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An April Picture,

LL Nature is awakening to the warm April sunlight which floods down and fills the valley brimful with gold. One can almost see the crumpled young leaves bursting out of their tight buds and covering the whole hill-side with a soft green veil. Here and there a maple tree adds its rosy powdering of dainty blossoms. From the woods close by come delightful and indescribable odors wafted over by the balmy breeze; the smell of sun warmed earth, of damp green moss, the fragrance of blooming Mayflowers, the promise of coming violets and of woolly ferns uncurling. The hepaticas are already here wrapt in their silvery furs, the brook babbling and gurgling on its way, rests a moment to take breath, then begins again to ripple gleefully over the shining pebbles. The old willow trees, newly clad in fluffy yellow catkins, forget that they are old and nod gaily at the giddy brook, at the same time offering the busy bees the season's first pollen. The sparrows chatter noisily and incessantly, the robins chirp cheerily, and the partridge happily drums his morning tattoo on the end of an old log. Each is doing his utmost to welcome the opening buds. A little red squirrel hopping from limb to limb stops every now and then to chuckle to himself over the fact that Mother Earth is waking up from her long sleep. The sky smiles and every living thing radiates happiness.

Suddenly across the bright sunlight flood falls a shaft of rain making a golden mist. It is the April shower and soon passes, leaving a diamond sparkling on every leaf and blade, and in the sky the manycolored arch against the blue. The spirit of Spring crown, the valley with a halo of transcendent beauty.

Light and shade, smiles and tears, our life is like an April day. Enid G. Tujts, '10.

Half-Revealed, Half-Concealed--Such is Life

THE old hunter twisted the net he was mending this way, and that, until he found another rent and looked it over carefully, before he replied to the golden haired, beautifully dressed lady from the summer hotel.

"Yes, Miss, I knew Doctor Jack, as he was called; this, (glancing at the cabin,)belonged to him. He gave it to me; I was with him when he died."

"Tell me about it," the girl urged, "they say so many things, one can never tell what is true and what is not."

"I knew him best of all. I know more of the truth than anyone." He paused a moment, looking out on the river, where the white capped waves were playing in the sunshine, then taking off his cap and running his fingers through his jet-black hair, and speaking as it were into the distance, he began :

"He was the only son of a wealthy man in the City; some said he was wild, but I, I knew he was good at heart, and as for his pranks and fun, it was thoughtlessness, besides what else could you expect, boys will be boys. Once, just after he came home from that big college, when some of the men were here on a hunting trip, he doctored and nursed me until I was cured of the fever, and Missy. I was that grateful I couldn't do enough for him. He just laughed at me, and said 'some day perhaps I'll come to you for help,' and he came.

"I had had a lonely time in the cabin, and was glad when the hunting season came nigh. One day just before the season opened, Doctor Jack sent word to see if I could get ready for a party of hunters at two days' notice. I could do anything in those days, so I said yes." The old man laughed to himself, tossed his straggly hair from his wrinkled forehead, and after a moment went on. "There never was such a time as that. The air in the early morning was so sharp it made your blood tingle, and the plunge in the river made a new man of you, and at night, when we were all tired out from tramping, how we lounged around the camp fire, smoking our pipes and telling yarns, until one after another got sleepy, and crawled into his bed, all but Doctor Jack. He would pile the wood on the fire until the sparks flew so high they seemed to be going to meet the stars, and then he would sit and stare and stare into the fire, such a hard, bitter expression on his face, and a look in his deep brown eyes like you see in the eyes of a wounded deer. Night after night he would sit there, until the flames dwindled down to red coals, shivered and turned grey. You would hardly know him, he was so changed.

"Then one day another man, a Mr. Norman, came from the city and joined the camp. I had seen him before; he was a quiet young chap, but now he could not be daring enough, and he and Doctor Jack got into the way of hunting together, as they seemed to like each other.

"One night Mr. Norman did not come back to camp, and after waiting awhile we got uneasy, and set out to hunt for him. We searched and searched, and at last in the early morning we found him, —dead, shot through the heart. Oh Miss, you cannot guess what a shock it is to come suddenly,—but perhaps I'd better not tell any more, -"

The girl put her hand pleadingly on the old guide's arm. "It is dreadful," she said, "but please go on."

"Well we carried him home to the cabin, and put him on the bed. Then someone said we ought to send word to his relatives down South, as he did not belong to the city, so they sent Doctor Jack in to look over his letters, and see if he could find any address. I went in with him, and we looked through his pack, but could find nothing except his hunting things. Then Doctor Jack knelt down and felt in the dead man's pockets, and at last from his vest pocket drew out a letter, and opening it began to read. All at once I heard a cry, and I saw him drop the letter, and bending over the dead man, shake his fist as if he would strike him in the face, but he did not strike."

Packy Welsh absently pulled away at his cold pipe, until the girl roused him into speaking, and lighting his pipe again, he continued, amid clouds of smoke :

"No, he did not strike him, but he grabbed the letter again, and read it over and over, his face getting whiter and whiter, until with a groan, he put his head down on the bed, and said 'God forgive her.' What's the matter, Miss, does the sun make you feel faint?" "Yes, a little bit, but go on and tell me please."

" 'Did you find the address ?' at last I asked him."

"' 'No, no, leave me alone Packy,' he groaned, so I went out and

told the rest he could not find any address, and kept them away from Doctor Jack. The next morning they took Mr. Norman back to the City. Two days afterwards camp broke up, and they all went back to their work, all but Doctor Jack.

"I saw he would not get back for some time, for he looked dreadful sick. Wouldn't eat anything, he'd sit staring into the fire for hours at a time until I would think he would never move again.

"Then one night, with a cry, he turned to me, and said, 'Put me to bed Packy, my head seems big and like a ball of fire,' and fell forward on the floor.

"Day and night I nursed and tended him all alone, as he would not let me get a Doctor, saying he was one himself and knew there was nothing wrong with him, only he was tired. Every day he got thinner and paler. Sometimes for hours he would lie staring at the roof, seeing nothing, and hearing nothing, then all at once I would hear a cry, and he would spring up in bed and jerk his fist as if to strike someone, but he always drew back his arm just as quickly, and fell back in the bed shivering and muttering to himself.

"Then one day I shall never forget. He had lain in a kind of doze about two days, when he seemed to wake all at once, and he called me and told me he was dying, and he wanted me to go to some lady in the city and tell her 'he knows all, but he forgives her,' and he said he wanted me to have the cabin for my own. I begged him to let me go for a Doctor, but he said it would do no good, and he did not mind dying, as no one cared, now his father and mother were dead. Then he went off into a kind of sleep, and by and by he was gone."

"Did you tell the lady ?" asked the girl.

"Yes, I went to see her, but the big house she lived in was closed and they told me she had gone away, so I came back again."

"Are you going so soon Miss? Well, you'd better row across the river slowly, as you don't look well, and it is pretty warm."

Twilight—dusk—night came down on the cool dim forest, and its summer hotel in the shade of the trees.

The moon shone down, revealing a woman in an upper window of the hotel, gazing across the silvery waters of the river at a cabin on the other shore, a golden haired woman, from whom all trivial coquetting commonness was gone; a woman suffering, human, paying the pice.

I. May Crandall, '07.

The Last Trip of the Season,

We paddled along the shore of the lake, To the whispering music the paddles make,

In the path of the rising moon. The silence of Nature reigned o'er all, Except for the night-owl's solemn call,

Or the wild weird laugh of a loon.

Right o'er our heads rose the forest dim, The pine tree dark and the birch tree grim,

Where the woodnymphs roamed at will. Far in the depths of the distant bay, The night-mists rose like phantoms grey Enshrouding the lake and the hill.

As we drifted along bound in the spell, My heart had a message it longed to tell,

Which meant so much to me ; But I dared not utter the words that came, Though every woodnymph whispered her name,

And the loon laughed mockingly.

W. J. Wright, '07.

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The Vicar of Darley.

ARLEY was a picturesque old country village situated in the peak of Derbyshire. At the time of writing, it had a population of about five hundred. It boasted the customary ale-house, smithy and parish-church. The old church, the pride of the village, nestled ivy-clad among the graves of the village dead.

"Do you not go to church at Darley ?"

"Naw" replied the villager with a grunt "not bin nigh these three year. Sir Edmund Mundy 'e fell out wi' parson, Sir, an' we baint nigh since. These be bad days for us, Sir, but please God times 'll mend. Me faythur went to this church afore me an' is faythur afore 'im, an' we'll go agin yet."

The time for closing the ale-house had come and the little company dispersed.

Yes, bad times they were for Darley. Sir Edmund had forbidden his tenants to attend church, but the Vicar, true to his ordination oath, had continued faithfully to conduct divine service. In his beloved wife, he had always had one devoted listener, but the hand of death had snatched her suddenly away. Though only fifty-seven years old, the cares of the past three years and this last blow had prematurely aged him.

This Sabbath morning, he slowly wended his way to the church ; with his own hands he rang the bell but there was no response. Within, all was as still as the grave. In the church the dust of many months lay undisturbed on the pews and window-ledges. The same sad story of neglect was to be seen everywhere.

On the altar was a vase full of primroses faded and dead even as she whose loving hand but one short week ago, had placed them there. The vicar stood for a moment, and looked, and then gently said : "How true ! we all do fade as a flower."

No one need tell where she used to sit. Near the pulpit was a pew, the only one upon which no dust lingers. There was the hassock still retaining the impression of her knees as she had knelt to receive the Father's benediction.

The service begins. There stands the Vicar, alone, surpliced and in his accustomed place reading the morning prayers just as if the church was filled. "Dearly beloved brethren" and on he read, the only response being the echo from the seeming-hollow walls. He knelt, and only he, there was no one else to kneel. Still he went on.

"And grant, O Most Merciful Father, for His sake ; that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous and sober life, to the glory of ThyHoly Name." Here the Vicar paused expectantly,—the tick of the clock was all that he heard, but it answered for the "Amen."

Now comes the psalm, the law had fixed a certain one and he must read. He lifted up his voice like one crying in the wilderness. The seventeenth day,—morning prayer,—the eighty-sixth psalm—the psalm, "Inclina Domine." How appropriate to the sorrow-stricken man. There was only one source of sympathy for such. He pondered over it as if to gather comfort to his soul in that hour of gloom.

He moved slowly to the lectern. He read the morning lesson. It was in Genesis seventh chapter. It told of the destruction of mankind by the flood. When he had finished reading the closing verses, it seemed as though everything had perished and the awful stillness which followed the flood had fallen upon that church.

No hymn broke the spell. The choir loft was vacant. The organ loomed up like a deepening s'iadow. The chirp of a sparrow as it flew by the open window fell like a note from heaven. It brought the vicar's wandering thoughts back. He began

> "Let us pray. Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us Lord, have mercy upon us."

In that lonely church the man of God knelt and prayed for his enemies until it seemed that God must answer the compassionate request.

He rose from his knees, walked to the pulpit and braced himself for the sermon. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." This was the text.

Following custom he was preaching a memorial sermon. There was no friendly Canon to assist and the living could not support a Curate, so he must needs preach himself. It was a plain little homily that the villagers would have loved to hear. As he spoke of the graces of the departed,—her faithfulness, her love for the villagers, there was a twitch of "pain that spoke the loss. He looked around at those unresponsive seats as he began.

"It will not be expected that I shall say much concerning her who so lately was with us and whom we so much mourn. The loss is too recent, too severe. Her life was precious in our sight, but more so in the sight of Him, whom she was ambitious to serve." Human nature could stand no more. His unutterable woe weighed him down. His stubborn fortitude gave way, the tears glistened in his eyes and he would have fallen had he not clutched the pulpit for support.

"She is in peace with God, where the wicked

Cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

He read the last prayer as though in a dream. He mounted the altar steps and pronounced the beautiful words of the benediction.

His duty done, his task o'er, he slipped silently on his knees before the altar. Not a sound broke the mighty stillness.

He had waited three long years for peace. It had come at last, for as he knelt before the altar, the angel messenger had summoned him too, where—

> "The wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest."

> > Brice D. Knott, '07.



When the Morning Cometh,

LL day long he had worked with a feverish haste. By every means he had sought to make his mind entirely subservient to his work. Now, however, that the task was done and the shades of evening had fallen, the inevitable must happen, —loneliness and desolation settled upon him like a pall.

He felt strangely at variance with his surroundings. The room appeared strange and unnatural. Was this not his cabin? But why did the familiar belongings seem so unusual as his eye ranged from one object to another? He glanced half-apprehensively to the farther corner. Yes, there was the bed on which his partner and chum had lain for a long week, tossing in the delirium of fever. The two rifles over the fireplace next attracted his attention. His thoughts recurred to the long tramps he and his comrade had taken together through the mountains. Now he would take but one from the rack, to wander with no companion save past memories. Never again would they sit before the fire and smoke and talk. He made a half movement to reach his pipe but his hand dropped to his side and he sank back in his chair, blindly staring at the smouldering coals.

His partner's violin hung lonely and silent upon the wall. He eved it curiously and then breaking upon his revery he half fancied he heard the touch of an unseen hand fingering its tight-drawn strings. The note was sad and in a minor key dving away to silence and leaving the listener distraught and expectant. He stirred impatiently. What was this that had so rudely broken the companionship of the past? Throughout his friend's sickness hardly a thought of separation had occurred to him. He had fully realized the seriousness of the sick man's condition and many times had wished that the services of a doctor could be procured. But no doctor could be got in twenty miles and he dared not leave his patient to undertake such a journey. Yet the fact of the possibility of death had not entered into his reckoning. Now his chum was gone. He shuddered and looked around. Strange figures-creatures of the fire-light flitted before his gaze, ever changing as the fire brightened or died away. Ever and anon the face of his dead friend would appear among the glowing coals with a strangely disquieting effect.

Mechanically he added more fuel to the fire and as the sparks shot upward, half recoiled at the action. Then in a dim way he recalled that he had eaten nothing since the evening before. What did it matter!

His mind reverted to the time three years before when the two had formed their partnership, based on a friendship of former years, and had left the busy haunts of men for the seclusion of the wilderness among the mountains, attracted by reports of rich gold findings in that part of the country. Others had come and gone, leaving them virtually alone at their winter camp. Some success had crowned their efforts and they had felt assured of brighter returns when the advent of spring had again laid bare the rocky mountainside.

Now all was changed. He thought in a dull way that he would probably work alone. "Alone !" the word startled him. He drew again toward the fire. The events of the night before flashed vividly before his mind. The sick man had been delirious all night. In the earlier part he had wandered considerably, talking disconnectedly of what they had done and their plans for the future. As the night wore on, however, his talk came to be of the friends of his Eastern home, unintelligible for the most part but with now and again some phrase which showed that the bitterness and disappointment of the immediate

past had been blotted out and that only the happy memories of his boyhood remained. Towards morning he seemed to regain partial consciousness and just before daybreak had dropped into a deep sleep.

The other had watched all night, had done everything in his power and with the morning felt increasing hope fill his heart. It was destined to be shortlived, for on returning to the bedside after a short absence he found his friend had ceased to breathe. At the remembrance his throat felt hot and dry and his breath came hard. Sorrowful as had been the experiences of the day when he strove to give respectable burial to his dead friend, yet not till now did he realize his loss and loneliness in all its magnitude. How he longed to hear the sound of the voice of his chum ! The crackle of a burning twig roused him from his thoughtful position. He stood erect for some moments and then walked to the door throwing it wide open.

All around him spread a great white expanse, relieved here and there by some mighty boulder which lifted its head in silent dignity above the snowy mantle which enveloped its base. From the distance came the sullen roar, the low-tuned voice of the fir-clad sides of the Sierras which encircled the plateau on which the camp stood. The stars shone coldly down. Nature had no message of comfort for his troubled mind. For the time he felt her as hard as the fate which had taken his chum from him.

Then his eyes turned to the mound, far down the slope, where his friend lay. What about the friends who had waited in vain for three years for the tidings which they would never hear? They had never talked over the old days, in fact they had studiously avoided them; both had too much they wished to forget. And had he not ceased to care? Could he not think of the old life without longing when its most vivid memories brought a feeling of shame surging over him? He could never face the disgrace which he knew he merited in his boy-hood home.

He closed the door and again took his seat before the fire. His head was much clearer and the room appeared natural once more, yet all the hidden depths of feeling seemed to well within him. He felt that his chest must burst with the oppression. A dry sob issued from between his tight-shut teeth.

He forgot for a time the absent man as his mind reviewed one by

one the incidents of his early life. He thought of his parents, his mother with all the wealth of love which a mother can show. In spite of his waywardness he knew she had believed in him. He laughed bitterly. Had his self-training been so ineffective that he should thus yield to such memories? A picture of his father rose before him, proud of his son's success yet hard in his disappointment; of his two sisters, and of the host of friends which he once claimed. Then came the blot, the betrayal of the trust imposed upon him by his employer and of his hurried flight to this country where he had sought to sever all the ties which bound him to the past. To-night he realized he had failed. He confessed it and with the confession cursed himself for a weak fool.

A few dying embers remained of the fire. He watched them moodily and as one by one they flickered uncertainly and finally went out his mental struggle became greater. He had seen enough of mining life to know the career and end of a disappointed man. He could not go back to the old life with its humiliation; his better nature told him he should not stay. If he was to stand blameless among his fellow-men he must erase the stain of his past ill conduct.

The last spark died. From the darkness arose a vision of the figure of his mother, older and more care-worn than when he had last seen her, standing in the door-way as the evening fell, with her hand shading her eyes, looking down the long village street just as she had done in the years gone by when she expected her boy home from his work. A haze formed before his eyes and as if to conquer his feelings he rose to his feet and began to pace up and down the cabin.

The hours sped by. Then gradually the darkness of the room became relieved by the gray black rays of the early morning which stole through the one small window and lighted the interior with a vague and uncertain light. The first feeble beams grew stronger and it was not long before they had crept to the extreme corners of the room. Still the struggle continued. He could not yield. He felt faint and exhausted. He halted at the door, unlatched it and stepped out. With this movement he stood as one transfixed. Many times before had he seen the glories of a mountain sunrise, yet never had one affected him as did this. The sun had not risen, but its rays resplendent with crimson and gold were rising to the heavens and filling his little world with glory and power, crowning each snow-

capped peak with a diadem of splendour, combining earth and sky in one vast maze of glorious light.

Not a muscle of the man's face moved. He remained perfectly motionless as if filling the depths of his being with the wonderful sight. Then as the sun burst to view, bathing the hills and mountains in even greater beauties the troubled lines faded from his face and with a quiet smile he turned to re-enter the cabin. He had seen beyond the mountains. Malcolm R. Elliott, 'o8.



Nunc Dimittis.

If T is told of a certain tribe of Indians that when any became too feeble to continue the march he was given a fire and a pile of fagots to his hand, that he might therewith keep the wolves at bay till he had prepared his spirit to meet his doom. His tribe went forward and left him thus to await the issue.

Son.

All the east is flushed with dawning Light is filtering through the tree-tops Gentle murmurs from the pine-boughs Tell the forest is awakening At the touch of morning breezes. Why then linger we, my father ?

Father. Go thyself and lead our tribesmen I can never go before them,
Never more direct their marching. Frost has gripped my limbs with palsy Here my tenting must be finished.

Son. Three more days of patient marching And we reach our spring encampment, There through summer's kindlier touches Palsied limbs may yet grow youthful. Will you not essay to follow?

Father. No my son I could but hinder
The swift travel of my people
Henceforth they must be your burden.
See you give them manly guidance
Fearing not the pathless forest,
Shrinking not from any hardship,
Facing always fiercest foemen
In the forefront of the battle.
Be a father to your people
Thinking not of selfish comfort,
Loitering not in idle wigwam.
Lead them e'en as I have led them
And when age has quenched your vigor
Let them go their way unhindered
Even as I to-day do show you.

Son.

Since it must be, let us hasten,
We will pile the fagots near you
Keep this fire blazing by you
To fright off the wolves fierce boldness
Till your praying shall be ended,
And you go to meet the chieftains
Who have gone their way before you
To the land of the Great Spirit.
May I heed the words you've spoken
And in all my tribes fierce warfares
Be a chief like to my sires.
Some day I too shall go onward
In the unknown land to join you.
So farewell, the tents are folded
And the line awaits its leader.

Exeunt.

Father. And they are gone. These eyes have looked their last On forms of fellow-warriors. The few hours That yet remain must find their fellowship In mournful murmurings of the bearded pines And groans of swaying hemlocks, that straining bend Before the pressure of the rising storm. These, and the howl of hungry enemies Revengeful thirsting for their hunter's blood, Sounds chorded in an awful harmony To wearying soothe the soul of him who knew Sufficing joy, till death shall welcome be. I have known joy. Playing beside the tent Of her who nursed my tender shoot of life To sappling strength, a lore of varied words The forest whispered, language teaching love Of dark mysterious depths where prowls The wolf, where lurks the bear, and the deer hides Close by the spring in farthest green recess. And then with bow and arrow, bold and young I stood, a brother of the morning ; watched The growing splendour of the rising day Touching the mountain tops to green and gold Until it overflowed th' obstructing hills And bathed the valley, making all the air Quiver with beauty. Ravished with delight My victim senses helpless captives led, I drank deep shuddering breaths of happiness Whose rapture pulsing flooded every vein. Oh ! tor another morn of youth and spring !' Breasting the current I have felt the stress Of water strong and smooth upon my limbs Bared to the stream. Or my canoe amid The swish-swirl of glancing rapids shunned The hideous rock or treacherous pool, as led By my quick paddle. In mid-forest dark Where stars scarce glimmered through the roof Of interwoven firs, the growl subdued Of captured wolf guided to where fierce eyes Bright in surrounding blackness glowed to mark Where the swift stroke of my uplifted club Should fall. But Oh ! those days when forth I fared After the night of dance and revelry Leading my brave and trusted warriors With maddened fury foaming in their blood, To seek the insulting tribesmen who had dared

Molest our peace and trespass on our grounds. What glut of joy to hear the ripping scalp Tear from the bleeding skull of conquered foe. Sure I have lived and known the best of what Life has to give to brave full-blooded hearts. 'Tis time for me to die, And shall I sit By these few flickering brands, till what is left Of strength to age, has wasted with the flame, And offer no resistance to this hungry pack. No ! I will meet them face to face and die With death-grip clenching the wolf's throat. I hear The call of the Great Spirit. My spirit too Is great. Farewell, companion pines, I go.

Thomas J. Kinley, '08.

X

When Self Meets Self,

THE house was large and weather-beaten. Situated on a little bluff just on the outskirts of the college town, it occupied a very conspicuous place, — too conspicuous for its exterior. Everything, however, was neat about it, even the little patch of grass between it and the road being closely cut, and the little gate with its old rusty hinges still swing with all the grace of newness. A rose bush clambered up over the front door, and a honey-suckle which grew between the two front windows of the parlor reached high up as if to cling for support from the eaves-trough itself. Save for these two things the house stood bare, revealed to the passer-by in all its age and weather-stains. Yet one could hardly long for the painter's brush; the very moss upon the shingles seemed to witness to a long line of aristocratic and reserved owners of the place, while even the larches that rose to majestic height at the side of the house seemed to warn one from making any encroachment upon its age and aloofness.

The town people believed the place was haunted. Persons passing by at night had often heard strange noises which sounded like the cry jo someone in distress, but which falsified itself when the cry suddenly

changed into a blood-curdling laugh. Then all would become still, and with a shiver the hearer would hurry on to repeat the tale or wonder over its strangeness.

Perhaps it was the stories which came to his ears that attracted him at first to the place. The first morning that he passed the house on his way to class he had felt a warm thrill spread through his body, and his heart had beat faster as if rejoicing over some newly found pleasure. During the lecture his mind was busy with this new experience which was so strange and so vague. He could not understand it, and what seemed most strange of all, the memory of the experience began to partially fade from him. It no longer thrilled him; the strangeness wore away; soon it was nothing but an incident in his memory. The things of the present moment occupied him once more, and in his real self the event of the morning soon found little consideration.

The Fall slipped away. The leaves fell from rosebush and honeysuckle, and the larches began to present a maze of inter-twining limbs. Nature became bleaker and bleaker, and the house stood out with a more dreary aspect than ever. At times his interest in the house was only normal, but sometimes in passing he was seized with a curious desire to enter. Some indefinable force seemed to draw him from within. Yet even during these transient spells he was conscious of a vague impression that his following up the impulse would lead to results undesirable, while during his normal periods of interest, if he had any wandering thoughts at all on the subject, they were that any search would be fruitless, and that all was a mere delusion.

The Christmas holidays were over, and mid-years were becoming a mocking reality. The first morning that ushered in these notable two weeks, he came by the house a little later than usual. Snow had fallen during the night, and it hung on the trees in great leafy festoons. The rosebush and the honeysuckle were masses of interlacing purity. The window frames, the gate, the fence, had all lost their ashy grayness under the artistic hand of nature. The front door stood open, and a young girl of about eighteen stood in the opened doorway feeding with crumbs from her hand the snow birds that fluttered around on the step. The sun shone full upon her, and the gentle breeze played with her soft wavy hair. He halted; his trembling feet refused to carry him for the moment further; his wildly-beating heart

seemed about to break its bounds. The girl looked up with a sad, dreaming face. As their glances met, a soft crimson blush stole over her features. He knew at once he had come in close visible contact with the power that claimed his interest so often and which yet had also inspired his fear. There was but a rapid glance, but ages were lived within its brief space. He raised his hat. The girl turned and fled down the hallway. The birds having eaten all the crumbs, flew up and fluttered around his head. The bell sounded calling him to the examination room. Thrilled for the moment with the reality of the strange experience, he passed on gradually to forget, as before, its emotional accompaniments and to retain only a mere incidental impression to mark the event in his life's history.

Three weeks passed away, weeks filled with vague yearnings, thrilling pleasures, restless wonderments. As the days rolled into weeks, the periods when this new strange self took possession of him came more frequently, and its influence upon him grew stronger. He now often found himself walking by the house by night finding satisfaction, he knew not why, by the sense of being near to something, he knew not what. At first he had gone irregularly, but during the last week, or since a dim light had begun to burn steadily in an upper window, he had gone out every night. Occasionally he heard moaning, which gradually increased in intensity until it became a yell. Then all would be still again. He frequently wanted to ask questions of his college friends, but he dared not, so he lived in entire ignorance of who lived in the house and why they were there.

The Saturday of the third week was severe. The wind whistled and roared down the chimney, sending the shoots of flame far up the flue, and frequently scattering the ashes and live coals over the fireplace floor. He sat in his room shivering, not from cold but from fright. A battle of self against self seemed to be going on within him, each striving for the mastery. The strange experiences of the past few weeks seemed to have become a part of the consciousness of his natural self. He recognized them and with his own natural mind. His own senses were alive to the stimulations evidently intended for that part of his nature which had seemed to be wholly connected with these strange experiences, and which so soon appeared to almost pass out of his life. His lips were pale and his teeth were clenched. He grasped the arms of his chair and tried to hide himself within its depths. His face was

turned toward the fire with fear written in its every expression. Ever and anon as the fire leaped and roared, the tongues of flame would suddenly change themselves into a beckoning hand that held itself far out into the room, and seemed to entreat him to action. The glowing ''soldiers'' at the back arranged themselves in the form of a face that seemed to look into his very soul and thoughts. In the smoke that occasionally rose in clouds from the burning wood he could plainly see the outlines of the old weather-beaten house on the bluff. Yes, there was even a light in the upper window. The crackling of the wood often assumed the tone of the strange voice which he had so often heard at night.

The wind increased. A long hard blast that shook the house and rattled the windows and doors brought with it a voice that sounded distinct and plain to the one in the chair.

"Leslie, come to me. Come-come-come."

The voice rose and fell with the sobbing wind, sometimes growing to a shriek when a blast fiercer than ever whirled around the corner. Its cry was ever the same, though its tone often changed. At one time full of entreaty that tore his heart, and made him half rise as if by impulse to obey its summons. At another time it added a commanding accent that seemed a little vexed over his delay in answering to the call. The face in the fire would change in expression to fit the voice that seemed to fill the room from some indefinable source.

The startled feeling gradually gave way to one of new familiarity. He at times partially lost sight of the room around him and of his own reality in life. The room, the fire-place, the cosy-corner, all assumed a new though partially familiar look to him. He seemed to be looking at things with a new vision capable of new conceptions and meanings. The very things which a little before had been the cause of his fear now appeared naturally to fit into his experience. The fiery forms were no longer mere phantoms of a bewildered brain; they became coordinated in his experience, which though vague was at the same time The voice called him once more and this time he real and natural. rose to obey its summons. Whither, he questioned not, nor why. He only knew he must obey even though the storm did rage without. The wind almost took his breath away as he turned down the road in the direction of the house on the bluff. The snow driving furiously across the open almost blinded him. Still he pressed on, conscious only of

the fact that he was being guided by an impulse which though only partly understood was at least irresistable.

The gate was reached at last. The light was but dimly perceived through the whirling snow, and as he stepped upon the platform he heard the voice, distinct, full of entreaty again, half-filled with hope, though shadowed by the consciousness of delay.

"Leslie, are you coming ? I know you are. Quick ! Why--"

The tremendous swaying of the larches in the driving storm, and the whirl of the snow about his ears shut out the sound, as with firm and impatient fingers he pulled the bell with all his force as if measuring his strength against that of the storm's.

Long he waited, while the storm hurled itself upon and around him with increasing fury, and the snow piled itself in shifting ridges at his feet. Again he rang and waited—this time to have his patience rewarded by the sound of a door opening within and the tread of slow footsteps down a distant hallway. Slow as the steps were, there was something uncanny in their sound, which caused a shiver, not born of the cold without, to pass over him. Presently they ceased and, as the weather beaten door creaked on its frosty hinges, an appearance met his waiting gaze which increased rather than soothed the intensity of the shiver which the sound of the steps had caused.

An aged dame of tall and witch-like mien looked out upon him with an air of mingled contempt and malevolence. The light of the flickering candle, which she shaded with one hand, illuminated the withered features and reflected a strangely evil lustre from the hawklike eyes which rested upon the form of the man without.

An instant she gazed, as if astonished beyond speech at this midnight interruption; then she spoke, her voice harsh and commanding.

"What do you here ?"

Without answering, he pushed himself past her into the dimly lighted hallway and, closing the door behind him, shook the snow from the folds of his clothing.

The dame moved only enough to follow him with the same evil gaze, intensified if that were possible. Again she hurled at him the same question uttered in more piercing tones.

"What do you here ? Why have you come to a place where you must needs be unwelcome ?"

"Unwelcome I know I am," replied the man looking straight into the eyes of the figure before him," yet I have come in spite of-----"

He was interrupted by a shriek, wild and unearthly. which, coming from some part of an upper story, penetrated the gloomy house and echoed and re-echoed down its dismal passages.

A sudden change came over the emaciated features of the woman, and without further parley the witch-like figure turned in the direction of the sound, leaving the man in total darkness with only his thoughts and the wild utterances of the storm for companions.

With mingled emotions he waited—for what? He knew not. With a dominating feeling that this increasing mystery boded no good for him, he was seized with an impulse to flee from this haunted place and to shake off this curious, unintelligible feeling that had fastened itself upon his personality.

Again he was interrupted by the cry more startling than ever, which came to him as if from the very depths of the unknown itself, borne by the myriad voices of the shuddering wind.

"Leslie ! oh, Leslie ! why don't you come !"

A moment he wavered, the nearness of the call seeming to stagger him; then he turned and started toward the voice guided partly by the way his earlier companion had taken, but largely by an intuitive feeling which seemed given him for the moment. Up the creaking, winding, stairs he went, his purpose strengthened and courage increased by the sound of the voice and the vision in the firelight. Creeping along a corridor at the head of the stairs, he saw a feeble ray of light passing from beneath a closed door at the further end of the passage. He approached and listened. All was still save the beati of his ownng heart. He knocked without response and was about to knock again, when, for the third time, came the cry which shook his soul to the very depths,

"Leslie ! oh, Leslie ! So near me and yet ----"

He wrenched open the door and entered. The scene before him was one weirdly peculiar. A dimly burning taper upon a table in one corner, faintly outlined a large room, bare and apparently unoccupied. Beside the candle, an iron vessel was placed with something burning within it, as evidenced by the blue flames rising from it and the suffocating, sulphurous odor that permeated the atmosphere. After he had become acustomed to the light, he discovered in a further corner a couch with a reclining form upon it. As he approached the bed the features of the person became dimly visible. They were those of a woman, young and beautiful, yet with an unnatural expression, something that suggested a being belonging in some unaccountable way with the world of spirits. She did not appeal to him particularly any more then to arouse his curiosity. His attention was turned rather to the other occupant, the woman of his former acquaintance who stood at the foot of the bed grim as a sentinel of death. Her eyes were fixed on him with a hatred mad as the winds of the wild winter without, and her hands were moving as if in supplication either to cast a spell over him or to be freed from any influence he might throw over her.

Aroused by his approach, the figure on the coach turned and looked up at him. At once the features softened, a gentle tenderness dispelled the wandering look that had previously enthralled them, and with a cry of joy, she lifted her hands toward him.

"Leslie ! Oh, Leslie ! I knew you would come."

The strain was too great for her and she fell exhausted only to return to her other self—the self of bondage to some being, hideous and cruel.

During the fleeting moment of her consciousness the man became aware of a undefinable longing in his own being. It was the same feeling but greatly intensified that he had experienced when the vision of the firelight was strongest upon him. He was aroused by something more than curiosity. A subtle change had overtaken him and his whole soul was possessed with the desire to restore this beautiful creature and to make her his own,——something to love and cherish. Her normal self had awakened in his nature that which corresponded and a sacred kinship seemed to bind them together.

Yet a tinge of bitterness came over him as he realized the nature of the task his desire involved. This state of imprisonment under the spell of which she was now laboring, seemed to have completely conquered the maiden. In vain he called, entreated her to return from the shadow land; in vain he demanded an explanation of the mystery from the hag beside him. Her only answer was to glare at him with an animal savageness and to increase the ghostly motions of her body. Only once did she move from her position, in order to add something to the mixture burning upon the table. Then she returned to the foot of the couch, horrible as a spectre from the lower world, a companion to the evil one himself.

Exhausted, he gave up his efforts to restore the girl to consciousness, yet anxiously he awaited any sign of returning life. At length her lips began to move and, as he bent over her to catch the words they seemed to be framing, he realized more than ever that his world, his happiness, his salvation were in the keeping of this one fair creature.

She seemed to be returning from the spirit world or else to be just going to it, for, raising her hands as if pointing into space, she spoke in whispers scarcely audible.

"See ! see the beautiful spirits with the shining garments and glittering wings ! See how they beckon, beckon, beckon ! They are calling, calling for *me*. See how their hands wave ! They throw back their shining tresses and smile. Why do I not go to them ? They will love me and caress me. There I should be happy and ——"

Slowly the words died from her lips and with them the appearance of life itself. Her body became motionless and her cheeks pale as marble.

This seemed to have an unexpected effect upon the sorceress. She ceased her incantations, the evil look almost disappeared from her features and in its place came one of fear. The soul of the maiden had passed beyond her control, her charms were powerless. A moment she stood and looked at the pure face beneath her, then, raising her arms with a wild gesture, she turned and left the room, leaving behind her the man,—powerless to move, scarcely able to think,—and the maiden, who seemed to sleep the sleep of death.

Presently her eyes opened with a calm yet wondering expression in their clear blue depths. She turned lightly on her pillow and faintly smiled as she met his gaze looking down upon her.

"Have I been sleeping?" she asked; and then as memory returned she added,—"Yes—ah yes ! I have been to the very gates of heaven. I wanted so much to go in—everything seemed so peaceful so beautiful, so happy. And yet—I have comeback toearth to give you my last message. I knew you that day last autumn when, passing you looked up at me. I recognized in you a kindred spirit, one sent by kind fate to restore me from the slavery in which I was living. I

felt that sooner or later we would meet and know each other; so, in one of my rational moments, I wrote the story of my life to give to you when that time came. Here it is; read it when I am gone forever. You have come to late to release me, only God can do that now. The spirits are beckoning me back to the pearly gates and this time—I shall enter.''

The words ceased, her face became transfigured and took on a strange, rapt look of pale, majestic glory. This time the soul had indeed gone to the land of eternal sunshine.

Torn by emotions too deep for utterance and scarcely knowing what he did, Leslie Trevors left the room, made his way down the stairs and out into the night, now tinged with the faint grey of the early morning. The storm had increased rather than abated and as he bared his brow to the freezing touch of the snow laden wind, he was thankful in his heart that he was spared the mockery of peace in the nature about him.

Mechanically he made his way through the drifted, deserted streets back to his room. The hollow sound of his footfall on the stairs of the silent house was like that of sods upon the coffin lid of his dead ambitions. He entered the room and throwing himself into a chair, tore open the letter which he still held in his hand. He read-the story of the life that so recently had become a part of his own. He learned how in early youth the maiden had been left by a dying mother, in charge of the woman with whom he had found her. This woman had betrayed the trust given her and yielding to the evil desires of a charmed nature, had endeavored to make the girl assist her in the rites of her witchcraft. Though not successful in this, by continual pressure and ofttimes cruel treatment she had succeeded in weakening the delicate mind, so that at times the girl's normal condition gave way to a seeming double personality. This increased with time, so that at last, the normal condition was the exception and almost the whole of her later life was spent in the miserable condition of a half crazed mind.

The letter fell from his hand—unheeded, and his gaze was drawn toward the fading glow of the dying fire. The beckoning hand, the changing face had disappeared; in their place had come the ghastly phantoms of a fading memory.

H. and B., '07.

The Storm,

Come into the hot, black night. The sultry air Seems strangely calm. Anon there comes a flare ; And, too, a fork of livid whiteness bright Doth rend in part the darkness of the night. The heavens fiercely rattle, roar and boom ; The world is wrapt in lightening-piercèd gloom. Soars now the wind which, sweeping 'cross the main, Doth bear upon its bosom drops of rain.

So war the clouds, Nor is there rout Till heaven's flame Hath flickered out.

W. Bernard Foster, '08

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Echoes From the Woods

A Woodland Tragedy.

TP HE Redstart, perched on the alder tree which overhung the brook, was supremely happy. The air around was filled with summer perfume and, what doubtless pleased his material eye even more, it was alive with the insects which to him meant life. Beneath him he could see his mate, a greenish gray shape scarcely distinguishable from the down which composed their nest. The setting sun, meeting a flock of Goldfinches, recognized kindred spirits and beamed on them till they glowed like shooting stars. He simply could not repress his joy. Out he floated with wings and tail outspread to express himself in one delirium of song. Around him the whole chorus of the wood was engaged in its vesper hymn. Robins caroled on every hand, and the softer notes of white-throated and song sparrows mingled in the chorus with the flute-like chords of the thrushes and the reverberating drum of a distant grouse. In a little thicket of spruce, warblers of every hue vied with one another in plumage and in song. Further down the brook a purple finch rose high in air and descending poured forth a continuous flow of ecstatic melody.

Everything seemed to be in harmony. Even the noisy scolding of a pair of squirrels, as they chased each other around a hollow pine, seemed but another of the voices of nature.

But look ! an invader upon this sequestered spot ! A boy coming along the old hauling road found himself suddenly in the midst of the scene. He saw the Redstart flash into view to hover overhead. "Gee, what a purty yallerbird ! Hope I'll git a shot at him." The bird alights. A careful aim, then bang ! and when the echo dies away, nothing is heard but the gentle trickle of the brook.

Leslie G. Jost, '08.

The Woodland Specter.

On a knoll a little to the left of the path that, wandering through the forest's gloom, leads the tired woodsman gently down to the crystal depths of the placid lake a few feet below, was the hunter's 'leanto,'' before which a fire burned brightly, its heat being thrown into the shack by a back-log of green birch.

Stretched at full length upon some fir boughs which constituted the floor of the little camp, were a hunter and his guide rolled in their blankets with their feet toward the fire, their rifles being near at hand to be easily available in case of need.

Beyond was the blackness of the forest with the merest tinge of light from the fire throwing some of the nearest trees into faint relief against the blacker background. Overhead, peering through the intervening branches, were the tireless stars, keeping watch over all.

The fire, sinking lower and lower, gradually withdraws its illumination from the scene until it is barely possible to distinguish the outlines of the camp and the hunters in the deepening groom.

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But see ! what is that form approaching so silently through the gloom ? Is it a man or but a man's spirit ? It moves forward with the assurance of one long accustomed to the spot. In the hollow of the right arm rests a gun 'apparently of the muzzle-loading type in use some fifty-years ago; under the left is the birch horn well known to the expert hunter as the simple means of luring to his death "The Monarch of the New Brunswick Wilds."

Approaching the fire he pauses, seemingly oblivious of his surroundings. Turning toward the lake he raises the horn to his lips. For a few moments he assumes the attitude of "calling," then the horn is lowered and he stands leaning on his gun, ever and anon turning his head from side to side as if waiting for something.

The dying embers being fanned by a passing breeze into momentary life, cast a sudden light over the scene, when lo! the form disappears. Has it been but an optical illusion? No! for as the gloom once more overpowers the still rebellious glow, the man is again seen leaning on his gun. Suddenly he stands erect and seems to be listening to some distant sound, then with swift, silent strides passes into the darkness and is lost to sight.

The hunters sleep on all unconscious of the phantom's midnight visit.

LeB. Hopkins, '09.

Alone in the woods at night.

Well here's for good night : pleasant dreams and plenty of of them !" 'Twas the elder of the couple who broke the silence with this ejaculation and rolled over on his pallet. They were out in the depth of the forest, sheltered only by a rudely constructed "lean-to" of pine limbs and birch bark. On either side of them lay four companions all lustily drinking the sweet scented air of the forest-asleep. And now the younger of the two-a mere boy-was left all alone in the depths of slumbering nature. A camp fire still blazed before the rude shack, outlining clearly the forms of the sleepers, and its circle of light shaded gradually off into darkness. He watched the glowing sparks as they mounted steadily upward and slowly faded away. Surely he was completely forsaken; even the flame climbing upward seemed eager to flee from his presence. How far from his side seemed the sleepers around him ! Their deep, measured breathing all too plainly told him that he was completely forgotten. Mournfully soughed the breeze through the tree tops, and the rustling of leaves made the stillness all the more weird and impressive. Motionless he lay, straining the ear to catch every sound. Once a squirrel stole near him unnoticed, and beneath its weight a small twig stirred and crackled. It seemed like the tread of a monster and a shudder crept o'er his whole being. All rigid he lay and pale as a ghost in the darkness.

All at once in the midst of the stillness there arose loud and prolonged a far-off roar. True it was only the call of a moose yet it fell

on his fearful ear like the pealing of judgment day thunder. His whole frame convulsed and, quaking with fear, he raised himself up on one elbow and peered timidly forth into the impenetrable blackness. Then one of the men at his side in the midst of his slumbers called out in a clear piercing tone "All's well !" Like a voice from another world these words touched the heart of the boy and assuaged all his mind's strange misgivings. Then he too turned o'er on his pallet and was soon lulled to rest by the soothing vesper breeze. And now naught was heard save the sough of the wind and the deep, measured breathing of the sleepers. W. S. McIntyre, '10.

The Seasons' Round,

The leafless trees stand trembling in the dell ; The soughing winds their old weird stories tell, Nature no longer sheds her fragrance round, But with a snowy mantle decks the ground.

The tender birds to other climes have flown, Their instinct guiding to a warmer zone ; Where once there ran a merry, sparkling rill, In icy bonds it now lies hushed and still.

The wintry blast will enter where it may ; The swaying trees so sombre and so gray All hang their heads as if with sorrow bent, While through the branches sounds their sad lament.

Anon, the spring returns, the rains descend ; The chilly winter's storms are at an end ; The earth puts on her festal robe once more, Each year it seems yet lovelier than before.

Then on the southern breezes floats the song Of birds, returning on their pinions strong; Above, majestic in his zenith high, The sun looks down in royal dignity.

On fleeting wing the summer passes by And Autumn comes, the flowers fade and die ; Soon earth prepares again for winter's rest In our fair land of Acadie, the blest.

A Delayed Crossing.

STRONG wind was blowing, and the huge mountains of ice that filled the Strait heaved with an ominous swell and ground each other angrily. It was a bitterly cold day, one of the coldest days of a winter that will long be remembered on "Beautiful Abegweit."

Dr. Cameron, on his way home to Charlottetown from Sydney, stood alone on the deck of the Minto. His eyes were fixed with an unseeing gaze on the vast, rugged piles about him, and the lines of his firm mouth were somewhat stern; his thoughts were evidently painful, for a frown mingled with a shade of vexation contracted his fine brows and the shadow of a hidden sorrow revealed itself in the lines on his thoughtful features. An elderly gentleman came out of the saloon and strolled across the deck. Dr. Cameron looked up as he passed. There was something familiar in his appearance, but he could not remember his name.

It was seven years since he had first met Inez Bradshaw, five years since last he had seen her. During this time he had been striving to banish her image and memory from his life, but they were as near to him as ever; not a tone of her voice was forgotten.

He remembered her as he had first seen her, graceful and smiling. With her he wandered once more along the shore and gazed on the gorgeous tints of the wave as it lay beneath the glowing sunset. He felt the soft, confiding clasp of her hand as he breathed in her ear the story of his love. But a dark shadow came between them and, each too proud to seek an explanation from the other, they had drifted farther and farther apart. At last with angry words they parted, and soon afterwards she set out for California.

Slowly the lonely days wore away. Pride left him, his anger cooled and a great yearning filled his heart. A year passed by. He could wait no longer. "I was all to blame," he said, "I will write to her tonight." And he had written, telling her when he expected to be in Los Angelos, and asking permission to visit her for the sake of old times.

With a' light heart he had started on his long journey across the continent. At last, when within forty-eight hours of his journey' end, he saw a lady come out of the waiting room at one of the stations

and board the train going in the opposite direction. As she stepped aboard she turned around, and, chancing to see the gentleman with whom he was talking, she bowed and smiled, thus giving Dr. Cameron a full glimpse of her face. The gentleman returned the salutation and, turning to the doctor remarked, "That is Miss Bradshaw, a very fine—" but seeing that his companion staggered and would have fallen, he caught him and was going to call for help. But the other silenced him by a gesture. "Don't speak," he said, "it is only one of my faint spells and will pass off in a minute."

With a mighty effort he recovered himself, but in the depths of his heart he vowed then and there that he would never again seek the face of Inez Bradshaw.

He thought he saw it all plainly. She had left home in order to avoid meeting him, for had it been otherwise she would have written to let him know that she had received his letter; and much as he had wished to see her before, the wish that he might never see her again was now strong in his soul. From that day neither sign nor message had been exchanged between Ernest Cameron and Inez Bradshaw.

When they had been out in the Strait about two hours, Dr. Cameron noticed that the steamer was making no progress. He looked anxiously at the ice that towered threateningly on every side. "What do you think of this ?" he asked one of the crew.

"I don't like it at all !" was the reply. "I'm afraid she can't do it ! She's caught in the jam already and this wind will carry ice and all out to sea."

This answer was not reassuring and the doctor turned to go in. Just as he reached the door of the saloon a figure in black glided past it. It was Inez !

He started back as if he had been shot. Now he remembered who the old gentleman was. It was the same who had spoken to him of Miss Bradshaw when he was on his way to California five years ago.

At last, having composed himself to meet her as a mere acquaintance, he again turned to go in. She was seated quite near the door, and as he entered she looked up. The slightest perceptible start on her part and the nervous flash of her eyes as they met his, showed him at once that he was recognized. He bowed coldly. She returned the salutation as gravely and he passed on.

One morning when they had been at sea nearly a week, just as he was beginning to eat his breakfast, the old gentleman sat down at the same table and ordered breakfast for two.

They chatted along pleasantly for some minutes. "Pretty tough time for a long journey," said the elder man. Miss Bradshaw and myself came on to Halifax to see her brother and my son-in-law just before his death. He died a week ago, and as I have some business in Prince Edward Island, my old home, Miss Bradshaw decided to come across and visit her friends in Charlottetown before going back to California. We never expected the like of this."

Just then the lady entered and, after bowing coldly to Dr. Cameron, sat down.

For a time there was silence. At length the older man looked up. "I have it now !" he exclaimed. "I have been trying all the week to puzzle out where I had seen you before, and just this instant it has come back to me. Five years ago, in California, I travelled in your company for two days."

For his life the younger man could not help looking at Inez. She was pale as death.

"You !" she exclaimed, for the moment forgetting herself, "when were you in California ? I never knew it."

"You never knew it ?"

"Never !" she exclaimed emphatically.

At last a suspicion of the truth was dawning in his mind.

"Didn't you get a letter from me five years ago last summer ?" he asked, hoarsely, the strong working of his feelings showing itself in the tense lines on his face.

"I have never received a line from you since I went away," was the calm reply. "Did you say you had written ?"

Meanwhile the old gentleman, who saw how matters stood, had slipped quietly away. And now Dr. Cameron could no longer hold back the words that burned upon his lips.

"Yes, I wrote telling you when I should be in Los Angelos and asking permission to visit you. I did not get any answer, but when I was within two days of my journey's end I met you on your way home, though you did not see nor recognize me. The supposition that you had not received my letter never entered my mind. My first thought was that you were trying to avoid meeting me; and that has been my thought ever since. Can you ever forgive me ?"

"I have forgiven long ago," she murmured gently. "But can you forgive *me*?"

"Forgive you !" he exclaimed passionately. "It is I and I only who needs forgiveness. I was hard and angry and tried to make myself believe I did not care, but all the time my heart was crying out for you. "Inez," his voice was very low and tender, "will you forget the past ? Will you stay with me ?"

"Till death shall part us," she murmured, and his heart needed no fuller assurance than the smile of perfect trust in her eyes.

"Good news !" announced one of the crew as he burst into the saloon. "You will be taken off the Minto and put ashore in an hour or two." Then, speaking to Dr. Cameron, he continued, "But we must stay, don't you pity us?"

"I don't know," was the thoughtful reply. "There might be worse things than being stuck in the ice." And as the man went out he added in a lower tone, "At any rate I don't think I shall ever feel like grumbling at the winter steamers again."

Evangeline Matheson, Acadia Seminary.



The Great King,

THE twlight was softly falling o'er Cyrene. A cool breeze from the blue waters of the Mediterranean kissed its sand parched hills and bore to the weary, visions of peace.

Seated in the gloaming were a mother and her son. They were plainly Jews of noble birth whom the hand of fortune had driven far from their native land. The mother was telling the oft' repeated traditions concerning "The coming of the Great King," yet the son was eagerly listening as if hearing the story for the first time. When she had finished, Simon, the son, musing or what he had just heard, passed out into the shadowy streets, and on, far away to the lonely shores of the Mediterranean. There he sat and gazed wistfully into

the darkness rising out of the sea. Beyond that mystic sea lay the world of his dreams; the world where he would soon go out to take his part. As he was pondering on this a new thought came to him: perhaps somewhere in that great unknown lived the Great King. This new thought found an eager welcome in his longing heart. Lifting his voice he cried aloud to the God of his fathers: "O God, if the Great Kings lives, lead me to him." But no voice answered him and only the night wind whispered "*sleep*," and the wavelets sang a lullaby, until in the peace of the lonely shore he fell asleep.

*

Alexandra lay asleep. Not a sound nor a breath of wind disturbed the utter stillness that reigned o'er the city. The mellow light of the moon set forth its dim outline, but the darkly clustered houses save no sign of the thousands of beating hearts that lay slumbering within. Like a great city of the dead it lay still, reflecting its white walls in the moonlight. The only indication of life to be seen was a young man³/_a standing near the fountain in the centre of the market place. This man was Simon, a few years older than when we last saw him³/_a but still longing for, and dreaming of the Great King.

Suddenly a moving shadow attracted his attention. It drew nearer and at length took on a form. It was a man leading a beast of burden. The man and beast were apparently almost exhausted from a long journey and approached the fountain very slowly. As they grew more distinct Simon became more and more attracted by the burden on the beasts back. It was a mother bearing on her breast a sleeping babe. They stopped at the fountain but had nothing with which to draw and the man sank down exhausted. Hastily running to him Simon filled his jar and pressed it to the man's lips. He drank a deep draught which seemed to revive him. Simon refilled the jar and handed it to the mother. She also drank very deeply and as she handed back the jar she smiled. A glory seemed to spread o'er her face, and as Simon looked from her to the child resting so peacefully on her bosom an exquisite peace stole into his own heart. Soon they passed on and faded in the darkness. But Simon sat long gazing where they had vanished, as if to catch a last ray of the departed glory. Before his eyes there shone a star, twinkling clear and bright, as if beckoning him through the darkness.

Thirty years have passed. It was in Jerusalem. A man of striking figure was making his way up the Via Dolorsa towards the white walls of the Palace which glowed in the morning sunlight. This man was no other than Simon of Cyrene, who now found himself borne along down the Via Dolorsa by an ever increasing throng, that poured downward towards the Imperial Palace. There the arrested throngs eddied like a torrent before a dam. But still the life stream poured on downward swelling and increasing from every quarter.

Suddenly the great brass gates of the Palace creaked on their hinges and slowly opened. There was a flurry of trumpets within and a cordon of the Roman Guard swung out of the gates and up the Via Dolorsa. Before them the surging crowds burst to the right and left like the foam of the ocean before a vessel's prow. After the guard came a man wearing a crown of thorns and bearing a cross upon his back. The air was filled with clamor from the thousand voices of the mob. But above the shouts of the men, above the yells of the boys, above the wailing of the women rose the terrible words "Crucify him ! Crucify him !"

Suddenly the man who was bearing the cross stumbled and fell beneath the weight. Simon pressed forward to gain a nearer view, when the Roman Guard seized him and on his own back the cross was placed. To the weight of the cross seemed to be added some extra burden which so exhausted his strength that when Calvary was reached he fainted.

When consciousness returned to Simon an unearthly darkness had settled over all. He felt the quick throbbing pulse of the multitude, so vaguely distinguishable around him, though not a sound was heard to relieve the oppressive stillness, save the unrestrained weeping of the women. Before the awe of this mysterious mid-day darkness the shouts of the men had ceased. With bated breath they bowed their heads and shuddered.

Simon with a feeling of awe rather than terror glanged at the cross outlined against the sky.

Suddenly the prescription caught his eye, visible even in the darkness: "Jesus the King of the Jews."

As when the clouds roll from the distant

10W

capped peaks of Lebanon shine forth in their mid-day splendors so the veil was lifted from the cross and through the darkness Simon saw the glory. The life-long yearning died from his breast and in its place there came a perfect peace. He had found The Great King.

Arthur H. Chute, '10.



Etchings.

Reverie.

I NTO the conservatory steps a dark-eyed maiden with tread ethereal as that of a wood nymph waltzing upon a carpet of sylvan moss. Her dark, long, wavy tresses fall loosely upon her shoulders. The perfect loveliness and unconventional air are bewitchingly prepossessing so that your admiration is yielded with a spontaneity so sudden as to surprise, if not to startle you. It is not surprising to find her so fair a being deeply interested here in this world of exquisite beauty, ambrosial odor and richness of color.

In passing a cactus she is rudely speared by one of its impudent, unpitying spines that from sheer rascality seize the most unreasonable opportunities to obtrude themselves into places where they will attract attention. The offender is calmly but promptly disarmed and she passes on to enjoy her wonted feast.

First come Palms and African Portulacas, which no doubt suggest volumes of story about strange peoples and curious menageries; and then Cinerarias in all the richest shades of crimson and blue; the brilliant Azaleas in scarlet and red, pink and yellow. Almost unconsciously she moves from place to place absorbed by the depth and purity of the lovely richness. Narcissus, Crocus and Hyacinthe, group after group, all contribute their share towards making this a little paradise for her. And now she stands before a bed of Chinese Primroses meditating deeply as if to determine why they all have a centre of a certain greenish-yellow regardless of the color of the rest of the corolla.

With the problem still unsolved, her eye falls upon a magnificent Calla from the depths of whose broad snow-white blossoms and dark

green foliage she seems to imbibe an additional beauty incorporating it into her own fine quality. Another step and there stands before her a bloom-laden rose-bush, from which, after some moments, she slowly plucks the greatest beauty ; and still unsatisfied she gathers another and yet another. They are arranged deftly but mechanically for her attention now evidently rests not upon her bouquet. An expression of veriest unconcern comes over her features and the bunch of roses drops unnoticed to the ground, while her head bends slightly forward and her hands are clasped together.

We know not now what thoughts of Australian wilds, foaming cataract, southern island's feathery palm, or incense breathing flowers chase one another through her mind as she thus stands oblivious of time and care. But pleased at her Elysian bliss we exclaim,—Drink deep dear soul of the sweet Lethean draught so potent thus to charm away every fettering thought and to paralyze the lash wielding hand of memory.

James A. Greene, '10.

Morning.

The sun is high in heaven. The air is full of music. Vonder the swallows are circling against the deep, shining blue of the sky; darting up, down; rising, falling, racing; filled with the joy of the summer morn. Myriad are the indistinct voices of nature. Clearer floats the warbler's inspired notes of praise, that thrill us with an indefinable ecstasy.

"The morning's at seven."

To the left, through the glowing gardens of wild-flowers, the blue, winding river twists and turns and advances to the sea. A million diamonds sparkle and flash in the eddying whirls. A deep rumbling, a moaning roar, a sound as of mighty waters rushing, tumbling, jostling each other headlong. The broad river enters the narrow gorge right in its path. There is a deep and nameless joy in the spreading, echoing, ever-angry wash of the waters. There is no ominous threat in their loud murmur of any hidden dangers, for

"God's in His heaven,

All's right with the world."

Mildred M. Black, '07.

The Acadia Athenaeum

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Editorial.

HANGE is the order of the day. Not only in the industrial world are the new inventions crowding out the old, new discoveries rendering useless a vast amount of material that has served long and well, but even in the intellectual sphere, ideas and standards which once found favor are being supplanted by newer and perhaps better ones.

When we restrict ourselves to the realm of literature, we may be puzzled to decide whether the change manifested is a change for the better or not, or whether there has been an unnecessary deterioration of the standard to meet a popular demand. The days of our great novelists, like Dickens, Thackeray and Scott have passed away. Their books so long the delight of generations now lie dust-covered upon the shelves of our libraries and the new novels have taken their places. Instead of the natural, life-like characters that George Eliot so faithfully portrayed, or Dickens so minutely described, we have the unreal, ungenuine, unliveable creatures that gambol knock-kneed and love-sick through the fiction of to-day. Yet these books have been written to satisfy the demands of a fickle public, and the reader evidently has got just what he ordered.

Among our college papers the change has been in another direction. Years ago our college magazines were the dispositories of essays ——essays written upon every conceivable subject whether taught in the curriculum or not, and by persons who only had a smattering of knowledge in the subject itself. To publish a story was not permitted by tradition. Stories, however, found their place, and the traditional essay with its many imperfections of form and thought has long lain trembling in the balance.

We heartily believe that essays have their place in the columns of our college magazines. Any essay upon an up-to-date subject and possessing literary qualities of style and composition, and written by a person who has done some original investigation himself upon the subject discussed, would not only be worth publishing from a literary point of view, and fit in with the requirements of our readers, but also it would serve that other purpose of developing the literary talent of the writer. An essay that is simply a condensation of some larger article or book that is itself familiar to our readers has, we believe, no place in our college magazines and never did have. Vet it is difficult to procure from our students essays which do not belong to this latter class. Few at college do original investigation. Cribbing from magazines and books is a much easier way to reach the desired end than cutting one's own way through the labyrinth. For this reason we believe the essay has had to give way to the story, and to occupy a secondary place in our college magazines. The story necessarily demands original treatment and individualistic effort in its completion and for this reason it has pushed itself into the foremost field of college literary journalism.

With the present issue we have brought out a Fiction Number. All but the general month columns have been expunged to give room for stories and poems. We have sought to get together work in fiction representative of our undergraduates. Both success and failure have struggled for the mastery. We feel that there are many defects; we believe there are some good points; but we place the number before you hoping that the ones who have worked faithfully and well in its production will have received much benefit personally, and that the number itself will be acceptable to our charitable readers.

Obituaries.

Prof. George T. Kennedy died at his home in Wolfville, Marchist, of acute bronchitis. Although his health had been failing for someyears, his death was unexpected by either family or friends.

The deceased, though not a graduate of Acadia, is remembered as holding a position on the Faculty of instruction for a number of years. He graduated with high honors from McGill in 1868, and after taking a post graduate course at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, was appointed an instructor in applied science at McGill. In 1873 he was elected to the chair of Natural Sciences at Acadia. This position he held until 1882 when he accepted a similar position at Kings'. Two years ago he retired from active life and removed to Wolfville, where he lived until his death.

Prof. Kennedy's labors in connection with Acadia are remembered as being painstaking and enthusiastic. Those who have been under his instruction will learn, with regret, of the death of a great lover of natural science and an earnest teacher. With these and other friends we would join our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family.

It becomes our sad duty to record the death of Andrew H. Bynon, which took place at his home in Lewisville, N.B., March 12. Bynon was a member of the class of '09 in his Freshman year and was recognized by all who knew him as a fellow of excellent morals and kindly disposition.

The Month

⁶⁶ RESOLVED, That Great Britain was justified in granting responsible government to the Transvaal." This was the subject of the Junior—Sophomore debate, which took place on the evening of March 2nd. The Sophomores, McCutcheon, Rideout and Foshay, were the appellants. The Junior team consisted of Kinley, Geldart and Ackland. After one of the best debates of the year the decision was given to the appellants.

On Sunday afternoon, March 3rd, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Dr. G. E. DeWitt of the Town gave a very interesting and instructive lecture in College Hall. His subject was, "The Observance, Enforcement and Defence of Health's Laws, Public and Private, a Divine Command." The chief thoughts presented were, that the human body, though mighty, is delicate, that its continued ability to perform its functions well is dependent upon the observance of health's laws; that such observance is the *duty* of every person, and especially every Christian; that twentieth-century life is too strenuous and too luxurious for purposes of health; and that the "simple life" is more conducive to health and longevity. The lecture was marked throughout by a truly Christian spirit.

On the afternoon of March 6th, the Propylæum Society was entertained by Mrs. W. C. Archibald, and Mrs. W. L. Archibald at the home of the latter.

On March 7th Dalhousie Engineers and Acadia met in Evangeline rink for a game of hockey. The line-up was as follows :---

> Engineers. McDonald Wall (Capt.) Ralston Flemming Wood A. MacKenzie J. MacKenzie

Goal Point Cover Point Centre Rover Right Wing Left Wing Acadia. Putman Estey (Capt.) F. L. Lewis Skinner Hughes Faulkner McLeod The game was swift and clean throughout, and in Acadia's favor the greater part of the time. The game ended with a score 12-4 in favor of Acadia.

Mr. Bullock of King's was referee.

The most interesting feature of the "Propylæum" on March 15th was a debate between the Senior and Junior classes. Subject—"Resolved, That the hypocrite is a necessary factor of society." The appellants were Misses Marsters, Crandall and Currie; the respondents were Misses North, McLeod and Mitchell. In the opinion of the judges, Miss Small, Mrs. Hemmeon and Miss Wortman, the Senior Class won on the double ground of argument and delivery.

Miss Bertha North, '08, was At Home to her class-mates at the residence of Mrs. Gourmley, Prospect St., Friday evening, Mar. 15th.

On Saturday evening, March 16th, the annual Freshman imitation of the ATHENÆUM paper was read before the ATHENÆUM Society. The issue compared very favorably with its predecessors. The designing and drawing by King and Rice deserve special mention. The editorial staff consisted of Warren (Chief), W. S. McIntyre, Young, Mallory, Hughes and Misses Vaughan and Dykeman.

For two weeks, beginning March 11th, special half-hour prayermeetings for male students were held on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. The meetings were conducted in a very informal way and resulted in a deepening of spirituality.

On March 18th, quite a large meeting of the students listened with much profit to an address on the Northfield Conference, given by Mr. M. B. Davidson, M. A., General Secretary of the McGill Y. M. C. A. Mr. Davidson dealt particularly with the purpose of the Conference, reasons why a man should go, and, if need be, why he should make sacrifice in order to go.

Acadia's Second Rhodes Scholar,

GAIN it has been Acadia's privilege to choose a Rhodes Scholar, and this time the one to whom the honor has fallen is James Arthur Estey, a member of the present Senior class. There were five applicants for the coveted appointment, the other four being Mr. C. DeBlois Denton, '04, at present Headmaster of Patterson's School, Horton Landing; Mr. Loring C. Christie, '05, who is now continuing his studies at Harvard; Mr. John S. Bates, a member of the class of '08, and Mr. George H. Magner, of the class of '09. From such a list several men could have been chosen who would well represent Acadia at Oxford, and that Mr. Estey was the successful candidate is sufficient testimony to his cleverness as a student, his ability as an athlete, his character as a man.

Mr. Estey is a native of our sister Province, having been born in Fredericton in 1886. He entered the High School there at the age of thirteen, in which school he received his excellent training in the foundations of Latin, Greek and Mathematics, for cleverness in which subjects he is especially noted at Acadia. During his course in the High School he captured two coveted prizes: the Mathematical Prize presented by the U. N. B. Senate, and the special Classical Prize for excellence in Latin and Greek. He entered Acadia with the class of 1906. At the end of his freshman year he remained out until the following fall, re-entering with the class of 1907 with whom he will graduate in June.

Mr. Estey possesses every qualification for the Rhodes scholarship. As a student he can hardly be surpassed. With a memory very retentive, mind clear and reasoning faculties excellent, disposition to be diligent at his studies, he has shown himself to be foremost in the class-room, and capable of putting his knowledge to practical use. During his Freshman year he captured the Prize Scholarship of \$60.00 for making the highest marks of his class for the year, and without doubt he will be the Gold Medalist of the class of 1907. He is a ready writer, having captured a prize in the literary contest of the Athenaeum last year, and this year has served on the Editorial staff of the paper with ease and satisfaction. In addition to these practical accomplishments, he is a clever musician, with a skill in execution that is far above the ordinary.

In Athletics Mr. Estey's record is certainly a splendid one. He has played on the Acadia Football team for five successive seasons, and will probably be long regarded as the best fullback that Acadia ever had. The past season he was captain of the football team, and much of the season's success was due to his patient work and his inspiration as a leader. In basketball he played on both his class and the college teams, playing a swift and clean game. He also has played on and has been captain of the College Hockey team for the past two years. Baseball also claimed his attention and he made the College team too in this kind of sport. Tennis he also indulged in, and won the championship in Singles in his Junior year. As an all-round athlete, we believe his equal is hard to find. Small of stature, but perfect in health and supple in body, he has been able to take a lead at Acadia in athletic sports second to none.

As a man Mr. Estey has proven himself of fine personality. Courteous to all, disposed to be helpful to his college mates, courageous, resourceful, he has ever displayed manly character that speaks well for his social life as a student at Oxford.

The fact that the entire student body heartily endorsed the above appointment is a fitting testimony to Mr. Estey's ability as a scholar and athlete, and to his standing among us as a man among men. We believe he will prove himself worthy of the appointment, and that during the three years at Oxford, he will make a record which will be of the best. The choice has been made by the Faculty of the college, but we one and all feel that he is our own individual representative. Our interest will follow him to Oxford, and his record there shall belong in part to ourselves. The Athenaeum on behalf of the students of Acadia takes this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Estey on his appointment. We believe he is thoroughly fitted to receive the benefits of Oxford life and culture. We know he will not forget Acadia, and that in his new life he will seek to live out all that Acadia stands for and upholds.

Intercollegiate Debate,

7 CADIA'S fourth debate in the present intercollegiate series took place in College Hall, Wolfville, on the evening of March 27. This time we were pitted against Mt. Allison. The subject for discussion was,-"'Resolved that Legislative Union of the Maritime Provinces, on terms alike equitable and agreeable, would be advantageous. Mt. Allison, represented by J. S. Smiley, '07, (leader), I. C. Rand, 09, and J. N. Ritcey, 'oo, supported the resolution, while Acadia's team, composed of A. B. Balcom, '07, (leader), B. D. Knott, '07, and J. M. Shortcliffe, '08, argued against it. The debate promised to be interesting from the very fact that the two colleges shared the honor of three victories and no defeats this far in the league. We were not disappointed as the debate was interesting both in respect to oratorical effort and display of argument, and was highly appreciated by the large and attentive audience. Judge Russel, Hon. W. T. Pipes and Post Office Inspector W. E. McLellan acted in the capacity of judges. Dr. Tufts presided.

Mr. Ritcey, in opening the debate for the appellants, laid down the universal law that union brings strength, and asserted that the Maritime Provinces would certainly furnish no exception to this general principle. The Provinces by their geographical position were naturally intended for union. The people of the three Provinces were alike in character and race, and were essentially the same. Their interests, though now somewhat different, would tend to coincide, and were, in fact, different in degree only, not in kind. Neither in size nor in population would the united Provinces be greater than any Province in the Dominion. The advantages of union were apparent. In the judicial system there would be a more efficient bench and bar, and a uniformity of commercial law and law practice that would bring far better results than the present system. Educational uniformity and union would make much easier the establishment of higher schools of learning, etc. No doubt in a few years sectional jealousies would disappear. Mr. Ritcey's address was well arranged and excellently delivered. In fact he was undoubtedly the best of the Mt. Allison debaters.

Mr. Balcom opened the discussion for the respondents, with one of his clear-cut, argumentative speeches. He outlined the nature of the subject, saying that the resolution takes the result of union for granted. Yet, how would the terms of union work out? This depends on the natural affinity of the participating Provinces. There is a limit to the size of the Province which will give the best results, as proved by its very existence. What then is the limiting influence and the consequent basis of union? Clearly, natural conditions have much to do with the answer. Physiographical and geological properties form a natural division. The physical aspects of the three Provinces vary greatly. These differences in natural features are recognized by the Legislatures in their various problems; the future of the Provinces rests upon them. What then must be our conclusion? Clearly this,—''Whatever advantage pretends to Provincial organization must have double force when applied to each Province.'' In a word, the policy of separation is one of common sense justified by experience.

Mr. Rand, the second speaker for the affirmative, dealt with administrative expenses, holding that a union of the Provinces would result in a large saving to the treasury. Under the present system we pay large sums for lieutenant governors. The union would mean but one governor, and a consequent large saving. Similarly in reducing to numbers proportionate to those of other Provinces, the members of the supreme court, of the executive councils, and of the legislatures, a saving of a large amount would be brought about-a distinct advantage to the members of the union. The costly Upper House of Nova Scotia could be abolished, while the contingent expenses of the legislatures, the cost of maintaining government houses, and the amounts for public printing and revision of statutes could be greatly reduced. But the saving would not be the only advantage. Far more important than this, the Provinces would gain increased efficiency in their public offices and governments. Though Mr. Rand had the driest speech of the evening, and one that was the hardest task upon the memory, nevertheless he acquitted himself well and left a most favourable impression.

Mr. Shortcliffe continued the discussion for Acadia, with an address full of logic and delivered with marked effect. Statute laws differ in the various Provinces. Laws meet the needs of the people and hence must vary with the notions, interests and conditions of the people. There are two causes for differences in interests and conditions;

(1) the natural resources of the Provinces are not the same; (2) men's special ideas are modified by environment. These conditions are necessary for legislative separation. This is the theory; what is the result of its application? Our Provinces, separated as they have been since 1867, are in the forefront in the management of their own affairs, as well as in those pertaining to the Dominion as a whole. Our question is one of practical politics not of speculation. We have shown actual results. The burden of proof can be lifted only by the "limber lever" of the imagination of the appellants. Further, local resources are managed better by local legislature. Matters of a common interest can be managed without union, as shown by the Judicature Act passed by the New Brunswick Legislature in 1906. In conclusion—conditions now, and these conditions are likely to hold in the future, are just those suitable for local management of local affairs.

Mr. Smiley, the third speaker for the affirmative, advanced arguments along the line of industry and finance. The Provinces are and will be frequent applicants for loans. Now it is a recognized fact that the larger concern gets better credit, and therefore the united provinces could get more money at less rates, and the indebtedness could so much the more easily be borne. The larger reputation would attract more immigrants, while the increase of population would prove beneficial in the drawing of capital hither for industrial purposes. Moreover only by union would the Provinces be able to compete with the powerful Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Political acrimony and differences among public men would tend to disappear, and with this disappearance would rise a better tone in public affairs and a higher degree of intelligence in parliament. The spirit of provincialism. which has such a baneful influence, would give way to the enlivening effects of political union, while the increased weight of the Province in federal affairs, would give to the people a larger voice in nation building. Mr. Smiley is a forceful speaker. His delivery was easy and his arguments were well brought forward.

Mr. Knott resumed the debate for the respondents. He showed that, for several reasons, the proposed union would decrease rather than increase our representation, would not create a more united interest and a consequent more united action, and would lessen our quota of cabinet ministers. From the financial standpoint, union would not be beneficial. We would actually pay more and save nothing. In fact we would suffer an actual loss of \$250,000, which, added to a loss of subsidy from steamships, would make a total loss of more than \$370,000. The argument was clear and concise and, in addition to a splendid oratorical effort, made a very favorable impression.

Mr. Balcom closed the argument for Acadia with one of his characteristic rebuttals. He pointed out the numerous mere assertions made by the appellants and the assumption that union would give greater power, without any attempt at proof on their part. He showed that union is strength, only under natural conditions, and the conditions of the case in hand are natural, not to union, but to separation. He proved that credit would be decreased not increased, by union. The historical argument advanced by the opponents was cleverly turned in favor of non-union. That the matter of interest is different in degree and not in kind is true; but this is just what is necessary to disprove their own argument. They say dissimilarity of interests could be eradicated. This could not be possible owing to dissimilarity in nature, which men have not the power to change. All their argument is based on union; they have *not* proved the basis of assumption; therefore their conclusion is not valid and their case remains unproved.

In his rebuttal, which closed the debate, Mr. Smiley declared that the subsidies would not be lost to the Provinces. The subsidies had been granted to the people themselves and were constitutional rights that the union would not be able to take away. The union would be entirely voluntary, and if these subsidies and rights were taken away, the people would never consent to the union. As far as geography is concerned Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are just as much united as Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Mr. Smiley declared that the second speaker for the negative (Mr. Shortcliffe) had merely placed difficulties in the way of the union, which had nothing to do with the question, for in that the union was taken for granted. The speaker concluded with a recapitulation of the affirmative arguments.

The judges, through the chairman, gave a unanimous decision in favor of Acadia, ou the dual ground of argument and presentation. This result places Acadia in the lead in the intercollegiate league, giving us four straight victories and no defeats.

After the debate, the speakers, judges and faculty representatives

were the guests of the ATHENÆUM Society at a banquet at the Acadia Villa Hotel. After an excellent dinner the following toasts were given :—"The King," proposed by Dr. R. V. Jones, responded to by Judge Russel; "Our Country," proposed by Hon. W. T. Pipes, responded to by Mr. McLellan; "Mt. Allison and its Debating Team," proposed by Mr. Balcon, responded to by Mr. Smiley. Judge Russel, in his response to "Our King," gave debating contests the predominance over athletic sports. Mr. Pipes congratulated both sides on their excellent appearance. Mr. McLellan pointed out the numerous advantages which the Maritime Provinces hold over other parts of the Dominion. The National Anthem brought the banquet to a close.

Immediately after the debate the majority of the student body assembled on the hill back of the college to celebrate the well earned victory. A huge bonfire was soon kindled and college songs and the various antics that only college boys can successfully carry out, were indulged in. A good assortment of fireworks was set off from the roof of Chipman Hall. Early morning found some of the more enthusiastic spirits still at work in divers ways and divers places.

The Pierian

(of Acadia Seminary) Editor—Helen Bancroft, '07.

All editorial matter and notes are held over until another issue, that more space may be given to other departments in the paper. Here we call attention to the advertisement of the Musical Festival appearing on another page. Patronize it. It is worth the price.

Seminary Happenings.

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ALENTINE'S DAY has come and yes, it has gone too ! The mail-bags to and perhaps from the Seminary were heavier for three or four days preceding this all-wonderful day. It was known from the very first of the school year that we were to have a Valentine Party, and the new girls especially had anticipated it with a mixed feeling of curiosity and excitement.

Our holiday began at four o'clock after all school work was done, and with glad hearts we set about the final preparations. A committee from each table was appointed to decorate their own part of the room and when it was all completed, we gazed upon it with pride and astonishment. Never in the history of the Seminary could the diningroom have looked gayer. Red hearts, cupids and trimmings of various kinds abounded, all tastefully arranged, and all tending towards an artistic whole.

Over one table there was a large heart in a cage, in the centre of another a Cupid that almost seemed to move, so life like was it. Every table looked pretty and yet everyone was different. One, in particular, was commented upon, as its trimmings were wholly in white. However the mystery was solved when its occupants made their appearance. What should we behold but a bridal party ! They were all there, including the minister, the bride and groom, the flower girls, the bride's Ma and Pa, and even the boys who bore the bridal trunk, on which was stamped in glaring letters the words,—*Just Married*.

At another table there were six girls dressed as maidens of the

Victorian age, each one attended by a Cupid. Many of the girls wore hearts, already pierced by arrows, on their dresses. Whether this was significant or not, we are not prepared to say.

After the supper was over, the Vice-Principal introduced to us the toast-master of the evening, Miss Pearl Price, who was at the same time the groom of the occasion. She did her part in an inimitable way, and amid peals of laughter, beginning at Table One, in answer to her summons, one girl from each table arose and gave us an idea of the aims, hopes and aspirations of every girl at her individual table.

Leaving the dining-room, we repaired to the gymnasium and there we had a jolly good time, playing "jogging along" and other delightful games. At last almost too tired to move we went for our mail, and then retired to our rooms, oh ! so weary, and yet wishing we could do it all over again in the near future.

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Recital.

The Seminary girls always feel proud of their teachers when they acquit themselves well at any public function, but this feeling is doubled when any of their own members perform successfully. We were all very glad to be able to congratulate those who took part in the Pupil's Recital, on Friday evening, March 1st, on their very successful attempts.

Excepting the pianoforte selections the work presented was that of advanced pupils. In the case of these however which represented intermediate grades, the rendering gave evidence of careful training and reflected credit on the teacher, Miss Burmeister, as well as on the pupils, the Misses Sadie Dobson, Eva Smith, Myra Chambers and Goldie Sweet.

Miss Goodspeed's department, Elocution, was efficiently represented by two advanced pupils, Miss Mary E. Richards and Miss Elinor Wood; both pupils showed pronounced talent. The former gave a dramatic reading of "Old Mother Goose" with fine effect and reserve force, while the latter was thoroughly at house from the "Bird's Christmas Carol." Miss Evelyn Starr, by d the best traditions of the violin department and was heard when creat interest both in the Bach concerts, in which she was assisted by Miss Roth, her teacher, and in a most complicated selection from Hubay 'Hejre Kat.'

Miss Merson's pupils, Miss Helen Beckwith and Mr. Claude Balcom sang with ease and considerable dramatic force, with good phrasing and distinct enunciation. The success of the recital depended in no small degree on the excellent accompanists, the Misses Joy Lawrence, Hazel Goudey and Hazel Chute.

X

Reception.

On Saturday evening, March 9, the doors of the Seminary were opened wide to the Governors, the Faculty and students of Acadia College. The guests were received by the Principal and Mrs. De-Wolfe, Miss Eaton, Miss Layton and Miss Small, our Vice-Principal. Alumnae Hall, the adjoining class-room, the main corridor and the dining-room were all tastefully decorated for the occasion. The firstmentioned room was trimmed in the college colors, as a compliment to our guests; the class-room and corridor in our own Seminary colors light and dark blue, while the dining-room, which was the prettiest of all, was adorned with beautiful green hemlock, which stood out in fine contrast with the white bunting draped around. Our large palm formed the centre-piece of the room and the round divans added much to the appearance and coziness of the room. Miss Pearl Price, the Chairman of the Decorating Committee deserves great commendation on the artistic arrangement of the decorations.

We did not have a Topic Reception as the girls wanted a change from the formality of that kind, and we thought the guests would be able to meet a larger number of people if we did not have topics. To add to the delights of the evening we were given several piano selections by the Misses Joy Lawrence, Jennie Tozer, Charlotte Lawrence, and Miss Vaughn, accompanied by Miss Hazel Goudey, favored us with a solo or two from her violin. At ten o'clock refreshments were served and at eleven our guests departed, all, we hope, having spent a pleasant evening.

A Mission Study Class has recently been organized in the Seminary under the leadership of Principal DeWolfe. The class meets every Sunday morning and the work taken up is "Christus Redemptor," an Outline Study of Missions in the Islands of the Pacific. A large wall map and several pictures have been procured which are of great assistance in illustrating the study. The members of the class find the work very interesting and greatly appreciate the instruction given by the Principal on the important subject of Christian Missions.

Kinder Symphonie.

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Perhaps the most interesting recital recently held under Seminary auspices was the concert on Friday evening, March 22nd, given by the children of the Primary Department in Music of which Mrs. M. H. Emery is the Director. Mrs. Emery's pupils were assisted by four of the younger pupils of Miss Roth, in violin.

The feature of the evening was the playing of the Kinder Symphonie Orchestra, organized and directed by Mrs. Emery. This orchestra, the only one of its kind in the Maritime Provinces, was composed of twenty-three children, who played the following instruments : Cuckoos, Nightingales, Rattles, Triangles, Trumpets and Drums. Miss Edith Woodman accompanied the orchestra on the Pianoforte. It was a most interesting performance and showed the educational value of the work that has been done. Mrs. Emery deserves great praise for securing from such inexperienced players, such creditable results. To Miss Roth also is praise due for the fine work of her pupils. The programme presented was as follows : Carnevals March, Heinrich Meyer

Kind	lor	Curma	hon	ie O	rchestra.
DIIIC	ler	SVIIII	JIIOII	IE ()	ICHESITA.

(a) "Brüderchen Schläft"(b) Gavotte.

Violin Soli

Piano Duett,

Piano Solo

Helen Starr. L'Angelus Dorothy Crawley, Melba Stevens. Curious Story Mary Black.

Arthur Seybold

Charles Gounod

Stephen Heller

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Violin Solo	Cavatina	Arthur Seybold
	Corydon Gray.	
Piano Solo	Andante	Stephen A. Emery
	Dorothy Crawley.	
Violin Solo	(a) "Nun geht's los"(b) Tsching Tschang	Arthur Seybold
	Helen Starr.	
Piano Solo	Menuet	Wolfgang Mozart
	Nora Lewis.	
Piano Solo	Waltz	Hugh Reinhold
Violin Duett	Harry Morse. (a) Wedding March (b) Allegro from ''Orpheus''	Felix Mendelssohn Ch. V. Gluck
	Helen DeWolfe. Dorothy Harrington.	
Symphony i		B. Romberg
Alleg	ro Maestoso	
	Menuetto	

Marche funêbre Finale - Rondo. Kinder Symphonie Orchestra.



The Lyceum

(Of Horton Academy.)

EDITORS :- T. S. ROY, G. A. BARSS, W. L. KINGDON.

WING to the need of all available space this month for pure fiction, the Academy department is not so large as it otherwise would have been. We tried to get some of our members to contribute to this fiction number, but our efforts were in vain, as the attractions of hockey and other sports were too strong to be resisted.

On Friday evening, February 22nd. '07, the Academy students held their annual reception in College Hall, to which both the Seminary and College students were invited. The Hall had previously been decorated very tastefully by a committee appointed for the work which added much to the pleasure of the evening. The topics began at half-

past seven and lasted till ten o'clock. Everybody present had a pleasant time, and all too soon our annual reception, which had long been looked forward to, came to a close.

The hockey game between H. C. A. first and Canning first, which was played in the Wolfville rink on Tuesday evening, March 5th, was rather one sided, resulting in a victory for the Academy by a score of 15—1. The Canning men are experienced players but the lack of practice has made them weak in combination. Their defence was strong. H. S. Fellows played an exceptionally fine game at goal. The Academy, on the other hand, were in their usual good trim for playing, and they worked a combination which was not easy to break up.

F. Lewis refereed the game satisfactorily to all.

The H. C. A. second team has entered the King's Co. junior league, with Canning, Kentville and Wolfville. Our team won from Canning in the first match of the league, but was defeated in second one by Kentville.

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The Acadia Jester,

Everything comes to him who waits and Peppard certainly got his share at the Seminary reception.

Davis, (on road home from church Sunday night, Feb. 24) - "How happy I could be with either, were t'other dear Semmy away."

The way the Freshmen conducted themselves during their sleigh drive and lunch reminds us of an extract from Goldsmith :

"By sports like this are all their cares beguiled,

The sports of children satisfy the child."

"Traveller."

Knowlan, '10, was looking over the list of "amended spellings" recommended by the reformers, "Good land," he exclaimed. "I don't see nothin' strange in them words. I always spelled 'em that way."

There was a young man of Grand Pré, Who, while out on the dyke making hé, Said, ''Now I'll go to college, And get me some nollege, And then I'll be Woodman B. É.''

Green : (pointing to Sem entering grounds) "Who is that, Putnam ?"

Putnam : (airing his French) "Je ne sais pas."

Green: "Jenny Saper? That's a funny name. But say she's pretty."

There is a brash Freshman called Young, Whose praises have never been soung, Though he plays around ''Tad'' Whom he seems to think ''Glad'' Of the praise which she gets from his toung.''

LOUNSBURY—"Say Price what makes you so *Sharp* when reciting in class now.

PRICE-!!!!

The opinion prevails that a certain young man in the Freshman class is likely to be destroyed by spontaneous combustion if his hair isn't Wet-more.

Miss M. V. R. (trimming Seminary dining room for reception) "This just reminds me of Christmas, only one thing is missing."

"Miss G. C. "What's that ?" Miss M. V. R. "Why Holly, of course."

Miss Ch—b—s (when getting her photographs) "It's not what I'd call a speaking likeness."

Mr. Graham : "Oh, well, I don't think many people will find fault with that."

Crilley seems to be making a "Strong" endeavor to break into the ranks of the benedicts.

A ministerial student propounds the following : "How does a deaf and dumb boy say his prayers when he has a sore finger ?"

Another explains, that the reason we never see an angel with a moustache is—a man has such a close shave to become one.

We would like to intimate for the sake of those who do not move during a reception, that straights are much better held at home; you will have more fun and you won't be conspicuous.

Dr. Jones : (greatly amused) "You seem to hesitate. Perhaps that is not the kind you are used to."

Collins (at Seminary reception unburdening his soul to a Co—ed) "The girls in our class are no good. There is only one who is any use at all."

OVERHEARD AT ACADEMY RECEPTION.

Cad: (to young lady) "May I have the pleasure of the last topic? You see 'England expects every man to do his duty' however disagreeable." It is to be hoped that before that young lady got done with him he was a sadder and a wiser Cad.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Miss Effie M. Sipprell, \$1.00; H. C. Creed, \$1.00; Miss Maude Wasson, .75; Miss Beatrice Shand, .75; Miss Margaret White, .75; Miss Iva Dakin, .75; Miss Hazel Goudey, .75; Miss Nita Kaye, .75; C. DeB. Denton, \$1.00; Elmer W. Reid, \$1.00; Miss H. Vaughn, \$1.00; Miss K. Gillmore, \$1.00; Dr. R. V. Jones, \$1.00; Rev. J. W. Brown, \$1.00; Miss Louise Blair, .60; Miss Jean S. Haley, \$1.00; Miss M. Black, \$1.00; A. H. Baird, \$1.00[•] Miss H. Baker, .45; A. & W. MacKinlay, \$2.50; C. J. Mersereau, \$1.00; E. D. King, \$1.00; Miss Grace Reynolds, \$1.00; G. V. White, \$1.00; Ganong Bros., \$3.50; Rev. J. H. MacDonald, \$2.00; Miss Josephine Ells, \$1.00; Rev. A. S. Lewis, \$1.00; Dr. E. M. Keirstead, \$1.00; E. W. Sawyer, \$1.00; D. J. MacPherson, \$1.00; J. Rolfe Trimble, \$2.00; Dr. Sawyer, \$1.00; Miss E. Spurr, \$1.00; R. D. Colpitts, \$1.00; Miss Etta J. Yuill, \$1.00; Miss M. Welton, \$1 00; H. B. Ellis, \$1.00; J. A. Burgess, \$1.00.





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