

DRAWING BY F. S. GOUCHER

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "SLAVE"

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Song for the New Acadia

(AIR :—Rule Britannia)

Oh hark ! resounding loud and clear,
This joyous year, this crowning year,
With voice arousing, with quick'ning, rallying hand,
From Old to New the high command,—

Forward Acadia ! Acadia forward still,
To victories of work and will !
Our glorious dead made sure the word,
Our noble living richly heard,
Swelled forth the call, the call to do or die,
Till now it peals like battle cry, —

Forward Acadia ! Acadia forward still,
To victories of work and will !


M. B. B., '86.



The Coward

(FIRST PRIZE STORY)

A Tale of the French in Acadie

66  OWARD, the man's afraid of his own shadow !"

At this fresh rally, the group of soldiers gathered around the table in the kitchen of Voyer's big farm-house laughed again.

"Why, Jean Toureau has never been near enough to a red-skin to see his war-paint, yet to mention an Indian to him is to see him fall

a-trembling like an aspen. When news reached Port Royal that our company was ordered to Minas, with a prospect of real warfare, poor Jean halt decided to desert and to return to LaRoche. The fellow's a disgrace to the French soldiery!" exclaimed one of the men, whose gay laugh, sparkling eye and air of good fellowship at once proclaimed him a favorite among his associates.

"Ah Jacques," said a third, "you are too brave. It is hard for you to bear patiently with a little timidity in another yet your words are true. What would become of good King Louis if all his soldiers were like Jean Toureau? Still, Cécille Saunier seems to think unusually well of him, for all his cowardice."

The other's dark face flushed. Springing to his feet, and holding aloft a glass of Voyer's good cider, he cried; "*Allons garçons!* Why waste time discussing cowards? You forget our host's most excellent cider. Come, let's drink a toast—to Jean Toureau, the coward and disgrace of our noble regiment!"

Laughing gaily, the others were about to drink with Poiteoin, but upon looking over his shoulder, their hands dropped to their sides and an embarrassed silence prevailed. The soldier standing silently in the shadows of the threshold, advanced slowly into the room. "Yes it is I, Jean Toureau," he said quietly. "Pausing without, I heard your words and have come to offer you an explanation. What you say is true. I am a coward. I hate to fight. The sight, nay the very thought of blood is revolting to me. I am a soldier only from necessity. The life and comfort of an old mother in Rochelle depend upon me, her only son. We were both ill this spring of the fever. When I recovered my employment was gone—there was nothing. My mother needed food. Debts had to be paid. Then came a *serjeant-de-ville* and offered me ten sous a day, if I would enlist immediately and sail for Port Royal. What could I do? I enrolled myself and here I am. I do not enjoy being "the disgrace of our noble regiment." I love "*la belle France*," her honour is my own. In six days my term expires. I will resign my position as soldier of France, and go back to the old mother. Here no one will miss—will even remember—poor Jean Toureau, the coward!"

He ceased speaking, and before anyone could utter a word had disappeared and the soldiers who after all were kind at heart, stared at each other in shame-faced perplexity.

Outside in the darkness Jean Toureau thought forlornly to himself. "Ah well, it will soon be over. Only six more days and then for France. Meanwhile I can go to Cécille—there at least will I find rest and sympathy." Quickening his steps, he soon reached the comfortable home-stead of Batiste Saunier, the wealthiest farmer in all the district. It was Cécille, his black-eyed daughter, who had brightened the long winter for Jean since his regiment under Le Verdure had been quartered in Minas to protect the inhabitants from the attacks of the Indians. In 1700 courtships were brief and ardent, and before Jean had been many months in Minas, he realized that his heart beat only for the Acadian maid, Cécille, and great had been his joy upon hearing her half-whispered confession of her love for him.

To-night Jean found Cécille awaiting him in the broad porch of her father's house. This surely was a sign of especial favour, yet when he attempted to greet her in their accustomed manner, she drew into the farthest corner, and putting both hands before her, as though to ward him off, said hurriedly—"No, Jean, I am sorry but it cannot be. I thought I loved you—now that I know everything it is impossible. If *you* had only told me, but to hear from others that my lover is no better than *un poltron*, that is the word they used, Jean! It is terrible! I am a loyal daughter of France; could I wed a coward, the laughing-stock of Minas? So Jacques Poiteoin, who is good and brave and who has wooed me as long as you, is to be married to me by the Abbé with my father's consent, and that thou could'st have never gained, Jean Toureau! And now that all is ended between us, I bid you adieu and wish you a pleasant evening."

Laughing, she vanished into the house, leaving Jean dumfounded and astounded by the cruelty of her words. This was the sweetheart, thoughts of whom had enabled him to face his scoffing comrades! This was the sympathy and comfort he had sought! He moved away his head whirling, not knowing, not caring whither his steps led him. He stumbled and sat down upon a doorstep, and burying his head in his hands, for a few seconds gave himself up entirely to the immensity of his woe. He was recalled to himself by the sound of voices within the house. The door stood slightly ajar and he could distinguish the tones of his captain, LeVerdure, and several brother officers.

"The traitor— whoever he may be—must be used as an example to the soldiers," LeVerdure was saying angrily. "I warned the men,

yet word of our proposed march to Benoit has certainly reached the ears of the settlers there, who have moved on to the stronger settlement at Querie. It is a case of rank treason and the traitor shall suffer the extreme penalty."

Poor Jean! the words of his superior officer fell upon his ear with an ominous sound. He knew to what LeVerdure referred. The soldiers had been entrusted with the secret that the company was ordered to march upon Benoit, there to seize settlers suspected of giving information to the English, and whose capture was of vast importance to the French. News of this had reached Benoit, and the men had escaped. Some French soldier had betrayed the secret. That soldier was to be punished.

Suddenly a vision of Jacques Poiteoin as he had seen him a few nights before flashed all unbidden across Jean's memory.

Handsome, and glowing with wine and merriment, Jacques had flung open the door of Voyer's house and entered the kitchen. "By St. Francis," he had said to the little gathering of soldiers about the fire, "but I've had a narrow escape. I was sitting on the bench under the old apple-tree, near the roadway, cleaning my equipments, when I heard a soft voice whisper, "And why is M'seu so busy to-day?" and there, at my elbow, in scarlet cloak and hood stood the prettiest little maiden I ever laid eyes upon. "Why for the march to Benoit, to be sure," I answered thoughtlessly, whereupon she laughed, and growing suspicious I caught her by the arm and would not let her go until she swore that she had come from Pereau with her father, and did not even know the farmers from Benoit who are here to-day for cattle. And lucky for me, it is too, that her father hails from the east rather than from the west!"

Jean sighed. Could the girl have played Jacques false? If by chance she were from Benoit, then Jacques had been the traitor, and handsome, and joyous, and beloved by his companions as he was, he would indeed atone for his folly. Well, he would rejoice. Jacques, who had ridiculed him before all the soldiers—who had stolen his sweetheart from him—would be hung, strung to a wayside tree, for a few careless words to a pretty girl. Now if it were he—Jean—no one would care. The regiment would never miss a gay companion. Cécille, Ah Cécille, would never mourn a lost lover! The thought of Cécille's unhappiness seemed to deprive Jacques' death of all its

recompense and gratification to Jean, and as the weary, exhausted man sat there, living over again the trying events of the day, and looking far ahead into the gloomy future that opened up before him, his lip tightened and set with a strange resolve. Rising slowly, he placed his hand upon the latch, pushed open the door, and entered the house.

* * * * *

It was three days later. In a fortification well guarded by soldiers lay Jean Toureau, who was to be hung that morning—a traitor to his king and regiment—condemned to death by his own confession. “No more than was to be expected of such a coward,” muttered the men as they made their preparations for the simple execution.

And Jean, having spent the night in prayer and in remembering the sweeter moments spent with Cécille, was ready when the little squad of his old-time companions appeared to lead him astray, and with a firm tread he marched forth to meet his death—he—Jean Toureau—the coward!

That evening as Cécille and Jacques Poiteoin bade each other a lingering farewell, Cécille, resting her pretty head on Jacques’ broad shoulder, whispered softly, “Ah Jacques, see what you have done for me—how you have saved me. Had it not been for you and your love for me, I might even now have been married to that traitor, that coward whom they hanged to-day!”

And Jacques, unnaturally silent, only held her more closely to him, stooping to hide in his sweetheart’s hair the lips which at her words had gone so strangely white.

* * * * *

In a humble cottage in far-away Rocholle an old woman lay on a rough bed of straw, patiently and uncomplainingly awaiting the end. Starved to death! The thought is terrible, yet to Mère Toureau the thought of begging was still more dreadful, and when day after day no word was received from the son who had gone to New France to risk his life for her’s, and she was left each week without the pitiful seventy sous, which had barely been enough to sustain life she had been forced to sell her few possessions to support herself for purchasing food. Always she thought, “There is some man there; he

ship bringing my letter is lost, some thief has stolen the money upon its way." Never for an instance did she doubt her boy. "Jean would never forget his old mother. Nothing could make him faithless to her," she repeated over and over again, finding strength and comfort in the words. "When his father died, so many years ago," she mused, "I well remember the look the little fellow wore when putting his hand in mine he said, 'I believe *Maman*, that now '*le bon Dieu*' has taken *Papa* away from us. He intends that I shall protect you. Perhaps he even wishes to prove me in the years that await us, by my care for you. Ask Him, *Maman*, to make me strong that I may meet life bravely for your sake.'"

How it all came back to her as she sat and waited for the letter that never arrived—for tidings of the son she loved; and when finally she awoke to the grim realization that all hope of earthly aid was at an end, she said gently, "It is death. Nothing else could make my boy forget, and since Jean has fallen, fighting so gallantly for his King and Mother, there is nothing left for me but to make ready and join him," and peacefully folding her hands, with a prayer in her heart, she lay down upon the bed, whence she knew there could be no arising.

Margaret Calhoun, '11



John Greenleaf Whittier

THE seventeenth of December last was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of America's truest poets—John Greenleaf Whittier. Through his idyls of rural New England, his songs of sky and flower and lakeside, his serene hymns and trumpet calls of freedom, Whittier has come very close to the heart of America's lovers of home and liberty.

Like Burns, whose lyrics inspired some of his earlier poems, Whittier came from the humbler walks of life. Sprung from sturdy Quaker ancestry, his early years were spent on the farm, not far from Haverhill, Massachusetts. His schooling was meagre—winters spent in the district school, so vividly described in "In School-days," and a term or two in the Haverhill Academy. Yet during those years of

intercourse with nature on the banks of the Merrimac, days spent in the cobbler's shop or "choring" on the farm, precious hours devoted to a library whose nucleus was the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress—later enriched by a copy of Robert Burns—there was developing that love of nature, that hatred of injustice and sympathy with the oppressed, which soon found expression in verse. At the age of seventeen, he was sending contributions to local papers.

When about twenty-one, Whittier entered the field of journalism. He became editor of papers in Haverhill, Boston, Hartford, Philadelphia and Washington. And all the while he was writing and publishing verse.

Meanwhile the great anti-slavery problem was increasing in intensity. Whittier threw himself into the struggle with the martyr-like courage that was required to oppose slavery. He was Secretary of the Anti-slavery Society, and edited abolitionist papers. His pen was ever ready—now to mourn a lost leader, now to utter a call to liberty or to express his scorn of oppression. When increased bitterness finally resulted in Civil War, Whittier's Quaker soul shrank from the conflict. He preferred constitutional means of attaining reform. When war was over, and the slave at length a freeman, Whittier's joyful thanks were expressed in the strong poem, "Laus Deo :"

"Ring and swing,
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad !
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God !"

Whittier at length returned to the rural quiet of his early years. His later life was uneventful. He continued to write until his death, which took place in his eighty-fifth year, at Amesbury, Massachusetts.

Behind Whittier's poetic expressions, we feel the influence of his pure, strong character. Trained in rural New England, then subjected to cosmopolitan influences during a period of political turmoil, he came back to country scenes the same unsullied spirit. A Friend, he made much of the "inner light," the illumination of Divine guidance. He has been called the Galahad of modern poets. Two lines from "My Psalm" show his attitude toward God and nature :

"The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun."

The poems of Whittier contain a great variety of subject-matter. He has written Indian legends, tales of the early settlers, stories of Quaker oppression and the torture of witches, the lament of the slave-mother. Some poems are descriptive ; many are political, called forth by incidents of the anti-slavery campaign. Though a prolific writer—he wrote for about sixty-five years—Whittier has left us no long poems. Among his best we may mention Maud Muller, Barbara Frietchie, Skipper Ireson's Ride, In School Days, Laus Deo and Snow-Bound.

Whittier possessed true lyric power. He could express a thought of ideal beauty in sweet song. But he never labored to polish his verse. He says of himself that he had neither the patience nor health to work over a poem, but usually left it as first completed. His genius was wholly instinctive. Though the leading element of his work is not artistic loveliness of form, yet the sincerity and simplicity of expression, the genuine moral grace, have frequently imparted to his poems the grace of art as well.

Many of his hymns have won an abiding place in our collections of sacred song. Every one loves the hymn beginning :

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling,
My feet to paths unknown."

Another favourite contains the stanza :

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

Probably Whittier's masterpiece is "Snow-Bound," a winter idyl of rural New England. Shut in by the December snow-storm, the group which gathered round the fire place cared not how "the north-wind raved." How well each member of the circle is portrayed ! The father, with tales of woodcraft and adventure ; the mother who relates Quaker legends ; the uncle, "innocent of books," yet "rich in lore of fields and brooks ;" the dear maiden aunt,

"Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance,
A golden woof-thread of romance ;"

the elder sister, "a full rich nature," and seated on the mat "the youngest, dearest, lifting her large sweet asking eyes." Then the guests—"the master of the district school, brisk wielder of the birch and rule" ; and the dramatic figure of

"A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense ;
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee."

The poem relates the farm-house life during the blockade, until
"a week had passed,
Since the great world was heard from last."

But the oxen break out the roads.

"Wide swung again our ice-locked door
And all the world was ours once more."

This poem is regarded as a fitting companion to "The Deserted Village" and "The Couter's Saturday Night." It alone would have given a place in literature to the "Prophet Bard, poet of freedom, humanity and religion."

L. A. Lowe.



Science Society Notes

AT the beginning of this year the Science Society was re-organized and we are pleased to say that it has met with a large measure of success.

Unfortunately the Constitution as drawn up last year was lost during the summer, which has proven to be a severe handicap. For this reason we had only hoped to get the Society on a running basis this year, but already, the results have far exceeded our expectations. On the whole the meetings have been well attended and a great deal of interest has been taken in the work.

The aim of the Society is "to improve its members along lines pertaining to the Science Department of Acadia University, to encourage its members in individual research work and to foster a feeling of good fellowship among the Science men." It is for the benefit of the Science students (which means all members of the B. Sc. and Abbreviated Science courses) that the Society is primarily intended, but provision is also made by which certain of the B. A. students may become special members and enjoy all the privileges except those of holding offices and of voting (except in special cases). The reason for this is obvious. The Society was founded primarily by and for the Science students and to these come the greater benefits. Consequently, being the best judges of their own needs, they should be given full voice without being hampered by a contrary and perhaps a controlling vote of the other members, to whom certain questions may not be of such vital importance.

Meetings are held once a fortnight. A paper of not less than fifteen minutes, bearing on some scientific or technical topic, will be read before the Society at every meeting, to be supplemented monthly by synopses of like nature. Also, from time to time, there will be lectures by members of the Faculty and others, which will no doubt prove very interesting and instructive.

A number of magazines covering a wide field, will be taken, to which all members will have access.

The benefits of such an organization are numerous. The choice of a profession is of utmost importance. In fact, the value of the right choice in this respect cannot be overestimated. By reading the magazines bearing on a variety of topics the members who have not already chosen their field of work, will be more readily enabled to do so. The course of lectures to be given and the papers to be read will also be very helpful.

By means of the synopsis, the members will be able to keep abreast of the progress in engineering and technical circles. The value of this as an educative factor is also very great.

While the Society has been successful, we hope to meet with greater success in the future. This will depend, of course, upon the members. If every one does his share towards making it a success there can be no doubt as to the final outcome. It is just now when the Society is in the making that we solicit the hearty support of every member.

A. P. Goudey, '08.

The Intercollegiate Debate

What Acadia have long since regarded the annual intercollegiate debate with as genuine an interest as that held toward any of our intercollegiate contests. This year the feeling is heightened by the fact that the last debates of the intercollegiate schedule are to take place. The following is the standing of the colleges in the league (Dalhousie and Kings not debating in 1904):—

	Debates won	Debates Lost
Acadia	4	0
Mt Allison	3	1
U. N. B.	2	2
St. Francis Xavier	1	3
Dalhousie	1	2
Kings	0	3

This year Acadia is to meet an old rival—Dalhousie. Many will recall our last debate with the yellow and black, in 1899, upon which occasion Messrs. McNeill, Simpson, Farris and Poole amply vindicated Acadia's ability on the public platform. According to the intercollegiate debating regulations we proposed the resolution. It involves the discussion of one of our great national problems:—Resolved that the admission of the Japanese into Canada, according to our present (Nov. 1907) regulations for their admission is better than their exclusion. Dalhousie has elected to support the affirmative and the debate will take place at Halifax, probably about the middle of the month of March.

The entire personnel of last year's team having left our ranks, Acadia is to be represented by a new trio. In Messrs. McCutcheon, '09 (leader), Warren, '10, Kierstead, '10, we believe we have a team which will creditably acquit itself in the Forum. As new men they are placed at a marked disadvantage only to be overcome by sustained and intensive effort. In this every student may share,—there is much data to be gathered, suggestions and other aids may be of much worth—every individual must carry the burden of the debate. Let us show our interest and confidence by giving those upon whom the responsibility falls most heavily all the encouragement and help in our power.

The Late Frank C. Eaton, A. M. D. C. L.

An Appreciation

HERE passed away at Victoria, B. C., on Friday, January 10th, '08, one of Acadia's Sons, whose life has been an uplifting force in our land. Many men and women throughout the Dominion of Canada, as well as many scattered in various lands, who were aided by Frank Eaton to higher ideals and to grander achievements will hear of his death with deepest feelings of sorrow.

Mr. Eaton's academic and early collegiate education was obtained at Horton Academy and Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S. He graduated B. A. at Acadia in 1873. Subsequently he studied two years at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Later also, he spent some time in Great Britain and in Germany in the study of educational problems.

His life-work was mainly given to teaching. For a short time he was engaged in Nova Scotia high school work. In 1879 he was called to the chair of Mathematics and Science in the Provincial Normal School, Truro, N. S., which position he held until 1891. It was in this Institution that he did his most important educational work in Nova Scotia. Here by his sound and strong teaching, as well as by his practical suggestions in method, he exercised a wide and beneficial influence on the educational work of the Province.

Dr. Eaton's work, however, was not limited to the sphere of the class-room. He was a forceful and graceful writer on topics related to education. He was for some time a member of the Senate of Acadia, as well as of the Board of Governors. He was one of the originators of the Summer School of Science of the Maritime Provinces. His influence was strongly felt on the Nova Scotia Educational Association, and he was a prominent member of the committee appointed by this Association to draw up a course of study for the High and Common School of the Province.

The last few years of Dr. Eaton's life-work was given to the cause of education in British Columbia, where he held the position of City Superintendent of Public Schools in Victoria the Capital of the Province. In this City, as elsewhere, his labors have been eminently successful.

in awakening higher aims and in securing more efficient work in the public schools.

As a scholar Dr. Eaton was broad and accurate. His work in teaching was chiefly directed along the lines of Mathematics and Science. He was, however, equally conversant with ancient classics, English literature, history, psychology and pedagogy. And not only had he a full and clear apprehension of educational principles, but also the practical ability to exemplify his principles on the teacher's platform. While he did not possess eloquence and persuasiveness as a public speaker, he was as a teacher always systematic, clear and forceful. It does him scant justice to say that his class-room work was instructive. He was never satisfied with simply imparting his ideas to those who sat under him, with giving them a clear apprehension of truth as he saw it. The knowledge he communicated was not dead fact, but seed thought. The outcome of his aim and influence was to stimulate and awaken self-activity.

Dr. Frank Eaton was appreciated as a ripe scholar and as a skilled educator; he was also esteemed as a true man—the very soul of fidelity and honor. He was ever true to his convictions of right and of high Christian principle, from which no influence or force could cause him to swerve.

J. B. Hall, '73



Etchings

True to the Old Flag

THE Fourth of July was really coming at last. Tomorrow would be the great day. To ten-year-old Robert it seemed as though it would never come. With his long hoarded pennies he had bought a "lightning express" load of fire-crackers, torpedoes, flags, etc. His uncle had sent him the loveliest vessel that a small boy could dream of; and so as he crawled into bed that night he could scarcely wait for morning to come. Then the little brain was busy going over and over again the plans he had made for the morrow. Sleep, however, soon carried him off to the "land of Nod" where he

dreamed of the mighty victories he and Uncle Sam would gain on the morrow. Staunch and true little Yankee !

The Fourth dawned bright and fair and very early Robert was up and about. First, he loaded the "lightning express" with the flags, crackers, torpedoes, and the vessel, which he had christened U. S. Battleship Concord. Then he made his way to the pasture where he proceeded to launch the battleship in a little pond. Next he placed a small flag on her and a mighty American pennant on a pole fastened to a large log on the shore of the pond and stuck the British flag and Canadian Ensign on an old stump not far away along the shore, for he proposed to show clearly that he and Uncle Sam with one small battleship could lick all the Canadians this side of the north pole. However, he was to learn differently.

Bruce, the large Scotch Collie, belonging to the next door neighbour, and not long since imported from Ontario, had been watching proceedings from behind a clump of bushes where he was resting. The battle commenced and the seige was pushed vigorously on till things began to look bad for the poor Canadian fort.

At this point Bruce took the matter into his own hands. At the opportune moment he dashed across the field and made an attack on the American fortress. Uncle Sam's doughty champion fled leaving all his munitions of war behind him. Bruce, seizing the battleship, drew it to land. With one mighty twist he stripped her of her colors; then seizing the American pennant he fled away to the woods, leaving the Canadian flag floating proudly over the field of battle.

V. E. Chute, '10.



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Editorials

THE possession of the power of clear and forceful public expression should be the ambition of every college student. This truth has been so often reiterated that it has come to be regarded much as a platitude and not with the serious consideration it deserves. We would briefly speak of its significance with regard to conditions at Acadia.

The very character of the courses which are offered make it imperative for the student to receive training in public speaking. In the first place we have over thirty theologues, these men must of necessity be trained speakers. Many no doubt will attend a theological seminary, but with no previous training it is an open question if the majority will rid themselves entirely of the loose and objectionable habits of speaking previously acquired. Then again let us consider those who are to follow other callings. If a man is to be an appreciable factor in society it is highly essential that he have the power to express his views effectively. He should also receive this training before he enters upon his professional or special course of study. Few men may become orators but every man may attain to some degree of naturalness and spontaneity in public speaking.

Generally speaking, freedom in address is gained by familiarity with the public platform based upon a knowledge of at least the simpler rules of elocution. With regard to the former the debates of the Athenæum Society afford us the best opportunity for training. However, the objection is justly urged against the inter-class debate that the number of men who enjoy the accruing benefits is too small. The recent amendment to the constitution whereby a new man is placed on the team at every debate will tend to correct this condition. More debates might also be held, the regular debates being supplemented by a number of open debates. Again, in a student's endeavour to cultivate some measure of excellence in public speaking friendly and helpful criticism must play an important part. The professor or the fellow student may contribute many valuable suggestions but year by year the need of some recognized source of training in speaking becomes more keenly felt. Although at present the establishment of a chair of elocution seems impracticable yet we look forward hopefully to an arrangement whereby this training may be given in connection with some department of the college work.



An examination of the various college journals shows plainly the growth of the tendency to make these papers more and more distinctively student productions. To one who is at all familiar with the problems which such a policy entails the difficulty of preserving the literary standard of a paper and at the same time giving the greatest number of contributors access to its pages is most manifest. Thus various expedients have been resorted to whereby these ends might be attained. Of these the most successful and most generally adapted method is the prize competition. The good results which have attended its use by previous ATHENÆUM managements are reaffirmed by the experience of other college papers. Having thus passed from its experimental stage we have again employed it this year. The only change of note in the classification of articles for which prizes were offered was in the case of the essay, which was placed in a separate class.

When the contest closed fourteen articles had been submitted,—six stories, four poems and four etchings. As will be noticed the new classification had no representative which would be occasioned by its seeming lack of attractiveness for the literary aspirant. Concerning the

poems we would say that although possessing poetical conception, they generally lacked consistency of treatment at some point or showed incompleteness of development. For these reasons no prizes were given in this class. The stories, however, were good throughout, involving some difficulty in establishing their relative merit. Undoubtedly the largest measure of the success of the contest is due to this class. Two of the stories submitted, in the opinion of the judges were worthy of special mention, and, in view of the fact that no second prize had been offered for this class, two extra prizes of one dollar each were awarded.

We take pleasure in announcing the successful contestants :—


The first prize for the best original story was given to Miss Margaret Calhoun, '11, for a story entitled, "The Coward." The special prizes mentioned above were awarded to Miss Hildah Vaughan, '08, for a story entitled, "How Robin Red Breast got His Name," and to W. Bernard Foster, '08, for a story entitled, "Green Paper and Brown."

The prizes for the two best etchings were awarded to Vernon E. Chute, '10, for a sketch entitled, "True to the Old Flag" and to Miss Hildah Vaughan, '08, for a sketch entitled, "The Promise of Spring."

We thank all who participated in the contest and congratulate the winners. Our best wishes attend all in their future literary efforts.



Obituary.

 ON December 24th, 1907, there was taken from us the most prominent figure in the Maritime Provinces in the evangelical work of the denomination, and the oldest son of Acadia,—Rev. Isaiah Wallace, D. D.,

Dr. Wallace was the son of Rev. James Wallace and was born in Coverdale, N. B., on January 17, 1826. He secured his earlier education at the Baptist Seminary at Fredericton, and came to Acadia in 1851, from which he graduated in 1855. Since his earliest connection with the college, he has been one of its most loyal supporters. During his course he had a large share in securing the first endowment of \$40,000 for Acadia, and in July, 1877, he accepted an appointment to try to add \$100,000 to that sum.

Dr. Wallace was ordained at Scotch Town, N. B., on April 3, 1856, and while pastor there married Miss Frances E. DeMille, of Woodstock. In 1858 he accepted the invitation of the New Brunswick Baptist Educational Society to take the principalship of their Seminary for a year during the absence of Rev. Dr. Spurden. After his work here was ended he engaged in missionary work under the New Brunswick Baptist Home Mission Society. Since then he has held lengthy pastorates, but his greatest interest has been in evangelical work, in which he has probably been more successful than any other man in the denomination during its history. His book, "Autobiographical Sketches and Reminiscences of Revival Work," gives a most interesting account of a ministry of over half a century, during which time he baptized over 3000 converts.

In Dr. Wallace thousands mourn a personal friend. He was a man of broad sympathies and magnetic personality, and was respected and loved wherever he was known.



De Alumnis

Rev. E. L. Dakin, '02, for the last three years Pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Victoria, B. C., has resigned and at once takes up a course in Chicago University.

Aaron Perry, '01, who for the last two years has held a position as Director of the Commercial Dept. in Victoria College, Victoria, B. C. has accepted a position as Professor of English Literature in Okanagan College, Summerland, B. C. In addition to this work, he for the present year, assumes charge of the Commercial work in the same school.

Miss Florence Alberta McKinley, '05, has charge of the Primary Department in the Penticton Public Schools.

Miss Maie Irene Messenger, '05, and Miss Frances Messenger, '07, hold positions in the Kelowna Schools.

Miss Madeline Champier, '06, is Principal of the Steveston Public School.

Rev. Ralph W. Hibbert, '04, is pastor of the Methodist Church at Penticton, B. C.

Lindsey E. Haines, '04, holds a lucrative position with the C. P. R. at Medicine Hat.

Rev. Lindsey J. Slaughenwhite '94 is spending the winter in Summerland, looking for health.

Rev. D. E. Hatt, '97, is the Missionary Evangelist for the Baptist Western Conference, in the territory west of the Rocky Mountains.

Rev. Horace G. Estabrook, '91, is the energetic Pastor of the Baptist Church in Summerland.

We wish to rectify a mistake in the October issue of the ATHENÆUM. Carroll P. Charlton, '04, is an Accountant in the Town of Hedley, B. C.

The Month

Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry,
By the elfin builders of the frost.

—*Lowell.*

WITH the New Year came the news of the successful completion of the Second Forward Movement, inaugurated through Dr. Trotter's devotion to Acadia, vigorously carried on by him as long as his health permitted, and completed under the regime of our new head, Dr. Hutchinson. Surely there must needs be much thanks for the great zeal and loyalty shown by all connected with this effort of the past four years, which has meant so much to Acadia. Such a splendid endowment insures the ultimate greatness of our Alma Mater and her pre-eminence in matters educational.

We had not long returned from the pleasures and dissipations of the holidays than a small black cloud appeared on the horizon of many : exams, a term full of terrors to the unprepared, a period when the intellectual inquisitorial court rules supreme, and woe be to him who cannot satisfy that council's demands of orthodoxy, obtained through close acquaintance with those instruments of torture—our texts. Such is the time-honored way of considering examinations ; but I question if many have not drifted away, and that wisely, from traditional methods of cramming and consequently from the traditional fear attendant therewith. The result is readily apparent in the increase of skating, coasting, and other winter sports, which, while freshening the body, and thus the mind, furnish a most agreeable substitute for the wet cloth bound about the aching forehead, and the burning of the "midnight oil."

There is no question which is attracting more attention to-day than that of Municipal Ownership. Consequently there was no lack of interest in the debate Saturday evening, January 12th, on the subject, "Resolved that Municipal Ownership of public utilities is preferable to private ownership of the same." The Freshmen, as appellants, were represented by Messrs. McLeod, Britten and Roy,

while Messrs. McCutcheon, Simpson and Foshay, for the Juniors, undertook to refute their opponents' arguments. Both sides showed no lack of knowledge on the subject at hand, and the mode of presentation was pleasing. The judges, Dr. Hutchinson, Prof. Gray, and Dr. R. C. Archibald decided that victory belonged to the Juniors.

Several pleasing songs were given by the Chipman Hall Quartette, Messrs. Denton, Thomas, Stailing, and Hopkins. Mr. Atkinson, '10, also entertained the Society with a synopsis.

The Junior girls on January 18th entertained the Propylæum Society with an excellent programme which was as follows:

CLAUSE I		
Piano Solo	. . .	Miss Woodman
CLAUSE II		
Farce. "Maid to order"		Jolly Juniors
CLAUSE III		
Solo	. . .	Miss McLatchy
CLAUSE IV		
Synopsis	. . .	Miss Crandall

The programme-cards, decorated with class ribbon, a print of the new class pin, college and class insignia, made dainty and artistic mementos of the occasion.

The series of inter-class debates this year is proving fully as interesting as any athletic inter-class league. The fourth debate this year was held on Jan. 18th between the Seniors and Sophomores, the much discussed question, "Resolved that Free Trade is Preferable to Protection," being thrashed out. The Seniors, Messrs. Ackland, Bagnall and Jost championed Free Trade, their opponents being Messrs. McIntyre, Warren and Kierstead of 1910. Dr. Tufts, Rev. Principal DeWolfe, and Dr. W. L. Archibald, acting as judges, awarded the decision to the Seniors.

The rest of the programme, consisting of selections by the College Quartette, A. I. Brown, '10, F. M. Brown, '10, Steeves, '10, and Roy, '11; and an original paper by Harshman, '11, was very much enjoyed.

The Lyceum of Horton Academy

Editors :—W. L. Kingdon, J. B. Grant

WHEN the term opened on Jan. 8th there was a large percentage of the pupils present. Quite a number of new boys have arrived and the Academy Home is again overflowing. We wish that the Governors might be able to build a new boarding-house that will accomodate all the students.

Lyceum Society

Even in the life of the most successful nation there are periods of depression which are however always followed by seasons of great prosperity. The same may be said of the Lyceum this school year. Last term it seemed as if every entertainment occurred on Lyceum night and the result was that very few attended the meetings. But with the advent of the new term, new life has been infused into the society. A new constitution is being drawn up and we hope to be able to report great success in the life of our school society in the near future.

Athletics

With the opening of the new term the basket-ball germ has given place to that of hockey. H. Sweet, who has been on the Academy hockey team for two years has been elected captain, and we are sure that under his captainship the Academy will be able to show a better front than in either foot-ball or basket-ball.



The Pierian of Acadia Seminary.

EDITOR :—Louise Thompson.

Editorial Notes

A CADIA SEMINARY has reopened for the term beginning January 8, 1908, under good auspices. Twenty new girls have already been registered as residents making in all over one hundred in the building. There is scarcely a vacant place left and two or three more are expected. To all these new girls we extend a hearty welcome.

“It is certainly not the chief end of a woman's life to enter man's occupation, as was intended when higher education was advocated for her. It is high time that that idea of an education for her was abandoned and that *the aim should be to develop in woman the capacity and the power that fit her to make life fuller of intellectual enjoyment and happiness, more productive, physically, mentally and spiritually.*” President Eliot. This is the Acadia Ideal.

We wish to call our readers' attention to the article upon the Fair held under the auspices of the Alumnæ Association, published in the Maritime Baptist of last December. An extract reads as follows:—

“According to the Constitution of the Alumnæ Association, undergraduates may become members of the Society. A register of former pupils is now being made as fast as their present addresses can be ascertained. As the register is completed circulars will be sent to each address with a report of what has been done in the way of raising money for a Fine Arts building, our plans for the future, and with a request that each person addressed become a member of the Association. If our membership should reach five or six hundred there is no reason why we should not be able in three or four years to provide the funds needed for the Fine Arts building, and in later years to help sustain the Music and Art departments in such a way as eventually to make the Seminary a centre of fine arts culture.”

If every former student into whose hands this comes will send her name to Miss A. G. Jackson a great favor will be conferred upon the Alumnæ Association.

Of Current Interest

The following officers have been elected for the Pierian Society for the present term :

President	Miss Sadie Dobson, '08
1st Vice-President	Miss Olive Sipprell, '08
2nd Vice-President	Miss Alma Cooper, '09
Secretary	Miss Charlotte Layton, '09
Treasurer	Miss Hallie Baker, '08
Editor Pierian Department of the Athenæum,	Miss Beatrice Shand, '08

On January the 11th we were again afforded an opportunity of attending a meeting of the Athenæum Society. It is a cause of regret that our own Pierian Society so often meets on the same evening, thereby preventing our going as often as we would like.

On January 31st the pupils in pianoforte, assisted by the pupils in vocal and elocution, gave a recital in Alumnæ Hall. The following programme was given :

1. Concerto C Minor Beethoven
Edith Woodman
2nd Piano, J. C. Ringwald
2. Where Corals Lie Edward Elger
Helen Beckwith
3. Etude op. 10 No. 5 Chopin
Helen Knowles
4. Nocturne op. 15, No. 2 Chopin
Evelyn Bishop
5. On Wings of Song (Duet) Mendelssohn
Jean Kempton and Helen Knowles
6. Sonata op. 31, No. 3 Beethoven
Charlotte Layton
7. (Reading) Echo and the Ferry Jean Ingelow
Goldie Sweet
8. Staccato Etude Rubinstein
Charlotte Lawrence
9. O Rest in the Lord Mendelssohn
A. McKeen
10. Concerto F minor C. M. V. Weber
Evelyn Bishop
2nd piano J. C. Ringwald

The Fine Arts Building Fund will receive a share of the proceeds.

Happy Acadia !

The following contribution is recommended for our Acadia Song Book.

TUNE :—Vive La Compagnie

Just see us all smiling and proud of our lot,
Happy Acadia !
We've got what we need, and we need what we've got,
Happy Acadia !

Chorus—Happy, oh happy, oh happy the "Pope,"
Happy, oh happy, oh happy the "Pope,"
Happy the Profs, happy the Prex,
Happy Acadia !

We thank Doctor Trotter who fathered the cause,
Happy Acadia !
And a jolly good beggar was he, he was.
Happy Acadia !

Chorus—Happy, etc.

We thank little Willy who took up the tale,
Happy Acadia !
They say he can soften the heart of a nail,
Happy Acadia !

We thank all the people for what they have done,
Happy Acadia !
We thank Rockefeller for doubling the fun,
Happy Acadia !

No debts any more, and with money to burn,
Happy Acadia !
There'll be nothing to do but to live and to learn,
Happy Acadia !

Now any old college that's going to rack,
 Happy Acadia !
 Just follow our lead and you'll never go back.
 Happy Acadia !

Get Trotter & Archibald's Pledge-money Pills,
 Happy Acadia !
 They broaden all hearts while they empty the tills.
 Happy Acadia !

So shout and hurrah !—the success is immense,
 Happy Acadia !
 For the College has dollars where once it had cents (sense)
 Happy Acadia !



Under-Currents

"Boozer Brown" (Revised.)

"There are 'side-lights' on the way,
 For naughty-nine."

"Oh what is so rare as a day in June?" Chip Hall beef steak.

Sem. Teacher : "Can you tell us, Miss Y-rxa, what makes bread rise?"

Miss Y-rxa :—(blushly profusely) "Why yes, Hop(p)s, of course!"

The Chip Hall freshmen may now prepare to submit to flaying ;
 for the Sophomores have imported a Skinner.

Harshman found on his entrance to Chipman Hall that he is not
 the only harsh man in College. He met his surprise well.

Miss M-tch-ll: (overheard whispering in French class) "Say, H-tt, how do you translate *rocher escarpe*?"

Miss Cr-nd-ll: "Oh, I can't think of anything but 'Cliff' "

Freshman: (to G. K--rstead, in tutoring class) "If you please, sir, what does H. P. [horse power] stand for?"

K--rst--d: "That's for St. John."

Freshman: "Why, how's that, sir?"

K--rst--d: (coloring) "See here, young man, we'll have no more such, ah, eh, embarrassing questions during class hour! You may leave the room, sir!"

Professor: (incautiously) "By their fruits ye shall know them, Shakespeare said." Most boisterous titter from the class.

The student body would suggest to the professors that even in marking examination papers "It is more blessed to give than receive."

1st Freshette: "I hate to start plugging again! Isn't it a shame we can't keep Christmas for a while?"

2nd Freshette: "Oh well, I still have my *Holly*, anyway."

He might have had a girl down here,
And seen her every night;
But Keith preferred to have his dear
Far off and out of sight.

He oft has sat till break of day,
And met the rising run,
To write his letter to Mt. A.—
For she's at Allison.



Acknowledgments

1908—J. A. Estey, \$1.00; Mr Britten, \$1.00; John Chaloner, .20; Miss F. Ruggles, \$1.00; W. P. Read, \$1.00; T. S. Roy, \$1.00; R. Stultz, \$1.00; Miss H. Vaughn, \$1.00; Dr. A. H. McKay, \$1.00; T. E. Corning, \$1.00; J. D. McLeod, \$1.00; W. L. Archibald, \$1.00; W. W. Clarke, \$2.00; Miss Small \$1.00; Miss L. A. Lowe, \$1.00; Miss M. Calhoun, \$1.00; Dr. R. V. Jones, \$1.00; O. T. Daniels, \$1.00; F. A. Bower, \$1.00; Miss H. B. Marsters, \$1.00; F. R. Faulkner, \$1.00; Miss Edith Clarke, \$1.00; Prof. Gray, \$1.00; Rev. H. Y. Corey, \$1.00; W. W. Chipman, \$1.00; Miss M. McDonald, \$1.00; F. S. Kinley, \$1.00; Dr. Tufts, \$1.00; Miss May Johnstone, \$1.00; Dr. A. Cohoon, \$1.00; W. H. Coleman, \$1.00; Rev. S. B. Kempton, \$1.00; Miss Alice Strong, \$1.35; Miss G. M. Crandall, \$1.00; Miss F. A. Parker, \$1.00; W. N. Wickwire, \$1.00; Mrs. Hutchinson, \$1.00; C. W. Roscoe, \$1.00; Garfield White, \$1.00; Miss B. King, \$1.00; Dr. J. B. Hall, \$1.00; H. S. Ross, \$1.00; Rev. J. A. Corbett, \$1.00; E. Sweet, \$1.00; L. Black, \$1.00; Mr. Gray, \$1.00; Mr. Atkins, \$1.00; Mr. Freeman, \$1.00; Mr. Christie, \$1.00; Mr. Steele, \$1.00; C. Jones, \$1.00; C. D. Schurman, \$1.00; R. H. Phillips, \$1.00; Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, \$1.00; J. S. McLeod, \$1.00; E. C. Whitman, \$1.00; Miss E. R. Young, .25; Miss Nellie Elderkin, \$1.00; Miss E. M. Spurr, \$1.00; Rev. C. A. Eaton, \$1.00; Burton Simpson, \$1.00; A. P. Goudey, \$1.00; A. Sutherland, \$1.00.

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