

Miss M E Goldwell;

The Acadia Athenæum



Vol. xxxviii.

March, 1912.

No. 5.

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The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XXXIX.

MARCH, 1912

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The Dreamer.

(Second Prize Poem)

I SAIL upon life's ocean,
Far through the realm of years,
With swift and silent motion
I pass old joys and tears.

Down through the rolling ages,
And traversing time and space,
Upon earth's changing pages
My fleeting course I trace.

I read the Past's clear writing,
And Time's historic scrool,
Which tells of endless fighting
The battles of the soul.

The simple yet stirring story
Of heroes and triumphs past
Sheds o'er the world a glory
And a light which aye shall last.

With the bright halo o'er me
My upward path I see,
The story of heroes before me,
I trace what mine shall be.

—AUSTIN A. CHUTE, '12.

Farming as a Spiritual Exercise.

BY CHARLES AUBREY EATON, '90.

THE cheapest and most alluring method of farming is to sit in your armchair by the open fire of a city study and read highly imaginative bucolic literature, like the seed catalogues or official compilations of billions of bushels of cereals, produced annually by an abstract known as the "American Farmer." Your soul warms to the "horny-handed son of toil," as he waves his magic wand over the fields and brings forth sweet cider and fresh eggs to make glad the heart of city housekeepers. In the mellow and expansive mood produced by these considerations, you invariably vow that you will some day take an automobile trip through the country, so as to study agriculture at first hand.

But suppose you really are seized and possessed of a farm, "situate, lying and being" in some rural section. With the assistance of an altruistic real estate agent, you have passed through the anxious but interesting preliminaries; the mortgage has been recorded; you have moved in and are ready for business. What will the farm do for you as a man, and for your family? Of course, with industry and thrift, you can always make some kind of a living on a farm, just as you can in the city. But making a living is the merest scaffolding of life. "Man does not live by bread alone." What can country life do for one's manhood? Will the open spaces make it easier to have an open mind? Does a wide sky line create a roomy and humane spirit? It is true, I think, that country life tends to produce men of depth and moral resource. The early impressions which chisel character are few, persistent and wholesome. There is much silence, which, also, is good for the soul. A real home life is possible. Nature has unobstructed access to the imagination. A sense of moral obligation is nurtured by the care of living things, and, above all, one becomes consciously dependent upon, and, at the same time a co-worker with God.

LESSONS FOR LIFE.

In the country you learn to take your life for better or for worse. Farming is like being married. There must be a great deal of give and take. The farmer discovers very early that life is full of discounts and

compromises. Thousands of seeds perish to one that survives. Nature's wasteful ways must be reformed. Weeds are a sure crop in every season. Weather that is good for one thing is bad for another. When prices are high your crop fails. When you have abundance, the market is poor. You buy and plant sweet apples or cherries. After years of culture and waiting they turn out to be sour. The rats get your chickens, your best cow is struck by lightning. An honest neighbor sells you a thoroughly sound horse which proves to be balky. The cut-worm devours your cabbage. Bugs and blight ruin your potatoes. Codlin-moth, bud-moth, canker-worm, tent caterpillar, apple-scab, leaf blight, San Jose scale, conspire to take your fruit. The hired man, the worst of all agricultural crosses, kills your Jersey calves by over-feeding and starves the pigs; loses the tools; lets the horses run away; digs up your wife's flowers; dries up the cows by careless milking; takes sick in the midst of harvesting; gets drunk the day your city friends come out for a visit; and, just as you reach a frame of mind which makes murder an ordinary pleasure, leaves to work for your worst enemy in the neighborhood. These experiences help one to cultivate a chastened spirit. After a little we learn not to expect too much of life, but rather to take each day as it comes, knowing that success is a high-priced commodity, which few can afford to buy.

NEXT YEAR.

In the game of golf "every hole is a new hole." In life, every day is meant by our good Father to be a *new* day of opportunity. On the farm every year is a new year. The past is forgotten; the present mitigated by the assurance that "next year" we shall do better. From this delightful fact the Cynic will, of course, deduce the teaching that farming is nothing more or less than an expensive way of gambling. In the spring we bet our seed, labor, fertilizer and time that we can beat Dame Nature to the goal of a good harvest. In the fall we pay up. But there is another point of view. In the iron discipline of life we learn by our mistakes and reach victory by way of numerous defeats. Men may and men do

"Rise on stepping stones of their dead selves
To nobler things."

Farming is an exact science. If you can learn the laws which govern the development of any given fruit or grain or grass, you can produce

that fruit or grain or grass by obeying and working with those laws. We have no Revelation in Science. Here knowledge is won by experiment and toil. When, therefore, the farmer finds that this year he has failed, and, by his failures, has learned the laws of life, he expects to succeed next year, not because he is a gambler, but because he is a good scientist and a teachable man.

There is no calling, except, possibly, the Christian ministry, which makes so diversified a demand upon intelligence and character. The successful farmer must be a good business man, understanding supply and demand, markets and freights; the relation between cost of production and profit. If he is gifted with imagination, his very drudgery is lighted up with the glory and mystery which attach to all vital processes. He must have a resolute will and courage to recover from disaster and defeat. He will have to handle men and machines and animals, each requiring a peculiar gift and training. And as he grows, he will discover that scientific knowledge is an absolute necessity to success. His business, really, is to transmute chemical elements through the medium of living organisms into money. A cow ceases to be simply an animal and becomes a machine for the production of milk or butter-fat or beef.

The farmer's horse, looked at from this point of view, in an engine for the supply of energy, and he must be fed for muscle and endurance. If the farmer raises stock, he must know the principles of prepotency and understand the laws of heredity.

It used to be that a stable was a place to be avoided, cold, evil-smelling, and usually without light or fresh air. Now the farmer builds his stable as a manufacturer builds a factory, upon scientific principles for the most economic production of results. A warm stable means a minimum loss of food consumed as fuel for the creation of animal heat. A perfect system of ventilation gives good blood and vigor to the animals, and keeps them at their best. Abundance of sunshine and pure water are as beneficial to animals as to men. Labor-saving devices in feeding and cleaning put money in the farmer's pocket. Then this all re-acts upon his conscience until he is driven to house his wife and children almost as comfortably as his cattle.

Then you go abroad in the fields, the same principle obtains. The soil is a wonderful entity, full of forces and laws, which must be known in order to successful cultivation. Every inch of earth swarms with bacteria, favorable and unfavorable to plant life. The ultimate agriculture, I am firmly convinced, will be based fundamentally upon knowledge of

these bacteria. Like the corpuscles of the blood, these minute organisms war against each other, and, as this unseen battle goes, so goes the crop. You put lime upon land, not to increase fertility, but to change an acid condition into an alkaline, because the bacteria favorable to such plants, as clover and alfalfa, cannot live in sour ground. Wheat requires one ratio of nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, corn another. A ton of timothy-hay, it has been determined, takes from the land eighteen pounds of nitrogen, seven phosphoric acid, and twenty-eight of potash. A ton of apples removes three pounds of nitrogen, one of phosphoric acid and four of potash. The ton of hay consumes seven times as much food as the ton of apples in growing to maturity. Unless the farmer knows this, how can he decide which is most profitable or him to raise.

But why go on? The whole farm is a laboratory wherein processes of entrancing interest are the commonplace experience of every hour. Surely there is no finer university for the training of the whole man.

GOD'S WORLD IS ONE.

I can conceive of no better school for the parent, teacher or preacher, than life on the farm. You have here enacted before your eyes the whole drama of regeneration and reformation. An old, run-down field is like a run-down soul. Its forces, lacking the right organizing principle and directive power, have exhausted themselves in the production of weeds. God could, doubtless, make fields produce grain spontaneously; but, in the economy of His moral government, He has reserved this as the task and discipline of man.

The earth is like all mothers, incapable of producing life alone. If from the abandoned field, you take away the weeds, putting in their place good seed, with proper care and nurture of the mother, you will produce thoroughbred fruit. Thus you work directly and consciously with God.

When we turn to the problem of human reclamation, the same laws appear. A broken and abandoned soul, producing only the wild and noxious weeds of lust and ignorance and fear can do no other, unless there is possible an inoculation with good seed. And after you have planted the good seed of Truth and Holiness, your task is only begun. You must go on nourish the soil with Truth; to destroy the remnants of evil by discipline and teaching. After one has seen and tested the wonderful results of clean culture and good seed in transforming waste lands, one finds reason for hope in seeking to save lost men. God's

universe is one; and while life runs through all scales, from low to high, there is but one law everywhere.

OTHER WORLDS.

No farmer can ever forget that life requires more than one world. Given the best of soil and seed, nothing will happen without a climate in which life can grow. He learns by experience that, though "Paul may plant and Apollos water," God giveth the increase. While he works the ground, it is to the sky that he must look for his reward. He cannot get on with only one world at a time.

This is why the country-dweller has been so strongly susceptible to religious influence, so responsive to moral appeal. He meets the dawning splendor of the new day as God's call to labor. And, when at sunset, the western sky gathers to itself the full glories of the long day, he learns that thus man's life should end. When summer rains fall softly upon the mown fields, or the spring sun opens the buds, he must, in some measure at least, become conscious of Another and Greater Worker, who loves the fields.

And here, again, appears the lesson of universal, changeless law. Nothing ever happens on the farm. Behind every result, good or bad, lies a process. If one does not now sow in the spring, one cannot reap in autumn. Nature has no favorites, and makes no exceptions.

In the language of Bishop Butler, "Things are what they are; their consequences will be what they will be; then why deceive ourselves?" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The chief element in plant nutrition is nitrogen. The principal source of nitrogen is the air. There are plants like the clovers, which possess the power of gathering this element and fixing it in nodules upon the roots, in such form that it can be used by subsequent generations of plants. So the farmer, by the very nature of his work, is fitted to take nourishment from the unseen creative energies of God, and thus enrich, not only his own life, but the life of those who come after him.

HARD LABOR.

One of the chief blessings of farm life is the opportunity it gives a man to wear old clothes and get himself covered with clay. Civilization in cities carries with it many limitations, as well as enlargements. After

one has spent years in bondage to starched collars and all the other habiliments of respectability, it feels good to put on the garb of honest toil. We are of the earth. She is our mother, and in her bosom we shall finally lay our weary bodies for their eternal rest. Why then should we let the years go by without living contact with our mother earth.

To swing an axe amidst the odors of the spring woods; to bend a fork handle in the hay field under a July sun, while the sweat trickles into your eyes; to follow the furrow, watching the moist red earth roll its gleaming length behind the plough; to smell it as it rolls, so suggestive of all that is clean and wholesome; to sit down before a farmer's meal with a farmer's appetite—these are the real events in a man's life.

All good work is honorable; but farming is the oldest craft in the world, and the practice of it starts the juices of the body, sweeps the cobwebs from the mind, and gives poise and perspective to the moral sense. I mean real farming by a real farmer on a real farm. The shop-made "country estate," reeking with money, hopelessly crippled by city convenience, given over to conventional social frivolities—this is simply the city slopped over. It may be agriculture, and it may be magnificent, but it is not farming.

To think of the farm as a place of dreary drudgery; of barren social isolation, of pinching poverty; is to conjure up an unreal and unnecessary phantom of the past. There are farmers whose life is little better than that of the ox or swine. But these men would die the death in any other calling. There is a spark which animates our clod, no matter where or how we live; and, given this initial, spiritual awakening, the farmer faces a unique opportunity for a real life. Within the bounds of the farmstead, the whole universe of God is focussed. Here we learn the truth of democracy; the dignity and glory of service; the reign of law; the mystery of life; the goodness of the Creator in His countless new creations; the simplicity of character; the infinite possibilities of the humblest soul; the sweetness of love; the sanctities of the home; the oneness of the human heart with all that lives; and, greater than all these, the nearness of God in brooding, tender care, guarding and guiding each life through the painful pathway of our earthly existence, until once more we rest in Him.

Standing in the fields with the boisterous winds sounding their trumpets in the treetops, and the brooding sky shadowed by the mystery of the night.

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

The Madison Avenue Baptist Church,
New York City.

The Heathem Pass-ee.

Being a Story of a Pass Examination.

BY BUD HARD.

Which I wish to remark, and my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark and not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain.

I would also premise that the term of Pass-ee
Most fitly applies, as you probably see,
To one whose vocation is passing
The ordinary B. A. degree.

Tom Crib was his name, and I shall not deny
In regard to the same, what that name might imply,
But his face it was truthful and childlike,
And he had the most innocent eye.

Upon April the first the Little-Go fell,
And that was the worst of the gentleman's sell;
For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell.

The candidates came and Tom Crib soon appeared;
It was Euclid. The same was 'the subject he feared,'
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was wary and weird.

Yet he did what he could, and the papers he showed
Were remarkably good; and his countenance glowed
 With pride, when I met him soon after,
As he walked down the Trumpington Road.

We did not find him out, which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt that he'd placed up his sleeve
 Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid;
The same with intent to deceive.

But I shall not forget, how the next day at two,
A stiff paper was set by Examiner U. . . ,
 On Euripides' tragedy, Bacchæ,
A subject Tom partially knew.

But the knowledge displayed by that heathen Pass-ee,
And the answers he made, were quite frightful to see;
 For he rapidly floored the whole paper
By about twenty minutes to three.

Then I looked up at U., and he gazed upon me.
I observed, "This won't do." He replied, "Goodness me!
 We are fooled by this artful young person."
And he sent for that heathen Pass-ee.

The scene that ensued was disgraceful to view;
For the floor it was strewed with a tolerable few
 Of the "tips" that Tom Crib had been hiding,
For the "subject he partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt he had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt, but which proved, I regret,
 To be notes on the rise of the Drama;
A question invariably set.

In his various coats we proceeded to seek,
Where we found sundry notes, and with sorrow I speak—
 One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek.

In the crown of his cap were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map of the Dorian States;
And we found in his palms which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—that is, dates.

Which is why I remark, and my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark and not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar;
Which the same I am free to maintain.

—Contributed.

A Modern Apple Thief.

I am a member of the Freshman Class, and am residing at present in a single room on the top floor of Chipman Hall, of Acadia College. On arriving in Wolfville, the Sophomores initiated me in their usual obliging manner, and, no doubt, considered me a very green specimen. However, this narrative will show my verdure to be only skin deep, and that the world will yet be startled by my achievements.

Near the close of the apple picking season, my leisure hours were spent in wondering how I could lay in a stock of fruit for the winter. I made many midnight sorties, always returning with a well filled sack, but every time the Sophs had kindly relieved me of my plunder as I entered the Hall. Becoming well nigh desperate, I was reading one day an account of the Wright Brothers latest experiments with gliders, when a brilliant idea struck me. I would make my nocturnal trips on wing, and a few expeditions would furnish me with all the apples I wanted.

In my home town I had secretly made many successful experiments with gliders, having several flights of over five miles to my credit. I had no engine in my flyer, but, using the air currents as motive power, I used to soar like a condor for long distances. No one but myself knew of these aerial trips; and, situated as at present, in danger of an apple famine, I saw no reason why I should not put my knowledge of aeronautics to the test.

Procuring all the necessary materials for my flying machine from separate stores, to avoid suspicion, I stored them in an unused part of my closet. Every night, after preparing my lessons, I labored till late,

and at the end of a week's hard work, the parts were finished and ready for assemblage. With a bit of climbing, the top of Chip Hall could be reached from my window, and the long flat roof would make an ideal starting place for my aeroplane. All that was lacking was a cloudy night, with a light breeze, when I could make my first attempt.

One Friday evening, when the noises of the students had subsided, and all were asleep, I stole out on the roof to see how the land lay. All was well. The sky was hidden by a blanket of silver-gray clouds, and a cool, refreshing wind blew from the south.

“ 'Tis as lovely a night as ever was seen,
For a nice little trip in a flying machine,”

said I to myself, as I clambered back into my room for the parts of my glider. Piece by piece, I brought it out, and assembled it on the roof. By one o'clock the parts were together, my little monoplane was ready for action, and with a pillow-slip for the apples, I climbed aboard. Testing every part and finding all was in good condition, I awaited a favorable moment for launching my frail craft upon the air. As I stood there with the great gray, wing-like planes on either side and the balancing planes and rudders in the rear, I must have resembled some huge bird of prey, just ready to fly. I was in very truth an apple-hawk.

Finally a stronger puff of wind fanned my cheeks. I ran along the roof in the face of the breeze, shifted my rudders, and sprang into the air. My old-time skill was not forgotten, and, as I balanced myself on my pinions, I felt that I was not a Darius Green, but a veritable master of the air. Up—up—up—ever upward I rose in a gigantic spiral, till far below me a few lights, twinkling like stars, showed where Wolfville lay. Then adjusting my planes anew, I shot up the windslope like a rocket and slipped over the Wolfville Ridge. Beneath me lay the Gaspereaux Valley, and as my airy steed hovered here and there, I examined the country to get my bearings.

I knew of a certain fine orchard on the slope of the ridge, whose best apples were still unpicked. Shaping my course eastward, I soon arrived above it. Manipulating my wing-tips and rudders, I volplaned downward, and safely lighted on the brow of a hill overlooking the farm, ran over to the orchard and filled my bag from several barrels, which luckily for me, had been left under the trees. Then, just as I was about to go, a man approached from the house nearby. I grabbed my sack and started at a breakneck pace for my glider. He chased me up the hill, but I gained rapidly on him and reached my flying machine some distance ahead.

Springing into my place and putting my apples beside me I made a short run, leaped into the air, and sped away into the darkness overhead, leaving my astonished pursuer staring open-mouthed at the place where I had disappeared.

I headed my machine back towards the College, and as I cleared the ridge, a thunder-storm, which unnoticed by me had been brewing in the south, smote me in all its fury. Unable to make headway against the hurricane, I was at the mercy of the elements, and though I tried desperately to reach higher and calmer altitudes, it was in vain. I was almost overcome with fear, and with good reason, for the storm might blow me out to sea, and I might even be dashed to pieces against the rocky sides of Blomidon. Suddenly, above the howl of the tempest, I heard a sound like a pistol-shot. A wire brace had snapped under the strain, the whole machine shivered, one wing collapsed, and Icarus-like I fell through the storm-riven atmosphere. Down—down, lightning flashes showed the earth advancing to meet me, and as I was hurled downward from that dizzy height, all the events of my life seemed to pass before my eyes. Then, as the heavens again shot forth their fire, I caught a glimpse of a small body of water below me. I struck its surface with a terrific splash, the aeroplane breaking the force of my fall, and the dark, cold waters closed over my head. Freeing myself from the wrecked machine, I struggled upward to the air, and swam ashore, sinking exhausted on the bank. After a long rest I climbed the high wire fence around the pond and slunk homeward through the mud. When I reached the Hall I stole silently to my room, threw myself, wet as I was, on the bed, and immediately fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning the adventure seemed like an awful nightmare; but my soaking, mudstained clothes proved that it had been a stern reality. Since then, various rumors have been flitting about the country. In the Gaspereaux Valley, the people tell of a monstrous gypsy moth, which created havoc among the orchards, and a college professor confidentially relates to his friends a weird tale of seeing, in one of his nightly rambles, a prehistoric bat as big as a house. But the truth will never be known till the Wolfville reservoir runs dry, when the skeleton of my wrecked flyer will cause much wonder and discussion.

I was completely cured of apple-stealing; but not of flying. My winter's supply of fruit will be purchased by the modest dozen at the grocery stores, but the secret of my aeroplane construction will never be revealed till Canada shall have need of it in the warfare of the future.

ARTHUR W. ROGERS, '15.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XXXIX.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1912.

No. 5

HARVEY TODD REID, 1912, *Editor-in-Chief.*

R. I. BALCOM, '12. W. R. CROWELL, '13. M. C. FOSTER, '14

AUSTIN A. CHULE, '12 GWENDOLYN V. SHAND, '13 BLANCHE COES, '14

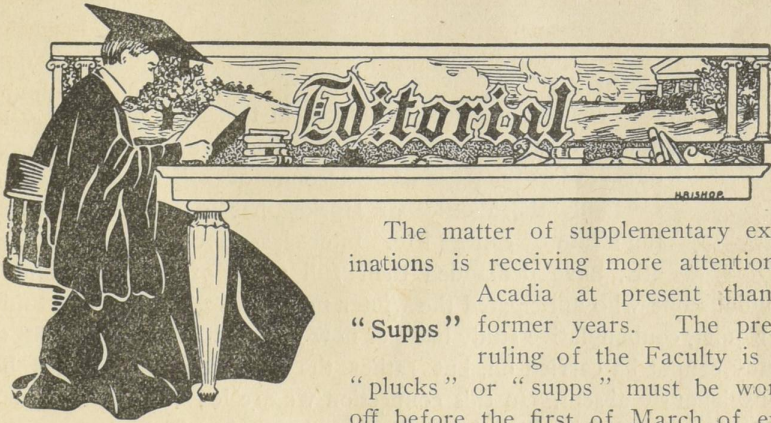
HORACE R. BISHOP, '14, *Staff Artist.*

RAYMOND R. HALEY, '13, *Business Editor.*

ASSISTANTS:

H. DEW. CUNNINGHAM, '14

L. M. BLEAKNEY, '15



The matter of supplementary examinations is receiving more attention at Acadia at present than in "Supps" former years. The present ruling of the Faculty is that "plucks" or "supps" must be worked off before the first of March of every year, that is—applied to the senior class. This ruling might very profitably be applied to all classes. A man who carries one, two or three plucks through his three years of college life, and waits until April of his senior year to work them off, would probably be heard to repeat the words of Braddock: "Anyway, I'll know better next time." A man who, through some misfortune, is credited on the college books with some mark less than the proverbial forty-five, and who gets to work immediately in a determined way to increase substantially that mark, is certainly a college hero. Take, for instance, a pluck contracted in the Freshman year. As the terms roll by, the unlucky one finds his ambition for working it off

gradually subsiding. At the same time the knowledge of the subject, be it great or small, is decreasing in an amazing fashion. Consequently, when the Junior or Senior year is reached, and the work must be done, it is found to be not only difficult, but most unpleasant; for it is generally considered as time wasted. This is not all theory. It is the problem that students are meeting wherever there are colleges. It seems a small matter, but it is often sufficient to spoil what otherwise might have been a pleasant Junior or Senior year. We do not say that plucks are unnecessary, for there are very many good reasons why a student may fail. But we do believe that it is very unfortunate that such work be allowed to go for two or three years. Any ruling that would remedy such a state of affairs must be considered not only beneficial to the students in general, but as tending to break away from a precedent that cannot be otherwise than obnoxious in college life.

Contrary to custom, we do not publish in this issue a review of the Hockey season, for—alas, it was not! But we have endeavored to give our readers a reasonable account of college activities, etc.

Reciprocity.

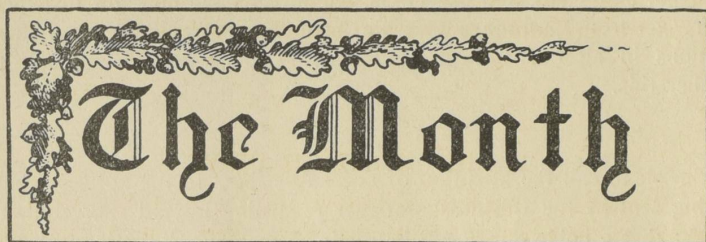
Certainly the absence of Hockey has in no way diminished the strain of college life. Inter-class Hockey, Basketball, etc., etc., have demanded their full share of attention, and the studious one who anticipated the winter months as glorious opportunities for quiet, contemplative study has e'er now received a rude jolt. Not that study cannot be carried on, but rather the quiet atmosphere has been conspicuously absent. In this connection we are led to a few remarks which may be received in divers ways by the student body, but nevertheless we feel they are opportune. Acadia, properly speaking, is composed of three institutions, College proper, Seminary and Academy. When a college function is held the patronage of the other two institutions may be assured. This is not only good from a financial standpoint, but also from every standpoint that tends to make such function a success. As we published a few months ago in these columns Reciprocity is not entirely a dead issue. For instance, the Seminary recitals or Academy basketball games are generally attended by some twenty or thirty college students—this is a generous maximum. All we have to remark is that if the college men will not make an effort to turn out and aid the other

institutions, financially and otherwise, we surely have no right to expect the very generous patronage that we have always received from these institutions in all our College functions. Let us be fair enough to remember this.

We wish to call the attention of our subscribers to the notices which are being sent by the Business Manager regarding unpaid subscriptions. We trust that a noble effort will be made to respond to this appeal, and thus enrich our treasury at a time when such contributions are welcomed most gladly. Already the management is making plans for an elaborate June issue—all of which must be regulated by our financial standing. We know these communications will not be considered as *dunners*, but simply as *reminders*. We appeal to all to attend to this matter at once. Our subscription list this year is a record one, and we solicit advice that may help to make the ATHENÆUM more interesting to our readers. With the unpaid subscriptions gradually pouring into our coffers, we undertake the publication of the paper "not willingly alone but gladly." Do your part!

The Judges have awarded First Prize in the story contest of the ATHENÆUM to Arthur W. Rogers '15. The stories, on the whole, were good and showed careful preparation, but were rather too long. Although no second prize was awarded we wish to mention two stories, "When Knights were Bold," and "A Tale of the Gaspereau," which were fine and which we hope to be able to publish in later issues of the paper. We congratulate the winner of the story contest and wish to thank the other contributors for their help.





MID year exams are a thing of the past, and all the attending terrors have been banished from the minds of some. Once more we return to the regular college activities. Athletics have received the greatest amount of attention. The various class teams having been busily practising for the interclass hockey league games. Basket ball has been much attended by its enthusiasts. Correspondence has been entered into between Mount Allison, Dalhousie, the University of New Brunswick and Acadia. At present the prospects are promising for the formation of an Inter-collegiate basket ball league.

RHODES SCHOLAR.

The student chosen as Acadia's Rhodes Scholar for 1912, is Mr. Harvey Todd Reid, of Hartland, N. B.

Reid matriculated from Hartland High School in 1907. He won while there the Principal's prize for proficiency in scholarship in 1905, also the Principal's Latin prize in 1907, and in the University matriculation examinations made the highest standing in Carleton County.

At Acadia Reid has made a general average of 90% in his studies throughout his course. Coupled with this high standing in scholarship, he has won the reputation of being the best full-back in the intercollegiate football league, and the College basket-ball and baseball teams claim him as one of their best players. During the present year he is Editor-in-chief of the ATHENÆUM.

An all-round man of sound judgment, splendid ability, and unblemished reputation, coupled with a strong physique, he bids fair to win

honor for his alma mater and his native land, in the great University to which he goes. He sets sail for England this coming summer. His many friends and admirers wish him boundless success.

'14 AND '15 SLEIGH DRIVE

On Wednesday afternoon, February 7th, the Freshmen Class took advantage of the excellent sleighing to have their annual class drive. At two o'clock the sleighs departed for Windsor amid showers of snow balls from the Sophomores. The drive was enlivened by songs and yells, the teams arriving in Windsor at five o'clock. Supper was served in the "Y's" rooms. After supper the members of the party departed for the rink or the "Nickel." Although it was not the regular rink night, the band had been engaged and a very pleasant skate was enjoyed by all. Returning to the "Y's" room, a light supper was served, and at 10:15 o'clock the teams were ready for the return trip. The return drive was made interesting with songs and yells. Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Archibald and Mrs. Vail were the chaperones.

On the following afternoon, February 8th, a crowd was again seen gathering on Main street. The Sophomores were assembling for their class drive, also to Windsor. After the arrival of the chaperones, Mr. and Mrs. Hirtle, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Davison, the teams started. The Freshmen avenged the snow-balling of the previous afternoon. Windsor was reached at 5.30 o'clock, and soon after supper was served. Speeches were made by the President and other members of the class. The party then dispersed either to the rink or the "Nickel." At 10.30 o'clock all met at the hotel and soon after the teams started for Wolfville. In spite of the snow storm the return drive was a merry one if laughter and song are any indication.

Y. M. C. A.

On Sunday evening, January 21, Dr. H. T. DeWolfe spoke on behalf of the Y. M. C. A. on the subject, "The Kingdom of God." Dr. DeWolfe spoke in his usual pleasing and instructive manner.

PROPYLAEUM.

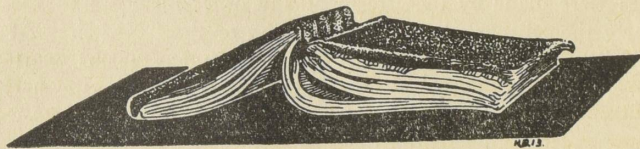
The Propylaeum officers for the present term, elected on February 12, are as follows:

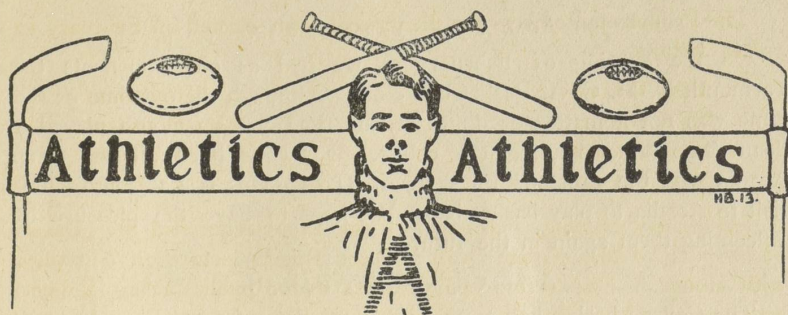
MISS WELTON	<i>President.</i>
MISS NEILL	<i>Vice-President.</i>
MISS PALMER	<i>Secretary.</i>
MISS PATILLO	<i>Teller.</i>

On Friday evening, February 16, the Propylaeum had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Grace Dean McLeod Rogers lecture on "Prophets with Honor." The lecture being opened to the public, a fair audience was present. Mrs. Rogers is too well known to need praise from us; it is sufficient to say that all were delighted with her lecture.

ATHENÆUM.

The Athenæum Society had the pleasure of listening to the "Freshman Athenæum" on Saturday evening, February 17. The "Athenæum" was fully up to the standard of those of former years.





INTER-CLASS HOCKEY.

SOPHOMORES 4 — FRESHMEN 2.

On Wednesday, February 14, the opening game of the Inter-Class Hockey League was played, the Freshmen and Sophomores being the contesting teams. The former gave the latter a great surprise, and it was only in the last few minutes that the Sophomores won the game with a score of 4-2.

SENIORS 6 — FRESHMEN 3.

On Friday, February 16, the Freshmen were again scheduled to play, their opponents being the Seniors. The game was a hard fought one but the victory rested with the Seniors with a score of 6-3.

ACADEMY 4 — JUNIORS 2.

The third game of the league was played on Monday, February 19. At that time the Juniors and H. C. A. crossed sticks. First half ended without either team scoring. In last half better hockey was played. the game ended with a score of 4-2 in favour of H. C. A.

SOPHOMORES 3 — H. C. A. 0.

The fastest game of hockey yet played in the Inter-Class League games occurred on Thursday, February 22, when the Sophomores and H. C. A. met on the ice. At half time neither team had scored. During the last half the Sophomores were able to secure three goals thus giving them the victory with a score of 3-0. The game throughout was fast and an interesting one to watch.

BASKET BALL.

ACADIA 54—YARMOUTH 12.

On the evening of February 6, we had as our opponents the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Basket ball team. Although the outcome of the game was not a matter of doubt at any time, yet Yarmouth played a clean fast game, making the college five work hard all the time. Acadia won the game with a score of 54-12. This is Yarmouth's first visit to Acadia to play basket ball. We hope to have the pleasure of welcoming them again in the future.

ACADIA 65—KENTVILLE 31.

The College basket ball team, with a number of supporters drove to Kentville on the evening of February 12, to play the local team of that town. From a gladiatorial standpoint the game was very interesting, but it could hardly be called good basket ball. The short gymnasium and the waxed floor made fast combination work impossible. The College boys won out by a score of 65-31, the defense doing particularly good work. After the game the Acadia party were entertained at the Pastime Club and at Moore's Candy Kitchen.

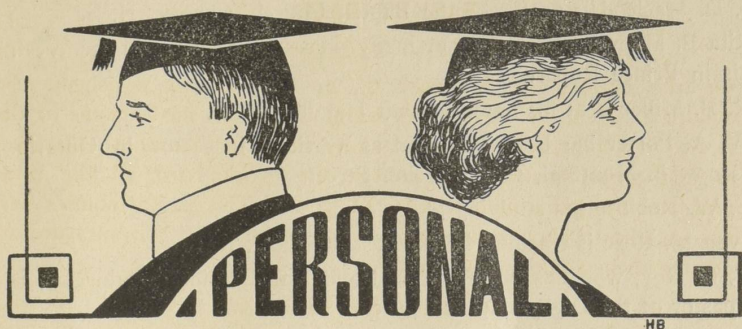
ACADIA 49—DALHOUSIE 10.

On Tuesday evening, February 20, we had as our visitors the Dalhousie basket ball team. Dalhousie had never played basket ball here before, so there were many conjectures as to the strength of their team. During the first half Acadia controlled the ball practically all the time. At half time the score was 33-2 in our favour. In the second half Dalhousie played faster basket ball, keeping the score down much better than they did during the first half. The game ended with a score of 49-10 in favour of Acadia.

ACADIA 38—SYDNEY 6.

On Thursday evening, February 22, Acadia had as her opponent the Sydney basket ball team. During the first half Sydney was able to secure two points only, while Acadia had sixteen to her credit. The last half started with a rush, Sydney scoring four points in a short time. Acadia settled down to an even style of play (and at the end of game the score was 38-6 in favour of Acadia. Acadia's splendid defense prevented Sydney from doing practically any scoring.

The Acadia line up in these games was:—Reid, Andrews, Forward; Grant, Centre; Pineo, Richmond, Defense.



THE CLASS OF 1911.

Merle F. Bancroft is working with the Jonquiere Lumber Co., Jonquiere, Quebec.

L. B. Boggs is engaged in the same business at Jonquiere.

Helen Bancroft is at her home Pleasant Valley, N. S.

Fred. M. Bishop is studying Physics at Yale.

Raleigh Brooks is attending Normal School in Calgary.

L. Paul Corey is in the employ of the Arron Lumber Co., Kamloops, B. C.

Alice A. Eaton is in Wolfville, studying for the degree of M. A.

Carl M. Eaton is teaching in Barnet, B. C.

Gwendoline M. Fullerton is at her home in Port Willaims. She is taking M. A. work.

L. T. Hayward is principal of the High School, Milltown, N. B.

H. Margaret Herkins is at home, Lockeport, N. S.

Gertrude Jones is staying at her home, St. John, N. B.

A. R. Kaisir, after spending a few months at Harvard, took a journey to the Canadian West. He is now travelling in England in the interests of March ('12) & Allen, real estate agents. His address is: Cambridge House, Littlemoor, Eng.

W. C. Keith is in Vancouver.

Cyril D. Locke is studying at Yale. At graduation Locke was the medallist of his class. He is maintaining the same high standard at Yale.

Caroline L. Logan is engaged in newspaper work. Her address is: 1261 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

J. D. Macleod is pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, N. S.

Rita B. Manning is one of our many successful teachers in the West. She is in Prince Rupert.

R. B. Miller is at his home, Mount Handley, N. S.

W. A. Porter has been employed as a bridge inspector in Ontario. He is now in Montreal, 118 Durocher Street.

C. W. Robinson is studying at Yale.

Ivan M. Rose is teaching in the Tusket School, N. S.

T. S. Roy, who has been ordained and married since graduation, is now pastor of the Digby Baptist Church.

L. R. Skinner is teaching in New Glasgow High School.

Tom Skinner is in business at his home Calgary, Alta.

Olive L. Sipprell is in Toronto.

Mary L. Starratt is at home, Moncton, N. B.

A. Sutherland is continuing his work as an instructor at Acadia.

Royden S. Stultz is in a law office, 113-114 Pacific Building, Vancouver, B. C.

Handley B. Fitch is at his home in Clarence, N. S. He is studying for his M. A. degree.

Atlee B. Clark is studying at McGill.

W. H. Webber is at home, Chester, N. S.

W. W. Wright is at his home, Hopewell Cape, N. B.

W. B. Boggs, '65, is in Florida where his health is rapidly improving.

E. H. Nichols, '93, is a very successful lawyer in Calgary, Alta. He is the head of the firm Nichols & Savary.

Rev. G. P. Raymond, '09, has resigned the pastorate of the Annapolis Baptist Church.

P. W. Durkee, '03, who was forced to leave Acadia on account of ill health is at the Laurentian Sanatorium, St. Agathe des Monts. The ATHENÆUM extends to him best wishes for a speedy recovery.

C. A. E. DeWitt, '04, who studied in Germany for some time after graduating from Acadia, is at present in Wolfville, where he has a large medical practice.

Edgar S. Archibald, '05, is instructor at the Agricultural College, Truro, N. S.

Helena C. Keirstead, '08, is teaching in the High School, Rainier, Oregon.

Sadie Dykeman, '10, is at her home in Halifax. N. S.

Flora Chambers, '10, is engaged in Kindergarten work, Wolfville, N. S.

Lee N. Leaman, '10, is teaching Manual Training in Halifax.

Ernest Robinson, '06, is inspector of schools, Kingsard, Hants Co., N. S. He resides in Aylesford.

Rev. H. F. Waring, '09, is pastor of a church in Vancouver. He resides at 1834 8th Avenue West.

G. H. Magner, '09, was married this winter. He is now working in Schenectady, N. Y.

Lemuel Ackland, '08, is pastor of the Baptist Church, Bridgewater, Mass.

John H. Geldart, '08, is in China with F. S. Brockman, the National General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of China and Korea.

Harold Robinson, '10, is at his home, Point de Bute, N. B.

E. G. Daniels, and Victor Woodworth, of the class of '09, are teaching in British Columbia.

Jack T. Steeves, formerly of the class of '12, is making a high standing in work at McGill.

E. O. Temple Piers, '01, is a member of the faculty of MacKenzie College, San Paulo, Brazil.

W. B. Burnett, '91, who has a large medical practice in Vancouver, visited Acadia last month. He expressed himself as much pleased to get back at his old alma mater.





THE following have been received: *Xaverian*, *Acta Victoriana*, *The Mitre*, *The Rocket*, *Argosy*, *King's College Record*, *Normal College Gazette*, *University Monthly*, *Theologue*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Bates Student*, *McMaster University Monthly*. While mentioning but a few particularly, we appreciate all.

If you desire solid, useful reading on theological and spiritual subjects refer to *The Theologue*. This monthly is a credit to the students of Presbyterian College, Halifax.

We enjoy *The University Monthly*. Although we share the opinion of others that fiction is an important part of a college magazine, we value the *Monthly* for the character of much which it publishes. Articles on "The Mohammedan Menace," and "The Maritime Penitentiary," are of unusual interest. The average reviewer might wonder at the insertion of the long and uninviting compendium of facts on Road Making. The Editorial Column, as usual, well repays perusal.

Bates Student states that Yale has graduated 26,313, of whom about 16,000 are living.

The *McMaster Monthly* inserts from *The Varsity* the following: "The registration of the fifteen largest universities in America is as follows: Columbia, 7,429; Chicago, 6,466; Minnesota, 5,965; Wisconsin, 5,538; Pennsylvania, 5,389; Michigan, 5,381; Cornell, 5,104; Illinois, 5,118; Harvard, 5,028; Nebraska, 4,364; Toronto, 4,190; California, 3,450; Missouri, 3,141; Iowa, 3,090."

Acadia Seminary Notes.

On Wednesday evening, February 21st, Rev. D. E. Hatt gave a selected programme of Drummond Readings before the Current Topic Club. The hour spent thus was most enjoyable. Mr. Hatt as an interpreter of Drummond is in a class by himself, "facile princeps." A hearty vote of thanks testified to profound appreciation.

On Friday evening, February 23rd, the first Acadia Seminary Pupils' Recital was given in College Hall. The universal verdict is, "No more enjoyable recital was ever given in College Hall." High praise, but well deserved. Miss Thomas, Miss Palmer, Miss Strong and Miss Prescott are pupils of Mr. Fletcher; Miss Fillmore and Miss Hull, pupils of Miss Wilson; Miss Nowlan, of Miss Remick; and Miss Skinner, of Miss Schwartz. The programme was rendered as follows:

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO. MISS MURIEL THOMAS.
 - a. Variations. *Handel.*
 - b. Impromptu. *Rheinhold*
2. VOCAL SOLO. MISS HATTIE FILLMORE.
 - a. These are They. "*The Holy City.*"
 - b. Little Boy Blue. *D'Hardelot.*
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO. MISS LILA STRONG.
 - Arabesque. *Chaminade.*
4. READING. MISS EVELYN SKINNER.
 - "The House with the Paint Worn Off."
5. PIANOFORTE SOLO. MISS JENNIE PRESCOTT.
 - a. Romanza. *Tschaiskowsky.*
 - b. Waltz. *Chaminade.*
6. VOCAL SOLO. MISS SUSAN HULL.
 - Enchantress. *Hatton.*
7. READING. MISS LENA NOWLAN.
 - "Billings of '49". *Edwin Balmer.*
8. PIANOFORTE SOLO. MISS MAY PALMER.
 - a. Melodie. *Dreyschock.*
 - b. 4th Mazurka. *Godard.*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The next recital in which will be represented the Violin, Vocal and Oratory Departments, will be held March 29th.

In a recent issue reference was made to the death of Mrs. Percy Woodworth, formerly Director of Pianoforte in Acadia Seminary, and more recently a member of the Music Staff. The following brief sketch of Mrs. Woodworth's musical career will be of interest to her friends and former pupils:

"Born in London, Miss Carrie O'Key was, after a brilliant course, graduated in Pianoforte as Medallist of the London Academy of Music, winning at the same time two Scholarships and several Honorary Certificates. During her course in London she studied singing with Signor Bodia. From London Miss O'Key went to Paris, where for two years she was the only pupil of the famous pianist, Vladimir de Padewaren. During her residence in Paris she studied singing with Madame Picciotto, being at this time a fellow student in voice with Emma Eames.

During 1896-1898, Miss O'Key was, as already indicated, Director of Pianoforte at Acadia Seminary, which position she relinquished to marry Dr. Percy Woodworth.

In the Seminary and in private life, Mrs. Woodworth was a woman of unassuming modesty and worth, a genuinely cultured woman, and therefore with her rare gifts the better musician. Her influence was always for the beautiful, the true, the good.

Acadia Seminary is honored to have her name enrolled with the other noble women who have helped her to realize her high educational ideals.

Academy Notes.

GENERAL.—Everything is running smoothly at the Academy. The students are beginning to realize that the end of the term is not far off and they are doing good work at their studies. Recreation is not lacking either. There is lots of skating and hockey. The rink is well patronized during the week and on Saturdays when there is open rink. Outdoor skating seems to be greatly enjoyed at present, and the ice back of the Academy is spotted with skaters in the afternoons and evenings

Y. M. C. A. AND LYCEUM.—The weekly meetings of these societies have been held during the last month as usual. Inter-class debates gave

some interesting meetings to the Lyceum. The interest shown in this line is encouraging to the officers. A new entertainment committee has been appointed for the remainder of this term.

ATHLETICS.—The basket-ball season probably closed for the Academy on the evening of Friday the 26th of January. On this occasion a return game was played with Truro Y. M. C. A. At the end of the hour the score stood 40-6 in favor of the Cads. The game was rather one sided, and on this account was not very exciting. The Academy baskets were made by the following men: Porter, 9; Gibson, 4; and McKay, 7.
made by the following men: Porter, 9; Gibson, 4; and McKay, 7.

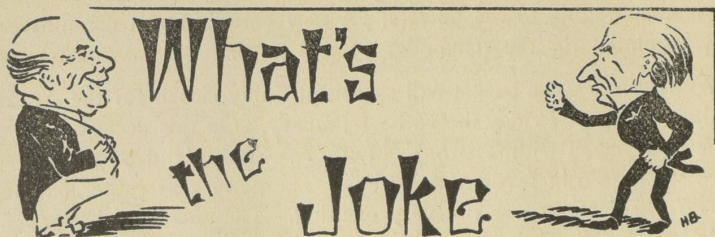
ACADEMY.		TRURO.
	Forwards.	
Gibson.		Peterson.
H. G. McKay.		Chapman.
	Centre.	
Porter.		Schafheiflin.
	Defence.	
D. Kitchen.		Darling.
W. Kitchen.		Campbell.

On Saturday, February 3rd, the Halifax County Academy hockey team played the Academy in Evangeline Rink. The game was close and exciting, our boys winning by a score of 6-4. The goals were made as follows: Baird, 2; Barss, 1; Porter, 2; McNeill, 1.

A hockey team from the Maritime Business College, Halifax, played the Academy on Saturday the 17th of February. At half time the score stood 3-0 in favor of H. C. A. But in the second half the boys from the garrison city played better hockey and when the bell rang for all over the score was only 5-3 in favor of the Cads.

C. M. SNOW,
F. F. FOWLIE,
G. B. BLAIR.

Lyceum Editors,



Prof. Thompson—Can't you translate *Sic Transit*?

Gammy—Ambulance Waggon.

Prof. Pattison—Are you familiar with "the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"?

Phinney '15—There's so many of those new breakfast foods that I don't try to keep the run of them.

R. R. J. Brown—Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think—
Stackhouse—Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?

Miss G-b-r-on—Why not put Scott on the debating team?

Miss Br-w-n—He has his hands full most of the time now.

Prof. Haycock—Can you give me an example of supersaturation?

Bud Kitchen—What I said when I got my marks.

Lewis (after Richmond has brought Everett's supper up to him)—
Richmond is a good fellow, isn't he?

Everett—Yes, he seems just like a brother to me.

Prof. Pattison—Now, since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methusalah, and, in a quiet yard under ground, and thin walls of clay—Explain what is meant by "thin walls of clay."

Cunningham—I think it refers to Methusalah's pipe.

Prof. Spidle—Why was the Pope called the triple tyrant?

Gibson—Because three institutions pay tribute to him.

Godfrey (reading Virgil)—Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got, professor.

Prof. Thompson—Well, Mr. Godfrey, I think that was quite far enough.

Prof. Pattison—What was Vesta the goddess of?

Dexter—The Hunt?

MacNeil—We ought to have a great track team.

Harlow—Why?

MacNeil—M-rr-y is sure of first place in the running broad grin.

Prof. Coit (in Freshman Math.)—What short cut can we use in this problem? Mr. Elderkin, what short cut did you use?

Elderkin (awakening)—Krimp Kut.

Beck—The first time I saw you I knew you were married.

Hudson—How did you know?

Beck—No man would have chosen a necktie like that for himself.

Prof. Haycock.—We have some diamonds in the laboratory, but I don't know whether I would know just where to put my hand on them now or not.

MacKinnon—I know where I can put my hand on some.

Prof. Wortman—Mr. Dennis, this noun cannot be both common and proper.

Dennis—A kiss is.

Dr. Tufts (In Pol. Econ.)—Large scale production must ultimately depend upon the feeding of the race.

D-ws-n (in back seat)—Hear! Hear!

Dearie, gentle lisped the maiden,
While red as roses grew her face,
If you never loved another
Then how learned you to embrace?
Suddenly he drew her to him,
Whispering in her ear with haste,
While at college foot-ball coaches
Made us tackle round the waist."

Old Gent—"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back."

Editor—"Hadn't you better try a porous plaster."—*Ex.*

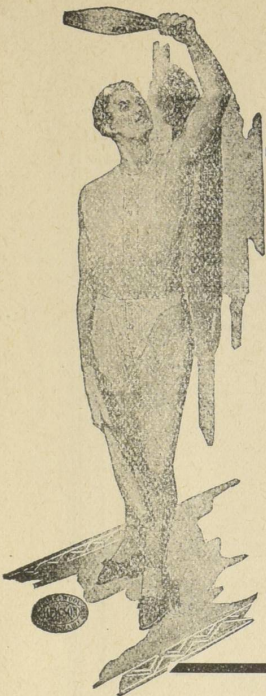
Judge—"What is the verdict of the jury?"

Foreman of Jury—"Your honor, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."—*Ex.*

There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic;
There are meters in musical tone;
But the meter
That's sweeter
And neater,
Completer,
Is to meet'er
In the moonlight alone.—*Ex.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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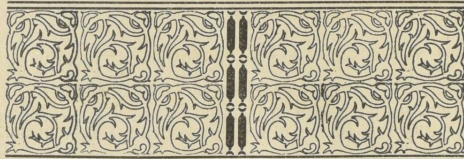
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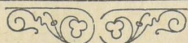
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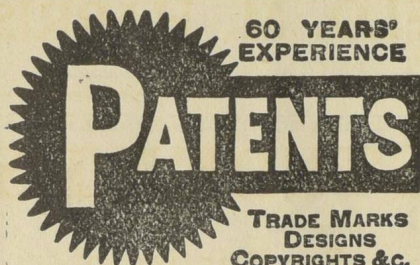
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The Dreamer.

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I SAIL upon life's ocean,
Far through the realm of years,
With swift and silent motion
I pass old joys and tears.

Down through the rolling ages,
And traversing time and space,
Upon earth's changing pages
My fleeting course I trace.

I read the Past's clear writing,
And Time's historic scrool,
Which tells of endless fighting
The battles of the soul.

The simple yet stirring story
Of heroes and triumphs past
Sheds o'er the world a glory
And a light which aye shall last.

With the bright halo o'er me
My upward path I see,
The story of heroes before me,
I trace what mine shall be.

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LESSONS FOR LIFE.

In the country you learn to take your life for better or for worse. Farming is like being married. There must be a great deal of give and take. The farmer discovers very early that life is full of discounts and

compromises. Thousands of seeds perish to one that survives. Nature's wasteful ways must be reformed. Weeds are a sure crop in every season. Weather that is good for one thing is bad for another. When prices are high your crop fails. When you have abundance, the market is poor. You buy and plant sweet apples or cherries. After years of culture and waiting they turn out to be sour. The rats get your chickens, your best cow is struck by lightning. An honest neighbor sells you a thoroughly sound horse which proves to be balky. The cut-worm devours your cabbage. Bugs and blight ruin your potatoes. Codlin-moth, bud-moth, canker-worm, tent caterpillar, apple-scab, leaf blight, San Jose scale, conspire to take your fruit. The hired man, the worst of all agricultural crosses, kills your Jersey calves by over-feeding and starves the pigs; loses the tools; lets the horses run away; digs up your wife's flowers; dries up the cows by careless milking; takes sick in the midst of harvesting; gets drunk the day your city friends come out for a visit; and, just as you reach a frame of mind which makes murder an ordinary pleasure, leaves to work for your worst enemy in the neighborhood. These experiences help one to cultivate a chastened spirit. After a little we learn not to expect too much of life, but rather to take each day as it comes, knowing that success is a high-priced commodity, which few can afford to buy.

NEXT YEAR.

In the game of golf "every hole is a new hole." In life, every day is meant by our good Father to be a *new* day of opportunity. On the farm every year is a new year. The past is forgotten; the present mitigated by the assurance that "next year" we shall do better. From this delightful fact the Cynic will, of course, deduce the teaching that farming is nothing more or less than an expensive way of gambling. In the spring we bet our seed, labor, fertilizer and time that we can beat Dame Nature to the goal of a good harvest. In the fall we pay up. But there is another point of view. In the iron discipline of life we learn by our mistakes and reach victory by way of numerous defeats. Men may and men do

"Rise on stepping stones of their dead selves
To nobler things."

Farming is an exact science. If you can learn the laws which govern the development of any given fruit or grain or grass, you can produce

that fruit or grain or grass by obeying and working with those laws. We have no Revelation in Science. Here knowledge is won by experiment and toil. When, therefore, the farmer finds that this year he has failed, and, by his failures, has learned the laws of life, he expects to succeed next year, not because he is a gambler, but because he is a good scientist and a teachable man.

There is no calling, except, possibly, the Christian ministry, which makes so diversified a demand upon intelligence and character. The successful farmer must be a good business man, understanding supply and demand, markets and freights; the relation between cost of production and profit. If he is gifted with imagination, his very drudgery is lighted up with the glory and mystery which attach to all vital processes. He must have a resolute will and courage to recover from disaster and defeat. He will have to handle men and machines and animals, each requiring a peculiar gift and training. And as he grows, he will discover that scientific knowledge is an absolute necessity to success. His business, really, is to transmute chemical elements through the medium of living organisms into money. A cow ceases to be simply an animal and becomes a machine for the production of milk or butter-fat or beef.

The farmer's horse, looked at from this point of view, in an engine for the supply of energy, and he must be fed for muscle and endurance. If the farmer raises stock, he must know the principles of prepotency and understand the laws of heredity.

It used to be that a stable was a place to be avoided, cold, evil-smelling, and usually without light or fresh air. Now the farmer builds his stable as a manufacturer builds a factory, upon scientific principles for the most economic production of results. A warm stable means a minimum loss of food consumed as fuel for the creation of animal heat. A perfect system of ventilation gives good blood and vigor to the animals, and keeps them at their best. Abundance of sunshine and pure water are as beneficial to animals as to men. Labor-saving devices in feeding and cleaning put money in the farmer's pocket. Then this all re-acts upon his conscience until he is driven to house his wife and children almost as comfortably as his cattle.

Then you go abroad in the fields, the same principle obtains. The soil is a wonderful entity, full of forces and laws, which must be known in order to successful cultivation. Every inch of earth swarms with bacteria, favorable and unfavorable to plant life. The ultimate agriculture, I am firmly convinced, will be based fundamentally upon knowledge of

these bacteria. Like the corpuscles of the blood, these minute organisms war against each other, and, as this unseen battle goes, so goes the crop. You put lime upon land, not to increase fertility, but to change an acid condition into an alkaline, because the bacteria favorable to such plants, as clover and alfalfa, cannot live in sour ground. Wheat requires one ratio of nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, corn another. A ton of timothy-hay, it has been determined, takes from the land eighteen pounds of nitrogen, seven phosphoric acid, and twenty-eight of potash. A ton of apples removes three pounds of nitrogen, one of phosphoric acid and four of potash. The ton of hay consumes seven times as much food as the ton of apples in growing to maturity. Unless the farmer knows this, how can he decide which is most profitable or him to raise.

But why go on? The whole farm is a laboratory wherein processes of entrancing interest are the commonplace experience of every hour. Surely there is no finer university for the training of the whole man.

GOD'S WORLD IS ONE.

I can conceive of no better school for the parent, teacher or preacher, than life on the farm. You have here enacted before your eyes the whole drama of regeneration and reformation. An old, run-down field is like a run-down soul. Its forces, lacking the right organizing principle and directive power, have exhausted themselves in the production of weeds. God could, doubtless, make fields produce grain spontaneously; but, in the economy of His moral government, He has reserved this as the task and discipline of man.

The earth is like all mothers, incapable of producing life alone. If from the abandoned field, you take away the weeds, putting in their place good seed, with proper care and nurture of the mother, you will produce thoroughbred fruit. Thus you work directly and consciously with God.

When we turn to the problem of human reclamation, the same laws appear. A broken and abandoned soul, producing only the wild and noxious weeds of lust and ignorance and fear can do no other, unless there is possible an inoculation with good seed. And after you have planted the good seed of Truth and Holiness, your task is only begun. You must go on nourish the soil with Truth; to destroy the remnants of evil by discipline and teaching. After one has seen and tested the wonderful results of clean culture and good seed in transforming waste lands, one finds reason for hope in seeking to save lost men. God's

universe is one; and while life runs through all scales, from low to high, there is but one law everywhere.

OTHER WORLDS.

No farmer can ever forget that life requires more than one world. Given the best of soil and seed, nothing will happen without a climate in which life can grow. He learns by experience that, though "Paul may plant and Apollos water," God giveth the increase. While he works the ground, it is to the sky that he must look for his reward. He cannot get on with only one world at a time.

This is why the country-dweller has been so strongly susceptible to religious influence, so responsive to moral appeal. He meets the dawning splendor of the new day as God's call to labor. And, when at sunset, the western sky gathers to itself the full glories of the long day, he learns that thus man's life should end. When summer rains fall softly upon the mown fields, or the spring sun opens the buds, he must, in some measure at least, become conscious of Another and Greater Worker, who loves the fields.

And here, again, appears the lesson of universal, changeless law. Nothing ever happens on the farm. Behind every result, good or bad, lies a process. If one does not now sow in the spring, one cannot reap in autumn. Nature has no favorites, and makes no exceptions.

In the language of Bishop Butler, "Things are what they are; their consequences will be what they will be; then why deceive ourselves?" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The chief element in plant nutrition is nitrogen. The principal source of nitrogen is the air. There are plants like the clovers, which possess the power of gathering this element and fixing it in nodules upon the roots, in such form that it can be used by subsequent generations of plants. So the farmer, by the very nature of his work, is fitted to take nourishment from the unseen creative energies of God, and thus enrich, not only his own life, but the life of those who come after him.

HARD LABOR.

One of the chief blessings of farm life is the opportunity it gives a man to wear old clothes and get himself covered with clay. Civilization in cities carries with it many limitations, as well as enlargements. After

one has spent years in bondage to starched collars and all the other habiliments of respectability, it feels good to put on the garb of honest toil. We are of the earth. She is our mother, and in her bosom we shall finally lay our weary bodies for their eternal rest. Why then should we let the years go by without living contact with our mother earth.

To swing an axe amidst the odors of the spring woods; to bend a fork handle in the hay field under a July sun, while the sweat trickles into your eyes; to follow the furrow, watching the moist red earth roll its gleaming length behind the plough; to smell it as it rolls, so suggestive of all that is clean and wholesome; to sit down before a farmer's meal with a farmer's appetite—these are the real events in a man's life.

All good work is honorable; but farming is the oldest craft in the world, and the practice of it starts the juices of the body, sweeps the cobwebs from the mind, and gives poise and perspective to the moral sense. I mean real farming by a real farmer on a real farm. The shop-made "country estate," reeking with money, hopelessly crippled by city convenience, given over to conventional social frivolities—this is simply the city slopped over. It may be agriculture, and it may be magnificent, but it is not farming.

To think of the farm as a place of dreary drudgery; of barren social isolation, of pinching poverty; is to conjure up an unreal and unnecessary phantom of the past. There are farmers whose life is little better than that of the ox or swine. But these men would die the death in any other calling. There is a spark which animates our clod, no matter where or how we live; and, given this initial, spiritual awakening, the farmer faces a unique opportunity for a real life. Within the bounds of the farmstead, the whole universe of God is focussed. Here we learn the truth of democracy; the dignity and glory of service; the reign of law; the mystery of life; the goodness of the Creator in His countless new creations; the simplicity of character; the infinite possibilities of the humblest soul; the sweetness of love; the sanctities of the home; the oneness of the human heart with all that lives; and, greater than all these, the nearness of God in brooding, tender care,, guarding and guiding each life through the painful pathway of our earthly existence, until once more we rest in Him.

Standing in the fields with the boisterous winds sounding their trumpets in the treetops, and the brooding sky shadowed by the mystery of the night.

Yet he did what he could, and the papers he showed
Were remarkably good; and his countenance glowed
 With pride, when I met him soon after,
As he walked down the Trumpington Road.

We did not find him out, which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt that he'd placed up his sleeve
 Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid;
The same with intent to deceive.

But I shall not forget, how the next day at two,
A stiff paper was set by Examiner U. . . ,
 On Euripides' tragedy, Bacchæ,
A subject Tom partially knew.

But the knowledge displayed by that heathen Pass-ee,
And the answers he made, were quite frightful to see;
 For he rapidly floored the whole paper
By about twenty minutes to three.

Then I looked up at U., and he gazed upon me.
I observed, "This won't do." He replied, "Goodness me!
 We are fooled by this artful young person."
And he sent for that heathen Pass-ee.

The scene that ensued was disgraceful to view;
For the floor it was strewed with a tolerable few
 Of the "tips" that Tom Crib had been hiding,
For the "subject he partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt he had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt, but which proved, I regret,
 To be notes on the rise of the Drama;
A question invariably set.

In his various coats we proceeded to seek,
Where we found sundry notes, and with sorrow I speak—
 One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek.

In the crown of his cap were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map of the Dorian States ;

And we found in his palms which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—that is, dates.

Which is why I remark, and my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark and not always in vain,

The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar ;
Which the same I am free to maintain.

—Contributed.

A Modern Apple Thief.

I am a member of the Freshman Class, and am residing at present in a single room on the top floor of Chipman Hall, of Acadia College. On arriving in Wolfville, the Sophomores initiated me in their usual obliging manner, and, no doubt, considered me a very green specimen. However, this narrative will show my verdure to be only skin deep, and that the world will yet be startled by my achievements.

Near the close of the apple picking season, my leisure hours were spent in wondering how I could lay in a stock of fruit for the winter. I made many midnight sorties, always returning with a well filled sack, but every time the Sophs had kindly relieved me of my plunder as I entered the Hall. Becoming well nigh desperate, I was reading one day an account of the Wright Brothers latest experiments with gliders, when a brilliant idea struck me. I would make my nocturnal trips on wing, and a few expeditions would furnish me with all the apples I wanted.

In my home town I had secretly made many successful experiments with gliders, having several flights of over five miles to my credit. I had no engine in my flyer, but, using the air currents as motive power, I used to soar like a condor for long distances. No one but myself knew of these aerial trips; and, situated as at present, in danger of an apple famine, I saw no reason why I should not put my knowledge of aeronautics to the test.

Procuring all the necessary materials for my flying machine from separate stores, to avoid suspicion, I stored them in an unused part of my closet. Every night, after preparing my lessons, I labored till late,

and at the end of a week's hard work, the parts were finished and ready for assemblage. With a bit of climbing, the top of Chip Hall could be reached from my window, and the long flat roof would make an ideal starting place for my aeroplane. All that was lacking was a cloudy night, with a light breeze, when I could make my first attempt.

One Friday evening, when the noises of the students had subsided, and all were asleep, I stole out on the roof to see how the land lay. All was well. The sky was hidden by a blanket of silver-gray clouds, and a cool, refreshing wind blew from the south.

" 'Tis as lovely a night as ever was seen,
For a nice little trip in a flying machine,"

said I to myself, as I clambered back into my room for the parts of my glider. Piece by piece, I brought it out, and assembled it on the roof. By one o'clock the parts were together, my little monoplane was ready for action, and with a pillow-slip for the apples, I climbed aboard. Testing every part and finding all was in good condition, I awaited a favorable moment for launching my frail craft upon the air. As I stood there with the great gray, wing-like planes on either side and the balancing planes and rudders in the rear, I must have resembled some huge bird of prey, just ready to fly. I was in very truth an apple-hawk.

Finally a stronger puff of wind fanned my cheeks. I ran along the roof in the face of the breeze, shifted my rudders, and sprang into the air. My old-time skill was not forgotten, and, as I balanced myself on my pinions, I felt that I was not a Darius Green, but a veritable master of the air. Up—up—up—ever upward I rose in a gigantic spiral, till far below me a few lights, twinkling like stars, showed where Wolfville lay. Then adjusting my planes anew, I shot up the windslope like a rocket and slipped over the Wolfville Ridge. Beneath me lay the Gaspereaux Valley, and as my airy steed hovered here and there, I examined the country to get my bearings.

I knew of a certain fine orchard on the slope of the ridge, whose best apples were still unpicked. Shaping my course eastward, I soon arrived above it. Manipulating my wing-tips and rudders, I volplaned downward, and safely lighted on the brow of a hill overlooking the farm, ran over to the orchard and filled my bag from several barrels, which luckily for me, had been left under the trees. Then, just as I was about to go, a man approached from the house nearby. I grabbed my sack and started at a breakneck pace for my glider. He chased me up the hill, but I gained rapidly on him and reached my flying machine some distance ahead.

Springing into my place and putting my apples beside me I made a short run, leaped into the air, and sped away into the darkness overhead, leaving my astonished pursuer staring open-mouthed at the place where I had disappeared.

I headed my machine back towards the College, and as I cleared the ridge, a thunder-storm, which unnoticed by me had been brewing in the south, smote me in all its fury. Unable to make headway against the hurricane, I was at the mercy of the elements, and though I tried desperately to reach higher and calmer altitudes, it was in vain. I was almost overcome with fear, and with good reason, for the storm might blow me out to sea, and I might even be dashed to pieces against the rocky sides of Blomidon. Suddenly, above the howl of the tempest, I heard a sound like a pistol-shot. A wire brace had snapped under the strain, the whole machine shivered, one wing collapsed, and Icarus-like I fell through the storm-riven atmosphere. Down—down, lightning flashes showed the earth advancing to meet me, and as I was hurled downward from that dizzy height, all the events of my life seemed to pass before my eyes. Then, as the heavens again shot forth their fire, I caught a glimpse of a small body of water below me. I struck its surface with a terrific splash, the aeroplane breaking the force of my fall, and the dark, cold waters closed over my head. Freeing myself from the wrecked machine, I struggled upward to the air, and swam ashore, sinking exhausted on the bank. After a long rest I climbed the high wire fence around the pond and slunk homeward through the mud. When I reached the Hall I stole silently to my room, threw myself, wet as I was, on the bed, and immediately fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning the adventure seemed like an awful nightmare; but my soaking, mudstained clothes proved that it had been a stern reality. Since then, various rumors have been flitting about the country. In the Gaspereaux Valley, the people tell of a monstrous gypsy moth, which created havoc among the orchards, and a college professor confidentially relates to his friends a weird tale of seeing, in one of his nightly rambles, a prehistoric bat as big as a house. But the truth will never be known till the Wolfville reservoir runs dry, when the skeleton of my wrecked flyer will cause much wonder and discussion.

I was completely cured of apple-stealing, but not of flying. My winter's supply of fruit will be purchased by the modest dozen at the grocery stores, but the secret of my aeroplane construction will never be revealed till Canada shall have need of it in the warfare of the future.

ARTHUR W. ROGERS, '15.

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

The Madison Avenue Baptist Church,
New York City.

The Heathem Pass-ee.

Being a Story of a Pass Examination.

BY BUD HARD.

Which I wish to remark, and my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark and not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain.

I would also premise that the term of Pass-ee
Most fitly applies, as you probably see,
To one whose vocation is passing
The ordinary B. A. degree.

Tom Crib was his name, and I shall not deny
In regard to the same, what that name might imply,
But his face it was truthful and childlike,
And he had the most innocent eye.

Upon April the first the Little-Go fell,
And that was the worst of the gentleman's sell;
For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell.

The candidates came and Tom Crib soon appeared;
It was Euclid. The same was 'the subject he feared,'
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was wary and weird.