or four years, the changes made might not appear striking; but if a graduate of five years ago were to return he would think them almost revolutionary. The course leading to the degree of B. Sc. is the most notable change. It has caused a revolution in the Science and Mathematical departments. The Physical and Chemical laboratories have been enlarged, their equipment increased, and the course in mathematics broadened. While some improvements are still to be made, yet it is not going too far to say that the means for acquiring a thorough experimental knowledge in the sciences exist now. The equipment has been so increased, that individual work is possible and is demanded in all the scientific subjects.

In addition to the course leading to the degree of B.Sc. there has been introduced an Abbreviated Science Course. This is for men, who wish to specialize along the line of some particular science. The holder of the degree of B.Sc. or the diploma of Abb. Sc. is admitted to the third year in Applied Science at McGill, or any similar institution.

The effect of this change must make itself felt in an increased attendance at Acadia. Of course, there will always be some, who will

wish to take their entire course at one of the higher colleges. The place of the smaller college, however, is pretty well understood by the great mass of students and parents. There are many reasons why it is better for a student to take the full course at Acadia before attending one of the larger institutions. I will mention but three of these.

First, on the ground of *Economy*. This is a reason that does, and ought to appeal to all classes, rich and poor alike. The expenses of the student at Acadia are less than half what they are at the larger college, while the educational advantages are even greater.

Second, *Educational Advantages*. In the larger institutions, the classes are so full that the assistant becomes necessary, especially in the experimental sciences. In fact, during the first two or three years the student rarely meets the professor in his subject.

At Acadia it is different. All the work is under the immediate supervision of the head of the department. Even in cases where an assistant is required, there is easy access to the professor, and the student is brought in personal contact with him.

This advantage to the student can hardly be estimated. The assistants at the larger colleges are often men, who have had no experience as teachers. They take this position merely to aid them in completing their course. They do not intend to make teaching their life work. With the professor it is different. His interest is wholly in his teaching. All of his knowledge and experience are at the disposal of the student.

Further, the work in science at Acadia follows closely the lines laid down for the first three years at McGill. Not only are the same text-books used, but all of the experiments are performed.

Third, the *Moral Influences*. Perhaps the greatest advantage Acadia has to offer is in its moral surroundings. The large college is usually located in a city. There, many influences combine, not only to take the student from his work, but to injure his moral nature, especially if this is his first experience in life as his own master. At Acadia the teaching is intended to develop that strength of character necessary to face the problems of life.

The changes I have so far dealt with have been those made in the science departments. It must not be supposed, however, that the advance has only been along that phase of the work. Never has Acadia been in a better position to give a sound educational foundation to the

student of Theology, or the would-be teacher. The regular B. A. course is stronger than ever before. The advance in the science departments has not been made at the expense of the other departments. The 'forward movement' has been general.

What is the outlook for the future? It is safe to predict an increased attendance, and a period of prosperity. The college has proved its right to live by its ability to adapt itself to the new conditions by which it is surrounded.

'06



Etchings.

Incidents in A Night-watch.

“EIGHT bells” was struck on the fo’castle-head as the big, burly first-mate rolled forward and bellowed down the hatchway, “Eight bells, men, come on now, turn out quick!” And a muttered, “aye, aye sir,” was the quick response.

As the mate turned aft, his eye fell on the little second-mate hurrying forward. “Go on now, git, and rouse yer men out, or I’ll make it right lively fer ye. I jest been a-doin’ yer work again. Gettin’ more deaf I reckon.” He punctuated these last words by hurling the cook’s frying-pan into the lee scuppers, savagely remarking to himself, that if the cook left that frying-pan about the deck again, he’d “have t’ dive fer it next time.”

He shuffled down the poop and gave a quick glance in at the biun-acle.

Just at this moment six sleepy sailors came on deck, some going forward, some aft, each however, to his respective place. The port-watch went below.

An hour and a half passed smoothly; and again the big ship’s bell rang out, this time : “three bells.” The lookout came aft and exchanged places with the man at the wheel. As he took the wheel the mate drawled out, “Give her a half east, and let her lie ‘nor’ nor-east half east.” And the helmsman spun the wheel several times to port.

There was a good steady breeze on the quarter, and the old barque was bowling along at a merry, nine knot clip. The full moon was at its zenith and in her bright flood of white light, nothing cast a shadow. Rather a bad omen in a seaman's category.

"Say mate," spoke the man at the wheel, "See that black on the line? Well, I was after examinin' it, when I was on the head. Seems t'me it's growin bigger, maybe she'll cross our bows, perhaps not; anyhow she's gettin bigger. Spose she's much mate?"

"Maybe so," answered the mate as he hitched his trousers, and took from between his teeth a well coloured cob, to replenish it with a few crumbs of tobacco. "Maybe so."

For the next twenty minutes neither men spoke; but each watched intently the squall on the horizon, as it grew larger and drew nearer.

The mate was the first to break the silence, and spoke in a long, drawling voice as was his accustomed way of addressing an inferior: 'Keep yer eyes inter the binnacle man, and let me and the lookout, watch the weather. De ye hear!' He again hitched his pants and slowly drew a long breath from his pipe. Then he turned on his heel and slouched up the deck to have a word with the lookout.

This consultation took but a short time, and again his thick voice drawled out the order: "All hands on deck, lay aloft there, take in yer gallants; an yer two upper topsails." And turning in the direction of the lookout, he shouted: "You better take in that outer jib there, lookout!" This order brought to their feet in an instant, four seamen who were asleep on deck.

For the next five minutes everybody was pulling and hauling on tacks, bunt lines and braces. Then there was a race for the rigging, each man bound to be first aloft.

In the meanwhile the moon had been covered by a huge black cloud that looked threateningly down upon the seamen furling the lofty canvas to the best of their ability.

They had no sooner completed this work, when the order came from below to call the watch.

The whole crew was now on deck. "Take in yer topsails and clew up yer foresail," shouted the mate. "And be quick about it," yelled the skipper.

The fresh watch went scrambling aloft. Instantly the squall broke upon the barque, with all its stored-up strength and fury. The rain fell in sheets. The old barque buckled down to it all nobly, scuppers under.

The canvas was becoming wet all the while, and it was only by exerting their utmost strength that the men stowed away the slatting sails, heavy with the rain.

Everything was finally made snug, and the triumphant sailors slid down the stays and halliards, pleased to be on the seething deck again, with the ship going easy under two lower sails and a single jib.


Grog was passed, and everybody most cheerfully partook, deeming it now quite in order to "splice the main brace." But that first-mate took thrice his share, and wished for more.

Then the skip's bell rang out: *eight*—most welcome sound to the starboard watch, who lost no time in turning in, to enjoy the sleep of the wet and weary seaman.

Dik '09.



The Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. Convention.

 NCE again with the coming of the Thanksgiving season was held the annual Y. M. C. A. Convention of the Maritime Colleges. This year the privilege was afforded our society of having the Convention meet here with us, and a good-sized representation was present from the different colleges, including thirteen from Dalhousie, seventeen from Mt. Allison, eleven from U. N. B. and two from Pictou Academy. We were very pleased to entertain our visitors, and only trust they went away feeling as benefited from the Convention as we consider we have been.

For sixteen years since its inception in 1890 it has been customary for representatives from the Maritime Colleges to meet together in this way, and from the very first it has proved so advantageous that the plan has been followed each successive year—each year, however, seeing further progress made toward the successful solution of the problems confronting us in our student Y. M. C. A. work. Anyone

at all familiar with the facts knows the very real problems we have to face, and the needed inspiration and stimulus which comes from the feeling of united effort and the exchange of opinions to be gained from these gatherings.

We were very fortunate this year in having with us Mr. Wellington H. Tinker as the representative of the International Committee and the Student Volunteer Movement, who had the general oversight of the Convention, and by his personality and intimate acquaintance with the various phases of the work was largely instrumental in making the Convention a success. Mr. Fraser G. Marshall, the Maritime Secretary was also present and proved very helpful. The outside speakers included Rev. D. K. Grant of Parrsboro, Pro. W. W. Adams of Sackville, Rev. L. D. Morse of Wolfville, and H. F. Waring of Halifax, who preached the convention sermon on Sunday morning. The addresses of all these speakers were very timely and added much to the profit of the Convention. The various problems of our work were very fully discussed—papers being read by delegates from the different colleges, followed by open discussion by the members of the Convention. Special attention was given to the important subject of Bible study. Considerable attention was also directed to the broader aspects of our work. In this connection an important step was taken by the delegates present in resolving to send if possible at least two delegates from each college to the Student Volunteer Conference to be held at Nashville, Tenn., next February. A great stimulus to the various colleges may be expected from the delegates who return from that Conference. And now as we take up again our work at Acadia we feel that as a result of the Convention just closed we have been stimulated to attempt greater things for Christ and to give more consecrated service here and in our future life.

W. T. D. '06.



ATHENÆUM Prize Competition.

IN order to stimulate and foster undergraduate effort in the department of original writing, the Managers of THE ATHENÆUM have decided to offer several cash prizes for literary contributions submitted to the Paper by the students in all the three Institutions. The competition is not confined to the College, but includes the Academy and Seminary.

There will be two distinct contests carried on simultaneously, with First and Second Prizes in each :

I. For the best original story or essay, a First Prize of Five Dollars ; for the second best, a Prize of Three dollars.

II. For the best original poem, a First Prize of Five Dollars ; for the second best, a Prize of Three Dollars.

This move has been contemplated and devised with the earnest expectation of calling forth the best efforts of a large number of the students.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE CONTESTS.

1. Contributions must be in the Editor's hands not later than January 25, 1906.

2. Only subscribers to the ATHENÆUM in the three Institutions shall be eligible competitors.

3. Stories or Essays must not exceed 2500 words in length, nor contain less than 1000 words. Poems must be brief.

4. Accompanying the MSS. there must only be the writer's *nom de plume*, while the real and fictitious name must be enclosed in a sealed envelope which will not be opened until after the decisions are made.

5. THE ATHENÆUM reserves the right of publishing all articles, prize winners or not.

6. The Senior Editors will constitute the Committee of Judges. Manuscript may be mailed or sent to the Editor at any time.



Obituaries.

REV. HORATIO E. MORROW.

WE deeply regret to learn of the death of Rev. Horatio E. Morrow in Tavoy, Burma, where for the last twenty-nine years he has been devoting his life's energy to missionary work among the Karens of Tavoy and Mergni. These years have been filled with earnest and successful service among the Karen people to whom he and his wife ministered with untiring devotion. Mrs. Morrow, whom many of our readers may know, was formerly Miss Emerson, and was for a time Principal of Acadia Seminary. Mr. Morrow was not an old man when summoned to the higher service, having been born in 1843. His early education was received in Horton Collegiate Academy, and he graduated from Acadia as a member of the class of '71. In college life he was known as a man of many fine Christian qualities. His nature was kindly and sympathetic, and he was always deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of his fellow students. He was generous almost to a fault and ever ready to help a fellow student to the extent of his ability. In his life work too, he gave of the best he had, and found the highest rewards of life in ministering to others. In physique he was not robust. His years of service in Burma are the record of an earnest and loving spirit giving itself gladly to the service of Christ and his brethren, often at the expense of much physical weakness and weariness. As a missionary he was connected with the American Baptist Missionary Union, but he never lost his interest in his native land and the Baptists of these Provinces. A pleasing evidence of this is seen in his recent gift of one hundred dollars to the Second Forward Movement and fifty dollars to the Ministers' Annuity Fund, and his occasional letters to the Messenger and Visitor helped us to keep in touch with him and his work. Mr. Morrow has two brothers living in Nova Scotia—Mr. H. L. Morrow, of Guysboro,

and Mr. F. Morrow, of New Glasgow. To these, and especially to the bereaved wife, so far away from the old home and home friends, we extend sincerest sympathy.

WILLIAM A. CHASE.

William A. Chase, of the class of '60, died on September 1st at the age of sixty-five. He was a son of the late Rev. John Chase, of Wolfville. After graduation he taught school for a number of years in the town of Yarmouth, N. S. Afterwards, he was engaged in the insurance business, and on the formation of the Baker Steamship Company, he was appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the Company. On the dissolution of this Company, he continued his residence in Yarmouth, and during the latter years of his life conducted a real estate business. He leaves one son and three daughters to whom we would extend our sympathy in their bereavement.

SIMON FITCH, A. M., M. D.

The late Dr. Simon Fitch, who was laid at rest at Wolfville on Saturday, September 16th, was a Nova Scotian, who won considerable distinction both at home and abroad. He was the son of the late Simon Fitch, of Wolfville, and was born at Walbrooke, Horton, January 2nd, 1820. His mother was a daughter of the late Judge DeWolfe. He studied at Horton Collegiate Academy and later at Acadia, becoming an Alumnus of our university in the year 1862, when he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He was also a Governor of the College during the early days of Dr. Cramp's presidency. His professional studies were taken at Edinburgh University, where in 1841 he won his medical degree, after which he took special courses at London and Paris.

Dr. Fitch then settled in St. John, but subsequently prac-

ticed his profession in Wolfville, Portland, Me., New York and Halifax. He removed to Halifax in 1876, where he had up to the time of his retirement a few years ago enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. His professional career in the United States was prolonged and most successful, but all the while he continued strongly British in his political sentiments, and ever cherished the desire which happily was realized of spending his last days in his native Province.

Dr. Fitch was a member of the British Medical Association, the Obstetrical Society of London, the Parisian Medical Society, the Council of the University of Edinburgh, the American Medical Association, the New York Medical Society, the New York Medico-Legal Society, of which he was at one time President, and the Maine Medical Association. He published several medical works, and was a contributor to the Medico-Legal Journal and other medical publications. He was also the Inventor of several surgical instruments, among which may be mentioned the "Dome Trocar," used in surgery all over the world. At the time of his death which occurred on September 12th, he was one of the consulting physicians of the Victoria General Hospital.

JOSEPH STANTON MACRAE

During the past month death has entered the ranks of the class of nineteen hundred and eight and claimed as its victim Joseph Stanton MacRae, who passed away at his home in Grand Pre on November 15th, 1905, at the age of eighteen years.

MacRae, who entered his class at the beginning of the Freshman Year, from Wolfville High School, was a fellow of a retiring disposition, but of sterling qualities combined with with an excellent Christian character. His real worth was fully appreciated only by those who knew him best. He was a good student, and his career so suddenly cut off will find its completion in the higher and grander life hereafter.

Editorials.

WITHIN the past two months our college constituency has been re-inforced by about sixty new recruits, most of whom bear the suggestive name of Freshmen. We take great pleasure in welcoming you to our little fraternity and offer you our congratulations on the fact that you have chosen this institution for your course of training. Acadia offers peculiar advantages to any student desiring a real education. While it is true she stands for thorough academic culture, it is also true that she stands for something higher and nobler—and what this is we will leave you to discover for yourself as the days come and go. What we desire to do in this brief editorial is to throw out a suggestion or two, not in any domineering manner, but wholly from sincere motives and in the spirit of those who have trodden the way before you and have experienced its difficulties and joys.

One great mistake which many have made in coming here is to regard the curriculum as the only means of education, whereas in point of fact it is nothing of the kind. Sometimes we question if it can even lay claim to *priority* amongst the educational influences which surround us. And may we briefly indicate a few of these potent *extra-curriculum* factors in the process of our education here and which the student will do well to regard at the beginning of his course?

And first there is the *aesthetic* culture obtainable from our natural environment. You have doubtless discovered ere this that we live in a town of surpassing beauty and historical interest.

When Joseph Cook visited Acadia to lecture in November, '85 on the subject of "God in Natural Law," he made the statement, that he could say of Acadia what Webster said of Dartmouth College, viz., that a four years residence in the midst of such scenery is of itself a liberal education. Only let these silent forces of Nature play upon the soul and the truth of his statement may be abundantly verified.

Means for cultivating the *social* side of our nature are also provided here and as a rule the student seldom needs to have this fact pointed out to him, but is generally prompt in availing himself of all the social advantages in the shape of receptions, parties and such like.

Few hermits find their way to Acadia and if by any chance one

does happen to wander this way his idiosyncrasies are soon exposed and he is very apt to undergo a reformation before his graduation—especially if he should happen to reside in Chipman Hall. And while speaking of the Hall we may say that it is right here, within its ancient walls, where the social side of the student's nature may be best disciplined. "Iron sharpeneth iron ; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend"—and it is the constant intercourse with one another, the mutual forbearance daily exercised, the contact of mind with mind that promotes character building and manly development. Here also you get an insight into character and human nature which will serve you throughout life. Those who go out from Acadia without spending at least a year in the Hall miss a very valuable part of their available education.

Then there are three important societies in College, each one representing a phase of culture necessary to the student. There is the Athenæum Society, where *literary* training is to be had and debating ability cultivated. Power and facility in public speaking is one of the first requisites of the student and we would recommend the new men to covet every opportunity for obtaining practice in this art. The value of such training is beyond computation.

There is also the Y. M. C. A. where the religious life finds scope for exercise and development. None can afford to neglect or lightly regard the moral and religious influences to be found in this association of Christian students.

The Athletic Society offers physical culture and training to its members, provides suitable sports throughout the different seasons of the year and puts one in the way of an all-round bodily development.

This society stands for that old adage from the pen of Juvenal : *Mens sana in corpore sano*, and surely it is a worthy motto.

Every encouragement is given this year to make the gymnasium a special feature in physical culture. The Faculty has announced that the Freshmen and Sophomores whose attendance at the gymnasium class averages 75 will receive an increase of 5 marks in all their regular curriculum subjects, and doubtless this action will result in largely increased attendances at gymnasium.

We recommend all these distinctively educating influences and only add, that if you should join one or all of the societies be not content with mere *nominal* membership, but find out what is expected of you ;

then, if you can, *be* a member in the truest sense of the word, taking a member's interest and fulfilling a member's part.

We have no controversy with those who feel themselves unable to join and take an active part in all these departments of College life—we simply point out the fact that these advantages are here for you ; nevertheless we venture to assert that the more one gathers from all these separate sources of training and the more completely he comes under the dominance of the aforementioned educative factors, the broader and fuller will be his development and preparation for life.

Members of the Class of '09, we cordially welcome you to Acadia and to all the departments of student activity.



Ere another issue of the ATHENÆUM appears, the long looked-for Christmas season will have come and gone.

With glad expectant faces and buoyant spirits most of us will have started forth, grip in hand, to take the train for home. *Home*—what a wealth of meaning in that little monosyllable ! What visions arise, what memories and associations are brought to mind ; and how does the very mention of the magic name soften the feelings and evoke the finer emotions !

College students as a class, we think, are particularly susceptible to the charms and attractions of home. While it is true one may become strongly attached to the old *Alma Mater* ; yet somehow those attachments fade into insignificance when the seasons for home-gatherings come around. Not that we love Acadia less, but we love home more. To many, the weeks of separation from relatives and friends constitute the *first* experience of the kind, while to others it is an old story. Nevertheless we all alike are as anxious to return to the old home Fireside and the Yule-tide festivities as when we were children.

By and by when college days are over, and each one is sent forth into "the wide, wide world" to face life's problems and to battle with life's storms, perhaps new-formed relations and ties will gradually draw us from the old ; nevertheless the old home will still remain as a persistent memory, and these seasons of family reunions of which we have been speaking will ever be remembered as the sweetest interludes in the melody of college life.

And now we wish you all a very joyous Christmas-tide and the happiest vacation you have known.

As a word to the wise is sufficient, we would just throw out the suggestion that there is no time like vacation to write your poem or essay for the Prize Competition.



In regard to the editorial on hazing in the November issue, we would not have it understood that this year witnessed the *first* introduction of objectionable initiatory rites. And the application of the article extends to the offences of former years well as to the recent provocations.

So then, reader, *whosoever* thou art—if the cap fits, wear it.



Football.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Acadia 3—Crescents 0

The posters said, "The New Campus;" and that puzzled some, for they were found gazing earnestly at the gravel heap by the Academy. However, all found their way by various routes over bogs and fences to the field of battle, where Acadia lined up as follows:—

Forwards:

Bates, Bagnall, Webster, Fitch, Geldart, Messinger
Freeze, McKinnon.

Quarters:

Keirstead, Lewis.

Halves:

Howe, Wilbur, Estey, DeWitt.

Full Back:

Craig.

Almost immediately from the kick-off the ball was brought to the Crescents' five-yard line, where it remained for the rest of the first half. The forwards bucked over several times, but the ball was called

back. The scrimmage controlled the ball splendidly but the half time was too weak to get over the line.

The second half was a repetition, except that one of the rushes resulted in Fitch scoring a try. The kick for goal fell short, and soon after, time was called with the ball on the five-yard line and the score 3-0.

The score does not at all indicate the strength of the teams. Our forwards controlled the ball continually, and their following up was a great factor in breaking up the punting and passing of the visitors' back line. It was the weakness of our half line and the good defence of the Crescents that kept the score down.

Rev. H. T. DeWolfe refereed the game.

Acadia 15—Truro 0.

Truro team, captained by Dickie, Dalhousie's famous captain, especially in view of our small score against the Crescents caused some nervousness among our men, and indeed as they lined up they gave the appearance of a heavy and speedy lot. The result of the game far surpassed our hopes and was a source of much encouragement to the team.

The line up :

TRURO		ACADIA
Kent	Full	Craig
Cock	Halves	Howe
Learmont		Wilber
Bourne		Estey
Archibald		DeWitt
Dickie	Quarters	Lewis
Stevens		Keirstead
Kane	Forwards	Bates
C. McDonald		Bagnall
F. McDonald		Webster
McKay		Fitch
Langille		Geldart
Cameron		Messinger
McKenzie		Freeze
Colpitts		McKinnon

Referee—L. C. Christie, '05.

The first half was in our favor from beginning to end. Our scrim by strong rushes and dribbles carried the ball to the five yard line, and not long after Keirstead bucked round the scrimmage for a try.

In the second half our half line worked up, and succeeded, by good passing, in making four tries, none of which were converted. Howe scored first on a sharp pass from Wilber, and a quick run down the touch line; DeWitt scored the other three by strong dodging rushes.

The team showed wonderful improvement over their work in the first game. The forwards worked splendidly and it was owing to their consistent heeling that the half line was able to show out so well. Certainly the backs did much better. They seemed to have some life and got away in a manner that did them credit. DeWitt especially did great work. Bates, McKinnon and Webster were very strong in the forward line.

Nov. 2nd.

Acadia o—U. N. B. o.

On their return from Halifax, where they played Dalhousie, the U. N. B. team made Wolfville their home for three days and right welcome they were. U. N. B. fellows are always popular here; we are always delighted to have them visit us.

Thursday was a clear bright day, a pleasant disappointment after the down pour of Wednesday. It was the first game of importance, and an enthusiastic crowd turned out to the field.

The line up :

U. N. B.		ACADIA
Hayward	Full	Craig
Dever	Halves	Howe
Dysart		McMillan
Dunphy		Estey
H. Smith		DeWitt
Everett	Quarters	Lewis
Thorne		Kierstead
Maxon	Forwards	Bates
Belyea		Bagnall
F. Smith		Webster
Gregory		Fitch

Loggie

Clark

Wood

Woods

Geldart

Messinger

Freeze

McKinnon

Referee, G. L. Parsons, Halifax.

With Acadia facing the sun and a strong wind, the kick-off was returned to centre field. Then by hard following our team managed to reach the visitors' 25-yard line. Here for ten or fifteen minutes the ball was kept, the forwards bucking and the halves closely watching their opponents. All felt that should they hold against the wind and sun, the second half would bring them victory. Accordingly everybody played a safe game, and only once did the visitors make any material progress, when Dunphy punted the ball almost the length of the field. It was a hard fight, every man felt the strain, and half time was most acceptable.

In the second half as might have been expected the ball was in U. N. B. territory all the time. The forwards controlled the ball splendidly ; indeed in few games have Acadia's forwards worked with such consistency and strength. Our efforts—hard luck !—were of no avail. Time after time the forwards and quarters bucked only to be held back, and many times the backs were tackled in their tracks. But what could they do against a strong defensive half line as U. N. B. had? Dunphy was fine on the defense, for the most part playing between our quarters and our halves. And then the whole team took to swearing, and the half line distinguished themselves by several ludicrous attempts at drop goals. Finally, as a last resource they began to punt over the line in the hope of at least making a safety. But Hayward was very sharp, and only a few minutes before time did they compel him to touch.

The game ended with the score 0-0.

It seemed a shame that such a good line of forwards did not have better support. The half line was woefully weak. They did their best, and on the defense they were good, but Acadia's half line this year were far from swift. However, that it was lack of material, not lack of effort, that made Acadia's line weak, is something to their credit. It would be a difficult thing to pick out the best forwards in the game. Belyea and Maxon were strong for U. N. B., while every man in our scrim did great work. Dunphy shone on U. N. B.'s back line, while

DeWitt did good work on ours. McMillan, a new man on our line-up, was always after the ball, and played a good steady game.

NOVEMBER 10, '05.

Acadia 6—Mt. Allison 8.

The train that left Wolfville Thursday afternoon took with it sixteen stalwart football players, the business manager and a large number of law-breakers. Sleeping over night in Truro, the team arrived in Sackville about noon, prepared to bring away the cup or die in the attempt. Teams met them at the station, drove them to the hotel and thence to the grounds, where a large crowd was gathering.

Acadia, though having done fairly well in previous games, was still far from confident. Mt. Allison's unbroken record of victories was still fresh in their minds, but all felt determined to give them a change in their usual programme. And it was a change, for though beaten in the end, we gave to Mt. A. such a scare as they have not had for some years.

The line up :

MT. ALLISON		ACADIA
Jakeman	Full	McMillan
Nase	Halves	Howe
Wright		Wilbur
Bell		Estey
Black		DeWitt
Patterson	Quarters	Lewis
Norman		Kierstead
Russell	Forwards	Bates
Gregg		Bagnall
Long		Webster
Eaton		Fitch
Steeves		Geldart
Doe		Messinger
Oulton		Freeze
Hallett		McKinnon

Referee, Frank Stephen, Halifax.

From the kick-off the ball was soon rushed to the Acadia line. Our forwards had not yet got into the game, while the open scrimmage put them under a great disadvantage. For a long while the game was

all Mount Allison's, their halves working hard to get over the line but unable to do so on account of Acadia's strong defence. Every half watched his man, and passes back generally amounted to a loss.

Working gradually to Mt. A's line the ball was kicked to Jake-man. His return was blocked by Howe, and Lewis seizing the ball got over for a try. The kick for goal was a difficult one and against the wind, so that, though Freeze made a good attempt the ball fell short. Shortly after, Freeze got over the line but was called back on off-side play.

In the second half both teams started in with a rush, and such fierce football has seldom been seen on that field. Up and down the ball went, our forwards dribbling, their halves punting and rushing. Then DeWitt taking the ball at full speed from Wright's punt across the field made a beautiful run and scored. Freeze met with hard luck in his kick for goal, the ball hitting the upright a few inches above the bar. In a few minutes after play had been resumed Freeze blocked the ball on the line, but a forward saved the score by touching for safety, and, again just afterwards, Jakeman was forced to kick over the dead line. And then by some strange misfortune,—whether the team became too confident or whether it became too anxious—Mt. A. evened the score by sending Wright and Bell over the line. And then Jake-man by converting, won the game 8-6.

The game was in many ways one of the most remarkable ever played between Acadia and Mt. A. Their half line was much stronger, and when they controlled the ball, caused much fear. In the forward line, our scrimmage had the best of the game, and though outclassed in punting, Acadia excelled in following up. Where the game seemed practically won, the result was very disappointing. But these things happen in every game, things that one could hardly imagine would be possible. Those who saw the game declared that every man did wonders, and that, though defeated, the team had no reason to be ashamed and every reason to be proud of their work.

Freeze played a great game in the forward line, while Webster and Bates were very strong in rushes. McMillan got in some good kicks. Wright was the strong man in the half line, his clever punting gaining much ground for his team.

Tired and sore, our men got back to the hotel, where the proprietor solicitous for the welfare of the team gave them ample opportunity for

rest in his spacious dining hall. We managed to finish our supper and catch the 9 p. m. for Moncton.

After doing the town in the morning, at 3.30 the teams lined up in a cold wind on a level, though soggy field as follows :—

MONCTON		ACADIA
Carter	Full	Craig
A. Donald	Halves	Dewitt
J. Donald		McMillan
Crockett		Wilber
Woodman		Estey
Bowes	Quarter	Kierstead
Wall		Lewis
Lightizer	Forwards	Bates
Baird		Bagnall
Rae		Webster
D. McBeath		Fitch
G. McBeath		Messinger
Crozman		Geldart
Corcoran		Freeze
Riley		McKinnon

Referee, J. Johnson, Moncton.

At the very start, Acadia lost, and Moncton by good dribbles carried to our line. Then on a pass from Wall, Crockett dropped a neat goal. Score 4-0.

Our scrim, tired out with the Mt. A. game, could barely hold their opponents, and, but for good defence, Moncton would have scored again. However towards the end of the half Acadia bucked up and the whistle sounded with the ball dangerously near Moncton's line.

Second half. Moncton kicked off with the wind in their favor, crowding Acadia back to the line and repeatedly forcing Craig to touch for safety. Good kicks by Craig and DeWitt and strong rushes by Messinger and Webster carried the ball back. This seemed to strengthen the team, and from then to the end of the game, our men played rings around Moncton, who were fast weakening. Webster, much to the surprise and vexation of the referee, dropped back to the half line, and with him as a centre Acadia almost succeeded in scoring. But few minutes more would have won the game for us, but it was too late and the match went to Moncton 4-0.

Bowes, Wall and Donald were strong men on the Moncton line. For Acadia, Webster played a great game. Although receiving an ugly kick in the jaw, he played very strongly all through, and his dropping back to the half line almost resulted in a try. As the Moncton paper has it, "Webster is supposed to be in the forward line, but plays back with the halves a great deal."

Spending Sunday in Truro, the team left on the early train for Wolfville, where, on their arrival, they were received by an enthusiastic band of students, whose genuinely hearty cheering was an expression of the loyalty of the college to the team. That day at Chip Hall a dinner was given to the returned footballists, and the speeches, expressive of the support given to the team by every college man, reflected that Acadia spirit which makes our college unique amongst other institutions. To come home on a defeated football team is by no means a pleasant matter, but we think we are not presuming when we declare that there is not a man on the team, but would rather be on a defeated Acadia team, than a member of a victorious team of any other college. The team is deeply grateful for the backing and the hearty welcome given to them by every college man.

The formation of a football team is always met by many obstacles, and this year perhaps it has labored against even more than the usual disadvantages.

On account of the ploughing up of the campus it was necessary to be content with a piece of dyke land, and though we considered ourselves lucky to get a field at all, yet it was a poor substitute for the old campus. Then it was pretty hard to persuade the men to turn out, especially with the field such a distance from the Hall. It is no easy job to work up a good team on a field of lumps and ditches, and discouraging enough when scarcely a full team from the college turns out for practice. Captain Bates is to be heartily congratulated, not only on the excellence of his team, but also for the manner in which, under such discouragements, he performed his duties as captain. And the captain's job is by no means a sinecure. He produced a forward line which has had the best of every line it met this year. Acadia's records for scrimmages have always been high, and it is to Captain Bates' credit that the team has upheld the high standard. Except for the unfortunate Mt. A. game the full back had but little to do, and surely this says something for the aggressiveness of the forwards and the defence of the half line.

For next year the prospects are bright indeed. All but Bates and Webster remain of the scrim. Both these men have played on the team several years, their places will be hard to fill, but with a nucleus of six good men, and with a promise of great material from the Academy, the forward line has great expectations. We have left two quarters three halves and a full-back. From the strong Academy team we expect to materially strengthen the half line, and we hope that when Mt. A. comes down next year, that they will go back minus the cup.



One important feature of the foot-ball season here, is the brilliant record made by the Academy football team. Under the coaching of Messrs Howe and Denton, the Academy boys have certainly put up a better quality of football than ever before. Great credit is due to Captain Chipman, one of the most "heady" players on the Academy team, for the able and efficient manner in which he filled his office.

The first game of the season was played with Windsor on the King's College Campus. The Windsor team consisted of rather heavier and more experienced players than their opponents. It was the first game ever played for many of the Academy boys but their better condition gave them a decided advantage. For the first ten minutes of the first half the ball was scrimmed time and again within a few feet of the Academy line, but the Windsorians failed to find a weak spot in the stubborn defence put up by the opposing backs. As the game proceeded the ball was worked back step by step into Windsor territory. A few minutes before half-time Camp obtained the ball and made a brilliant run around the Windsor line placing the ball neatly behind the posts. Howe failed to kick an easy goal. In the second half Windsor scored from the kick-off. The ball rebounded from an Academy half, and L. Wilcox, snatching it up, carried it over near the touch-line. Morse failed to convert this. After the drop-out Windsor again rushed the game and for sometime the play stayed dangerously near the Academy goal-line. But the better condition of the latter team finally enabled them to work Windsor back into their own territory. Only a few minutes before the game closed Len Eaton dribbled the ball over and fell on it, scoring the second try for his team, which was not converted. The game ended 6 to 3 in favor of the Academy boys.

The next game was played on the Wanderers ground and against second Dalhousie. This was the first game the Academy had ever played in Halifax, and proved a most valuable one to them in their education along football lines. In the first half the Academy had the wind with them and kept the college on the defensive throughout. The Academy scrim proved the stronger and heeled out well but the five-half formation of their opponents put up so stiff a defense that the Academy halves could not score. In the second half the advantage was with Dalhousie. The five-half play proved too much for the Academy defence and McLean went over for a try. A goal was saved by an Academy player touching the ball. In this game the Academy received the only defeat of the season, the score standing 3 to 0.

The next game was at Wolfville when a team from Windsor, consisting of town and Kings College lined up against the H. C. A. This time the Academy rushed things and carried the ball close up to Windsor's line and Keswick bucked over for a try a few minutes after the game started. Not long after, a fumble by a Windsorian behind his own goal line gave the Academy their second score. Hughes who had been following hard, fell on the ball. The Academy scrim did elegant work throughout the half, heeling the ball with only seven men, Denton having dropped back as a third quarter. The latter made many good gains by bucking and passing out to his halves. By this means Camp was sent over the line twice in rapid succession, placing the ball behind the posts on each occasion. Enos Eaton kicked one, and the only goal of the season. In the next half the Windsor defence woke up and played their men hard. Denton was so closely watched that to pass out was almost impossible. This half was very even, neither side scoring. The game ended 14 to 0 in favor of the Academy.

The final game was also played on the home field and against second Dalhousie. Both sides had been strengthened since their first trial. The personnel of the Academy team was the same, but they had been greatly improved by their hard practices with the college and by the lessons learned at Halifax. Dal. was also improved by the addition of a number of men who had played on their first team. In the first half, the Academy scrim soon showed their superiority and the ball was forced over the Dal. line a number of times but on each occasion a Collegian succeeded in getting his hands upon the ball before it could be downed. Once Dal. had to touch for safety. The excel-

lent kicking of the College men sent the ball to centre time and again, but each time it was carried back into college territory by scrim work and short dashes by the backs. The Academy played a close game throughout as they feared the strong wind which was blowing against them. Just before the half closed some good punting and passing by Dalhousie carried the ball well into the territory of the home team and for several minutes the ball was dangerously near their goal-line. The whistle blew for half-time with no score for either side. In the second half the ball went into Academy territory and was dribbled over their line, but a score was prevented by an Academy player falling on it. For some time the play was very even, both teams making frantic efforts to score. Finally the ball was carried well into the Tigers' territory and Mersereau, receiving the ball from a half, carried it over, but a try was not allowed. Shortly after, the ball, on being heeled by the Academy scrim, was passed quickly along the whole length of the half-line and Camp went around Dalhousie line and over for the try which won the game. In a few minutes the whistle blew, the score standing 3 to 0 for the Academy.

The success of the Academy boys is due largely to their regular, hard training. From the first of the season long distance running, and the training table were faithfully adhered to, while the systematic way which the fellows worked, might furnish an example even to college men. This is very encouraging for the outlook of the college team in the future. We are beginning to appreciate the Academy more and more as a training place for Acadia men. And we cannot but believe that men who have worked and sacrificed to uphold the honor of the H. C. A. can do more, once having caught the spirit, for the glory of Acadia.



Exchanges.

The *McMaster University Monthly* for October is at hand and is without doubt one of our best Canadian college magazines. In appearance, it is neat and attractive, having a striking cover design in relief by one of their graduates. A good deal of space is given to the numerous changes which have taken place in the faculty.

Chancellor Wallace has been succeeded by Alexander Charles McKay, L.L. D., whose photograph appears as a frontispiece. We quote from an eloquent tribute to the new Chancellor by former students showing the esteem in which he is held.

"Chancellor McKay is revered because men bow to strength. He is loved because his heart, like a fireplace, makes the atmosphere around him cozy, homelike. These two things—his strength and heart—stand out before me now. We felt as though he could do anything and looked pityingly upon a text book that did not agree with him. When he laughed at difficulties, they did seem like trifles. He was strong and we all knew it. Then his heart and smile cheered us into loving him. One could not tell him so—he seemed too big too self-sufficient to care—and yet, quietly and deeply we loved and still love."

There are also sketches of the lives of their other new professors:—Rev. E. M. Keirstead, L.L. D., formerly of Acadia who takes the chair of Systematic Theology; Rev. I. G. Matthews, M. A., lecturer in Hebrew and the old Testament; Dr. Edmund H. Oliver, M. A., lecturer in History; and Dr. Wm Findlay, professor in Mathematics.

The opening address by the new Chancellor is given in full and is a scholarly, and at the same time, practical discourse.

A very interesting article under the title *In Cæsar's Footsteps* describing a missionary tour in Asia Minor is contributed by a former student.

The following lines are a good example of undergraduate poetry:

The sea rose up, and his angry breast
Poised o'er a straining fisher's boat;
Then it crashed and fell, and a broken spar
Was the only thing that remained afloat.
Again the great thing went to sleep
Under the sun and the steady mast—
*I would take of your travail O deep, deep sea,
If your calm could come at last.*

Mt. Allison opens the year with a good issue of the *Argosy*. An article on Kenilworth Castle, illustrated by several half-tones is very readable. A Mt. Allison graduate has put one of our Annapolis Indian legends in blank verse in the well known and much imitated Hiawatha metre, and despite its sing-song is a good poem.

The Engineering department claims attention in this issue, and under the supervision of their new professor, John W. Crowell, C. E. the science course at Mt. A. gives promise of coming importance.

One attractive feature of the *Argosy* is the profusion of half-tones, some of their prominent graduates as well as some of the college buildings. The full page pen and ink "Tennis Girl," however is no addition to the paper, being merely an indifferent imitation of a good artist style.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* states its policy on the first page namely: "not to furnish a magazine of amusement or entertainment, but rather to reflect in its pages what is of most worth in the life of the college." We think from the October issue that the present editorial staff is living up to this policy. The departments are short but newsy and well written. The editorials are good and have to do with pertinent subjects. Even the jokes are not too blunt and their hits are sugared with poetry. The editors are opening a new department, namely, the Kicker's Column which should serve as a good exchange of grievances, for even at Dalhousie one finds "kickers."

The Convocation address by Dr. Archibald MacMechan is well worth reading by anyone interested in Canadian Literature.

The *Pennsylvania Red and Blue* is one of the brightest of our exchanges from over the line. The October issue speaks well for the new editorial staff and promises to keep the paper up to its usual standard of literary merit. A poem on Indian Summer by the editor-in-chief is written with much feeling and shows a true lover of nature. An article on Physical Education by the professor in that branch shows the need of every student for well regulated gymnasium work. There are two good pieces of undergraduate fiction, both football stories and both true to life. The first entitled "Granger" is very interesting, all though the plot is commonplace enough. A third story "The Eyes of Senano" is original although its gruesome character gives one a creepy feeling.

The chief editorial is a patriotic review of the past of the University of Pennsylvania and a hopeful prophecy for the future. One of the features of this issue is a remarkably good full page picture of Dr. Harrison, who for ten years has held the position of Provost of the University and to whom a large degree of its prosperity is due.

The Sketch Book contains a clever poem and several bright paragraphs. The "Pipe Dreams" are evidently from the pen of some love sick youth who is coloring a meerschautm.

I see a face so very fair
Float in the smoke above my chair ;
It comes and goes and no one knows
Whose face it is I fancy there.

Other exchanges are : *King's College Record*, *The University Monthly*, *The Bates Student*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Nassau Literary Magazine*, *Queen's University Journal*, *University of Toronto Monthly*, *Yale Lit.*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Brown Herald*, *Amherst Literary Magazine*, *Educational Review* and *Wolfville Acadian*.



Among the Colleges.

AT the Massachusetts Institute of Technology it was recently voted to abandon the plan of merging with Harvard.

McGill University has a record-breaking number of students this year. The attendance passing the 1200 mark.

Amherst College has adopted the honor system of conducting examinations.

The football season of 1904 at Havard netted a profit a \$57,283.

With accommodation for 200 more seats, 1400 in all, the Memorial Hall at Harvard becomes one of the biggest restaurants in the country.

At the University of California athletes are to receive credit towards graduation for their work on the girdiron, diamond and track.

On November 11 the Harvard Stadium was the scene of its first English Rugby game, when the Dalhousie team played an exhibition

game with All-Halifax, the score being 3-3. The game made a favorable impression with the Americans and may be adopted as a minor sport.

The subject of the Havard-Princeton Debate on Dec. 15 is, "Resolved, that intercollegiate football is a detriment rather than a benefit in America." Princeton has the choice of sides.

Many of the American colleges have taken up association or "soccer" football, Princeton and Chicago being the latest converts.

On Nov. 11 the New Zealand Rugby champions won their eighteenth consecutive victory in England, making a total score of 568 points against their opponents' 15. They defeated Oxford 49-0 and Cambridge 14-0. They have thirteen more matches to play including the International one with England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

President Roosevelt has taken steps to bring about changes in the American Rugby game. There is no doubt that radical reforms are needed; but whether they can be brought about by even the President of the United States is another question. In spite of the large list of casualties football still holds the foremost place in Inter-collegiate athletics.

Dalhousie has this year a record attendance of new students, registering 122 in all; 96 are entering for Arts and Science, 26 in Law and Medicine. There is an enrollment of 25 in the engineering courses which are under the supervision of Prof. E. B. Jack who succeeded Prof. Dixon.

The University of New Brunswick has two new professors; S. W. Perrott, a graduate of Dublin University, who succeeds E. B. Jack as Dean of Engineering; and Harold Geoghegan, who fills the chair of Modern Languages.

The prospects at Kings College are bright for this year. The faculty has been increased by the addition of Professors Arup, Lislunan and Brockwell. The establishment of the Engineering Schools is

progressing favorably, the newly completed Alumni Laboratory at Sydney having been formally opened in November. Under the able management of President Hanna and his new staff, Kings should take a prominent part in our Maritime educational world.



De Alumnis.

Rev. W. H. Robinson, '76, and family have come to Wolfville to spend the winter, and have taken a house on Prospect Street.

Rev. Charles H. Day, D. D., '86, lately of Kentville, is now located as Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Watertown, Mass.

Rev. F. H. Beals, '86, having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Antigonish, has located in Wolfville for the winter.

Rev. I. W. Porter, '87, who has recently been appointed general superintendent of Home Missions, has resigned his pastoral charge in Bear River, and moved with his family to Wolfville.

Morley D. Hemmeon, '88, who has been a successful teacher for a number of years in Truro High School, after spending some weeks with his parents in Wolfville, has gone to Harvard where he will take a post-graduate course.

Rev. H. S. Shaw, '88, is located as pastor of the Baptist Church in Westchester, Colchester County.

Rev. W. L. Archibald, '92, who is engaged in the canvas for the Second Forward Movement has come to Wolfville with his family; and is residing at the Elmslea Cottage.

Miss Estella A. Cook, '94, holds a position as teacher of Elocution in the Provincial Normal School, Truro.

Miss Alice R. Power, '96, is teaching in Calgary, Alberta.

Avard L. Davison, '97, barrister of Halifax, was married to Miss Elma J. Armstrong, daughter of George Armstrong, of Sydney, on October 18th. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's father, and was performed by Rev. J. W. Weeks. After a brief tour through the Maritime Provinces, Mr. and Mrs. Davison are residing in Halifax.

Miss Isabel Eaton, '98, is teaching in the Dartmouth Schools.

Rev. George L. Bishop, '99, who has been for the past year pastor of the Baptist Church at River John, Pictou County, has returned to his home in Wolfville.

J. C. Jones, '00, holds the position of Professor of English Literature in Pillsbury Academy, Owatonna, Minnesota. After taking a full course in English here at Acadia, Prof. Jones took a post-graduate course of two years at Harvard, obtaining the degree of A. M. from that University. As evidence of the high character of his work at Pillsbury, he was appointed to a permanent position with an increase of salary at the commencement of the college year.

A very interesting event to a large circle of friends took place in the Baptist Church at Isaac's Harbor on Wednesday evening, October 23rd, when Dr. Vernon L. Miller was married to Miss Bessie M. McMillan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen McMillan, of Isaac's Harbor. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. A. Lawson, pastor of the West End Baptist Church, Halifax, assisted by Rev. M. Higgins, pastor of the Goldboro Baptist Church. Dr. Miller is a graduate of Acadia in the class of 1900, and since then has completed his medical course at McGill University, and is now practising in Port Maitland, N. S. The bride is also a graduate of Acadia in the class of '02, and since that time has been a member of the Faculty of Acadia Seminary, and has thus been closely identified with the university life in Wolfville. After a short tour through the Province, Dr. and Mrs. Miller proceeded to their new home in Port Maitland.

Warren M. Steele, '02, after taking a post-graduate course of two years at Yale, thus securing the degree of A. M. from that University, now holds the Chair of Philosophy in Firman University, Greenville, South Carolina.

Miss Minnie Colpitts, '03, is teaching as Vice-Principal of the public schools in Campbellton, N. B.

J. Austen Bancroft, '03, after having taken a post-graduate course of two years at Yale, now occupies a position as Demonstrator of Geology in McGill University, where he is still pursuing his studies.

Rev. C. K. Morse, '03, lately of Waterville, N. S., is now very pleasantly located in the North West, as pastor of the Baptist Church at Pilot Mountain.

The marriage of Dr. Leslie E. Eaton, of Canning to Miss Minetta V. Crandall, daughter of Rev. D. W. Crandall, took place at the residence of the bride's parents on Saturday morning, October 28th. Dr. Eaton is a graduate of Acadia in the class of 1903, and son of Dr. S. W. Eaton, of Canning. The bride also graduated from Acadia in 1903, and since that time has been successfully engaged in teaching. Dr. and Mrs. Eaton left on the train on Saturday morning after the ceremony for New York, where they will sail for Naples, and from thence to Madras, India, where Dr. Eaton will join his brother, Dr. Eugene Eaton, who has an extensive dental practice there.

Miss Annie L. Peck, '05, left for Boston on Monday morning, October 23rd, where she will join the missionaries, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Corey, and proceed to India via Naples.



The Month.

THE events which took place during Thanksgiving times have left a warm place in the memories of all who were fortunate enough to remain here. One of the most enjoyable features of the holidays was the annual reception of the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A., held in honor of the visiting delegates. The guests were received by Mr. F. S. Kinley and Miss Nora Bentley—the presidents of the respective societies; and the visitors were left in charge of the introducing committee. After half an hour spent in filling topic cards, the evening was formally opened by an address of welcome from our pastor, L. D. Morse, Dr. Trotter being unavoidably absent. Then followed periods of bliss, broken by dashes for new topics, and all too soon the strains of "God Save the King" warned us that the time of parting had arrived.



Our social functions seem to be taking us by storm this year. Before the gossip of the Y. M. C. A. reception had ceased, the Athletic Association threw open the doors of the Assembly Hall, for a reception given in honor of the U. N. B. football team. Although the affair was planned, and carried through at a very short notice, it proved a complete success, from a social standpoint, and the evening closed with the bond of friendship between the two universities stronger than ever.

A marked feature of these receptions was the readiness with which the young ladies of the Seminary and College assisted the decorating committee, by the loan of cushions, chairs, etc. We all appreciate this kindness very highly and hope that no great inconvenience resulted from their generosity.



On the evening of Nov. 10th, 1905, the Faculty of Acadia Seminary gave their annual recital to the public. The following program-

me was rendered to a large and appreciative audience from the various institutions and the town :

1. Piano Solo
 - a. "Berceuse" Op. 28. Iljinsky
 - b. "Menuet" Borowski

MISS IREDALE.
2. Vocal Solo.
 "When Celia Sings" Moir

MISS MORSE.
3. Violin Solo.
 Sonata, A Major Haendel
Allegro, Adagio,
Allegretto' Moderato.

MISS BOYNTON.
4. Reading
 Rescue of Lygia, Sienkiewicz

MISS LYNDs.
5. Vocal Solo.
 "Beauty's Eyes" (Violin Obligato.) Tosti

MISS ARCHER.
6. Violin Solo.
 Adagio Ries

MISS BOYNTON.
7. Reading.
 A Shaker Romance Haight

MISS LYNDs.
8. Piano Duet
 Danse Macabre, Op. 40 Saint Saens
 Arranged for two pianos from the or-
 chestral score by the author.

MISS IREDALE AND MR. MAXIM.

It is needless to say that the entertainment was of the highest character, for the performers with one exception are old favourites, the very fact of whose appearance on the platform ensures a most pleasing and well rendered programme. Special mention should be made of Miss Boynton, the new violinist, who made her first appearance before a Wolfville audience. By the excellent interpretation of her selections, she proved that she was worthy of the confidence placed in her by the authorities of Acadia Seminary.

The first of a series of lectures under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. was given in Assembly Hall, on the afternoon of the 12th inst., by the Rev. H. F. Adams of Wolfville. The subject treated was, The Awakening of Japan, and proved to be one of the most interesting and highly instructive in its character.

On the evening of the same day, Mr. Adams addressed a large audience in the Wolfville Baptist Church on the subject, Christian Imperialism. The passages of scripture on which he based his discourse are found in Math. 13, 28, and Mark 16, 25.



A very interesting debate was held before the Propylæum Society on Friday November 3. The Sophettes who had the appellant side of the question were represented by Miss Sarah Elliott, Miss Cora Elliott and Miss Wheelock. The Freshettes, who spoke on the other side of the subject, were Miss Bartlett, Miss Peck and Miss Hennigar. The subject, which was "Resolved that the execution of Mary Queen of Scots was justifiable," was well discussed by both sides. The judges declared both strength of argument and manner of presentation to be on the side of the Freshettes.



Dr. and Mrs. Trotter were "At Home" to the members of the Freshmen Class on Monday afternoon, Oct. 30. Dr. C. C. Jones and Mrs. Jones, Professor Gray and Mrs Gray, Mrs. Haley and Dr. Tufts were also present. The guests spent a very enjoyable time meeting the members of the Faculty and their classmates so informally.

The Senior Class was also very pleasantly entertained at the home of Dr. Trotter on the evening of Friday, November 17.



The meeting for the re-organization of the Acadia Choral Club was held at the Seminary on the evening of Nov. 6th. A large number were present and the following officers were appointed:—

President, Mr. A. J. Woodman, Secretary, Mrs. G. P. Maxim,
Vice President, Mr. L. W. Sleep, Treasurer, F. A. Bower

The executive Committee consists of those named above, and Miss U. Archer, Miss L. Morse, Miss E. Haines, Mrs. A. J. Woodman, Miss D. Elmer Reid, Mrs. Chambers, Messrs. F. Adams, A. Estey, W. Wright,.

Arrangements are already being made for the next May Festival. The special features will be a greatly enlarged orchestra selected from the Boston Symphony, and vocal solists of high rank. The first night a Wagner programme and Bauch's Cantata, "Fair Ellen" will be given with chorus, soloists and orchestra. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" will be given and selection from "Elijah" with chorus, soloists and orchestra the second evening, and a popular afternoon concert by soloists and orchestra.

It is the aim of Professor Maxim, that the next festival will surpass in every detail the festivals of the preceeding years. The membership fee is \$1.00 and it is expected that the enrollment this year will be larger than ever.

We extend our best wishes to Professor Maxim, and trust that all who enjoy studying music under inspiring leadership, will join and aid him in bringing the Acadia Choral Club to a standard higher than has ever been reached in previous festivals.



On the evening of Nov. 4th, the Athenæum Society opened its doors to the Propylæum Society, on the occasion of the first of the series of interclass debates, which took place between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The resolution, "Resolved that annexation to the United States would be more beneficial to Canada, than her present relations with Great Britain," was supported by the Sophomores, represented by Shortliffe, Bagnall and Geldart; the opponents were Tibert, Bolster and McCutcheon. The debate was very interesting throughout and the speakers on both sides made a good appearance. While the Sophomores had the advantage in delivery, the Freshmen were awarded the decision on argument.



Probably the best affair of its kind at Acadia took place on Monday evening Nov. 13th, when the students of the Residence gave a

banquet in honor of the returning football team. The dining hall, which was the scene of the festivity, was tastily decorated with college colors and banners. Owing to the absence of Professor Haley the Honorary President of A. A. A. A., Mr. Bower acted as chairman of the evening. Among the guests was Dr. C. C. Jones. After everyone had done justice to the ample supper, Mr. Porter, '06 in a few well chosen words proposed a toast to old Acadia. Dr. Jones replied in a very fitting way, mentioning the strong ties which seemed to bind Acadia graduates together, the world over; expressing his regrets that he had not been an undergraduate at Acadia. He said that wherever known Acadia stood for character and brotherhood.

Mr. Copp, '06 was then called on to propose a toast to the football team. This he did, thanking the team for their sacrifices and labors in upholding the honor of Acadia, in the face of unavoidable difficulties. In replying to this, Capt. Bates, thanked not only the team but all the students, and especially those who had worked so faithfully to give the team practice, for their co-operation with him during the season, and for the spirit with which the returning team had been received.

When called on to propose a toast to the Ladies, Mr. Barss, '06 said, he was proud to propose a toast to those who had so nobly assisted our team by sending messages of encouragement, thus shewing their interest in the games of the college. This was responded to by Mr. Coleman, '06 whose remarks were no doubt drawn largely from personal experiences.

The last feature of the evening was the awarding of the A's to those who had proved themselves worthy of the emblem, during the football season. Each man as his name was called came forward and received his letter from the hands of Capt Bates, and was handed over for further treatment at the hands of enthusiastic students. The evening passed with the greatest of spirits and when it was finally brought to a close by singing the College Anthem, each of us felt that another bond had been added to the tie which binds us to Acadia and our fellow students.



Acadia has submitted to the U. N. B. the subject for the next Intercollegiate Debate. It is, "Resolved, that the Political Union of

the U. S. and Canada would be more beneficial to Canada than her present relations with Great Britain."



The College Jester

*"Haste thee, Nymph and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles."*

L' Allegro.

Estey coming home from Mt. A. : "Yes, sir, those Truro people are a bad lot. Why one of the *bakers* stole a *chicken* from us, and we didn't get him back till this morning !"

He clasps the glass with trembling hands ;
Watching, across the college lands,
The "Sister Institute," he stands.

Far out a window waves a shawl
He signals back from Chipman Hall
Then goes triumphantly to call,
"Wasn't he in a *stew* ?"

Freeze to Ed. Kierstead, just before the Reception :—"Look here... Ed, I blacked Harry's boots last time ; it's your turn now."

IN ENGLISH CLASS ROOM.

1st. Sophette :—"I think I'll have to take a tonic."

2nd. Sophette :—"Try Prof. Gray's new one, *Teutonic*."

Rideout to Sem. Music Teacher :

"Miss——, do you think my voice will ever be of any use to me ?"

Miss—— :—"Yes——in case of fire."

Hutchinson :—"Aren't these topics short? I mustn't let any time go to waste tonight."

The Chicken :—"No, and please don't let your arm go to *waist* either."

Advice to Bolster :

The heights by great men scaled and gabbed
 Came not by Oratorical flight ;
 But they, when their companions gabbed,
 Were keeping mum with all their might.

Sophomores looking at photos in Robson's windows :

"Say, boys, isn't that a fine picture of Happy?"

Elderkin ; -- "Yes, the photographer has performed a miracle."

All in chorus :-- "How's that?"

Elderkin :-- "He has taken him with his mouth shut."

Miss Crandall :-- "Girls, I'm not going to laugh any more. I'll have crow's feet around my eyes."

Miss Craig :-- "Why, I thought your *crow's* feet were on the ground."

Putty :-- "Boys, I'm going to change my politics!"

Gabe :-- "Why?"

Putty :-- "Well, I'll never be Minister of Railways if I don't."

OVER ON THE RIDGE.

Professor ;-- "Humph! Sunday is it? To look at the people you'd think it was *Two's* day!"

DEFINITIONS.

Colleges :--From the French *colle*, stuck or pasted, and *etudes*, studies. Hence a place where every one is stuck on their studies.

Civilization :--An upward growth or tendency which has enabled mankind to develop the College Yell from what was once a feeble war-whoop.

Discount :--Per cent *added* in Wolfville.

Equator :--An imaginary line around the earth. Seen lately between United States and Canada by Mr. Bolster.

Miss Haley to Freshman at the U. N. B. Reception :—"Would you like to meet some young ladies" ?

Freshman :—"Yes."

Miss Haley :—"What's your name?"

Freshman :—"My name is *Sammy*."

They say that Miss Marsters is *Eaton* all the time.

In order to give the exact translation of the Freshman yell, a vast amount of study of both the dead and living languages would be necessary and as this would necessitate the loss of a large amount of time on the part of those attempting to do so, we hope you will pardon us for shirking this task and also for publishing what we think would have been a very appropriate yell for '09.

"We are Freshman, we are Freshman, we're our mamma's tots ;
We have come to Old Acadia from our little cots ;
Please remember we are babies, for our ma's we pine,
We expect to graduate sometime in nineteen-nine."

AGENCY BUSINESS

Hatt :—"Where were you last night?"

Whiskers :—"Oh ! I was out with *Bel*—"

Hatt :—"Mars?"

Whiskers :—" *Yea*."

We have heard of great inventions,
We have heard of noble things,
We have seen some fierce contentions
When the air with battle rings.

It was on a Thursday evening,
All the earth was calm and still,
When somebody lit a bonfire
Round the post on College Hill.

There the *Parkers* quickly gathered,
There the *Sawyers* straightway came,
Bringing with them *Rex* and *Bernard*
To put out the waring flame.

Then they fought the battle wildly
 Till at last they victory won,
 While "Chief Hall" to put it mildly—
 Was *delighted* with the fun.

Just before the Reception ended :

Ken. Craig stood on the College stair,
 His head was in a whirl,
 His face and eyes were full of care,
 His arms were full of girl.

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V. L. O. Chittick \$1.00 ; G. P. Barss \$1.00 ; Miss Marjorie Barnaby \$1.00 ; Miss Jennie Tozier \$1.00 ; Miss Mary Calhoun \$1.00 ; Miss Ida Rand \$1.00 ; Miss Josephine Ells \$1.00 ; Miss Maude E Christie \$1.00 ; Miss Nettie Glassey \$1.00 ; Loring C. Christie \$1.00 ; Frank Wheelock \$1.00 ; Miss Mabel McDonald \$1.00 ; W. H. Hutchinson \$1.00 ; G. K. Butler \$1.00 ; Miss Emily R. Young \$1.00 ; Ralph H. Slipp \$1.00 ; F. S. Goucher \$1.00 ; W. H. Rising \$1.00 ; Miss Julia Sweet \$1.00 ; Miss Mary R. Johnston \$1.00 ; Miss Grace K. Burns \$1.00 ; Miss Helen Sweet .25 ; Miss Flo Walker \$1.00 ; Miss Helen McMillan \$1.00 ; E. S. Eaton \$1.00 ; Allan A. McIntyre \$1.00 ; Miss L. M. Crandall \$1.00 ; Mrs. Stultz .15 ; C. E. Collins \$1.00 ; W. R. Barss .10.

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