

# Acadia Athenæum

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

“Prodesse Quam Conspici.”

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JUNE, 1901.

Vol. XXVII.

Number 8.

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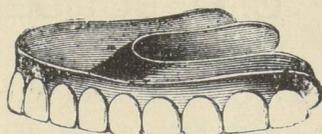


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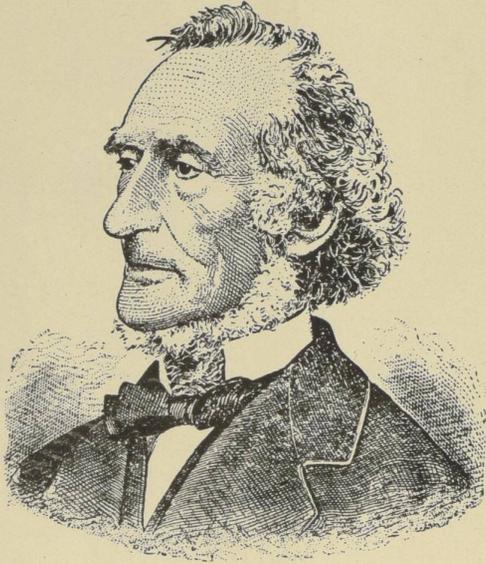
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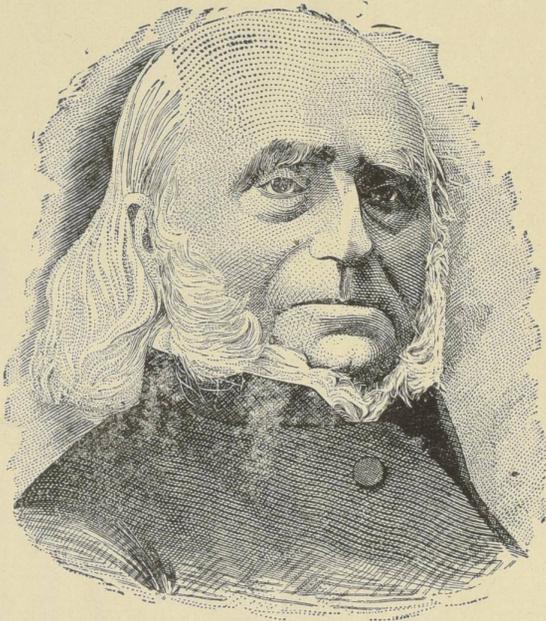
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# Acadia Athenæum.

"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI."

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## Graduation Prophecy.

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Another door to let thee farther out  
Into God's ever-widening world about;  
Fear not, but draw the quick expectant breath,  
And look for glories without end or death.

For thee the sky shall open spacious ways  
For joy to roam through all the glowing days;—  
The stars by night thy tired glances hold  
With speechful quiet from their eyes of gold.

Near and more clear shall sing the river's flow,  
Closer the winds their friendly counsel blow;—  
Each summer's death, a hand upon thy heart,  
Enlarge for thee the springtide's rapturous part.

And year by year the faces of thy kind  
Shall clear to glass, wherein thine own shall find  
The looks to thrill thee, tracing sweet to see  
The lines that bind thee to humanity.

Yea, the whole world for thee shall magic wield—  
Life all its sweet-surpassed bitter yield;—  
Only keep open heart, and thou shalt know  
The utmost riches of the way we go.

BLANCHIE BISHOP, '86.

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

## University Training and Practical Power.

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[The following is the winning essay in the contest for the Kerr Boyce Tupper medal for Oratory, of which contest an account was given in our last issue.—Ed.]

A marked characteristic of the present age is the vastness and extent of its mercantile enterprises. This is at once an indication and a product of advance civilization. The upward movement of humanity from primitive savagery, from conditions in which life was but little removed from the plane of the brute, satisfied when its immediate physical needs were met, to its present condition of multiplied wants,—wants of the body, of the mind, of the family, and of the nation, is marked by the discovery and subjugation of natural forces, the utilization of natural products, the discoveries of science, the growth of art, the invention of wealth-producing machinery, and the establishment of international relations based upon the law of interdependence. Man has ever been knocking at the arcana of material conditions with which he is surrounded. His demands that their secrets and forces should be delivered over to him began, after long struggles, to have a response. Bacon's *Organum* marks a great change. Nature began to reveal her hidden secrets, and man began to harness her powers. But the progress made, previous to the last century, in unfolding the volume of nature and utilizing her powers, is incomparable with the marvellous achievements that mark the great progress of discovery, invention, the arts, and sciences during that period. Closely following this progress of the past one hundred years there has been a wonderful material expansion of which we search in vain for a full measure. Action everywhere is intensified, skill is specialized, commerce is extended, and we find ourselves to-day living in an age of great material development.

That the immense extension of the natural and physical sciences, and the wonderful material development of the past century have been of great significance in altering men's views as to the educator's business, and especially as to the function of the University is a fact quite generally accepted. So long as nature was contemned, culture prayed with her face towards an inner shrine. The worthy world was a world of contemplation; the worthy attitude was towards contemplation; and the worthy method of education was such as produced contemplation. But the newer attitude towards nature and the outer world has caused a noteworthy change. Nature's gifts and wonders have captivated man; science has conquered the world; man believes in her, and a new setting is given to thought and values and life. Methods of education productive of contemplation have given way to those productive of activity, and the whole drift of present educational thinking is to pro-

duce the efficient man—the man related by forceful deeds to the world without. That the aim of culture is to prepare a man for efficient service, and not chiefly for enjoyment in the contemplation of the mind's acquisitions, is familiar to everyone who understands the spirit of modern education.

The University as a factor in fulfilling this function of Education—the preparation of men for active life—can justify its existence only by being vitally related to the demands of modern life. This age of great material development has presented for solution entirely new problems—industrial, social, political, and religious. It has also opened up many new professions and businesses to supplement those formerly existing. To comprehend these problems, and to lead in their solution, as well as to efficiently fill the numerous professional and business offices, a demand has been made for men of practical power, for men who can *do*. In response to this call, especially from business and industrial circles, there have arisen numerous schools and institutions of various classes offering a purely practical preparation for definite pursuits. In so far as its sphere extends, there is a diversity of opinion as to the power of the University to meet the demands of modern life. The advocates of Universities urge that the training offered by them is the only true preparation for the activities of life in its broadest and fullest significance, of life material and life spiritual. Another class, among whom are included many hard-working practical business men, claim that University training tends to result in a kind of dreamy idealism which unfits rather than fits men for the practical duties of life. Recognizing the fact, therefore, that practical power is one of the essential elements in a preparation for active life, let us consider the following question—is the American University ideal of the present day so moulded that University training should endow men with that practical power necessary to meet the demands of modern life?

It is necessary at the outset that we should have a clear understanding as to the meaning of practical power. In this age in which activity is the slogan, practical power must certainly have a close relation to man's activities in the manifold duties of life which he is called upon to perform. These we may divide into two general classes:—first, duties in connection with his chosen profession or business, and second, duties as a member of the social organism. As regards a man's profession or business, practical power consists in ability to enter upon the active work of life in all its various departments not as a mere routinist or formula-man, but with freedom of thought and disciplined powers of judgment and reasoning. As regards his duties as a member of the social organism, practical power consists in directing himself towards a prompt and successful solution of the many complex and

confusing problems relating to the family, the state, and the church. In a word, practicality in any connection consists in getting precisely and directly at the matter in hand, with power to view it broadly and clearly, and power to form just and accurate judgments with reference to it.

Assuming that this is a fair conception of what practical power really means, the question which naturally suggests itself at this juncture is—what is the training necessary to develop this indispensable power for service in this practical world? Considering this question with reference to man as a member of the social organism, we find that the so-called liberal education is best calculated to produce the required result. Its main aim is general culture and development, a feeding of the mind with appropriate food, and a gymnastic training of the mind by appropriate exercise so that it shall grow in strength, activity, symmetry, and universal efficiency, and thus be prepared for any and every pursuit of life. While it must be granted that much depends upon the individual man, still, in its general results, a careful and persistent training of this kind produces breadth of view and clearness of vision, power of sound and patient thinking, just judgment, and power of accurate and swift reasoning. A liberal education developing these powers surely fit any man to accomplish the most practical things in his social relations. As regards the work of his chosen profession or business, it is clear that the training necessary to develop practical power would be a thorough training, following closely upon the liberal education, in the real active work which life in that service requires. And it is to be observed that there is an organic connection between liberal education and the practical or professional education, the latter growing naturally out of the former; that if we compare education to an edifice, the one forms the basis and the other the superstructure of any perfect system. A purely intellectual apprenticeship to special pursuits not only fails to give that general culture so necessary to enable men to perform wisely the complex duties consequent upon their relations to one another in the family, the church, and the state, but fails even to ensure really high success in the special business which is its immediate object.

Keeping clearly in mind the true meaning of practical power, and the training which we have found to be necessary for its best development in equipping men for service both in their social and in their professional duties, our question proposed for consideration resolves itself into the following:—in how far does the training offered by the American University of the present day meet these conditions?

It is not our intention to indicate by the word University any institution actually existing among us, nor is it necessary to point to any

existing institution and say that that presents to you the manifestation of the idea which the term University properly represents, but rather we would indicate the present stage of the ideal to which the early and simple ideal of the American University has expanded to meet the complex conditions of modern life. The true University of to-day is "a collection of the highest professional schools gathered round and united to a system of high general culture—a cluster of fruit-bearing branches crowning the solid trunk of the educational tree. The general course is the fostering mother of all the special courses, connecting, nourishing, and unifying all, ennobling and liberalizing all with the lofty spirit of true culture."

That this ideal is so moulded that the training offered by the University of the present day is calculated to meet the conditions required to develop that practical power necessary for the duties of life is now evident. The University course of general or liberal culture furnishes the training that prepares man for his duties as a member of the social organism. It turns iron into steel. As it has been shown, it enlarges, elevates, and liberalizes—gives breadth of view, and clearness of vision; gives power of sound and patient thinking, a just judgment, and power of swift and accurate reasoning which is the best equipment for an intelligent and practical solution of the many complex problems awaiting solution in the family, the state, and the church. It is true that there may be some shock, some embarrassment, in making the transit from the educational to the active life, but once having been brought into relation with life around him, the University man is able to enter upon the practical affairs of life in their broadest and fullest significance, and life will appear larger, richer, and more beautiful than it ever could have appeared without the course of general culture. The specialized or professional courses of the University ideal furnish the training required for the duties of the chosen profession or business. There are to-day numerous highly intellectual and practical pursuits of life requiring very elaborate special preparation which is not given in the University course of general culture. The University, by means of her professional schools, spans the chasm between the course of general culture, and the higher intellectual pursuits of life. Three such schools have always been recognized—theology, law, and medicine. But, with that wonderful opening up of fields of new activity, demanding the very highest endowment, the University ideal has expanded to meet the demands of the times. Beside these three traditional schools there are now many others already firmly established in the University ideal offering thoroughly practical courses in architecture, civil, mining, mechanical and electrical engineering, scientific agriculture, economics, applied mechanics and various other

professions touching life in real earnest.

And looking out into the vast field of active life, there is abundant evidence that College and University trained men are to-day leading in all departments in the practical affairs of life. As these institutions have in the past contributed the best towards our social and public life, so to them must we look for guidance out of present perils and to future good. And it is a significant fact as further indicating the close relation of the University to the life of the country that University officials are appearing more and more in the role of practical business men. President Hadley of Yale studies railroads, stands as an international authority on those broad and strenuous business questions, and goes to his high office from the chair of Economics. President Harper combines the shrewdness of the Wall Street speculator and the presidency of a bank swaying the captains of industry by his ability. Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell, is sent to Germany to handle the diplomatic and business interests of a nation. President Schurman, through his reputation for accurate insight and broad vigorous grasp, is sent to the Philippines to help frame a nation's judicial, political and commercial relations with that people, while scores of others from the list of University-trained men are successful advisers and directors of a nation in its most practical affairs.

Adding to all this the fact that the Universities have stood the critical test of time; that they have risen steadily and surely with no step backwards from their foundation to the present day; that of all the institutions of the country, the Universities seem to be at this moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brightest promise for the future, we have the highest evidence of their close connection with the practical active life of the nation to which they belong, and of which they are the loyal servants.

A. L. B. '01.

### From Acadia to the Klondike.

Why the Editor should ask me for a second contribution to the ATHENÆUM is beyond my ken. What I should write about was almost as hard a matter to find out. However, after passing several sleepless nights and wearing myself down to the proverbial shadow, I decided to give a short account of my trip north.

Little did I think, when I said goodbye to the professors and fellow students last June that before another commencement should come around, I should be six thousand miles from Acadia in the Yukon. My thoughts were, as were those of many other Acadia students, centered on map selling and moneymaking for the summer and the return to

college to renew old friendships and make new ones in the fall. In my case, however, it was to be otherwise. In the midst of my quest for 'filthy lucre', so desirable, I was summoned home by a telegram offering me the appointment of Accountant of the Public Works Department for the Yukon Territory. Needless to say I lost little time in accepting and three days later I was on my way to Ottawa.

On July 23rd, I left home, having as my first objective point Boston. After spending a few days in Boston and Worcester, I took the train for Ottawa. This part of the journey was very pleasant as part of the way was through the White Mountains, and part along the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers.

At last Ottawa is reached; and then one begins to be puffed up when he remembers that he is a Canadian, and I risk him forgetting it while in that city. At the first sight of the beautiful and magnificent Government Buildings rising above and dominating the whole city, any thoughts he may have had of the glory of other lands fade away and he is at once a Canadian of Canadians. This spirit is fostered during the whole journey across the continent. In Ottawa I had the pleasure of renewing several old acquaintance, among them two old Acadia boys, Austin Bill, '00, and Jack Caldwell. During my stay of a week they outdid themselves in making the time pass pleasantly.

After a week spent in getting acquainted with my new duties I took the C. P. R. Imperial Limited for Vancouver. Now the real journey has begun. Our faces are turned toward the land of the setting sun, and we begin to feel that we are indeed off for the Klondike. There was a very agreeable party in our sleeper and we soon got acquainted and time passed very pleasantly. The country for the first two hundred miles was rather disappointing, the only interesting parts being while we skirted the Ottawa river, and the glimpse of Lake Nipissing by moonlight.

In the morning of the second day out we came in sight of Lake Superior. Never before had I any idea of its immensity; but after riding along its shores from early morning until late afternoon, I began to get an idea of the word "Superior." I think "Supremus" would be the more fitting name. (Dr. Jones will see that I have not forgotten all my Latin.) It seems just like riding along the Atlantic, for as far as the eye could reach there was nothing but water, with here a white sail and there the black reek from a steamer's funnel. The shores are mountainous and the railway often runs along high bluffs with frequent tunnels. Time and space will not admit of a description of the beauty of the islands, and the wonderful red basaltic formations seen beyond Nipigon.

Leaving the lake at Fort William, we enter a wild and rugged

country, but night soon falls and we know nothing more until a commotion in the car wakes us in the morning, and we are told that we are nearing Winnipeg and that we will have a chance to stretch our limbs and see the town. Winnipeg well repays the visitor. Here he will see a new town with wide well laid out streets, fine business blocks, handsome public buildings, all bearing the unmistakable western trademark. Here too he will first see the mixture of those curious foreign types who are peopling our prairies. All seem to cling to the distinctive dress and language of the country from which they came and afforded a good opportunity for the student of human nature.

For two days now we ride over the prairies. There is a beauty peculiar to this part of the country but after a while it gets monotonous. At Brandon, Regina, Moosejaw and Calgary we find small cities with all modern improvements. Medicine Hat greatly to our regret was passed in the night, for there we had expected to see "Lo" in all his glory.

Just before we reach Calgary we get our first view of the Rockies, looming up in the distance and looking more like clouds than mountains. From there on we spent our time on the platforms. Now the country is full of interest. Ranches are on every side and great herds of cattle and horses are constantly seen. Indian tepees too dot the landscape. But the all absorbing point of interest is the mountains which are fast growing nearer, and at last they loom up like a vast impenetrable wall. And just as it seems as if the engine must be dashed to pieces, a pass is seen to open and we rush in between precipitous cliffs and are in the heart of the Rockies, following the windings of the Bow river. The observation car is attached and we take possession. Our conversation now could be easily represented thus,—! ! ! !.

Banff with its National Park is soon reached. Here we stop for a day's rest. It is a beautiful place and weeks could be pleasantly spent here, but we have to content ourselves with a hurried drive to the principal points of interest and a swim in the hot sulphur baths for which the place is noted. I wish I had time to describe our drive, winding as it did up the mountain over tortuous paths, each turn of the road presenting new scenes of beauty; but I must hasten.

The next morning finds us once more in the observation car; for we are to have a whole day of wonder seeing. On all sides of us the mountains tower with snow clad summits; while often the road skirts a deep gorge where hundreds of feet below the trees seem like pigmies and the streams like ribbons of silver. And as we gaze we involuntarily repeat: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help," and our souls are filled with awe.

We shoot through tunnels and snow-sheds, and under crags look-

ing like giants waiting to crush us. We rush by glaciers and through cayons, where the roar of the train is echoed and re-echoed until we are sure that we must be in Dante's Inferno. One of the most thrilling places is the great loop of the C. P. R. in the Selkirks. Here the train winds about on trestles so twisted that the engineer can almost shake hands with the conductor on the rear car. It was moonlight when we passed here and the scene was one of indescribable beauty.

The next morning we are flying through the Fraser River Canyon. At every turn new beauties are unfolded. The river has cut for itself a deep gorge in the mountains, at the bottom of which it foams and tumbles. The banks are carved in fantastic forms with strange colorings, seeming to have been shaped by titanic hands. At intervals groups of Indians may be seen spearing salmon, or washing for gold with the primitive rocker.

But soon the mountains are left behind and we find ourselves riding along Burrard Inlet, an arm of the Pacific, and we begin to have Balboa-like aspirations, for is it not beyond the Pacific that the goal of our pilgrimage lies—at least it is north. At Vancouver we are met by old friends who are proud to show their city. It is a pretty town well laid out, and when we see its fine business blocks and general air of prosperity, it is hard to believe that the first house was built in 1886 and that it has since been wiped out by fire. During my stay here I was very pleasantly surprised by meeting Miss McLeod of Acadia Seminary on the street.

Five hours sail through a beautiful archipelago brings us to Victoria, the garden of the province. One is well repaid for a visit to this town, but we cannot linger, much as we would like to, for we must be northward bound. It is impossible to do justice to the sail north. We are on a land-locked sea, which sometimes seems to be only a river, the passage between the wooded and mountainous islands being so narrow and the water so calm. I shall never lose the memory of those moonlight nights and warm sunny days of that voyage. We would often pass Indian villages with their quaint cemeteries, each with its curiously carved totem poles, and gaudily painted houses for the dead. Then we would see an Indian out fishing in his queer shaped boat with its prow carved in imitation of some bird or beast that it would be lawful to swear by, as there could be no other like it either in heaven or earth. At one place we passed a tug with twenty-seven of these boats in tow, each containing a family that had been down the coast to one of the canning factories.

Fort Wrangle was the only port stopped at on the way. There it rained, but we went ashore, and in spite of the rain I secured two good photographs of the totem poles for which the place is celebrated.

Wrangle is a town with no streets to speak of—a North American Venice (?) where the boats come up to the sidewalks in front of the stores and houses, and where one's limbs, if not life, are constantly in danger from the slime on the walks.

After leaving Fort Wrangle we pass through the Wrangle Narrows. Then crossing Dixon's Entrance, we enter Lynn Canal. We are now in the disputed boundary territory. The sail up the Canal is very pretty. Mountains rise precipitous on both sides, and glaciers, veritable rivers of ice, are frequent. At the head of the Canal is the town of Skagway; and on arrival there we begin to think that we are really in the Klondike. It is a small city under U. S. government and is quite a busy place, being the gateway to the Yukon. It is not, however, the place it was in the palmy days of "Soapy" Smith, who, standing in with the U. S. Marshal, maintained a reign of terror, holding up any unsuspecting "Chechacco" who came in his way. All is changed now for "Soapy" died with his boots on, as became a man of his varied attainments, and law and order now reigns, reinforced by a regiment of coloured soldiers.

The next day we secure seats in the White Pass and Yukon Express, bound for White Horse. This is the most interesting part of our journey. The White Pass in '97 and '98 was the terror of all who came to seek their fortunes in the "land of gold." Taking their outfits on their backs, they had to toil up the steep sides of the mountain, or pay an enormous sum to have them packed over. There was not much romance in it. Then someone proposed a railroad. All the engineers but one said it was impracticable. That one was E. C. Hawkins, now General Manager of the road. It is a triumph of engineering. The scenery to the summit of the pass is wild and rugged. At the summit there is a post of the N. W. M. P. and this is recognized by the *modus vivendi* as the boundary, and the Canadian and American flags fly side by side. A few miles further on is Bennett City, once a thriving place and the centre of the scow building industry. Now as the railroad has moved on it has dwindled to a mere hamlet.

For thirty miles we skirt the shores of Lake Bennett, leaving it at Caribou Crossing where a fine iron bridge spans the river. Lewis Lake is now to be crossed. This lake was in the way of the road and the engineers drained it, and what was once the lake is crossed by a high trestle. It is estimated that ninety million gallons were drained from this lake.

The next point of interest is the world famous Miles Canyon. A good view of it can be obtained from the car windows. Here the Yukon river is compressed into a channel scarcely 100 feet wide, through which the river boils and roars like a very demon. The

White Horse Rapids two miles below were a terror to all who came into the country before the days of the railway. A mile further on and we reach the city of White Horse, the future metropolis of the North. Here we find a lusty baby town, not yet three months old, with a bank, three churches, a number of fine hotels and business houses, and wharves and warehouses over 700 feet long.

And now we are at our journey's end. If anyone has found the courage to read this through, he has been taken for a *ramble* of six thousand miles, and I can only hope that the trip has not been too exhausting.

D. McRAE MINARD, '02.

White Horse, Yukon.

### Acadia's Largest Graduating Class.

The class of '91! There is magic in that name. It speaks of large endeavour. However pleasant, it is not an easy task to write a satisfactory article on this distinguished class. Only ten years have passed since the coveted parchments were received and yet the class has written in large headlines on the book of fame.

It was remarked of Daniel Webster that when he and a few other great men got together the earth trembled, and there was danger that the centre of gravity might be changed and the earth topple over. There was trembling on graduation day in '91. It may not have been of the earth; but there was danger to this planet when so much latent possibility stepped forward to receive parting counsel from the revered and honored president. Never before had so many stood together to graduate at Acadia. As many have not done so since. Perhaps it is well, for the strain was severe.

Dr. Sawyer called us his "Jubilee Class." In '78 with enthusiasm the college celebrated the first fifty years of its history. In '87, after a breathing spell of nine years preparatory to our coming, fifty-five Freshmen registered upon the college book. On Commencement Day, four years later, we numbered forty-three. Whatever the future may have in store for Acadia, however large other graduating classes may be—and they will be much larger in the years to come—one class will have the distinction of being known as the "Jubilee Class." That is no small honor.

We deserve the title in many ways. Our coming in such large numbers brought joy, as well as dismay, to the Faculty. The day of small things seemed past. A new era had begun. The "Child of Providence" was stepping forth into the strength of young manhood. The recitation rooms were too small. The question was soon

broached, "what shall we do in the future for accommodation?" Editorials found their way into the college paper on the need of enlargement and advancement. Whatever may be said of the ATHENÆUM under the conduct of the editors of '91, three things were always prominent, loyalty, advance, adaptation. How much influence these articles had upon the Faculty is not known to the public. The effect upon the student body was none the less marked. The Gynasium Building was erected at the close of our Junior year. To the class of '90 rightly belongs the initiative of this enterprise. The high sounding title, "University," was assumed during our residence at Wolfville. The class did not take kindly to the change, until they recognized what their coming to the college meant. Then they submitted with becoming grace. The New Academy Building, which Principal Brittain is so heroically and perseveringly advocating, was a subject for college debates and editorials. The needed Stone Library and Museum was much talked about. The class of '91 dreamed lofty dreams for the institutions on "the Hill." They have not all yet materialized. Nevertheless those dreams were sincere expressions of love to our Alma Mater, and we rejoice that so much advance has already been made. The coming of this class, unusually large, gave an impulse, and it ought to be recognized.

I suppose a good text for the class during the first years in college would have been, "These that have turned the world upside down are to come hither also." Appropriate divisions for a sermon would have been: I. The World is Upside Down. II. The World ought to be turned Right Side Up. III. We are the fellows to do it. The last division in particular applies.

One of the most memorable events in our memorable history was the first class meeting. We had heard that such affairs were in order. Ours was everything else. The scene defies description. Everybody wanted to move and second resolutions. The class picture, that idol of the Freshman's heart, was the principal item of business, and it required nearly a dozen meetings to get everything satisfactorily arranged. At last the eventful day arrived. So much time had been spent in preliminaries that the fine autumn days had glided away, and the college steps were clothed in winter's garment. We were kept on ice for a long time and so kept fresh. It was an ambitious picture, and a few copies survive the ravages of time.

Our class meetings gave splendid opportunity for study of Parliamentary usage. On one noted occasion, when several were speaking at once, the class President, after vigorous use of the gavel, in frantic endeavours to secure attention, called himself to order, as he shouted "Order, Mr. President." By the time we had reached the

stage of "Potent, grave, and reverent Seniors," our class meetings were singularly felicitous. I suppose every class passes through a like transition.

It has been suggested that the class was "a starter" in good things. In nothing is this more conspicuous than in the introduction of "Class Day." We were bound to keep abreast of the times and so adopted and adapted this popular exercise from the American Colleges. At least one class previous had observed such a programme, but not until '91 did it have a permanent place in the life of the institution. If the class had done nothing more, future anniversary generations would rise up and call them blessed.

There is one little piece of history which I shall not attempt to write in full. It is connected with a relic of the past, a custom which the faculty has wisely discontinued. But out of evil good may come, we have heard it said. At any rate, the leading characteristic of the class is again prominent. On this occasion, during the wee, small hours of the night, an old cannon was transported from the quiet village of Grand Pre. It was not needed there. Evangeline was gone. The French and Indians no longer gave the British trouble. Valuable and stately buildings had reared themselves at Wolfville. The incoming of such an exceptionally large number of Freshmen the previous year had increased the importance of this educational centre. It was a wise precaution to fortify such a strategic point. The class recognized the fact. The significance of all this will flash upon you as you gaze at the two cannon, mounted on concrete platforms, keeping their silent watch in front of our imposing college in white. We suggest there may be some connection between the canon of '88 and those which the Minister of Militia so thoughtfully donated to the college. Again in '91 was a starter.

But the class was a stayer as well. We began the Freshman year with fifty-five; the Sophomore year with forty-five; the Junior with forty-one; and the Senior with forty-four. We graduated forty-three. The percentage of those who persevered unto the end was large.

It is interesting to note that thirty of the class matriculated from Horton Academy. Three came from St. Martin's Seminary, and ten from County Academies and Schools.

The class went forth to engage in different professions. It must fairly be said that during these years of service they have faithfully kept their class motto before them, "Nulla dies sine linea," no day without something performed. A large degree of success has attended the career of "91," and the future will record it with a more liberal hand. Twenty-one engaged in the active work of the gospel ministry. Three of these were subsequently called from the pastorate to the Pro-

fessorial Chair, making eleven in all who adopted teaching as their life work. Medicine claims five, and commercial life three. We had only one lawyer. We were honored with one lady. She decided it was not best to marry outside of the class fraternity, and so by affinity became the partner of our chemist. One of our number ably represents the class on the foreign missionary field. The Dominion Government has recognized our ability by the appointment of one of our members as Deputy Assistant Engineer for the Province of Nova Scotia. The Pacific Coast could not successfully conduct its banking business without the aid of '91, and so one of the illustrious took charge of the daughter of a Bank President in Washington State, and thus manages the business. One is pursuing literary life in New York City.

Four have closed their labors and handed in their completed reports. They made good use of the time. Herbert Secord, our Scientist, did not long survive graduation. He had bright prospects, but consumption cut short his days. Leander McCart, our Lawyer, was taken in South Africa soon after he had settled down to the practise of his profession. He carried his case before the Great Judge. Had he been spared he would have done well in the dark continent. Allison Read was the next one suddenly summoned. A popular Professor at Kalamazoo, he had refused a call to the Presidency of Des Moines College. He was recognized as one of the most promising young men in the Baptist Denomination in the United States. Arthur Kempton wore himself out by his zeal; but he did more in his brilliant ministry of less than six years than most accomplish in a life time. His career was singularly successful, and at the time of his death, the Ruggles St. Church, Boston, had appointed a committee to wait upon him with a view to the pastorate. It seems strange that these strong young men should thus be taken. But they left records of which the college may well be proud. Ninety-one deeply mourns, but is glad to add such names to the list of Acadia's distinguished graduates.

Of those who remain it is not my place now to write. In these fleeting years since graduation they have given a good account of themselves. They will speak more loudly by deeds in the future. Ninety-one still stands for accomplishment as well as ideal. Ten of the class have taken their M. A. degree in course. Seventeen are full graduates in Theology. Two secured with distinction the degree of Ph. D. All are doing nobly and well.

Mark Twain tells us of a Mississippi River Boat on which he used to pilot. The Steamer had such a big whistle that whenever it blew the Boat stopped. It may be that some will think I have spoken too loftily the praises of this class. As one of the number I shall naturally be considered a trifle prejudiced in their favor. It can

frankly be said, that no attempt has been made to make the estimate over-wrought. Much more that is laudatory might fittingly have been written. If, however, I have blown my whistle too loudly it will not stop the class in their strivings after honor, fame, and service for humanity. Ninety-one is the largest class that ever graduated from Acadia, and of course you will expect me to say, "It is the best."

Z. L. FASH.

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Class History.

This little bundle of small odds and ends (somewhat untidily done up I fear) is not properly a history although I have indeed ventured to call it one. Tradition it is true sanctions and almost sanctifies the title, but honesty does not; and so although too timid to lay unholy hands upon the sacred code of class precedent, I have at the same time been constrained to salve a Baptist conscience (Baptist consciences you know are uncommonly sensitive) with a candid confession of dishonesty. Now a true portrait of college life does not paint a trim young gallant fresh from the wash-basin and the mirror, nor yet a sturdy vociferous fellow clad in that striped apparel common to colleges and convict-prisons. The real history of a class is the history of its intellectual life from Freshman bib to Senior swallowtail. But now and again the college pot boils over and forms public and social functions and pastimes and fracas on the outside of the kettle. These are what the class historian has served up for you as best he could.

In further apology for a title which covers but does not fit, it might be well to say (and you may hold the statement true or false as you think best) that I at one time undertook to write a true and comprehensive history of the intellectual development of this class; proceeding indeed to the completion of the forty-second volume which together with those which preceded it concerned itself exclusively with the first week of Mr. Baker's Freshman year. At this point I was obliged to drop it; resigning my task into the more capable hands of Mr. Baker himself who is I have good reason to believe, still engaged upon the story of his own mental evolution. The work will no doubt be a good one because in the matter of mind we are not a common class although much too modest to say so in this public way.

Lastly in apology let me tell you that though there is much truth in this little chronicle there is not a surfeit of it. The fact is that before putting pen to paper I spoke to Mr. Piers about it and he told me that the more I soaked the boys ("soaked" is his word not mine) the better they would like it. So I said I would.

The class you see before you (I mean the class as a class only)

came to Acadia early in October of the year '98 before nature had begun to blush before the kiss of Autumn. There were some fifty-three of us in all ten ladies and the rest—well you know what the rest were without my telling you. Most of us came by train and some on foot, notable among the last Mr. Pier's who was specially constructed for walking. It is a matter of some regret to our friends that we did not bring a brass band with us, but we thought it would look a little brazen as brass bands in fact generally do so. So the manner of our coming was quite plain and modest and made no great stir. It is one more point in our favour that we shook hands with the professors in quite a kind and hearty way as though they were indeed our equals and not a few common men paid to teach us two or three things we did not already know, in order that we might be wise as well as beautiful and good. Now we do not deny that the outer man was somewhat unharmonious with our inward greatness, because most of us (the young ladies always excepted) were standing rebuttals of Mr. Thomas Carlyle's dogma that clothes were made for ornament. Even Mr. Blackadar's collar (of course you have all heard of Mr. Blackadar's collar) is said to have been at this time a little under four inches in height but George has since excused himself on the ground that his hearing was defective. In brief it may be said that we had not yet mastered the idea that rare gems are most beautiful when tucked into the rich folds of plush cushions.

The first few weeks of our life at Acadia were tame and colourless. A graceful waltz in the chemical room by Messrs. McLeod and Bruce served to temper the monotony, but it is no part of the purpose of this little chronicle to record the small details of college life. Old gold was selected as the class-colour, to be worn in union with the college blue and garnet and the combination was a very pretty one. The motto *certum pete finem* was not chosen, I think, until early in the sophomore year when it was proposed by Miss Bostwick and very cordially adopted. Thus were we provided with our coat of arms. In battles of brain and brawn we won a goodly share of credit. Our debating team captained by the redoubtable and fluent Mr. Barsz defeated the Sophomores in a stout combat of logic, overwhelming them in a veritable sirocco of words. On the campus we met defeat at the hands of the burly Academicians, after a most admirable struggle, succumbing only when our best half-back Mr. Buchanan had been temporarily crippled. No doubt the present Juniors (pardon me the Present Seniors :) would demur if we attributed our defeat wholly to this unhappy little incident. It is strange how class opinions will differ on a point like this!

Now to my mind it would be neither just nor courteous to pass

over without some slight expression of grateful approval the charming reception tendered to the boys of this class by its young lady members; one of the very few social functions, by the by, which the class historian is able to chronicle at first hand. Of course we all had a good time; how could it be otherwise with such fascinating hostesses? For it might be recorded right here that not only does Mr. Atherton who is somewhat of a bashful recluse, consider the class very fortunate in its lady members, but also Mr. Martin and myself who are essentially ladies' men—social lions so to speak in all except the *mane* particular. (No doubt Mr. McCurdy looks green with envy at my punning powers, but 'pun my soul I cannot help it.) Never, however, since I first came to Wolfville a little over twenty-one years ago (and I was very, very young at that time) have I enjoyed myself at smaller cost of words. The same, no doubt, may be said with more or less truth of most of us, for we had not yet discovered the secret of a fluent tongue. Now it comes to me at this point that you do not all know just what the secret of a fluent tongue may be. I will tell you all about it.

When a very green young man (and we were very, very green young men) first finds a young lady in the chair beside him babbling nothing to him to the most bewitching way imaginable, he at once tries to think of something witty or profound, and soon his brain begins to pulse and throb like a great engine. But nothing comes of it; for just when he has forged an idea that will suit to a shade the young lady's remark about the weather, he finds that she has left the weather far behind her and is talking to him about angel-cake and Roman noses, and really the poor fellow has no fixed ideas on angel-cake and Roman noses. But by and by the green young man turns to the maiden by his side and observes that while her nimble tongue is tripping it right merrily, her mind is occupied in quite different matters, for she has just discovered that he wears a number ten boot and that his chin is not all that it might be. A great light breaks in upon him; for he sees at once that there is no essential union between brain and tongue. The tongue wags best alone. And so he unfastens the little hook which links the two together and I am sorry to say, that in very, very many cases he forgets to rehook it.

Now whether this next event occurred during the first or second term of our Freshman year, I cannot say, but that is of small moment. Friction occurred between the Freshman and the Seniors and this is how it came about: Certain of the Seniors observed a number of fine bath-tubs in a shop-window and being hugely impressed by the beauty and polish of the metal, purchased them as ornaments for their chambers. One day, quite by accident I believe, they discovered

what these tubs were really for, and having no use whatever for them personally, they treacherously pounced upon certain members of our sacred body, who were straightway immersed in senior tubs and by senior divines without even so much as an apology for a church formula. Mr. Rose was afterwards heard to say that he had no idea Mr. Manning was so muscular. Now as a matter of course, we were much wrought upon by this unseemly little business. We said things about the seniors, and then we sent a little Freshman delegation to wait upon a little Senior delegation, and the seniors dried our dampened dignity with an apolegetic towel, and every thing was smooth and placid as a mill-pond. This is the first case I believe of a Senior class apologizing to Freshman.

So ended the first year of our life in the little white college on the hill.

At the close of the mid-year holidays back we came with the roses of summer in our cheeks, strong for book and ball and topic-card. Our ranks, alas! had been somewhat thinned by the professorial artillery, but as time went on others came to take the places of those who had dropped out. There was Miss McLeod and the two Perrys and Lewis and Longley of the big head (all scholastic veterans) Mr. Faulkner with a class constitution in his pocket, and Mr. Currie who had behaved in a very gallant way in a recent engagement at Blomidon. By the way it might be well to quote just here a verse or two from a poem which we feel sure was written either by Mr. Currie or by someone else. We were in some doubt as to whether we would be able to obtain this gem, but as luck would have it the string broke and it came out somewhere near Mr. Currie's left boot. Here are two verses:

"One day (tis past belief  
Until you feel it,)  
She stole my heart, sweet thief!  
I saw her steal it  
"Nay, you have two and one is mine," I told her  
She blushed and dimpled and then growing bolder,  
"Pray take your choice" said she.

Ah, me! 'twas dark and wild  
In bleak Pereaue  
But sweet the maiden smiled  
And spoke; and lo!  
The rocks were robed in roses, and the sun sprayed  
Showers of summer gold, because one little maid  
Said "yes" in sweet Pereaue.

Mr. Currie is certainly a poet but the metre like Mr. Currie himself is a little eccentric. This gentleman I might say is the only politician we have to relieve the dead monotony of ministers, doctors and lawyers. For some time he was troubled by a conscience which

had it lived would have quite spoiled him for political life. Happily it was delicate and died young.

The Sophomore oratorical must not be passed over without a word or two; because as a matter of fact the general public really knows very little about it. The affair was quite select. Only the faculty were present and we (as I said before a very modest class) would much rather they too had stayed away. But these men have a most unfortunate habit of turning up when they are least wanted. Well, appropriate selections were made from standard authors, committed to memory by members of the class and finally delivered by them with graceful gesticulation or post-like rigidity. Some of the boys (we call ourselves boys but no one else must do it) Mr. Manning, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Colpitts, Mr. Currie, Mr. Bishop and a few others recited admirably. But most of us spoke our pieces in a more or less musical monotone. It all depended on the note we struck first. After that each worked away with mechanical precision holding bravely to the primal key. I remember distinctly how Mr. Coldwell gave us Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn" in robust trumpet like tones that would have fitted a battle slogan to admiration. Of course the young ladies did well—they always do; and perhaps the palm for elocution should be shared between Miss Logan and Miss McLeod who were about as close to perfection as women can get. Mr. Jones by the way, also did well.

The last notable event in our second year which I shall trouble to record is what vulgar plebeians commonly term "The Racket," and what we with more delicate appreciation for euphony, if less scrupulous deference for truth always refer to as the Great Sophomore celebration. The prime object of this good old institution as you doubtless know, if you were in the province at the time, is to make a loud noise with special attention to variety of tone; and as propitious fortune would have it, our class at this time contained a number of fellows (Mr. McLeod and Mr. Colpitts for example) who were eminently qualified to make an occasion of this sort successful. Much time, money and trouble were expended in the tedious work of preparation. The executive committee shrouded itself in mystery but in time we were permitted a peep into the secret of its operations. And this is how it all fell out. At midnight of October twenty-one a gun went off BANG! and then horns tooted and there was a murmur of many voices and the tramp and hurry of many feet, and people awoke and sat up in bed, and the women said "O, those wretched Sophomores!" and the men said "O, those (what-you-may-call-it) Sophomores!" and indeed there was quite a to-do among the sleepy people of the placid little town of Wolfville. But I do not much wonder at it, for we did the best we could, and the gun turned out to be a very good gun. Mr. Freeman did not come

until the Junior year and so we had to use an automatic fog-horn but Mr. White and Mr. Manning employed it to good purpose and covered themselves with perspiration and credit. It is said by some that Mr. Rowland in his best moments attained to a compass of some thirty-two octaves, but I have looked up the subject of octaves and think this statement should be taken with a grain of salt. Well each professor was visited in turn, Dr. Kierstead spoke a few kind words to us, the young ladies were melodiously serenaded and the celebration ended with a big bon-fire on the hill near the observatory after which the boys went home to taste for a brief season the milder sweets of slumber.

“And when we had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.”

When day broke one of the few tokens of what had taken place the night before was a huge banner bridging Main Street near the Post Office and with the symbol of the class upon it. Such, very crudely told and with many omissions deliberate and unintended, is the story of the Sophomore celebration.

The remainder of the year passed peacefully away. We were banquetted at the home of a classmate Mr. Dimock whose kindness and courtesy had once before placed us under a like obligation. The Rink and the Campus engaged much of our leisure. We won the coveted hockey trophy in good style and played base-ball to such excellent purpose that we came out at one end of the League. Did I hear some ask, which end? Never you mind young curiosity. As if it mattered which end when one can just shift the thing about and put what ever end first he thinks right and proper.

And so another year passed into shadow, and we were Juniors. Messrs Bustin and Freeman joined us. But I need not stop long here, this third academic period being somewhat droughty and unprolific in matters of more than local interest. For one thing we were busy with Mr. Kruger in the Transvaal and so our super-abundant vitality found outlets through channels more legitimate than might otherwise have been the case. The class spirit too had been broken up among tightly knitted groups of twos and threes. Also, we had been to the tailor's and were bound up in our clothes. Noise and dust had become somewhat distasteful to us since we had left the cheap cloth shanties of the year before to live in serge and broadcloth palaces. True, it was not until the Senior year that we left the shanty for good and made the palace a permanent abode, but the change began here and we will note it here. As a rule, I think, the metamorphosis starts at one extremity (head or feet) but not infrequently at both, working its way gradually upward and downward until it encompasses and transfigures the entire person. In proof of this I need only cite the case of Mr. Piers who began

with a hair brush and tan-boots (No. 1 boots on the third circuit) and who for some time reminded one of a very antique pair of fire-tongs tipped with gold at both extremities. From this point the change progressed until not only the foundation and cupola, but also the pillars and body of the *Temple* were decked and beautified.

Incidentally and in some slight degree the effects of this remarkable Metamorphosis were detected in the mental men. Hitherto, we had been students first, last and always. But now, Mr. Winfield Wallace, tailor, was conducted politely to a reserved seat in the hall of mind, and calmly took his place in front of Mr. Socrates and Mr. Baldwin. Mind you, not that we loved Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Socrates less, but that we loved Mr. Winfield Wallace more.

The Junior Exhibition (the one event of note in this sterile year) took place in College Hall on the evening of December sixteen, a sloppy, muddy, muggy evening, as I well remember. But the hall was crowded, it having been noised abroad that Mr. Coldwell was to speak. Now it does not become me to tell you that we did well, but I would like for you to understand without my saying so, that the function was most admirable in every way. Miss Bostwick and Miss Pearson were the two lady speakers, and they did the class great credit: Miss Pearson with a strong, clean-cut, scholarly essay on the classical "drawma"; and Miss Bostwick with a composition of most marvellous sweetness, like to a limpid stream purling its way through little shadowy groves, and between green banks fringed with forget-me-nots and water-cresses. Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Roland, Mr. Aaron Perry, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Coldwell, championed our grosser element. From these latter essays, those of Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Richardson might be singled out as particularly original and good: The first a clear, concise bit of un-sound logic; the second, remarkable for poetry of thought and richness of diction. Mr. Coldwell was in good voice, but I believe could not be heard in more than two counties. This is about all that need be said about the Junior Exhibition. To mention the desk (a very handsome desk for the President's office) which the class presented to the college at the close of the exhibition proper would of course be immodest in the extreme.

The second Junior term provides no topic of general interest; so we slip it aside and pass on.

#### SENIORS!

Three long years of academic life, limp as sucked lemons, lay behind us. One short rich year to make the best of, lay before us. It may be that we have not made the best of them. It may be that we have but knawed and nibbled, or gorged *ad Libitum* where we should have feasted bounteously but with judgement. Some of us perhaps have

browsed too often outside the curriculum fence. But we have grown, and we trust the fact will be as plain to others as it is to us. For if other people think as highly of us as we think of ourselves we shall certainly do well in the big rough world outside. Not that we are conceited (far from it) but simply that we place a right estimate upon our own worth.

The class (in part) has been before the public twice this year. On Saturday evening, January 19, a debate was held in college Hall and four members of the class took part: Mr. Bishop and Mr. Colpitts as rival leaders and Mr. Currie and Mr. Longley as to very able subordinates. Four Juniors also took part but that is unessential. Mr. Bishop and Mr. Currie said that "combination of capital tending to monopolize industry should not be prohibited" Mr. Colpitts said they should and Mr. Longley also came in at the end with a mild protest. However it turned out that Mr. Bishop and Mr. Currie were right. So Mr. Colpitts for some reason unknown said "thank you" to the judges, and Mr. Bishop very naturally said "thank you" also and then everybody said "thank you" and that was the end of it. Just three months later Mr. Bishop won the Tupper Medal for oratorical efficiency. This young man has good reason to be proud.-

But, you ask, are we men of mind only? What of the stomach, which as you all know is the essential part of man as a social animal, society being not a community of souls, but a community of stomachs. Four times we have supped sumptuously; once with Mrs. Eaton, a Canard lady, once with a class-mate, Miss Heales (bless her kind heart), once with our genial President, and once also with our beloved Dr. Sawyer. Thus, it will be seen that though we are something better than mere patent digesters on two legs, we are still human and made after the manner of common men.

And where was cupid all this while? Well, it must be admitted that for some time the tender passion had but slight hold upon us, partly perhaps because there was in our very midst an excellent antidote to all attachments other than local, and partly also because the very proximity of the treasure seemed to dull and deaden all impulse to possess it. But Mr. Currie, as I hinted delicately once before, brought cupid over from Pereau in his watch-pocket (the watch-pocket as you are aware, is rather high up on the left side of the vest), and since this thing took place we had no peace of mind, for Cupid does not use a bow and arrow now adays but a tiny gun fashioned on the mauser principle, and his practice with the new weapon is much more accurate and deadly than it was with the old one. (Mr. Hutchinson tells me by the by, that the new weapon does not kill but lacerates most grievously.) Poor Fred! Poor, poor Dimock!

- But I must sit down. For lo! a prophetess cometh after me and it is best that she should *Pearson* as possible; and after her there is another, the laces of whose boots I am not worth to un*Lewis*. Besides I find that I am falling off sadly.

One more day and we go from you: thirty-one bachelors (including seven young ladies, and four married men who are nothing short of animated paradoxes) and one poor foolish fellow (?) who is best content to go without a shred of ermine to cover a very palpable calf-skin.

And really that is about all that I can tell you. Poor and meagre I know it is, for I have but touched the surface and (being somewhat inexpert) have not even collected the cream into my skimmer. The deeper significance of college association remains untampered with, for indeed it is too sacred to curl and frill with silly jests and jibes. Nor can it readily be set in words.

The Class History is ended.

RALPH M. JONES, '01.

### The Prophecy.

The evening of the 29th of Sept., 1929, will long live in my memory. I was reclining in a luxurious chair in my study at Brandon, lazily dreaming and musing, when my mind was involuntarily turned toward old Acadia and the class of '01. I had long been engrossed in other things. But now, as the time was approaching when in bygone years I was wont to return and adorn its classic halls, reminiscences of the prowess of my once beloved class-mates came thronging in upon my memory. I was seized with an inexpressible longing to know if fate had dealt kindly with them and to look again upon their once serene and happy countenances. But truly I was in a dilemma. I knew scarcely anything about them. To whom should I apply. Suddenly I bethought myself; had I not recently read of the wonderful work which my long tried friend, Mr. Horsman, was doing among the Doukhabors, but a short distance from Brandon? Why he had chosen this work I cannot tell, but he was doubtless influenced while at college by descriptions of the benighted condition of the Doukhabor women, which had aroused in Mr. Horsman's tender heart a burning desire to sacrifice, even his life, if by that they might be benefited.

I immediately made my plans. I would see Mr. Horsman in the morning and having learned the addresses of my classmates, I would see them if it meant a tour of the world. Accordingly early in the morning, having prepared for a week's absence, I bought a motor

carriage and in half an hour I was in the presence of Mr. Horsman. He gave me much valuable information. Mr. Richardson was a very earnest preacher in the great city of Saskatoon and the acknowledged leader of all the North West Missions. Mr. Dimock was a missionary to the Mormons of Great Salt Lake City and Mr. Freeman was a very efficient worker among the French of Lower Canada. At this point in the narrative I exclaimed, "Have all my class-mates become ministers and missionaries? I beseech you, Mr. Horsman, tell me of one who is not, if he be only a chimney sweep!" Having thus turned Mr. Horsman's devout mind from sacred things he bethought himself that Mr. Faulkner was a civil engineer at Fernie in the East Kootenay district. I immediately set off at full speed resolving to see Mr. Faulkner before the sun set. At the foot of the Rockies I sold my carriage, for you must remember that people no longer travel as they did at the opening of the century. All travel in their own motor carriages on paved roads built for that purpose. Neither do they now spend days in crossing the mountains as formerly. Balloons are ever ready to carry passengers over. I was about an hour in crossing and arriving at Fernie. It was a glorious trip, but I must refrain from describing it. I arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, and was walking along at a moderate pace wondering how I should find Mr. Faulkner when I was accosted by the strangest looking gentleman I had ever had the pleasure of looking upon. He called me by name and seemed wonderfully glad to see me, and somewhat amazed that I should not know him. I soon recognized him, however, as the man for whom I was looking, but you will not be surprised that I did not at first recognize him. A heavy beard covered the lower part of his face, to which one end of a handsome chain was attached, the other end being clasped around his wrist. He said these were precautions he had taken to keep his chin from leaving him. At first, he had grown this beard hoping that it would have the desired effect, but feeling that it still wished to leave him to take up its residence on the snow clad peaks of the Rockies, he had added this chain as an additional precaution. He gave me considerable information concerning my class-mates. Some were in the far East in India and China. These I resolved immediately to visit. Before parting he also told me that a class-mate of ours Mr. Coldwell had made an immense fortune in the salmon industry on the Fraser river. He had applied the methods used in his native country by the Gaspereaugians for catching Gaspereaux with unbounded success.

I remained that night at Fernie and very early in the morning I resumed my journey, arriving at the coast by eight in the morning. As time was very valuable to me I at once engaged a Kress flying machine

to take me that day to China. I preferred the Kress machine to some others for if anything happened to the flying machine apparatus it could sail as well as fly. We arrived at Disappointment Island in time for dinner and here strange tidings awaited me. I was informed that a certain Mr. Baker, W. L. I believe his initials were, had met with a serious accident. It seems that Mr. Baker had visited many lands and frequented many universities in search of a fountain of knowledge. Having learned that this island possessed a wonderful and mysterious fountain of apparently pure water one draft from which would make him learned for evermore, he immediately hastened to this island and wildly rushed to the fountain, if, perchance he could get but one sip from the blissful stream. In his haste however, Mr. Baker fell in and was nearly drowned before he could be rescued. He was, however, reported as recovering when I visited the island. We stopped but a few moments for I was anxious to be in China before nightfall. We arrived that night in Canton. Here I found Dr. Bustin, President of the University of Canton. He was very thin and much wrinkled. Chinese rats evidently did not agree with him. He was also Prof. of Metaphysics and gave lectures on the same in which he always expressed his firm conviction that all corporeal things were purely phenomenal. He told me that Mr. Roland was a Prof. of Music in the interior of China. He was now doing well, but formerly had narrowly escaped death. It seems that he had once in a philanthropic mood attempted to teach the Chinese Latin. But they, resenting his efforts, rose in insurrection and he only saved his life by fleeing from those parts.

He also said that Mr. Hutchinson was at Hong Kong, manager of the Wireless Telegraph Company of Asia. Dr. Bustin kindly offered to communicate to Mr. Hutchinson the fact of my arrival and with the latter I held a long and pleasant conversation. He related to me many interesting things concerning my class-mates. Especially of the wonderful discovery made by Mr. Blackadar, who was in a malarial district in India. For many years it had been known that the germs of many fevers were carried by flies and mosquitoes. This was a very valuable discovery but as the flies and mosquitoes still remained it was of little practical value. Mr. Blackadar's discovery, I would have you understand, was purely accidental. After leaving college he attended McGill, and having received the degree of M. D. he went to India to investigate the causes of malaria fever. One day while looking over his Acadia Souvenirs he came upon a Junior cap which in some mysterious way had come into his possession. He decided to wear it, and immediately he observed that wherever he went, he went alone, for not a fly or mosquito accompanied him. Sometimes hundreds were swarm-

ing in front of him, but as soon as they became aware of his approach, some fled and many hundreds died of fright. It was the cap that did it.

Having learned from Dr. Bustin that Mr. Perry and Mr. Martin were in Egypt, I bade a hasty farewell and engaged a balloon to take me that afternoon to Egypt. I arrived in Cairo before sunset and as I was alighting from the balloon whom should I come face to face with, but Edward Otis Temple Piers. My delight at seeing this member of my class was such that I could have embraced him, but refrained for I feared that the Egyptians standing near would not understand such proceedings. Mr. Piers, when he learned the object of my visit, promised to accompany me the next morning to the Sphinx where Mr. Aaron Perry received scholars from every land who wished to make a special study of ancient Egyptian tablets.

Early Thursday morning as we were starting on our journey, I asked Mr. Piers how he happened to be in Cairo. He said that he had been recommended to the British government by the Hon. R. L. Borden, Premier of Canada, as a man of considerable diplomatic ability and well qualified to be chief adviser to the Khedive. He also told me of the sad fate of Mr. Jones. It seems that the latter was travelling through Asia Minor and Turkey getting ideas for his illustrated magazine. In an unlucky moment he caricatured the Sultan. Success had made Mr. Jones bold. While at College he had most cruelly caricatured the Faculty and even his own father. But they in their wisdom had overlooked such youthful folly. But the Sublime Porte was neither his father nor the faculty and in great anger threw him into prison where he still is, although the daughter of the Sultan is doing her utmost to obtain his release and will probably succeed.

At this point in the narrative we came in sight of the Spinx which has been a monument of wonder to all ages. But some peculiar object seemed to be on its summit, something which I had never observed in any of the pictures I had ever seen. I mentioned this to Mr. Piers who related to me a very strange story indeed. It seems that what I saw was an observatory built by Mr. Martin for communicating with the Planet Eras. For years he had been patiently working at this and had finally succeeded and had obtained as a reward the prize which had been offered nearly thirty years before to the person who first communicated with the inhabitants of any planet besides Mars. Mr. Martin took astronomy during his Senior year at College and developed a consuming passion for things of the celestial sphere. In fact I have been told that Mr. Martin used to spend whole nights at his home in Gaspereau gazing into the Heavens and muttering softly to himself:

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are.”

The interior of the Spinx is very peculiar and I was glad indeed when I found myself in Mr. Perry's study. He was bending over a stone tablet in which he was completely absorbed and it was only by the most deafening screaming and vigorous shaking that Mr. Perry was made aware of our presence. As you would naturally suppose he was delighted to see us and the first words I addressed to him were, Mr. Perry, why are you in this unearthly place? In reply to this sympathetic query, he simply glared at me and said: "I will have you understand that this place is excelled by no other on the face of the earth. The very atmosphere is antiquity itself. The walls are so thick that no sound from without invades my sanctuary. How different from that abhorred Chip. Hall. Now I can devote myself wholly to my beloved work." While he was thus discoursing, I noticed that pictures of all descriptions covered the walls. Every member of the class '01, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, and the whole Oliver family, in life size portraits, hung from the walls. The portraits of Mr. Currie and Mr. Lewis especially attracted my attention, and as I had not yet heard concerning them, I interrupted Mr. Perry by asking him if he knew where they were. He said, that he believed that Mr. Currie was Governor of the Transvaal, and was very popular with the Boers. When Mr. Currie first went to the Transvaal, the militia was in a very disorganized condition. He immediately demanded that the troops be subjected to a rigorous drill, and his own enthusiasm was such that he led the marching himself, and when the Boers beheld his graceful, swanlike movements, they loved him as a brother. Mr. Lewis was a Professor in the Leland Stanford University, Cal. I was greatly surprised at this, for when he was at college, he was purposing to be a minister. "Yes," said Mr. Perry, "Mr. Lewis did think that he had a call to the ministry, but he had another and far more earnest one. It was to be a Prof. of Chemistry and Algebra."

I also learned that Mr. Longley was a Professor at Cambridge and immediately resolved to make England my next stopping place. Accordingly we bade farewell to Mr. Perry and returned to Cairo. Here, I had some difficulty in finding a flying machine suitable for the trip, as I did not care for the motion of the balloon which had brought me from China. Neither was I impressed with its efficiency, and was rather afraid that some of its working apparatus might give way and I should find myself engulfed by the merciless sea. After some further trouble, however, I left Cairo late in the afternoon, and arrived in England before dark. The next day I overheard a conversation, which proved to be of intense interest to me. It seems that Mr. M. G. White, Mus. B., D. M., M. M., F. R. S. E., a famous baritone singer, was to have sung before the King and Royal Family, at Buckingham Pal-

ace the evening before. But having waited some thirty minutes, the King became highly displeased, and when Mr. White finally arrived, refused him audience. Alas! said I, well do I remember Mr. White at college. He was, if my memory serves me, called the *late* Mr. White. That evening I was passing Spurgeon's tabernacle, and the door being open I entered, in order to view the interior. Imagine my surprise, when I beheld in the pulpit addressing a large audience, the Rev. Avard L. Bishop. I sank into the nearest seat and controlled my varying emotions as best I could. Before the service was over, I had recovered sufficiently to retire without being recognized. Early in the morning I left England for Halifax, without seeing Mr. Longley; for I felt that if I should never recover, I preferred to die in my native land, than among strangers on a foreign shore.

I arrived in Halifax that evening, and the next morning being Sunday, and feeling somewhat refreshed by my sea voyage of the previous day, I determined to go to the First Baptist church, and hear the Rev. C. E. Atherton. Upon entering I found I was late; the sermon, I was told, had already commenced. Afterwards, I was thankful indeed that I had been told this, for otherwise I could never have explained what I saw. Not a sound did I hear, the stillness was like the silence of the grave. The audience sat motionless, but each had an instrument resembling an ear trumpet, attached to his left ear. On a platform in an enormous chair, sat the Rev. Charles E. Atherton. Not a muscle of his face moved. He was, as I afterwards learned, preaching his sermon mentally. The movements of his mighty brain sat in motion the ether waves which were rendered intelligible to the audience by the instruments which I have already mentioned. When the service was over I had the courage to remain and speak with this great man. Said I, what a great thing those instruments would have been for the "Chip. Hallers" of our day, Mr. Atherton! On Sunday mornings they could have remained in their rooms, and yet have heard the sermon in the church. That evening I received intelligence of an affair which I will proceed to relate, and which is truly the most extraordinary of all the extraordinary things I have related. During the day I chanced upon a copy of that *notorious* organ, the *Halifax Herald*. At any other time I would not have contaminated myself by touching it; but I was eager to learn something concerning the girls of '01. I was really alarmed about them. Had the earth opened and swallowed them? I had been nearly around the world, and yet had neither seen nor heard of them. My attention was immediately turned towards an editorial entitled "Acadia and her Graduates." Here, perhaps I would find what I was looking for, and although Sunday, I read it. Among others, the names of Mr. Manning and Mr. E. V. Buchanan

were mentioned. Mr. Manning was manager of the Steel & Iron Co., Sydney. A position, which in my college days, was held by Mr. Moxham. Mr. Buchanan was Supt. of the magnificent Carnegie library at Sydney, and also gave lessons in *illegible* penmanship, in which Mr. Buchanan was an adept. But the most important part, that most interesting to me, was concerning Acadia and the changes which had there taken place. It seems that the young men of the rising generation had been found less and less able to cope with the girls. It was decided that if the young men were to thrive at all, it must be in a separate institution. Hence, they gradually dwindled away till none were left and the faculty, broken-hearted, retired. A new board of governors, the first women of the provinces were chosen. Miss Josephine Osborne Bostwick as President, with efficient helpers were elected to fill the vacant chairs. These things were deeply lamented by the Editor, who by the way, was Mr. R. J. Colpitts. The tenor of the whole article was of the most melancholy pathos. It was bordered about with black. To me these changes were most delightful, and I immediately hastened to Wolfville.

Here, great changes had taken place. It was no longer a small town, but an immense city. Elevated sidewalks were to be seen in all directions. But these things were of little interest to me. I hastened to the college. A high wall separated it from the bustle and confusion without. Over the massive gateway were engraved the awful words: "Let no man enter here on pain of death." Within, the college as I knew it, and the grounds in front remained the same. Chip. Hall still occupied its old site, though propped up on all sides by marble pillars and iron bars. In this building, I was told students once resided. It was now used as a receptacle for curiosities. Here enclosed in a glass case, was the chapel rostrum, a fixture of the former faculty. The chapel organ, Brough's natural law of money, and the stove, which once adorned Dr. Jones' room, and was placed here as a sample of the heating apparatus of antiquity. The old reading room was gone, although parts were still preserved, along with other relics. Where the observatory once stood, now an immense stone building had been erected and was known as the new college. The building which had once been used as a Ladies' Seminary was now the home for college girls. The grounds were beautifully arranged and extended in the rear to the Gaspereau river. On a terrace immediately in front, my attention was attracted toward a glistening, white marble statue; and as I approached, would you believe it, I recognized the finely moulded lineaments of Edgar H. McCurdy. Well, said I, little did I think when I sat in class with Mr. McCurdy and attended his gymnasium, that he would ever be upon a pedestal adorning the college grounds. Upon inquiry

I found that Mr. McCurdy had donated a large sum of money to the faculty, and they in honor to his memory had erected this white marble statue. I, however, was eager to see the new President and hastened to her office. I arrived at an opportune moment. The President and the chairmen of the various committees of the faculty were in session. Miss Josephine O. Bostwick was seated in the official chair, and gathered around her, picture my surprise if you can, were no less distinguished personages than Miss Adele McLeod, Miss Mildred Kate Bentley, Miss Grace Augusta Perkins, Miss Georgie Everett Heales, and Miss Laura Rebecca Logan.

I gazed at them like one in a dream. They were equally overcome. Finally Miss Bostwick arose and expressed for both herself and the members of her faculty who were there assembled, the pleasure which my arrival had aroused within them, and also requested that I rehearse my experiences since we last met. I related to them many things, but dwelt especially upon my recent trip which I described with minuteness and great vividness of expression. As I concluded, Miss Bostwick arose and said: "The chief members of my staff are before you and though they fill their respective chairs with great efficiency, Miss Adele McLeod occupying the chair of Modern Languages and great men of Prince Edward Island; Miss Georgie Everett Heales, chief instructor in music and lecturer upon the harassing experiences of my musical career; Miss Mildred Kate Bentley, Classics and English and lecturer upon the genius of Tennyson and the pathos of the line: "Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all", Miss Grace Augusta Perkins, Economics and lecturer upon *contracts* and the sad experiences of my college days; and Miss Laura Rebecca Logan, Geology, Zoology, Outology and lecturer upon things which I have seen, which clearly demonstrates the evolution of man according to natural processes; yet we are sadly in need of another and for that purpose are here assembled. Having listened to your adventures, and knowing, of old, the power of your wonderful intellect, I take upon myself the responsibility of asking you accept this vacant chair."

I was deeply touched by these remarks, but controlling my emotions and having signified my acceptance of her proposal, I said: "O, Madame President, small of stature, but great of mind, truly the members of the class of '01 are greatly exalted and can never be surpassed. They are the first to have encircled the globe; no other class has ever ventured far from home, and when I remember Mr. Piers as chief adviser to the Khedive, Mr. Bishop in Spurgeon's tabernacle, and Mr. Martin on the summit of the sphinx, I am overwhelmed and can say no more."

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Thus will be the fate of Acadia, and the Class of '01.

A. ALBERTA PEARSON.

### Valedictory.

Mr. President and class-mates, Mr. President of the University, Honored Professors, Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen :

Slowly, but steadily have we climbed the ladder of learning to the round upon which we stand to-day. To-morrow's sun will herald the dawn of a new life to each and all of us. For a moment now we linger to cast a retrospective and prospective glance, ere we strike hands and separate, never all to meet again until our several tasks have been completed, and we have "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace?" As we thus pause in sacred reverie lo! there falls upon our ear the peal of distant music—the music of creation as from the far distant shores of eternity it rolls down the centuries. Since first the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, the music of the ages has been sweetly sounding, and amid its soft, sweet strains *The New Era* has dawned with all its splendour.

"Coming events cast their shadows before" is a hackneyed saying, yet one in which we discover a perennial filament of truth. The soft breath of the soothing zephyr betokens the return of spring; the dull roar of yonder ocean, and the melancholy wail of the forest announce the coming tempest; the fragrant blossoms of the orchard proclaim the birth-hour of fruit; and the grey streaks of dawn falling on the eastern hills predict the full splendour of the noon-day radiance, just as the soft-eyed star of evening foretokens the silver bestudding of night. The rise of Ancient Kingdoms was heralded by the downfall of preceding ones, the greatness of Wellington was announced by the fall of Napoleon, and that of Grant by the surrender of Lee. John Huss in Bohemia and Wycliffe in England were harbingers of Luther, and the careers of the French Revolutions Marat and Robespierre were precursory to Napoleon's awful ravages.

Nor has the new era been without its heralds—its signs and forerunners. For the signs of its predicted greatness we must look to the century whose sun has just passed below the western horizon of history. Those hundred years have passed away—yet not entirely away—for all the problems and victories of that age are the inheritance of the new.

Dr. Arnold has well said: "The harvest gathered in the fields of the Past is to be brought home for the use of the Present." Great indeed is the harvest it is ours to inherit. Knowledge has been increased; old philosophies have been modified and new ones founded; investigation has been stimulated and directed; higher ideals have been imparted to art, and loftier sentiments to poetry; reason and intelligence have

been united in religion, and, in a word, ignorance has been subdued and mental torper overcome. But more. Our systems of international trade, our commerce, our manufacturing corporations, our commercial systems whence came they? And the answer comes rolling back o'er the forsaken portals of the age that is gone—"From me thou hast taken these." Our present methods of travel and transportation of goods; our banking systems and methods of exchange; our means of communication and systems of education, each one of which seems such a necessary and integral part of our daily life are all the growths of the recent century. Capitalism and Industrialism, who has not heard of their colossal growth? And the end is not yet. Liberty has been achieved—liberty of thought, liberty of action, liberty of worship. Evangelical effort has been continually widening its bounds and to-day its rippling floods are playing on the far distant shores of pagan lands, and the sweet story of the gospel of Jesus Christ is being told in idolatrous China as well as in christian America. Science that thrilling word! That restless persistent spirit that ever seeks to know! More busy than ever before has she been in tearing away the veil from nature and laying bare to the common eye nature's sublime secrets. Ah mighty truth, how hast thou fought in the days that are gone! History will reveal an image of the struggle men have endured in thy behalf! It will echo their footfall as they marched to glorious victory in thy sacred name! Thou torch of truth, thou wilt never cease to glow through the darkness of the years on which the sun has set forever to guide and direct the generations yet unborn!

This, my classmates, is a faint conception of the greatness it is our happy lot to inherit. But, let me ask, can our responsibility be conceived as ending with our simply accepting this greatness and appropriating it to our own comfort and welfare? In the name of humanity, never. As we stand to-day upon the threshold of our life work, the great world is looking to us and demanding of our hands a worthy contribution towards the solution of the problems now before it. While it is our supreme delight, men and women of 1901, to go forth from the halls of old Acadia with the greatness of the new era falling in light, and form, and color, about us; while it is our lofty distinction to form the century-class, let not this blind and dazzle our eyes. Let us rather ask, what are to be the essential, the predominant characteristics of the new era? As we look out over the great world in attempting to answer such a question, and behold the chaotic rushings of men to and fro, listen to the strange and bewildering cries in the broils and turmoils of human affairs, the world-wide tumult, conflict and rivalry, we are inclined to give up the problem in utter despair. But as we take more frequent, closer, calmer views, allowing seasons for thought

ful meditation and reflection, we begin to discover amid the apparent chaos certain characteristics and tendencies.

The new era will be a constructive age. Perhaps the predominant note of the opening century is that of liberty; men are demanding liberty at the cost of every other system. But liberty, like the mighty Alexander, may yet discover limitations and shed bitter tears. We are not indisposed to grant that by some process of absolute liberty all the disputes of society could be agreeably settled; all the great political problems satisfactorily arranged; all the machinery of government adjusted and running smoothly, but what guarantee would we have for the continuation of such a state then becomes a pertinent question. The whole realm of man's moral character upon which such a state must ultimately rest would be wholly untouched. It may be true that under the dominion of absolute liberty men know their rights and are in a proper position to demand those rights should they be denied, but who tells men their duty under such a regime? Liberty must go hand in hand with law else it is only another name for license. Chaos will come upon society if there is to be no regulating, guiding, moulding force underlying the liberty of the new era. Law must be there, else anarchy, bloodshed and revolutions will be the immediate results. But why make a law? Why so many rigid, dogmatic formulæ? When the humble Galilean stood in the midst of bondage-stricken, idolatrous Palestine nineteen hundred years ago and cried, "If the Son shall make you free ye shall be free indeed," did He not found a liberty that reaches the innermost recesses of the human mind and touches the very springs of human character? In this, then, let the liberty of the new era find its archetype. If law there must be, the supreme basis for it is in the principles for which the Galilean Himself stood. And once those principles are recognized as the highest and only true basis of law, the result will be a liberty infinitely better than any the world has yet seen—the liberty of christianity, which, like the dove of God, will come fluttering down upon the head of society, and nestling sweetly in its bosom, will make the life thereof radiant and sparkling as though suns and stars were flashing in its soul.

Herein, then, appears the constructive force of the new era in all its grandeur and power 'the everlasting yea' of christianity. While other systems have been convulsed and agitated by opposing forces, christianity has moved steadily but noiselessly forward. Originating in a remote and distant land it freed itself from Jewish prejudice and triumphed over Roman arrogance. Spreading over into Greece it struggled in the toils with deep-rooted superstition and æstheticism subduing the one and exalting the other to its true position. To Western Europe and the new world it came everywhere suffering persecutions,

afflictions, and blasphemies, yet ever transforming barbarism into culture, efficiency, and power. Constructive force? Aye, verily. Where christianity has found a throne, society has been lifted from its impoverished estate and placed upon a firmer basis. Wherever christianity has gone it has revolutionized, systemized, and unified. And if this has been true of the past may we not well believe that the glorious work of christianity has already done is but a faint symbol of what it will achieve in the new era once it has been recognized as the supreme, highest, first, and only constructive force abroad in the world? That the flowers which breathe out their lives upon the humble altars of christianity to-day, are but the fragrant signs of the noble men and women who will gladly exhale their strength in loving devotion to such a cause? Ah, men and women, when the new era sees in christianity the strongest bond of human society, beholds it as the central feature of the world's throbbing life, then will society be the recipient of a power which will be felt to outspread and uplift the immortal spirit above the dazzling meanness of this earth, giving it a vision of Heaven where the soul finds its natural soil and native sky, causing it to flourish with perennial glory and matchless beauty. If fears of this yet struggle with your dawning hopes like storm-clouds battling with the rising sun, then listen to that Divine voice as it speaks to thee in tones more musical than the midnight silence and sweeter than the symphonies of angels "In Him is yea." Let the message of that Divine Evangel calm, strengthen and assure.

But my classmates, the new era will be characterized by noble living. With christianity as the supreme constructive force of the new era, the noble life thereof must of necessity find its ideal and source of power in christianity's Founder. Men may turn aside to lay the wealth of their genius and the strength of their skill at the feet of some modern reformer, but gradually they will come back to see in the Nazarene a life radiant with beauty, crowning itself with immortal splendor. Yes, my class-mates, like the Galilean's the noble life of the new era will be gentle, virtuous, pure. The life from which there rises a sweet incense of holiness, and is a continual benediction to men. The life in which righteousness and justice meet together, sympathy and mercy embrace each other. The life wherein humility is allowed to triumph over pride, arrogance, and self-assertion. The life in which self is being continually slain; the lower or individual self is being suppressed and annihilated that the higher self, the rational self, may live. There will be no place for sham lives or superficial living, but earnestness of purpose, sincerity of heart, and persistent devotion to a lofty ideal, will mark the noble life of the new era. For such living that higher preparation must be sought. To the lonely desert men need not go for

this, but alone with God and the moral self they must be found. To be alone with God, the silence broken only by the soft murmurings of nature, lifts the life above the horizon of daily toil and fills it with a sense of scorn and contempt for the mean things which engross the ambitious desires. It is there shut off from the gaiety and frivolity of the world, relieved from bondage to a hard-hearted, selfish world that the soul seems to tread the very borders of the Infinite. Then it is that the immortal spirit beholds visions resplendent with heavenly glory and hears melodies sweeter than ever music discoursed. The very air seems charged with the ominous presence of God, and the solemn stillness of the hour bathes the soul in a holy calm—a calm which is power—and quickens a spirit of devotion, sacrifice and heroism. Such is that higher preparation.

And then, the new era will be an age of service. Man will see in his brother man an *alter ego* and in serving himself will be transcended and personality realized. The greatness of life will consist not in being ministered unto, but in ministering, and in bearing one another's burdens. The universal Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of man will be no longer an academic problem or an ethical sentiment. Life will no longer be a maddening discord, but one glorious sphere of service wherein man will live not unto himself but unto his brother-man and God.

And now, farewell. To you, dear Professors, we say farewell. May we learn to value more and more as the years go by all that you have done for us. And as you toil in your noble work here, may your hearts be made glad in beholding the development in each of us of a genuinely noble character.

To you, citizens of Wolfville, farewell. We thank you for the kindness and esteem you have always shown us, and we trust that the memories you will cherish of us may be fond ones, as ours shall ever be of you.

To you, fellow-students, farewell. Let me urge you to be loyal to the college, and noble in your living. Dare to do right regardless of the cost. Remember too that "life gives nothing to mortals without great labor."

To you, my fellow-graduates, we say farewell. It is hard to think that the time has really come when we must separate and be scattered in every conceivable direction. Yet such is life. As a parting message to you, my class-mates, I leave that "God given mandate," hoping that wherever your professions may lead you, you will live in the light of it, "*Work thou in Well-doing.*"

Finally, farewell. Professors, Citizens, Fellow-students, Friends, all—farewell.

ARTHUR S. LEWIS.

## President Trotter's Address to the Graduating Class.

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YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

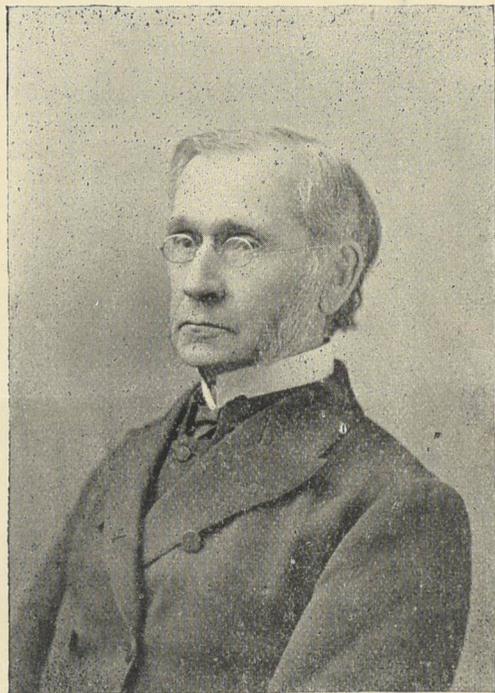
For obvious reasons my words to you must be brief. My subject is, "The Debt of the College Graduate." When I confront you thus as a group of debtors, I am not meaning to cast any aspersion upon your thrift or honesty. It is in the spirit of the old French phrase "noblesse oblige" that I announce my theme. I speak of your debt, because I am thinking of your wealth; I venture to point out certain obligations, because I am thinking of the great words, "Unto whom much is given of them shall much be required." In your college career you have enjoyed one of the richest privileges that life could bring to you.

For what does a college stand? It stands for three things: for a certain ideal of life, for learning and for discipline.

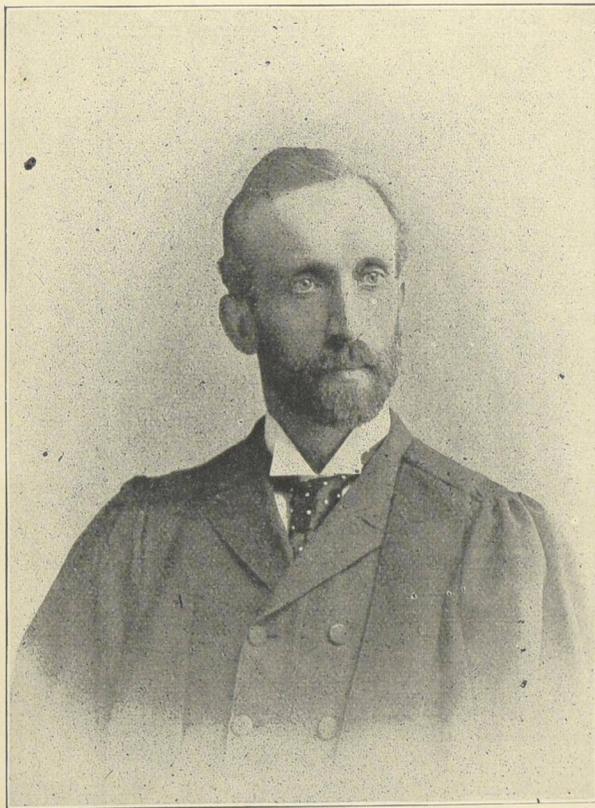
For a certain ideal of life. As Carlyle puts it, the college is the fortress of the higher life of the people. In the midst of lower, often sordid, ideals, every college lifts its head and proclaims to young souls that loftier ideal which puts mind above matter, which insists that breadth of knowledge, trained intelligence, strength of judgment, refinement of taste, habits of application and self-command, are indispensable to the fulfilment of life's best possibilities. In an institution like our own the ideal is loftier even than this. Believing in the Christian verities, our own college openly maintains that life should be judged in the light of the incarnation of the Son of God, and in the light of His words, His death, His resurrection, and His lordship over men. It holds that life for men in whatever sphere is a sacred stewardship, a holy service, and that its issues for every soul are eternal.

Then, the college stands for learning. In relation to those vast accumulations of which we are inheritors, the college performs a three-fold function: it is a depository where the treasures of knowledge are, in some generous measures, stored and preserved; a distributing centre, to which the young folk may gather from every corner of the land, and from which they may carry away all that they are capable of appropriating; and, lastly, a place where the spirit of investigation is awakened, and where that intellectual stimulus is generated, by which the stores of learning are constantly increased.

The college also stands for discipline. Holding forth before the gaze of the students its social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual ideal, it organizes the learning to which I have referred, and all the activities and procedure of college life, into a system of means, intelligently arranged, and skillfully and constantly applied with a view to developing in the student physical, mental, and moral power, right habits and ele-



REV. A. W. SAWYER, D. D., LL.D.  
President 1865—1896.



REV. T. TROTTER, D. D.  
President Acadia College.

vated tastes ; with a view to putting him in possession of systematized knowledge, and developing in him reliable and symmetrical character. In other words the college is a physical, social, intellectual and moral gymnasium ; in which if any man duly exercise himself, his profiting is bound to be made manifest to all.

For these three things, then, I say, the college stands, ideals, learning, discipline. And I ask you to measure if you can the privilege which comes to any young man or woman who, on the threshold of active life, is permitted to spend four years at college, day by day face to face with these noble ideals, day by day appropriating more and more from the stores of knowledge, day by day acquiring power and learning, obedience and self-mastery. And this is the privilege, young ladies and gentlemen, which you have enjoyed. You are to be congratulated, and that most heartily.

But repeating the old French phrase, *noblesse oblige*, it is my purpose, as I announced, to point out the debt of obligation under which your privileges have placed you. The debt is large to the college, to society, to the Kingdom of God. I shall, however, speak exclusively this morning as to your obligation to the college that has put itself at your disposal, and has nurtured and trained you through these years.

When out upon the Forward Movement campaign, I received infinite courtesy and kindness, but I met one graduate of the college who said in my hearing that he owed nothing to Acadia College, that he had paid for what he had got when there. You and I know that even on the low level on which he was speaking he had not paid for what he had got. The annual fee for each student is about \$35, the annual outlay by the Board for each student is not less than \$85. Similar conditions necessarily prevail in all colleges. They could not do their work without endowments. But suppose you had paid each of you the full \$85 each year, your ideas are too intelligent and noble to permit you to talk of having paid for what you have got by any mere money consideration. Can one pay in dollars and cents for the glory of the sunset, for the shimmer of the dawn, for the songs of birds, for the fragrance of the blossoms, for the unspeakable splendors of a day in June? Just as easily could one pay for the benefits which a college pours around the soul of an eager student.

I have spoken of ideals—the ideals of this college. How came they to be what they are? Whence were they evolved? How far back must we go to find their beginnings? If I should tell you the story of human history, enriched at length by the incarnation of the Son of God, by His wisdom and His redeeming work, if I should trace the working of God's spirit in men's souls through the intervening centuries of stress and conflict, if I should trace particularly the social,

intellectual, and religious evolution of these provinces, if I should tell you this man's life-story [pointing to Dr. Crawley's portrait,] and this man's life-story [pointing to Dr. Cramp's portrait], and this man's life-story [pointing to Dr. Sawyer's portrait], if I should tell you of the high thinking and doings of hundreds of others, if I should open to your gaze innumerable chamber doors where good men and women have knelt to pray for this school,—then should I only have begun to suggest the multiplied divine and human forces which have converged to give us those ideals of man, of life, of duty, to which we here stand pledged. And what are silver and gold as payment for an inheritance like this?

Then I have spoken of learning, of which the colleges are the depositories and distributors. And here again is it possible I ask, for a student ever to pay in dollars and cents, for that which he is permitted to make his own? He is introduced to Shakespeare, and buys a book containing the great master's works, and the money he pays for it goes where? To the paper maker, the printer, the book-binder, the publisher, but only to pay for paper-making, printing, and the rest. What have any of us ever paid for Shakespeare? for *Lear*, or *Hamlet*, or *Midsummer Night's Dream*? Shakespeare cannot be computed in terms of dollars and cents. And if a man cannot pay for Shakespeare then can he pay for the privileges of a library where hundreds of master minds proffer their riches? A student pays his tuition fees, and these plus other amounts from other sources give to a professor a roof, some clothing, and enough bread to physically support him in his work. But perhaps the professor is seventy years of age or upwards. He spent many years in preparation for his work as a teacher, and early ranked as a man of marked ability and scholarship; and now for forty-five years, it may be, he has read, and thought, and taught incessantly, till his mind has become a store-house of rich and varied learning, and an instrument of clear and masterful thought; his common speech is drawn from "the well of English undefiled;" and his character is rich with the ripest fruit of long experience. Around the feet of this man young minds gather day by day, while with skilful method and lavish purpose he gives forth of his wisdom and life, imparting to the student knowledge, stimulating their weakness with his strength, disciplining their immaturity with his precision, and by the impact of his personal force exciting to response every faculty of mind and heart. Now what, I ask, does the monetary consideration which the student pays, or this man receives, count for as compensation for the outflow from such a teacher? And he is but one professor among a dozen, each giving forth the best that is in him.

Oh, no, the college man does not pay for the benefits he gets in

dollars and cents, they are not computable in coin of the realm. Should he be well-to-do, and empty his purse to the last dollar he would be a debtor still. You will not wish to gainsay me as I press the point, but, acknowledging the obligation, you will be casting about for ways in which you may at least attempt to discharge it.

You remember in that brief Turner-esque poem of Browning's called "Home Thoughts from the Sea," how the poet describes his feelings as he sailed toward the Mediterranean, with Trafalgar full in face, and Gibraltar rising, grand and grey, in the northeast, both objects of patriotic pride to an Englishman. As his heart swells with patriotic feeling, and there falls upon his spirit the thought of the price at which England has bought the privileges of her sons, he breaks forth in humble gratitude—

"Here and here did England help me,  
How shall I help England—say?"

Commending the sentiment, and altering a word, may I suggest to you and the alumni generally the couplet,

"Here and here did Acadia help me  
How shall I help Acadia—say?"

She needs and will continue to need your help. The reach of her influence is not as wide as it might be. Her resources are not equal to existing demands, and the future must be a growing one. You can help her by living lives of honor and usefulness worthy of her ideals, by active sympathy in extending her influence, by the gifts of your self-denial in the earlier days, and by your munificence later on if wealth shall come your way. She has many friends, and the number of them is increasing. She has a right to rely, however, first of all upon her own sons and daughters. The prosperity of every college is dependent primarily upon her alumni. We rejoice that so many of our alumni are devoted to the interests of their alma mater. We have the confidence that in devotion you will not be second to any.

And now we send you forth with our love and benediction, to put your lives into the opening years of the new century. It is a time of high demand and glorious possibility. May you go forth in good heart, may you quit yourselves, not only in your relations to the college, but in all the relations of life as sons and daughters of Acadia should.

" . . . . The world is young.  
And God is good; and Truth victorious;  
And Right and Love and Virtue stir us yet;  
And Christ is living and we follow him.  
See, brothers, see, the night is on the wane,  
And all the hills are blossoming with morn."

*CLASS ODE.*

A peep into rich books  
 And richer men,  
 Green slopes and sheltered nooks,  
 And then—ah, then  
 Dust and toil and struggle and strain,  
 Worry and hurry of body and brain.

But armored in the past  
 We cope and win;  
 To-day's the mould we cast  
 To-morrow in.  
 The minutes do not die; they breathe in you,  
 Hast thou wrought well?—Go forward and subdue.

May we not love gilt sin  
 Above repute,  
 Nor starve the God within  
 To feed the brute;  
 But may we dare, stripped of hypocrisy,  
 To boldly front the eyes that peer and pry.  
 RALPH M. JONES.

*UPWARD.*

Out of the darkness and cold  
 The lilies grow,  
 Drawn up by the light and love  
 From the depths below.

Through the long ages we hear,  
 If we listen well,  
 The chant of the poet and seer.  
 And what do they tell?

“All life has an upward call;  
 The voice from beneath  
 Tho ever so sweet and low  
 Goes down to Death.”

Then fight, O man, for your soul;  
 O women beware  
 Lest God have cause to repent  
 That He made you so fair.

Waste not your life in a dream,  
 For the end draws near;  
 In the after world we reap  
 The seed sown here.

IRENE ELDER MORTON.

*The Bluffs, June 9th.*

# Acadia Athenæum.

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Once more the time has come to say farewell. With mingled feelings of regret and relief we resign the work into the hands of others. Whether the work of the past year can be more truly termed success or failure we must leave to the judgment of our readers, asking only that that judgment be kindly in consideration of our inexperience. That many of our plans and ideals should fail of realization was inevitable. Yet we hope that our work has not been entirely in vain. We believe that a college paper, while not exclusively concerned with college affairs or filled with crude and immature student contributions, should nevertheless first of all be an exponent of college life and college interests. Such we tried to make the **ATHENÆUM**, we hope with some degree of success, tho falling far below what we wished.

And now we cannot close the work of the year without expressing our appreciation of the help and sympathy which have been so freely given, and without which our work must have become extremely onerous. So we take this opportunity of thanking all who during the year have complied with our request for articles, and perhaps more we thank those who helped us without solicitation. Those also have our thanks who have spoken or written to us words of encouragement and kindly commendation.

Perhaps nothing need be said in regard to the editorial staff as a whole. Throughout the year the utmost harmony has prevailed, and any success that may have been achieved has been due to the faithful and painstaking work of each and all. To the new editors we give hearty greeting. It has been urged against the **ATHENÆUM** that we give little space for student contributions. But this has not been the

fault of the editors and we would bespeak for the new staff a more loyal support in this regard from their fellow-students. The Business Manager also deserves the active co-operation of all the students. We wish for all a successful and pleasant year's work.

This month we present pictures of the men to whom Acadia owes most. Our college has been exceedingly fortunate in the men who have filled the office of president. Crawley, Cramp, Sawyer, Trotter—the whole history of the institution seems to centre around these names, from the inception of the college under Dr. Crawley to the completion of the Forward Movement. We wished to present articles descriptive of the several periods and presidents, but lack of space prevented. Yet we believe the pictures themselves will not be without interest to those who have watched the development of our educational institutions.

### Anniversary Exercises.

An even larger number of visitors attended the Anniversary exercises at Acadia than is usually the case. More and more Wolfville is becoming a place 'whither the tribes go up'—the Baptist tribes of the Maritime Provinces. The rare June days and the natural beauties of this country of orchards in the blossoming time combined with the interest pertaining to young life quickened by educational advantages make the closing of our schools an occasion of delightful experiences. So we gladly welcome all who come, believing that few indeed will be disappointed and that a better knowledge of the work done by our school will lead to a deeper interest and more active sympathy. The first of the commencement exercises were the

### PIANO RECITALS.

Owing to the efficiency and to the painstaking efforts of Miss Gilmore, head of the musical department in the Seminary, the course in music has become even more comprehensive than formerly. The graduates this year number four. On Saturday evening, May 25, the graduating recital of Misses Orissa E. Cole and A. Maude Lounsbury attracted a large number of students and town friends, many appearing at Alumnae Hall some time before eight o'clock. Opportunity was thus given before the opening exercises to admire the very pretty decorations. The tastefully draped garnet and white bunting, the platform banked with potted plants and apple blossoms, and even the dainty programmes with their garnet and white covers elicited words of admiration from all present. The short, analytical sketch by Mrs. Chub-

buck, preceeding each number was appreciated by the audience since it rendered every selection more interesting. Both Miss Lounsbury and Miss Cole executed their difficult parts in a very creditable manner and are to be congratulated upon the success of the evening's entertainment. Below is the full program :

## PROGRAM.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| PART ONE—MISS LOUNSBURY.                        | PART TWO—MISS COLE.   |
| BEETHOVEN—Sonata, op. 2, No. 3.                 | BEETHOVEN—Sonata, op. 31, No. 2.                            |
| LESCHETIZKY—Mennutto Caprice,<br>op. 38, No. 1. | SEELING—Lorelei.  |
| JENSEN—Electra.                                 | MACDOWELL—Witches Dance op 17.                              |
| SCHUBERT-LISZT—Soiree de Vienne.                | TSCHAIKOWSKY—Troika in Train-<br>eaux.                      |
|   | BENDEL-LISZT—Siegmond's Liebes-<br>gesung from The Walkure. |
| CHOPIN—Polonaise, op. 53                        | Two pianos, four hands, MISS COLE and<br>MISS LOUNSBURY.    |

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

On the evening of Friday, May 31 the second and last musical recital was given in Alumnae Hall, Seminary, by Miss Portia Starr, and Mr. W. L. Wright. On this occasion it could be observed that a large number of the college '03 class were present, evidently justly proud that one of their number was to enjoy the somewhat unique honor and novelty of becoming a *Seminary* graduate. Miss Starr played admirably, and proved herself well worthy of the prize conferred upon her a few days later. Mr. Wright also executed his part with skill. When the latter completed his part of the program Mr. Borden, Pres. of the '03 class, on behalf of that class presented Mr. Wright with a silver-headed ebony cane. The recipient of this gift spoke a few fitting words of acknowledgement. The four musical graduates then presented Miss Gillmore with two beautiful volumes of poems as a token of their esteem and appreciation of her untiring services. Miss Gillmore responded with a few well chosen words and the national anthem brought to a close a very enjoyable recital. Again we give below the full program ;

## PROGRAM.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| PART ONE—MISS STARR.                                     | PART TWO—MR. WRIGHT.                                 |
| BEETHOVEN—SONATA PATHETIQUE,<br>op. 13.                  | BEETHOVEN—Sonata, op. 2, No. 2.                      |
| HENSELT—Gondola, op. 13, No. 2.                          | CHOPIN—Etude, op. 10, No. 12.                        |
| LESCHETIZKY—Piccola.                                     | MACDOWELL—Poem (Scotch) op.<br>31, No. 2.            |
| WAGNER-LISZT—Senta's Ballad from<br>the Flying Dutchman. | SCHUBERT-LISZT—Hark! Hark! the<br>Lark.              |
| LISZT—Rhapsodie, No. 2.                                  | Two pianos, four hands MR. WRIGHT AND<br>MISS STARR. |

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

On Saturday evening, June 1, a goodly number assembled in College Hall to listen to the illustrated reading of the story of Evangeline given by Rev. Austin Kempton of Fitchburg, Mass. It is no flattery to say that the entertainment was both interesting and instructive. The views were good and added the necessary local coloring, but in some the styles of dress struck us as somewhat modern. We would also advise the lecturer not to disclose Gabriel's spirit to the spectators since it was invisible to the maiden and the poet does not distinctly state that it was present. But these are minor defects, and on the whole the entertainment was excellent.

### SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. Very early the Baptist Church began to fill with those who were determined to obtain good seats. Before the time for the service it was filled almost to the doors. At eleven o'clock Dr. Trotter, Dr. Pattison and Pastor Hatch entered the church, followed by the thirty-two members of the graduating class in cap and gown. Dr. Pattison, the preacher of the baccalaureate sermon, is Professor of Homiletics at Rochester. He proved himself a man of ripe scholarship and warm sympathies, and he gave to us lavishly of his abundant mental and spiritual life in the days he was with us. The sermon was based on the first and last sentences of the Bible and his subject was the incompleteness of life. But the present incompleteness constitutes a promise for the future, and augurs the completion in Eternity of the unfinished things of time. In this we see glorious promise of the Christian faith.

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On Sunday evening we again had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Pattison, as the one who was expected to address the Y. M. C. A., Rev. Mr. Newcombe of Thomaston, Me., was detained at home by illness. The large audience listened with delight and much profit to the genial doctor's eloquent words based on the rather unique text, "The south wind blew softly," Acts 27: 13.

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On Monday afternoon the Sports were held on the college campus an account of which will be found in another column. On Monday evening in spite of the rain a fairly large audience again greeted Dr. Pattison to hear his lecture before the Senate of the University. He spoke on "The Bible and the Twentieth Century," and his address was a masterly setting forth of the influence of the Bible on the course of the world's history, especially during the last century. He traced the history of the increasing knowledge of the Book and spoke of the

place the Bible would hold in the coming years when increased knowledge would still further illumine its teachings. At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks was moved by Dr. Keirstead, seconded by Dr. Black and heartily endorsed by the audience. This called forth a happy response from Dr. Pattison and a very profitable evening was brought to a close.

### CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

By 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, College Hall was crowded to the doors by a congregation assembled to witness and hear the Class Exercises of the Graduating Class of the College. The hall was suitably decorated for the occasion, and, as is usually the case, the event proved to be one of the most interesting features of commencement week. Promptly at the hour named members of the class led by President Faulkner, filed into the hall and were seated on the platform under their motto: "*Certum pete finem.*" After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, the following programme was presented:

#### PROGRAMME.

|                            |  |   |
|----------------------------|--|---|
| Opening Address            |  | CLASS PRESIDENT.                          |
| Roll Call                  |  |   |
| Violin Solo—"Gipsy Dance," |  | <i>Nachez.</i>                            |
|                            | PROF. MAX WEIL.                            |   |
| Class History              |  | RALPH M. JONES.                           |
| Vocal Solo                 |  | <i>Selected.</i>                          |
|                            | BURPEE W. WALLACE.                         |   |
| Class Prophecy             |  | ALBERTA A. PEARSON.                       |
| Violin Solo                | { a. Air for the G String,<br>b. L'Abeille | <i>Bach.</i><br><i>Francois Schubert.</i> |
|                            | PROF. MAX WEIL.                            |   |
| Valedictory                |  | ARTHUR S. LEWIS.                          |
|                            | GOD SAVE THE KING.                         |   |

The address of welcome by President Faulkner was especially appropriate for the occasion, while the Roll Call owing to the variety and humour of the responses to absent members was to some not the least interesting feature of the programme. The musical numbers by Prof. Weil and Mr. Wallace added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. The Class History, Prophecy and Valedictory, published in full in this issue, speak strongly for themselves, and for interest, style and literary merit we earnestly commend them for careful perusal to all our readers.

### ACADEMY CLOSING.

On Tuesday afternoon a large number of friends and relatives gathered in College Hall to hear the closing exercises of Horton Academy. The good work done in the Academy was reflected in the essays delivered and in all the exercises of the afternoon. One thing is always conspicuous by its absence at Academy closing, viz, the awarding of prizes. The College and Seminary have made a good start

in this direction, but so far no one has remembered the Academy. Surely some kind friend will remedy this defect before June comes round again. We believe that a few judicious prizes would do much to insure better work in all departments of the school besides being an inducement to students to enter the Academy. The following account of the exercises have been taken from the Messenger and Visitor.

#### PROGRAMME.

1. March—"Militaire" Shubert. Misses Davis and Price.
2. Essay—"Defeat Contains the Seeds of Victory," Avarid Giffin, Sable River, N. S.
3. Vocal Solo—"Ave Maria," Belle Menard. [with violin obligato], Mr. Burpee Wallace.
4. Essay—"The Advancement of Russia in the Nineteenth Century," Hovey Burgess, Wolfville, N. S.
5. Piano Solo—"The Dance of the Gnomes," Seeling. Miss Mabel Elliott.
6. Valedictory—Miss Greta Bishop, Wolfville, N. S.
7. Presentation of Diplomas.
8. Addresses.

#### ESSAYS NOT DELIVERED.

- "Why is Wealth Desirable?"—Claude Peppett, North Sydney, C. B.
- "Bobs,"—Edward McMullen, Truro, N. S.
- "The Exploits and Character of Hannibal,"—Lorne McMillan, Isaac's Harbor, N. S.
- "The Natural Resources of Nova Scotia,"—Robie Tufts, Wolfville, N. S.
- "Sir John A. McDonald,"—D. McPherson, Murray Harbor Road, P. E. I.
- "British Rule in India,"—Bruce Jonah, Turtle Creek, N. B.
- "The Future Prosperity of Canada,"—Miles G. Tupper, Scott's Bay, N. S.
- "Canada, a Sportsman Paradise,"—T. O. Calhoun, Calhouns, N. B.
- "The Power of Mystery,"—Charles Parker, Yarmouth, N. S.
- "The Antagonism Between Britain and France,"—Harold Ells, Canard, N. S.
- "Gold Mining in Nova Scotia,"—Harold Sweet, Goldboro, N. S.
- "Great Men Who Were Failures,"—Ernest Munro, Margaree Harbor, C. B.
- "Lord Roberts,"—R. D. Colpitts, Forest Glen, N. B.
- "Winter Sports,"—F. R. Bogart, Lower Granville, N. S.
- "The Growth of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century,"—Rolf Trimble, Petitcodiac, N. B.
- "Longfellow's Evangeline,"—A. W. Warren, Tyne Valley, P. E. I.
- "When I Went A-hunting,"—A. H. Baird, Andover, N. B.
- "International Yacht Racing,"—T. M. Patillo, Truro, N. S.
- "The Life and Poetry of Burns,"—Robert Nicholson, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
- "Canadian Poetry"—Waldin Darrach, Kensington, P. E. I.
- "What is Sometimes Done in One Day,"—Robert Hatt, Port Medway, N. S.

The essays delivered were of a creditable character, and no doubt many of the others, which there was not time to hear, would have proved equally good. Principal Brittain, in a brief address, spoke most encouragingly concerning the work of the school. The number of Academy students this year was 79, a very large increase over last year. There has also been a remarkable increase in the number of

students taking work in the Manual Training department. Last year only 20 students in all had taken manual training work; this year there have been 37 students from the Academy taking work in that department and 50 from the town. Twenty-eight received diplomas on completion of a course of study. Of these ten were fully prepared for college and eight others required more preparation in only one subject. In the Business department 26 students have been enrolled, as compared with 12 last year. The school this year has quite outgrown the Academy building, and provision had to be made for a number of students in another building under the supervision of the Principal. Heretofore it has been the rule not to receive to the Academy boys under the age of fourteen, but Mr. Brittain now announces that provision has been made by which boys from ten to fourteen will be received and placed under special regulations.

The address of the Principal and the bestowing of diplomas upon the students who had completed their course, was followed by an address by Mr. R. R. McLeod of North Brookfield, N. S., who had been specially invited to speak on the occasion.

At the close of Mr. McLeod's very interesting and suggestive address a vote of thanks was moved to the speaker by Rev. Dr. Saunders and seconded by Rev. Dr. Kempton. A large number of visitors accepted Principal Brittain's invitation to visit the manual training building, and some time was pleasantly spent in inspecting the work of that department.

### SEMINARY CLOSING.

Tuesday evening; June fifth. Apple blossoms within and without. College Hall filled with an eager and expectant audience who awaited the opening notes of the March to the strains of which, with stately and measured steps, came the white robed girls, graduates and undergraduates of Acadia Seminary. As the procession filed slowly into the Hall, coming to a close with the entrance of the Faculty, the audience expressed their pleasure by a prolonged burst of applause.

The programme for the evening was then announced by the Principal, Mr. McDonald, and was carried out in a manner that reflected honor upon the teachers as well as the young ladies and gentlemen, who on this eventful evening completed their respective courses of study and received their diplomas.

The first number, *The Lord is my Shepherd*, by the Seminary Glee Club, showed careful training, the voices blending beautifully, and the varied expression being well brought out. The other musical numbers, a vocal Duett by Miss Sadie Epps and Maude Scott, and Piano Solos, *Senta's Ballad from the Flying Dutchman* by Miss Portia Starr, Wolf-

ville, and *Hark! Hark! the Lark* by Mr. W. L. Wright, Stony Creek, N. B., were listened to with appreciative attention and elicited warm applause.

The essays delivered by three of the young ladies graduating in the Collegiate Course gave evidence of thoughtful study and preparation. The subjects were as follows: *Russia's Policy and Problems*, Miss Jennie Flemming, Truro, N. S.; *The Growth of Civilization as Revealed in Architecture*, Miss Winifred Morse, Bridgetown, N. S. and *What the World Owes to the So-called Unpractical Man*, Miss Irene Spencer, Port Morien, N. S. The other graduates in this course are Miss Maude King, and Miss Maude Bentley, both of Wolfville.

The address of the evening was given by Rev. D. Hutchinson of Moncton, N. B., who announced as his subject *The Purpose of Education*. The address was helpful and inspiring. Remarks were also made by Mr. Creed of the Normal School, Fredericton, N. B. and by Mr. McDonald.

After the addresses, the prizes were awarded as follows: Payzant Prize for English Literature, Miss Bessie King, Wolfville; Payzant Prize for French, Miss Jennie Flemming, Truro, Miss Mand King receiving special mention; Payzant Prize for Instrumental Music, Miss Portia Starr, Wolfville; Paint Scholarship, Miss Bertha Bowlby, Port Medway, N. S.; Paint Prize for efficiency in Collegiate Course, Miss Mabel Lec, Miss Jennie MacDonald, Hatfield Point, N. B. receiving special mention as making the highest average of any during the year; Governor General's Medal for excellence in Essay Work, Miss May Green, Perth Centre, N. B.; Rhode's Medal for excellence in painting, Miss Mary Colpitts, Albert, N. B.

It has become an established custom for the graduating class to present some gift to the Seminary. The gift this year took the form of a handsome chair for the reception room. These gifts form pleasing souvenirs of the outgoing classes, and help to cement the bond of affection between the young ladies and their *Alma Mater*.

This very successful and delightful evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

#### GRADUATION DAY.

The Graduation Exercises of the College (most notable event of a notable week) took place in College Hall, Wednesday, June 4, at 10.30 a. m. The morning was delightfully fresh and wholesome after the recent rain and consequently the big Hall swarmed with black coats and white dresses. Floor and galleries alike generously surfeited, buzzed and babbled, and those who could not find seats stood bravely at the doors and tried for three hours to forget their legs. At the ap-

pointed time the academic procession headed by the Faculty in black and coloured regalia marching with the careless precision of veterans, entered at the east door and stalked slowly and solemnly up the centre aisle. We missed the fine stately figure of Dr. Sawyer but happily the reason for his absence was not a serious one and the President soon set our minds at ease on that point. Hard on the heels of the Professors came the governors of the College and visiting graduates and then after an impressive interval the real heroes of this spectacular scene in college cap and gown. The class is a somewhat handsome one and made a good appearance.

### Addresses by Members of the Graduating Class.

- Alexander MacClaren, the Prince of Modern Preachers  
CHARLES EDMUND ATHERTON, Woodstock, N. B.
- The Neutral in War  
WILLIAM LONG BAKER, Randolph, N. B.
- Ruskin's Ideas of Beauty  
MILDRED KATE BENTLEY, Upper Stewiacke, N. S.
- Combinations of Capital and the Public Welfare  
\*AVARD LONGLEY BISHOP, Lawrencetown, N. S.
- The Healing Art  
GEORGE ARNAUD BLACKADAR, Granville, N. S.
- Heinrich Heine  
JOSEPHINE OSBORNE BOSTWICK, St. John, N. B.
- Difficulties of the Preachers in the Pulpit of To-day  
EDWIN VAIL BUCHANAN, Lynn, Mass.
- The Length of a Day's Work  
HARRY LUARD BUSTIN, Melvern Square, N. S.
- Germany in the Nineteenth Century  
BURPEE ALLISON COLDWELL, Gaspereau, N. S.
- Science and Civilization  
\*ROBERT JOHNSON COLPITTS, Elgin, N. B.
- The Influence of Sir Charles Tupper on Canadian Life  
HERBERT HARDING CURRIE, Wolfville, N. S.
- Is Man's Religious Nature an Evolution?  
ARTHUR VILROY DIMOCK, Winthrop, Mass.
- The State and Education  
FREDERICK RICHARDSON FAULKNER, Amherst, N. S.
- The Rise of English Hymnody  
BINNEY SMITH FREEMAN, Wolfville, N. S.
- Professions for Women  
GEORGIE J. EVERETT HEALES, Wolfville, N. S.
- Andrew Fuller, the Theologian and Preacher  
ALBERT CURRIE HORSMAN, Elgin, N. B.
- The Coronation Oath  
WALLACE IRVING HUTCHINSON, Wolfville, N. S.
- The God of Intellect  
RALPH MORTIMER JONES, Wolfville, N. S.
- Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality  
ARTHUR SILAS LEWIS, Sackville, N. B.
- The Ideal Element in Literature  
LAURA REBECCA LOGAN, Amherst, N. S.

- Canada's Economic Future  
\*WILLIAM HARDING LONGLEY, Paradise, N. S.
- Poetic Art of Vergil  
\*ADELE MACLEOD, Summerside, P. E. I.
- A Comparative View of the Ninth and Nineteenth Centuries  
\*WILEY MCCLINTOCK MANNING, St. John, N. B.
- The Colonial Expansion of Germany  
RENFORD LEE MARTIN, Gaspereau, N. S.
- The Latin Nations  
EDGAR HENRY MCCURDY, Clinton, Mass.
- Ruskin's Socialistic Ideas  
ALICE ALBERTA PEARSON, Canning, N. S.
- Civilization and the Wage Earner  
GRACE AUGUSTA PERKINS, Hatfield Point, N. B.
- The Theology of Aeschylus  
AARON PERRY, Lake View, N. B.
- The Solar System in the Light of Recent Discovery  
EDWARD OTIS TEMPLE PIERS, Wolfville, N. S.
- Prohibition  
MARSHALL STERLING RICHARDSON, West Jeddore, N. S.
- Austria-Hungary: its Constitution and Future  
JOHN WILSON ROLAND, Factory Dale, N. S.
- Victoria as Queen  
MILES GARFIELD WHITE, Sussex, N. B.

A careless examination of this programme by one who knows will reveal some good points and one big blemish. In the matter of Geography it is all that could be wished for; two speakers (Mr Bishop and Mr. Longley) are from Nova Scotia, two also (Mr. Manning and Mr. Colpitts) from New Brunswick, and one (Miss Adele Macleod) represented very adequately and admirably the smaller province of Prince Edward Island. Evidently scholarship was not forgotten in the choice of speakers for these five students have all first rate scholastic records. So far so good. But with regard to subjects the selection is not by any means so fortunate. One department (that of Economics) is granted a place in the programme quite out of keeping with its relative importance in the College Curriculum. Economics, observe, is taught for but one year and then only as an option. Those studies which run throughout the Academic course (Science, Literature, Classics) are treated with comparatively scant courtesy. Surely it would better represent University culture (disregarding the element of interest to which variety even though it be but variety of dullness, is essential) if the material for the Anniversary programme were not called mainly from one department however big that department may be. But we must stop lest we tread on holy corns.

Mr. Bishop, the first speaker is almost flawless in his own way. His essay was strongly and logically builded and the clean-cut precise sentences recommended it from a literary standpoint. The manner of the speaker was good, the articulation distinct, the memory accurate,

and the voice clear, ringing, and of slightly metallic timbre. If we might venture to suggest a possible fault, it is that the oratorical mechanism is almost too rigidly perfect. It is not sufficiently delicate and flexible. But Mr. Bishop is good—uncommonly good—and well won the hearty plaudits of those who heard him.

The second speaker Miss Adele Macleod did full justice to the one classical subject on the programme. This young lady's performance was a model of graceful elocution. The voice, low but flexible and admirably clear, filled the Hall seemingly without effort, and the writer who was seated in the back row of the south gallery caught every syllable distinctly. The diction too was quite worthy of the theme and elocution; every word chosen with good judgement and (rare excellence!) not too many of them. So the essay was quite free from verbal flabbiness. For my part I have no scruple in saying (though a man myself) that Miss Macleod's performance take it all in was more completely satisfying than that of any other speaker. Really, the women are coming to the front and the men will have to walk circumspectly in what is commonly regarded as their own domain.

Mr. Longley's subject was perhaps a little dry, but it speaks well for him that no one seemed to find it so. People are not so interested in Canada's Economic Future (at least when expounded by an undergraduate) as they ought to be. Mr. Longley spoke well and not without some vim, while the composition was marked by an originality of diction which the nature of the subject served rather to hide than to exhibit. Statistics are convincing things but they provide small room for play of scholarship and Mr. Longley crammed it to the limit. There is a certain subtle suggestion of "deuce take the stuff anyway!" about this gentleman, which is decidedly attractive. He does not appear to care a red cent whether people listen to him or not, but indeed thinks them a little foolish if they do. That is where we differ with Mr. Longley.

Mr. Manning's essay was more interesting in nature if not in treatment and indeed in the second particular it left little to be wished for. But even our strong liking and admiration for Mr. Manning cannot blind us to his somewhat obvious faults of elocution. The voice was good but not properly harnessed. At times it was loud and resonant, at others low and confidentially pitched as though the speaker had something very, very important to say to the occupants of the front benches. Also the transitions from the loud to the low key were made not always in the right places, and with an abruptness suggesting the theory that certain persons (name them not!) had been tampering disastrously with Mr. Manning's customary and really excellent mode of speaking. As for the essay it was a good one, well constructed and

full of brain and sinew. The analogy indicated in the title was cleverly and strongly carried out, and the speaker displayed a certain touch of prideful rhetoric which became him well in speaking of the splendid doings of the last century. Mr. Manning has a good presence and looks well on the platform.

Beyond doubt the strongest and most original essay was that of Mr. Colpitts. The production was most thoughtful and scholarly. The ideas and words never slid into the smooth groove of fashionable commonplaceness but were full of strength and character. In fact Mr. Colpitts' subject was better adapted to the revelation of personality than those which had preceded it and he took full advantage of the wider scope afforded him. His manner of speaking is very quiet and unassuming, the voice rarely rising and never appearing to rise above the conversational key. Two small lapse of memory were rather unfortunate but they can be pardoned in a man who was never before known to forget anything. Composition and delivery alike merit only commendation.

The two vocal solos by Miss Clara M. Drew of the Seminary were artistically rendered and received unstinted commendation from more competent musical critics than the present writer. Miss Drew's voice is full of strength and richness and she knows how to use it to good purpose.

After the last essay came the ceremony of initiation into the degree of bachelor in arts. Thirty-one young men and women arrayed themselves in ermine, received their diplomas, and finally settled down to listen to the President's address. (This address will be found on another page so that no further words regarding it are needed. Its excellence will be patent to all.) The degree of Master of Arts (in course) was conferred upon five former graduates :

ISAAC CROMBIE, Sidney Mines, N. S.

GEORGE LESLIE DICKSON, Truro N. S.

JOHN CECIL JONES, Wolfville, N. S.

PETER WILLIAM GORDON, St. John, N. B.

ROBIE STEWART LEONARD, Paradise, N. S.

Ten members of the graduating class were distinguished as students who had taken honors during their academic course. This means not only that they had made an average of at worst 75 per cent in the prescribed studies but also had passed with equal credit examinations in one or more subjects not placed in the curriculum. Here are the names :

A. L. BISHOP, in History and Economics.

W. McC. MANNING, " "

W. H. LONGLEY, " "

MISS A. PEARSON, " "

ROB. J. COLPITTS, in Philosophy  
 AARON PERRY, " Classics  
 MISS ADELE MACLEOD, in Modern Languages  
 MISS GRACE PERKINS " " "  
 F. R. FAULKNER, in Mathematics  
 J. O. BOSTWICK, in English Literature

Mr. Robert J. Colpitts of Elgin, N. B. was announced by President Trotter to be the winner of the Governor General's Medal for excellence in scholarship throughout the college course. The Medal is in good hands. The Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper Medal for oratory was won by Mr. Avarid L. Bishop of Lawrencetown, N. S. This also is well earned.

At this point Dr. Lewis Hunt of Sheffield, England, a generous alumnus of the College was introduced by President Trotter and gave a most interesting and felicitous address. Dr. Hunt is a Roman Catholic but no bigot and still clings to his *Alma Mater* with strong and grateful and (best of all) benevolent affection. He is the donor of a unique collection of pottery from Cyprus, which now graces the College Museum.

Then came what Dr. Trotter referred to as the most delightful announcement of the morning. The outgoing class had become responsible for a scholarship of \$60 a year for five years to be granted to the Sophomore who should acquit himself most creditably in his Freshman studies. The conditions of this gift are most judicious.

The Honary degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance for Canada; that of D. Sc. upon Mr. G. U. Hay, the distinguished writer and botanist of St. John; that of D. D. upon Rev's. J. H. Saunders of Ohio and A. C. Chute of Halifax; and that of M. A. upon Rev. H. P. Adams of Truro. Dr. Chute and Mr. Adams, who were present, acknowledged their honors in short but apt speeches.

No Anniversary ever ended more auspiciously. Mrs. C. F. White of Sussex announced through the President her intention of giving a gold medal to be awarded to the young lady of the College who should excel in the art of literary composition. This is, so to speak, a very happy counterpoise to the Tupper Medal which is confined to the young men. Three other philanthropic friends: Mr. R. R. McLeod of Brookfield, N. S.; Dr. Lewis Hunt of Sheffield, England; and Mrs. F. W. Sumner of Moncton, N. B. also agreed to contribute \$100 each to be used as the Faculty in its wisdom should think best. Epidemics of this kind must be propagated. They are much too rare.

At an early hour in the evening a *Conversazione* was held in Col-



was a low drop and slipped beneath the catcher's mitt and one man walked home. The next ball retired the man and the side with the score 1—0 against Acadia. So it stood until the fourth inning when by some good batting two runs were scored for Acadia. Before the game was finished four more runs were scored to the credit of Acadia, partly due to good batting and partly to a few costly errors made by the visitors. On the other hand the Crescents were never able to reach second base after the first inning, and only a few men reached first. So the score stood 6—1 at the end of a very fast and interesting game. The visitors took their defeat very cheerfully and manfully, and the most perfect good nature prevailed throughout. It might be unfair to mention individuals, but Thompson who played second base for the Crescents deserves special mention, while Bert Corey in the box played a perfect game for Acadia and well deserved the ovation and the tossing he received at the end of the game. Heber also by his clever work behind the bat contributed largely to the defeat of the visitors.

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In the sports which took place in the afternoon of Victoria Day the college boys figured largely. Steele won the 100-yd. and 200-yd. dashes and the pole vault; Boggs took the high jump and the hurdle race; while Eaton captured handily the 1-mile and  $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile runs. Many seconds also were taken by college boys.

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On Tuesday, June 4th, was held the tennis tournament for which the devotees of that sport had long been practicing. Manning and Hutchinson championed the Seniors; T. Boggs and Keddy upheld the honor of the Juniors; A. Boggs and Sanderson represented the Sophs; and DeWitt and Bates appeared for the Freshmen. The Juniors won from '03 in two straight sets, 6—1 and 6—2. The Seniors succumbed to the Freshmen in much the same style, 8—6 and 6—1. In the finals the fight was long and doubtful, but '02 at length won out, the score being 6—4, 7—5, 6—3.

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The last base-ball of the season was played on the campus on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 5, between Acadia and a team from the Halifax Y. M. C. A. The Acadia boys began to feel anxious when it was understood that Woodworth, the redoubtable twirler for the Standards, would pitch for the visitors. But they prepared to meet defeat bravely. But it was soon seen that Acadia again stood a chance to win. The score tells the tale. At the end of the game it stood 6—3 in favor of the home team. As a pitcher's battle it might fairly be called a drawn one, as about the same number of safe hits and strike

outs were recorded for each. But Corey was stronger at the bat and fielded his position faultlessly. The game was not quite as clean as that of the 24th., the most of the score on each side being due to errors. But it was fast ball and the visitors were fairly defeated. The Acadia team was the same as before some minor changes being made in position. The Acadia team planned making a tour of the provinces after the closing of college, but satisfactory arrangements could not be made and they were compelled reluctantly to abandon the project. All the students were very sorry to see the trip given up, for it would have been a good advertisement for the college and we feel sure that the team would have done honor to old Acadia.

#### FIELD DAY.

The A. A. A. A. closed a very successful year by their annual field day. As was customary this was held on Monday afternoon, June 3rd. the events beginning shortly after two o'clock. Below is a list of events and the winners of the first, second and third places :-

##### 100 YARDS DASH.

1st. Steele, 2nd. Eaton, 3rd. White.

##### RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

1st. Boggs, 2nd. Hamilton, 3rd. Steele.

##### HALF MILE RUN.

1st. Eaton, 2nd. Denton, 3rd. Goodspeed.

##### THROWING 16-LB. HAMMER.

1st. Jones, 2nd. Sullivan, 3rd. White.

##### RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

1st. Steele, 2nd. Hamilton, 3rd. Boggs.

##### POLE VAULT.

1st. Steele, 2nd. Eaton, 3rd. Denton }  
Patterson }

##### 220 YARDS DASH.

1st. Steele, 2nd. Eaton, 3rd. Jones.

##### PUTTING 16-LB. SHOT.

1st. White, 2nd. Jones, 3rd. Sullivan.

##### 120 YARDS HURDLES.

1st. Steele, 2nd. Boggs, 3rd. Keddy.

##### QUARTER-MILE RUN.

1st. Eaton, 2nd. Steele, 3rd. Keddy.

##### BASE-BALL THROW.

1st. Jones, 2nd. Corey, 3rd. Boggs.

##### ONE-MILE RUN.

1st. Morse, 2nd. Goodspeed, 3rd. Eaton.

##### FOOT-BALL KICK.

1st. Jones, 2nd. Boggs.

There was little record breaking done. Eaton lowered the record for the half-mile run by one second, covering the distance in 2 min. 17 sec. Jones established a record in the hammer throw, which probably will not soon be broken, throwing the 16-lb hammer a distance of 112 ft. 7½ ins.

The events were witnessed by a large and enthusiastic number of spectators. The grand stands were crowded and a large number wandered at will and bothered the officials by crowding around the places of the different events. Nevertheless the order was better than has been for some time.

The Association were fortunate in the services of good officials. Laurie Hall, '98, acted as starter and referee. Mr. Robson, our genial photographer, made an excellent announcer. Prof. F. R. Haley and Geo. Ellis did the measuring. H. L. Bustin, '01, was clerk of the course, while Chas. Crandall, '99, formerly president of the Association, and Norman McLeod, formerly of '98, acted as judges.

The action of the Association in presenting a cup as an inter-class trophy was responsible for the appearance of so many new men. The entrees for each event were large and nearly every one responded to his name. Of the new men Hamilton, '03, is deserving of mention in the jumps, Eaton, '03 and Morse, '03, in the runs, and Jones, '03, who broke the maritime record in the hammer-throw.

Steele, '02 in his usual way won the medal for first place, Jones, '03, taking the second. The badges for first and second place in each event and the medals for the highest and second highest individual scores were awarded by Dr. Trotter on Wednesday evening at the *Conversazione*.

The cup which the Association offered for the first time this year as an inter-class trophy, is a handsome one. Annually the class which makes the highest aggregate of points in the Field Day sports will have its name and the year in which it was won engraved on the cup. This year it was a dead heat between the Juniors and Sophomores, each making 47½ points exclusive of the relay race, in which the Sophomores alone entered. But as there was some question whether under the regulations this could be allowed it is still doubtful whether the honor of first winning the cup shall be divided between '02 and '03, or whether '03 shall bear it alone.

Field Day was a success and we are glad to see the sports awakening from the torpor in which they have been for the last two or three years. The interest that has been aroused in them should not flag and next year should see all classes represented and the spectators in a quiver of excitement from start to finish.



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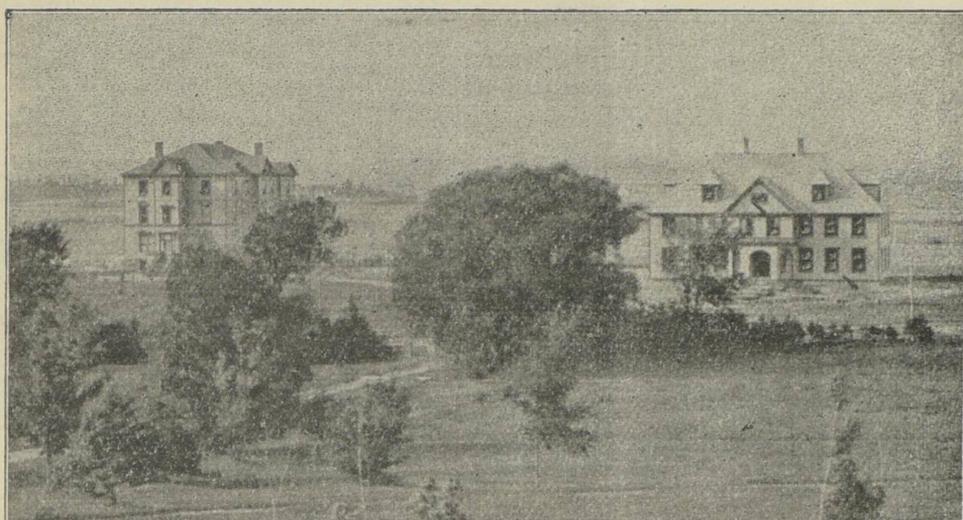
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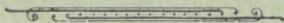
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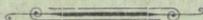


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