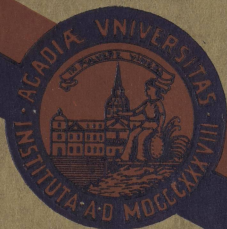


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Christmas Number

December, 1914

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The Acadia Athenæum

IS PUBLISHED DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR BY THE
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The Aim of the ATHENÆUM is to stimulate the best literary work of Acadia undergraduates, to serve as a means of communication between alumni and students, and to serve as a record of the life of the college.

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The Acadia Athenaeum

VOL. XLI.

DECEMBER, 1914.

No. 2.

Christmas, 1914.

A wint'ry chill in the frozen trench;
A keen wind over the sheltering rock;
A glint of light from the frosted steel,
And fingers numb on the rifle stock;
The crash of gun and the scream of shell,
And God knows what — for war is hell;
The ground blood-sodden, the snow red-dyed. . . .
But this, ah *this*, is Christmastide!

A lightning flash in a riven cloud
And Death rides through on the steeds of war. . . .
Thou night-clad Messenger tell us this:
What men have died and are dying for!
Tell us if over Earth's storm-swept plain
The Star of the East may shine again!
Till the hand of Hate from destruction cease
Is there any place for a Prince of Peace?

A rifle-shot and a soul goes out;
A message home and a broken heart;
A sunken mine and a prow of steel,
And a ship goes down where the salt waves part;
The moist earth closes, the cold seas rage
O'er the fondest hopes of a happy age;
A great sad world, and a dying year. . . .
O, Prince of Peace, thou art needed here!

J. G. MCKAY, '15.



Private MacLeod's Christmas Present.

It was Christmas Eve. Private MacLeod of the — th Nova Scotian Regiment had the "blues." There was no getting around it, he had as bad a fit of the sulks as ever a "Tommy" had. And why? The six feet two of Scotch brawn and muscle that constituted the physical make-up of "Mac," as he was known to his comrades, were wholly and entirely disappointed,—every last inch of them. Before leaving home with the first contingent, as he bade his tearful "lassie" good-bye, he had made her promise to send him a Christmas cake, which had failed to come. Every day for a week before he had eagerly watched the postman making the rounds of the trenches with glad news from home for the lads at the front, but each day had brought him nothing, and as Christmas drew near he sank to the uttermost depths of despair.

The Allies had made wonderful progress since the middle of November, when the Canadian troops first took the field. Then they were holding the Germans in check along the Belgian frontier and the Aisne, but slowly and surely they had pressed back the forces of the invaders along the whole battle-front. Inch by inch the foe had given way, overcome by the sheer spirit of their opponents, until now the German border formed the line of conflict, and Belgium once more was free. The Canadians had been placed on the extreme west wing, where time after time they had aided their British brothers in hurling back the desperate mass attacks of the Germans as they vainly sought to turn the Allies' flank. Such was the general situation of the war in the West; the Russians in the East were rapidly narrowing the distance between the vast hordes of their main army and Berlin.

It was snowing heavily as Private "Mac," on outpost duty for the early part of the night, peered through the falling flakes toward the German lines. Driven from village to village the foe had put up a stiff resistance when the Canadian Corps had taken B——, an important frontier town in C——, and all indications seemed to point toward a mighty attempt to recapture it in the morning.

Their artillery fire, which had been continuous on the left during the afternoon, gradually died down to a shot or two now and then, and soon ceased altogether. A distant muffled rumbling could be heard once in a while, especially toward the right of the town, where lay the ruins of an ancient school-house, and if the Scotch Canadian had been in his usual alert mood its significance would doubtless have been apparent, but as it was, "Mac," deeply engrossed in the thought of his forgotten Christmas cake, was entirely unconscious of anything unusual in that, or indeed in any direction. Thus the evening wore on until midnight, when he was to retire for a rest. Suddenly he was conscious of footsteps approaching behind him. On the alert at once he swung around, with his "Ross" at the "ready." Then as a cloaked figure emerged through the gloom, he called sharply, "Who goes there?"

"Relief guard," was the answer.

"Advance, relief guard, and give the pass-word," called "Mac," as he recognized his chum, "Sandy" MacEachern, from the same town.

"Nova Scotia, you old beggar," came the whispered reply. "I say, old man, there's a parcel in our trench from that same place for you. Lieutenant MacDonald brought it from the rear, and it smells like cake of some kind."

With a lightened heart "Mac" trudged back to the trenches for a much needed rest. His fit of the "blues" had left him, to be succeeded by the joy of anticipation when he found the long-expected parcel on his blanket. There was no doubt about it, Mary had sent him the promised cake, and he'd give all his comrades a slice of it in the morning. So he rolled himself in his blanket, and, amid thoughts of home, soon fell asleep. The snow still fell, light and soft, shutting out all sound except the sad sigh of the wind as it swept through the ruined town.

Just before dawn, the officers wakened the men. Though it was the beginning of another Christmas day, there was to be no rest, for the enemy were expected to attack from the left at any moment. Cups of hot coffee were passed around, and while the soldiers munched their early morning meal, Private MacLeod called a few of his chums together to help him eat his Christmas cake. It was a beauty. Many a mouth watered as its owner gazed on the gleaming frosting; many a thought flashed back to Nova Scotia, where

loved ones were left behind; and many a heart throbbed as its owner felt that this might be his last Christmas feast. "Mac" was about to cut the cake when a thought struck him.

"I'll go get the Lieutenant," he called, as he hastened away, "you fellows slice it for me."

Lieutenant MacDonald was just drinking his coffee when "Mac" entered, saluted, and stood at attention.

"What do you want, MacLeod?" he said.

"I'd like to have you sample that cake of mine you brought —" but the rest of his sentence was drowned by the muffled sound of artillery to the right, and a terrific explosion as one of the shells burst a short distance away.

Rushing out, "Mac" and his superior ran to their trench, to find nothing but a great hole to mark the place where his friends had stood around the cake a moment before. A "Black Maria" had exploded in their midst, sending their mangled bodies in all directions, and creating momentary consternation in the ranks of their fellows. Order soon succeeded it, however, and as shell after shell burst over the trenches or whistled over their heads, each man had to seek shelter.

Just then the Captain strode up, worried, but calm, "The Germans have shifted a battery of their big guns in the night, we'll be wiped out before we can bring ours to bear on them. Who'll volunteer to stop them, even for a few minutes, but remember, men,—it means almost certain death."

In an instant Private MacLeod was on his feet, "I'll do it, sir. I missed hearin' 'em last night at the outpost. They've killed my chums, so it's up to me," he said, picked up his rifle, and crept out toward the east of the enemy's position. A splendid shot, an expert stalker, he was well fitted for his mission, and withal a fierce desire to avenge his friends spurred him on. Luckily for him it was still snowing a little, so that, unseen, he crept swiftly out between the lines, then eastward, till he reached a low isolated wall which commanded the battery's flank. The Germans were at his mercy now, he thought, he held them in the hollow of his hand. Secure for the time being, "Mac" placed himself behind the crumbling wall, estimated the range, then proceeded to pick off those black dots of humanity, his foes, who fed those great instruments of destruction so deadly in their work. Man after man staggered back from the

big guns, to fall a crumpled heap on the ground. Half demoralized, the battery slackened fire, while its officers sought with their field glasses to find the location of the dangerous marksman. Then the great cannon ceased to belch death for a moment. All eyes were turned toward the heap of ruins to the German left, and a gun was desperately turned upon it.

Just at that moment, while the battery was temporarily silenced, the Canadians, spread out in skirmishing order, advanced to attack it. "Mac," seeing them, knew that all was well,—those guns were "goners" now. Yet he never ceased firing. German after German went to his death trying to fire the big gun trained on the Nova Scotian's position. At last their attempts were successful. There was a flash, and on the instant "Mac's" ruinous shelter toppled over burying him beneath it. The Canadians heard that single report, and as they sensed its meaning, grew wild with rage. They were charging now—shrapnel, quick-firers, a withering rifle fire, all failed to stop them. Like tigers they leaped upon the foe in that last wild bayonet charge. The Germans, as ever, unwilling to face the cold steel, turned and——we draw a curtain over the rest. Suffice it to say that the battery was turned on the German lines, their trenches became untenable, and the impending attack on the town was nipped in the bud, while that section of the Allied line, following up its attack, was enabled to advance a little further on the way to Berlin.

But what of Private MacLeod? When he regained consciousness he was lying in a field hospital, swathed in bandages. There was a queer ringing in his head. Then a figure in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse turned toward him. Could he believe the evidence of his senses? It could not be, yet it was Mary MacNair. Gently she placed a cool hand on his fevered brow, "You mustn't talk, 'Mac' dear," she said, "I couldn't stay away from you, so I came over with the cake. I'm sorry it brought death to your poor comrades. But you've got a better present than that now, you've won the Victoria Cross, and——you've got me, dear." There was silence for a while, then in the dim light his hand sought hers.

A. W. ROGERS, '15.

A Contrast.

Twilight is deepening into darkness. A light fall of snow lies on the ground. The air is crisp and clear. To the northward, stands Blomidon, a dark, dark blue. Across the Basin are the Cumberland Mountains, a misty indigo.

The street lights twinkle among the leafless trees. Gradually the houses are lighted up. Students pass along, some hurrying, some loitering, some just coming from class with an armful of books, some returning from a walk. Six o'clock comes, the evening train has just gone through, and everyone hastens to supper.

The bell rings for college prayer meeting. The sound of many pianos, mingled with the strains of violins, comes from Music Hall. Then there is quiet, and rest from another day's work. The day comes with its work and play, its seriousness and fun, its study and good times. So life goes on at Acadia.

But over there in Louvain stands the dismantled walls of a University. Fire and shell have done their deadly work. Where hundreds of young men formerly pursued their studies in lecture-room and library, now the rain beats down and the snow drifts in. In the various colleges where the students once lived, now the wind dislodges the crumbling mortar and hurls it rattling down upon the stones below. And those students, where are they? Some are on the battleline fighting for their country; others help to care for the sick and wounded; the bones of many, alas! are whitening on the fields of Belgium or heaped together in an unknown grave. So not life, but death, goes on at Louvain.

ESTHER I. CLARK, '16.

A budding author sent a humorous paragraph to the editor of a daily paper. Not finding it printed within a reasonable time or hearing from the editorial department, he wrote to inquire about it. "I sent you a joke about ten days ago. I have heard nothing respecting its safe receipt, and should be glad to hear whether you have seen it." The editor's reply was as follows: "Your joke arrived safely, but up to the present we have not seen it!"

It's a Long Way to Tipperary.

This song, which we here produce, has become the Marching Song of the British Army. It was adopted by the Prince of Wales' Regiment as it marched through London with the Prince at its head, and has since become very popular with the whole army. It was first sung in public in Bridgetown at the Concert for the Belgian Relief Fund, and the very emphatic demand for an encore indicated its great popularity.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are pav'd with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

CHORUS.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',
Saying: "Should you not receive it, write and let me know;
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he,
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on
me."—CHORUS.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying: "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, an' so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same."

CHORUS.

When the World Looks Black.

Come, drink with me, O reader, a draught from the grey goblet of gloom. It is filled to the brim with concentrated essence of misfortune. Quaff deeply from it, then let us review together the events of a day in college when all the world seems black. We are often smitten with attacks of the blues, when everything goes wrong. Let us recall some of our mutual experiences.

Thr-r-r-r. Silence. Thr-r-r-r-r-r-r, the repeater, with a persistent snarl tries again. The lump beneath the bed-clothes begins to stir; a tousled mop of hair protrudes from the coverlet; then a pair of eyelids flicker, and open. We have here a composite college boy, in that blissful state between sleep and consciousness. Hereafter this being shall be designated as "we;" so let us follow "us" through the dismal events of an unlucky day.

Thr-r-r-r, Big Ben again endeavours to arouse us. We detach a long lean arm, and extending it toward the obnoxious time-piece, shut off the alarm. It's only seven o'clock,—lots of time yet for one more snooze. Silence once more reigns supreme, sixty minutes and fifty-nine seconds are ticked off, then violent action ensues. Like a volcanic eruption, white-clad we emerge from the sheets, and spring to the floor, only to encounter the business end of a tack as our foot strikes the mat. All traces of sleep disappear instantly as the air assumes a blue tint; our fit of the "blues" has commenced. Having extracted the troublesome article of hardware, we hop over to the window, injured foot in the air, and pull up the blind, which obligingly continues on its way to the top of the window. More trouble! Finally, we get it down a bit, then view the weather. Raining? Of course it is; it always rains when we have that "cotton wool" sensation in our mouth. Words fail to picture the dreary feeling those falling drops can impart to the possessor of a tortured "sole." Suddenly upon our consciousness there breaks the sonorous call of the eight-ten bell. No chance for breakfast, and five minutes to make the first class! We hustle. Time awaits no man, and so we let soap and water do the waiting. Buttons fly off as we hastily

assume the attire prescribed by civilization; then our only front collar-button drops to the very centre of the floor and — vanishes. We are sure of that, *experientia docet*, so that we waste no time in a futile search. A sweater's warmer anyway. Now for our boots! As we pull the lace around the last hook there is a snap, followed by more azure-tinted atmosphere. There are no more laces, of course, and so the broken ends are spliced. Then, with books in one hand, and raincoat half on, we rush out, only to come into violent contact with mother earth through the agency of a spot of wet clay. The air assumes a darker hue, to remain almost black, mentally at least, for the rest of the day.

At last we reach the college, but alas! classes are in. We hasten to our locker, grab our gown, slam the door and start away. But the fates are unkind. A ripping, rending sound in the rear, and a sharp tug, halt us, to discover a beautiful tear in the gown, where it caught in the door. Work for the tailor! Then we enter the class-room, to hear the last name on the roll-call, never our own. We make a break for the back of the room, but the seats are occupied, so that we take a front one. After settling down nicely, we open our book, to find it is the wrong text. We try to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible, but the eagle-eyed instructor seems to sense our dilemma and fires a question point-blank at our shrinking form. Our scattered wits remain so, and, yea verily, a goose-egg is our reward. Darkness, deep, gloomy, impenetrable, has settled upon the face of our earth.

Thank goodness for that chapel bell. We plump into a pew, only to be informed by a chum of an expected test next hour. Will the world never brighten? We substitute text for hymn-book, only to sit upon the latter at the close of the hymn. A quick glance behind discloses a row of ultra-innocent countenances. We bestow a venomous look upon them all. The faculty members file out, when — whiz-z-z — a book skims through the air, missing everyone else. The *perversity* of lifeless things! Our return fire, though swift, is inaccurate. Result, one broken window. Exemus.

No use to try that test. To skip or not to skip is not the question. We skip to the post-office in order to support its tottering walls until the mail is sorted. Ah! at last the sun breaks through the clouds! What a bunch of letters! How unfortunate that this is the day the merchants submit their bills, and the college its notices.

What? In three subjects? The faculty is certainly bent on plucking us. A letter from home! We open it, shake it, search it diligently, but no blue slip of paper appears. Can't they realize at home that a fellow needs some coin? Just then a classmate strolls in, and proceeds to tell us that the expected test had failed to materialize. Can't anything turn out right?

Some pie would go nicely now, but — empty pockets tell their own tale. We nearly forgot it, — that fourth hour class; but we get there in time to secure a corner seat, most propitious for a snooze. Our head sinks, our breathing becomes audible. Then the professor, seeking the cause of the resultant mirth, discovers us. A chum digging our ribs brings us back from the land of dreams to hear the smooth silky voice asking, "Don't you think so too, Mr. So and So? Ah, *asleep* were you? I would suggest you postpone your nap for the present, and give *us* your attention for a time." A war of merriment from the class only adds insult to injury. We haughtily stalk out, and return to our boarding-house. The cat fondly rubs against us, but has reckoned without her host. A boot flies out, a bunch of angry fur upon its toe, then pussy retires, with eyes blazing hate and emitting strange feline oaths from bared teeth.

Up in our room again, books fly helter-skelter, then the bed creaks dismally as we fling our despondent body upon it. The dinner-bell! We arrive first at the table, others follow, and are served first. We fail to test the soup, when it does come: result — a burned mouth. The meat is *Tough*. The gravy is cold, the turnip lumpy, and from the potato we extract a long hair, gender — feminine! We get a new war joke sprung upon us! It's the last straw, — we go to our room, grab a cap and proceed to the road, bent upon losing our sorrows among the highways and byways. We begin to reflect, "What's the use of our being here anyway? Every man's hand is against us. We can't study, we're just wasting time. We'd go home to-morrow — if we had the money, but empty pockets speak again."

Hour after hour we trudge along. Moods come and go. So does the rain, mostly the former. We return at nightfall soaked to the skin, too weary to even eat, and disgusted with the world, past, present and future. Muffled thuds are heard as our boots fly off, then silence once more reigns supreme, as we merge the blackness of our world of griefs with the darkness of the night.

A. W. ROGERS, '15.

Ten Days at Muskoka.

Even a McGill man whom we met on our trip was unacquainted with the name Muskoka. So perhaps it would be as well to locate it for the benefit of Acadians.

The Muskoka Lakes lie in the Ontario highlands about one hundred and twenty miles north of Toronto. There are three main lakes, Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph. Elgin House, where the Sixth Annual Conference of the Canadian Y. W. C. A. was held, is situated on Lake Joseph, and is a large summer hotel, a favorite resort of American and Canadian tourists.

The five Acadia delegates left St. John on the afternoon of June 19th, and the next noon took the boat at Montreal for Toronto. This proved to be the most delightful part of the journey, as we spent two nights on the water, and passed through numerous locks and canals, and the Thousand Isles which more than surpassed our expectations of their beauty. A fortunate delay at Kingston gave us the opportunity to take an auto ride through that old and very interesting city.

At six the next morning, we awake to the sound of "All hands ashore!" and found ourselves in Toronto. We had engaged a room at the Elm St. Y. W. C. A. Home and there we met several delegates from other colleges. The next morning we left for Muskoka. The train was crowded with delegates, who kept the air blue with songs and yells. After leaving the train we had a three hours' sail through the beautiful Muskoka Lakes, and about supper time arrived at Elgin House Wharf. There was an air of welcome about the place which, added to the kindly greetings we received, made us feel quite at home. We found that the delegates from the Maritime Colleges were to occupy one corridor, and we soon became acquainted with each other.

One of the first things we did was to secure a space on the wall of the hotel for our Acadia exhibit of posters and banners. Each delegation had a similar exhibit showing also the various happenings

of the year in connection with Y. W. C. A. work. They are very good advertisements of the various college and city Associations.

It was a great inspiration just to be there. But how inspiring the messages were which we received from the class leaders and speakers, would be impossible to express.

Would you like to spend a day with us at Muskoka? The breakfast bell rings at half-past seven, so that we often rise an hour before in order to have time for a dip in the lake. At breakfast, which is prefaced by all joining in "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," we may find one of the leaders at our table. Perhaps it is Mrs. McClure from India or Dr. McKenzie from China, and how interested we are to hear about their experiences.

After breakfast we go to the Bible Study Class which we have elected; and right here is one of the great advantages of having several delegates, for each one can elect a different class and there she can compare notes with each of the others, and thus benefit from their classes too.

A half hour for study follows the Bible Study period and then we go to our Mission Class. This one is held over in the annex and is on Mohammedanism. Miss Platt, who has spent many years in Asia Minor, is our leader. How earnestly she appeals to us in behalf of the Mohammedan women! The missionary spirit is a strong one here at this Conference and we come face to face with the problem of our personal duty regarding work in the foreign field.

After a short recess, we meet in the chapel for what is known as Technical Sessions. Miss Jamieson usually presides, and various problems concerning the work of the Y. W. C. A. are discussed. Suggestions are made often by the representative of some college which has found a certain method to work successfully, or by the leaders.

The afternoon is to be devoted to recreation. We may row, swim, play tennis or basket ball, or go on a tramp along the "Appian Way," or take one of the launch trips through the lakes. If, however, this is Association Day, we shall find abundant entertainment on the Elgin House lawns, for each delegation participates in a "stunt." For the Maritime Province girls this year the stunt was to be a suffragette parade, and it has been decided to make it an encounter between suffragettes and Antis.

In the early evening the lake is full of boats and canoes that glide over the sunset-tinted mirror of the lake until it is time for the evening service, which is held in the beautiful little rustic chapel. Mr. Woodsworth is the first speaker, and gives us a vivid and stirring talk on the immigration question.

Miss Hughes, who represents the Association for the United States, then delivers a short and very interesting illustrated lecture on Y. W. C. A. work in India.

On another evening we were shown the different phases of missionary work. Mr. Stillwell, from India, pointed out the chances for Christian work in teaching in the schools, even though the Bible was not allowed as a text-book.

Dr. McKenzie took us to China and filled us with enthusiasm as he described the evangelistic side of his work.

The third speaker was Dr. Choné Oliver, who dealt with the great opportunities in the medical work among the woman, and related instances from her own work in Neemuch.

The ten days flew by all too quickly,—and before we knew it the Convention was at an end. But the inspirations and the influences of those days we will never forget. We hope that from our report you have been able to catch some of the spirit of that Convention.

DEBORAH C. H. CROWELL, '15.

RAE VAN H. WILSON, '15.

IRENE F. GANTER, '15.

EVELYN E. SMALLMAN, '15.

GEORGIE BALCOM, Sem.

He was a very raw recruit, and was paying his first visit to the riding school. He was allotted a horse; but it was obvious, from the nervous way he handled the animal, that he had never been on horseback before. When the instructor came up, the recruit pointed to the girth.

"What's it got that strap round it for?" he asked.

"Ah!" exclaimed the instructor, with mock admiration. "Fancy you noticing that. You see, that horse has a terrible keen sense of humour, an' he's subject to sudden bursts of laughter at some of the recruits he gets; so we put that band round him to keep him from bursting his sides."

On Christmas, 1914.

When we consider at this Christmas time
 How half the world is waging ceaseless strife,
 How awful is the waste of human life
 When soldier brave meets Death amid the grime
 And smoke of battle-fields, or 'mid the slime
 In noisome swamps, where lurks the treach'rous knife
 Of dread Disease; we think of widowed wife,
 Her children, giftless now; their love, sublime,
 For country's honour to have sacrificed,
 For "scraps of paper," him whom they held dear,
 Their highest gift; then as we see once more
 The angels, who upon the birth of Christ,
 Sang "Peace on earth, good will toward men," we fear
 To answer His "By what right do ye war?"

A. W. ROGERS, '15.

"Other papers all remind us
 We can make our own sublime,
 If our fellow-school-mates send us
 Contributions all the time."

—*Brandon College Quill.*

A school-teacher was trying to impress upon a scholar's mind that Columbus discovered America in 1492. "Now, John," he said, "I will tell you the date in rhyme so that you won't forget it. "In fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue. Now, can you remember that, John?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

Next day, the teacher said, "John, when did Columbus discover America?"

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-three Columbus sailed the dark-blue sea!"

The Northfield Students' Conference.

June 19-29, 1914.

"Things seen are mightier than things heard." The words of Tennyson come home with peculiar force when I attempt to transcribe on paper my impressions of the Northfield Students' Conference. That Conference was not merely an intellectual experience; it was preeminently an emotional experience; and as such it is difficult to report, for, while thought can barely be written out, feelings are utterly incapable of transcription.

Inasmuch as others have reported the conferences of other years, I will not use space to tell how many people live in Northfield, nor how many trees line the streets, nor how many hills are on the seminary grounds, nor even what they gave us to eat. These things doubtless contribute much to the pleasure of the Conference, but they remain practically the same from year to year. To include such details in every report seems unnecessary. Let us then proceed at once to items that relate themselves to our college work.

On Friday evening, June 19th, we gathered in the great auditorium and listened to a very practical address by Mr. Hurrey, leader of the Students' Volunteer Movement of America. The speaker faced the question, "What does it mean to be a Christian?" He said it meant to be a new creature,—a transformed personality whose energies are directed, whose imagination is shaped, whose will is controlled by the spirit of God. He said further that this "new creature" would reveal himself in a changed attitude toward fellow students; toward alien races; towards other religions; toward college morals; toward all Christian obligations.

Every evening at seven we had an open air meeting at Round Top. This is a beautiful hill on the Seminary grounds where, under the mixed shade of conifers and hardwoods, the bodies of Dwight L. Moody and his wife wait for the summons of the resurrection. No elaborate monument marks the grave of God's evangelist; only a plain granite head stone—eloquent in its simplicity. When I

first looked upon it I thought, "Surely, this is but a trifling memorial for one whose influence extended to the ends of the earth, and beyond the stars." When I raised my eyes, however, and let them rest upon the ivy-covered buildings and beautiful grounds at Northfield; when I thought of the successful schools at Mt. Hermon where young men are permitted to enjoy the educational advantages of which Moody in his youth was deprived; when I looked upon the faces of earnest students gathered from out of many nations to receive religious instruction at Northfield, I thought, "Here is a monument more beautiful and more enduring than any sculptor's hand can fashion. The monument of Moody's works! He is remembered by the things which he did."

I shall never forget that first twilight service on Round Top. Mr. Lewis, the International Secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement, stood on the western slope of the hill. Just a little to his right were the solitary graves to which I have just referred. As the voice of the preacher rang out clear and true on the evening air, the sun began to go down behind the Berkshire Hills. On the horizon it seemed to pause, while its bright gleams lingered for a moment on the grassy mounds, and lighted up the faces of the quiet congregation. A moment only,—then noiselessly it disappeared, and the sky was filled with the gorgeous colors of sunset. I repeat that I can never forget that scene, for in that twilight hour it seemed as if heaven itself bowed down to lay a tribute upon the grave of God's saints.

Mr. Lewis' theme was, "Choosing a Life Work." Can you not imagine with what interest the audience followed the speaker? Here were hundreds of young men anxious to invest their lives in such a way that they would count for most in the enterprises of the Kingdom of God. "Choosing a Life Work" was a vital subject and it gripped us from the start. Mr. Lewis first emphasized the importance of a complete purification of motives before any determination was made upon a life work. Sordid motives must not be entertained. Every element of selfishness must be eliminated. To render the most efficient service to God and our fellowmen should be our supreme aim. When the motives have thus been purified then two important questions arise: First, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and secondly, "Lord, where wilt Thou have me to go?" In the course of his address, Mr. Lewis emphasized four things that would

aid one in deciding upon the nature and location of a life work, viz.: (1) A careful study of hereditary tendencies; (2) Painstaking experimentation to discover one's peculiar endowments; (3) Earnest consultation with those who are competent to give helpful advice; (4) Attention to that still small voice in the soul which, if permitted to do so, will direct the life in the ways of rightness. It is evident that if a life work is chosen after this careful and earnest manner there will be fewer "misfits," and an abundance of Christian workers either for home or foreign fields.

On Sunday we listened with great attention to the President of the Northfield Conference, Dr. John R. Mott. "Why is it," asked the speaker, "that God is doing no mighty works in some of the colleges? Is it because we fail to meet the conditions which make wonder works possible?" These conditions are (1) A strong desire for a manifestation of Divine power. Such a desire can be generated by meditation and reflection upon facts in the college life, doubt, indifference, pride, etc., upon our own individual deficiency; also upon God's wisdom, power, goodness, mercy and love; upon God's character and Kingdom and his ways among men. Meditation and reflection upon these things cannot fail to inspire and stimulate within us a mighty desire for God's wonder works. Then (2) A price must be paid. The price of the wonder works consists in (1) the sacrifice of selfishness and hard work, (2) the surrender of the self-will for divine service,—“God must be either Lord of all, or not Lord at all,” (3) intercessory—prayer, a man of prayer is a man of power, (4) honest, Christian experience,—power lies not in hypocrisy, but in reality, in whole-soulness, (5) faith in God to perform mighty works, and faith in God to use us to that end, (6) a sense of immediacy,—God will work wonder works here and now.

I suppose I might mention several other inspiring addresses to which it was my privilege to listen. I prefer, however, to reserve some space to tell you about a class in educational missions, conducted by Mr. Sailer, of New York. Mr. Sailer is a man of medium height and build, full of animation, with Van Dyke beard and flashing dark eyes. Every morning he met us in the parlor of the Betsy Moody Cottage. "Good morning, boys," he was wont to say. "Now what did we get out of yesterday's lesson?" Then the work of the previous day was quickly reviewed before any advance was made. At our session, Mr. Sailer assumed the attitude of one who

is wholly indifferent to missionary activity. He required us to present a convincing argument for the justification of educational missions. Next morning, when the usual query as to what we had gotten out of the last discussion was put, a gentleman from Toronto said he had "learned how difficult it was to convince a hypothetical skinflint that educational missions were at all justifiable." This of course provoked a laugh, but before that session ended we were all able to find abundant justification for this particular phase and indeed for every phase of missionary activity. This incident serves to illustrate Mr. Sailer's method. He invariably selected an interesting topic and gave plenty of time for discussion. There was no restraint; everyone joined heartily in the discussions, and the lesson never failed to grip us.

To go into the whole subject of missionary enterprise as it was doubted in Northfield would be a tedious undertaking, and one of doubtful value. Let me merely outline the work we covered and note one or two interesting things in connection with it. We considered (1) the purpose of missionary activity; (2) the phases of missionary activity, evangelistic, medical and educational; (3) the justification for all phases of missionary activity; (4) the progress that has been made along all lines of missionary enterprise. It is interesting to note that the justification for medical missions is found in the opportunities for Christian service presented by the need of oriental people. The science of healing has not flourished in the east as it has in the west. Until quite recently many Orientals regarded sickness as the result of an indwelling demon whom native doctors tried to overcome by stabbing. Dr. Higginbottom told us that in some parts of Africa there is not a native who is free from the scars of wounds inflicted by superstitious surgery. The justification for medical missions is found, therefore, in the great need of Oriental people for skilled medical service and the opportunities that a Christian physician has to witness for Christ before those people whom the evangelistic missionary cannot reach. The doctor finds access to homes that are closed against the preacher.

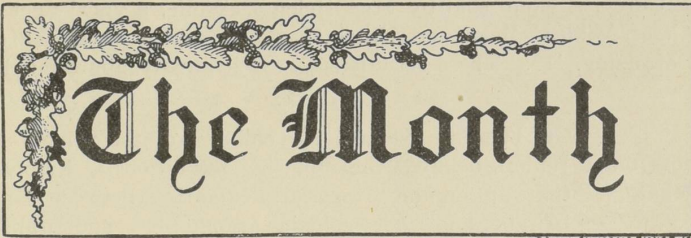
The progress that has been made along the lines of missionary enterprise was reported by Dr. Mott. In a very powerful address, he said with reference to the Students' Volunteer Movement that the first conference of two hundred and eighty-one delegates held by Mr. Moody at Mount Hermon has now ripened into a brotherhood that

includes 160,000 students, professors and masters. In this brotherhood are included Anglo-Saxons, Germans, Latins, Russians, Greeks, Coptics and Syrians. Is not this fact a splendid commentary upon those words of Christ, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me?" Dr. Mott spoke further out of his rich experience, and said that fifteen years ago educational advantages as we have them were not permitted in Russia. There was the most intolerant oppression. Nearly every face showed the marks of tragedy. Suicide was common. Today this opposition has been partially overcome and Russia is welcoming the educational missionary. "Twenty years ago," he said, "the Christian missionary could do nothing in Turkey. Two years ago an International Christian Students' Conference was held there for six days. Representative men from Scotland and America presented the Christian message which was enthusiastically received. Today Christian teachers are permitted to lecture in Moslem institutions." Dr. Mott said that nineteen years ago he could make no impression in China. Fourteen years ago he made another unsuccessful attempt. Nine years ago he tried again with more encouraging results. One year ago he visited China and was permitted to speak in the largest theatre in Canton. The theatre was packed with Chinese students of whom not more than two or three were Christians. During Mr. Mott's address a student rose to ask a captious question, and before Mr. Mott had time to reply a prominent Chinese official who was seated on the platform rebuked the student, saying, "Young man, the day has gone by for questions of that sort. If this gentleman has anything worth while and that is calculated to do us good, we want it." At the close of that meeting, Dr. Mott said that seven hundred Chinese students promised to become enquirers after Christian truth, and before the end of a week this number was augmented by one hundred others. At a mammoth meeting in Manchuria, the students pledged themselves to investigate, pray over, and accept, if convinced, the claim of Christianity. When these pledges were made the Minister of Education in Manchuria arose and said, "If this gentleman returns to us again, may he find none of you untrue to these pledges which voluntarily you have taken upon yourselves." This admonition, coming as it did from this prominent man who was not a Christian, is significant of the changed attitude in foreign countries toward the Christian religion. Dr. Mott in closing his address at Northfield

made a powerful appeal for us to make our missionary work as strong as possible, that streams of energy may go out from us to these people who daily are becoming more eager for and receptive of Christian culture. He exhorted us to pray intensely, for the energy by which the work of evangelization and Christianization is done is not our own. It comes from God in answer to the fervent prayers of righteous men. He exhorted us to make a personal surrender of our lives to Him who alone can make life count for most in the enterprise of the Kingdom, and in closing he exhorted those of us who recognized the importance of the work of evangelization and Christianization among our brethren on the distant shores of India, Turkey, China, Africa and Japan to give freely of our means, even to the point of sacrifice, that the day may be hastened when God's will shall be done on earth as in heaven. In response to this appeal the students pledged themselves for several thousand dollars to be all paid in before December 1, 1914.

Now I wish to write one more word in closing. While at Northfield this year I met many students who were natives of India, Africa, China, etc. I talked with these about conditions in their native lands. While these conditions are such as to arouse pity in our hearts, yet I was impressed with the thought that these people of the East do not want our pity. They resent pity. They are conscious of latent powers which are in no wise inferior to our own. They demand, and rightly demand, that we should recognize the elements of strength and worth which inhere in them, and seek with the aid of Christian forces to make them attain to their utmost possibilities. They don't want pity. They want love, and brotherly cooperation in their attempts to rise from the depressing influences of age-long superstition, and to walk in the freedom with which Christ has made us free.

C. A. S. HOWE, '15.



The Month

DRAWN BY HORACE BISHOP '13

Instead of the regular mid-week prayer meeting on November 4th, a lecture on China was given by Dr. Smith's **Illustrated Lecture.** Smith, a returned missionary. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views. The Doctor is a very humorous speaker, and his subject was an interesting one. We hope that we may soon hear other lectures upon such subjects of interest.

The mid-week meetings of November 11th and November 18th were respectively led by S. W. Stackhouse, '16, and Miss Deborah Crowell, '15.

At the meeting on November 25th, C. A. S. Howe, '15, Acadia's delegate to the Northfield Conference, gave a very painstaking and comprehensive account of the work of that conference.

Bible Study. Bible study groups have been organized among the college boys. So far, there are ten groups, each with a leader and a secretary. The members of each group meet for a short time every Sunday afternoon, to discuss the different phases of the manhood of Christ and their application to every day life. Inestimable help is being obtained from Dr. DeWolfe, who meets the leaders and secretaries every Tuesday evening.

Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Reception. The annual reception under the combined auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A., was held in College Hall, on Friday evening, November 13th. Although not so largely attended as most receptions are, it was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present. Mrs. (Dr.) Spidle and Mrs. (Prof.) Perry were the chaperones. During the evening a piano solo was rendered by Miss

Eunice Curry, a violin solo by Miss Helen DeWolfe, a vocal duet by the Misses Mildred Bean and Ethel MacLean, and a vocal solo by F. C. Manning, '16. These selections were all greatly appreciated.

On Tuesday evening, November 3rd, the Seniors and **Senior-Junior Debate.** Juniors debated the following resolution: "Resolved, that an organic Imperial Federation between Great Britain and her colonies would be undesirable." The affirmative of the resolution was supported by the Juniors, represented by N. McL. Rogers (leader), S. W. Stackhouse and R. S. Gregg. The Seniors, who opposed the resolution, were represented by W. S. Ryder (leader), C. W. Robbins and A. Gibson. The argument was close throughout. The judges, Dr. Tufts, Dr. Chute, and Dr. Spidle, gave their decision in favor of the Seniors.

The Sophomores and Freshmen met on the debating **Sophomore-Freshmen Debate.** platform on Saturday evening, November 7th, to discuss the following resolution: "Resolved, that the tariff legislation of Canada should be shaped with a view to the gradual adoption of a policy of tariff for revenue only." E. C. Leslie (leader), I. B. Rouse, and J. H. MacNeil supported the resolution on behalf of the Sophomores, while S. M. Hirtle (leader), L. F. Titus, and H. H. Titus opposed it on behalf of the Freshmen. The arguments on each side were good, but the Sophomores were rather weak in presentation. The decision given by the judges, Dr. DeWolfe, Prof. Hannay and Prof. Balcom, was in favor of the negative.

The third debate of the inter-class series was held on **Senior-Sophomore Debate.** Saturday evening, November 21st, between the Seniors and Sophomores. The question debated was, "Resolved, that in all professions and industries now open to both sexes, women should be granted equal rights and privileges with men." The Sophomores, who supported the resolution, were represented by H. F. Lewis (leader), B. R. Hall and M. R. Chipman. The Seniors were represented by A. B. Whitman (leader), A. B. Dawson and I. C. Doty, who opposed the resolu-

tion. Nearly all of the debaters were new to Acadia's platform, but they all acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. Dr. DeWolfe, Dr. Spidle and Prof. Balcom, who were the judges, gave their decision in favor of the Sophomores.

Mock Parliament. An embryo mock parliament, to which the Co-eds were invited, was held on Saturday evening, November 14th. The main issue under discussion was the Borden naval policy, but the Conservative government brought in a programme dealing with local issues. It was decided, however, that these should be debated at a subsequent session. The Conservatives were led by E. C. Leslie, '17, while the Liberals had as their chieftain J. H. MacNeil, '17. The success of the parliament gives ground for adopting it permanently at Acadia.

Prof. Clarkson's Lecture. A large gathering of students and townspeople listened to a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Energy from Everywhere," delivered by Prof. Clarkson, on November 10th. The lecturer performed many fascinating experiments.

We are glad to know that the Science Society is planning to give a series of lectures throughout the year.

Football Smoker. The football team concluded the work of the season by observing their annual smoker, which was held on Monday evening, November 23rd. The team, with the spares and the coach, feasted lavishly at "Mine Host Young's." They then proceeded to "Butt Inn," where the "Smoker" proper was held. During the evening, Laurie Harlow, '16, one of our most popular athletes, was elected captain for next year. The meeting broke up with cheers for Coach Chipman, Captain Atkins and Captain-elect Harlow.

ACADEMY.

The work of the Academy Y. M. C. A. has been carried on this term with much interest among the students. The meetings have been largely attended, and many fine addresses have been delivered by the various leaders. Among the most noteworthy of

these addresses was that delivered by Mrs. Dr. Purvus Smith, of Wolfville, on "Old and New China." At this meeting special music was rendered by some young ladies from the Seminary. In connection with the Y. M. C. A. work, the Sunday morning Bible Class is still carried on under the leadership of Dr. Archibald. We hope that the good work of the Y. M. C. A. will continue throughout the year.

The Lyceum has held meetings every Saturday evening under the leadership of President Sharp. Both the Senior and Middle Classes have given entertainments. Arrangements have been made for the usual series of interclass debates. The subject for the first debate, which is soon to take place between the Senior and Middle Classes, is, "Resolved, that the Crusades were beneficial to European civilization."

ACADIA LADIES' SEMINARY.

The class of 1915, chaperoned by Miss Gaines and Miss Chute, entertained a number of their friends on **Senior House Party.** Saturday evening, November 7th. Following the suggestions of Miss Gaines, many novel ways of entertaining were carried out. The Seminary was suitably arranged for the occasion, and after a very pleasant evening the Juniors served a dainty lunch in the dining-room. Then the different yells closed the first Senior function of the year.

The College Girls' Number of the Ladies' Home **Senior Entertainment.** Journal was presented by the Seminary Girls' under the auspices of the Senior Class, in College Hall, Friday, November 20th.

Programme.

PAGES	Dorothy Silver, Evelyn Cogswell.
COVER DESIGN.	
That Reminds Me,	Helen Steeves, Ethel McLean, Grace MacIntyre, Edith McClare, Florence Brown, Theo. Freeman.
STYLE DEPARTMENT.	
Sweaters of various kinds,	Stella Jones, Helen Steeves, Sue Prescott, Sophia Freeman.
Hats of various kinds,	Reta Cook, Grace MacIntyre, V. Kathleen Steeves, Mary McLean, Emily McLean.
Hair Dressing,	Anna Hallet, Mary Channing, Geraldine Reid, Minnie Miller, Gladys Currie, Emma Sumner.

Violin Solo,.....Minnie Miller.
 Gowns for various occasions,.....Constance Day, Mary DeBlois, Victoria Halliway.
 Song, Valley of Laughter,.....Evelyn Neily.

STORY DEPARTMENT.

The Hazing of Valiant,.....Blanche Thomas.

GOOD AND BAD TASTE.

Wrong Way to Promenade,.....Edith Gross, Mildred Bean.
 Right Way " " ,.....Gladys Gibbon, Ida Williams.
 Wrong way to dress on rainy day, Nita MacDonald.
 Right " " " " " " .Flora Peck.

A one act play written especially for this number of the "Ladies' Home Journal," entitled "His Sweethearts and Hers,"

HIS SWEETHEARTS.

Betty.....	School Girl.....	Helen Starr.
Kate.....	Athletic Girl.....	Alice A. Atkins.
Blanche.....	Actress.....	Audrey F. Cross
Elizabeth.....	College Girl.....	Estella Cronkite.
Mildred.....	Winter Girl.....	Georgie E. Balcom
Clara.....	Summer Girl.....	Evelyn Neily.
Helen.....	Debutante.....	Vivienne J. McKenzie
Tegia.....	Young Widow.....	Della Saunders.
Mary.....	Bride.....	Myrtle B. Ganong.

HER SWEETHEARTS.

Billy.....	School Boy.....	Burton DeWolfe.
Jack.....	Athlete.....	Norman Rogers.
Will.....	Widower.....	John Meisner.
Algernon.....	Poet.....	Leonard Richardson.
Bob.....	Flirt.....	Douglas Borden.
Henri.....	Artist.....	Robert Borden.
Charlie.....	Sport.....	Fred Spencer.
Burton.....	Minister.....	J. G. MacKay.
Frank.....	Groom.....	Walter S. Ryder.
Advertisement,.....	Old Dutch Cleanser,.....	Christine Estabrooks.
Popular Supplement,.....		Ensemble & Finale.

Owing to the untiring efforts of Miss Gaines, the entertainment was a great success, and was universally appreciated. The proceeds amounted to one hundred and twenty-one dollars (\$121.00). One hundred dollars of this are to be used for a Soldier's Hospital, and the remainder will go to the British and Foreign Bible Society to help with their work among the soldiers.

ACADIA SEMINARY CALENDARS: Dr. DeWolfe has been successful in securing a large number of Acadia Seminary calendars. These are a reproduction of Thomas Moran's great painting of "Conway Castle." They may be secured at the Seminary Library.

The Acadia Athenæum

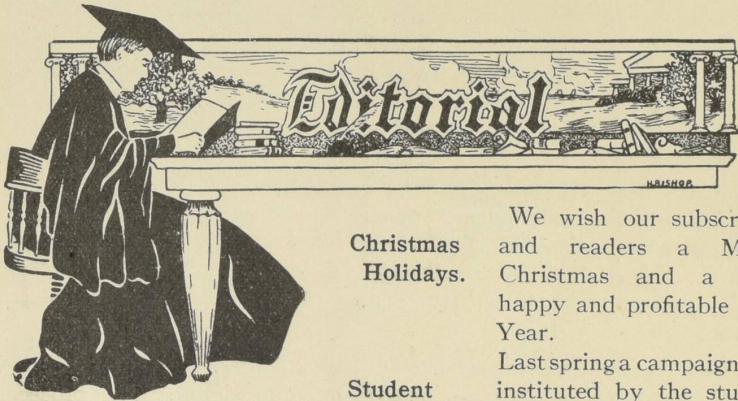
VOL. XLI.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1914.

No. 2.

W. S. RYDER, 1915, Editor-in-Chief.

A. H. G. MITCHELL, '16, Month.	A. W. ROGERS, '15, Exchanges.
J. W. MEISNER, '15, Personals.	MISS L. CHASE, '16, Humorettes.
I. C. DOTY, '15, Athletics.	C. A. S. HOWE, '15, Staff Artist.
M. G. SAUNDERS, '16, Bus. Mgr.	H. F. LEWIS, '17, Mgr. of Circulation.
MISS A. A. ATKINS, Seminary.	C. WHITE, Academy.
A. P. WATSON, '17, and L. F. TITUS, '18, Assistants.	



Christmas Holidays.

We wish our subscribers and readers a Merry Christmas and a very happy and profitable New Year.

Student Campaign.

Last spring a campaign was instituted by the student body of the Acadian Insti-

tutions for the purpose of providing a new Gymnasium and Rink at Acadia. A general committee, consisting of ten members, was appointed to engineer the project. After the passing of several months, Mr. J. A. Green, '15, Chairman of the Committee, wishes us to announce that we have found it impossible to build a new rink or to secure one by purchase for this winter. On this account, we have granted an

extension of one year on all pledges, now \$4,000; first payment, March 1, 1915, instead of October 1, 1914; second, March 1, 1916; third, October 1, 1916; fourth, March 1, 1917.

The students have responded nobly this year. A special pledge of \$2,000 was secured with which to carry on the building this year, provided it had been practicable. This amount would likely be available again for next fall, if the financial situation be favorable to building.

The Board of Governors has also dealt generously with us. An old unappropriated fund of some \$400.00 has been turned over to the Committee for rink and gym. purposes. The insurance on the old gym., amounting to \$1,400, has been given as a nucleus for a gym. fund. The Board was ready, if the financial situation had allowed, to assist us with a loan for the construction of a rink, whose cost was estimated at \$10,000.

We are still without a gymnasium. The Board is not able to build it at this time. The new residences and the library are taking \$100,000,—a heavy burden at this time.

We would, therefore, ask for assistance from the alumni and friends of the university. The need of a gym. is imperative. Our record in athletics is destined to go by the board. There is no basket ball now; nor is there any gymnastic training for men or women. A new building, properly equipped, would cost \$20,000.

The rink situation is not improved. A University Rink is a necessity. We should build the rink without any difficulty. The students will certainly do their part. We hope that the alumni will do theirs. In a case of this kind where there can be such large returns in a more efficient manhood and womanhood, we should be willing to make some sacrifice. When the call comes, we trust that you will respond.

In this issue, we are pleased to be able to publish the reports of the Muskoka and Northfield Student Conferences. So far as the former Conference is concerned, we feel that Acadia was at least fairly well represented; but, so far as Northfield is concerned, we believe that it is a matter of great regret that we were represented by only one delegate. "These things ought not to be." Under average conditions, there is absolutely no sufficient reason why we should

not send four or five of our men to Northfield every year. We think, moreover, that the size and prestige of Acadia among not only other Canadian institutions but also among the American, justify us in sending and should impel us to send eight or ten of our young men next June.

Acadia and the War. The following resolution from the Students' Council has lately been posted upon the Bulletin Board: "That the Council advise all college classes and societies to forego (for this year) all banquets, sleigh drives, and functions of that kind involving considerable expense; and to subscribe the money ordinarily spent in this way to some form of patriotic service." Even before the resolution was made public, the Senior Class decided to abolish the Senior Banquet and devote the money to patriotic purposes. The Athletic Association has since complied by deciding to waive the Annual Football Banquet and to endeavor to raise money for the true cause. We are persuaded that the resolution, which has already reached fertile soil, will receive a ready and universal response. Truly, Acadia is at war.

Officers' Training Corps. Following the program of Maj.-Gen. Sam. Hughes and the example of other Canadian Colleges, over a hundred men of Acadia have applied to the proper military authorities for the establishment of an Officers' Training Corps at Acadia. We are hoping to have enough students and professors to make two companies. The faculty has intimated that units will be offered for this work during the second term.

Senior Parties. The Seniors desire to make public acknowledgment of their appreciation of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. S. Howe and of Prof. and Mrs. Balcom. During the evening of Friday, October 30th, the Seniors enjoyed a Hallowe'en Party (including a "Taffy Pull") at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howe. On Friday afternoon, November 13th, the grave (?) Seniors again enjoyed a couple of sociable hours at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Balcom.

Hostelries Acadia this year boasts of many and various boarding-houses. Among these we may mention "The Nursery," "Butt Inn," "The Frat House," "Tully Tavern," "Infants' Home," and "Willett Hall."

Advertisers. The ATHENÆUM enjoys and profits by the patronage of a number of advertisers, the most of whom do business in Wolfville. Let us as students "Patronize those who patronize us."

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
 Give us a song to cheer
 Our weary hearts, a song of home
 And friends we love so dear.

Chorus—

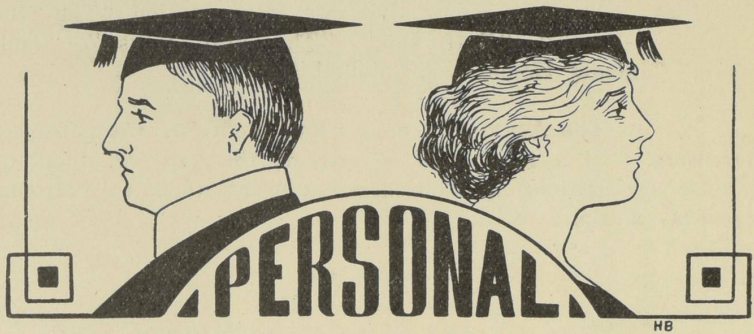
Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
 Wishing for the war to cease;
 Many are the hearts, looking for the right
 To see the dawn of peace.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
 Thinking of the days gone by;
 Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand
 And the tear that said good-bye.

We are tired of war, on the old camp ground,
 Many are dead and gone,
 Of the brave and true who left their homes,
 Others been vanished long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground,
 Many are lying near;
 Some are dead and some are dying,
 Many are now in tears.

—WALTER KITTRIDGE.



'75 — J. Howard Barss, of Wolfville, N. S., has gone to California to spend the winter.

'83 — Dr. O. C. S. Wallace has had marked success attending his labors during his first year at Westmount Baptist Church, Montreal. The membership increased by 90 per cent. Eighty were received by baptism, and sixty-seven in other ways. A site has been secured for a new church building.

'85 — Rev. J. A. Ford, of Winnipeg, has undergone a serious operation in St. Boniface Hospital. He is reported to be on the way to recovery.

'91 — Rev. J. H. Jenner, of Campbellton, who has been receiving surgical aid at the Campbellton Hospital, is making progress toward recovery.

'91 — J. H. McDonald, D. D., editor of the Maritime Baptist, St. John, will go as a chaplain with the second contingent.

'91 — Rev. E. B. McLatchy, of Moncton, supplied the pulpit of the Temple Baptist Church, Yarmouth, N. S., November 8th and 15th.

'91 — Rev. D. H. MacQuarrie, of Canning, occupied the pulpit of the Wolfville Baptist Church Sunday, November 22nd.

'91 — Rev. H. Y. Corey, Mrs. Corey and little daughter left Wolfville November 24th for San Francisco, from whence they will sail for Hong Kong, December 5th.

'92 — Rev. C. T. Illsley was elected a member of the executive board of the Colorado State Convention held November 9th-12th.

'96 — Rev. A. H. C. Morse was elected Vice-President of the above convention.

'96 — Dr. G. B. Cutten preached the first of a course of university sermons arranged for by Mt. Allison University, November 1st.

'97 — Dr. S. Spidle, Professor of Theology at Acadia, attended the annual re-union and banquet of the New England Alumni of Acadia University, in Boston, November 9th.

'98 — Rev. A. F. Newcomb, of Fredericton, underwent a surgical operation in Boston, November 12th. He is making satisfactory progress toward recovery.

'00 — Mrs. A. J. Prosser, (nee Annie S. Clark) of Kamloops, B. C., accompanied her husband to the provinces last week. Mr. Prosser preached in the Baptist Church, Digby, N. S., November 22nd.

'01 — Laura Logan has recently been appointed directress of nurses in the large and important hospital connected with the University of Cincinnati — *Bulletin*.

'01 — Rev. J. B. Champion, pastor of the Roxborough Church, Philadelphia, has accepted a call to McMinnville, Oregon.

'03 — Rev. W. S. Tedford, being unable to return to his work in India, has assumed pastoral charge of the St. Andrews, N. B., Church.

'10 — Rev. G. C. F. Keirstead, of Regina, is contributing the Exposition of the Sunday School lesson for the Western Outlook.

'12 — Harvey Todd Reid, Acadia Rhodes Scholar, in a recent letter home, says he expects to go to the front at any time. He belongs to the King Edward Horse Regiment.

'12 — Ross Collins is studying at Pine Hill Presbyterian College, Halifax, N. S.

'12 — Walter Barss is practising law in Halifax, N. S.

'13 — J. L. Ilsley is attending Dalhousie Law School.

'13 — O. O. Lyons is in third year medicine at McGill University.

Eng. '14 — W. Smith and C. W. Ryan are studying engineering at McGill.

Ex. '15 — Errol Shand is studying engineering at McGill.

Class 1914.

Letha Allen is teaching in Acadia Ladies' Seminary.

Lester Andrews is teaching in Victoria, B. C. Address 1358, Pandora Avenue.

Loring Andrews is teaching in British Columbia.

F. W. Bagnall joined the first Canadian Contingent for the front,—Grenadier Guards.

C. E. Bancroft is studying at Yale University.

A. C. Bruce is teaching in Kings Collegiate School, Windsor, N. S.

Dorothy Burditt is at present with her sister in Brighton, Mass.

Blanche Coes is at her home in St. John.

C. H. Corkum is teaching in the West.

E. G. Dakin is studying at Newton Theological Seminary.

H. E. DeWolfe is pastor of the Baptist Church, Hopewell Hill, N. B.

C. Easton is studying at Newton Theological Seminary.

Elizabeth Eaton is at her home, Canard, N. S.

E. P. Eveleigh is teaching at 12 Mile House, Carsboe Road, B. C.

O. W. Graves is studying Economics at Harvard University.

C. M. Haverstock is principal of a school in Atchelitz, B. C.

F. C. Higgins is studying Engineering at Acadia.

A. A. Hovey is pastor of the North Head Baptist Church, Grand Manan, N. B.

Ada Johnson is assistant librarian at Acadia.

W. C. Lawson is working in St. John. He has enlisted for overseas service.

Georgie Lent is teaching at Port Greville, N. S.

V. K. Mason, Rhodes Scholar, is with the first Canadian Contingent for the front.

J. G. MacKinnon is in the Chemical Department of the Forest Products Laboratories, Montreal.

M. B. McKay is teaching in Regina.

Margaret Palmer is at her home in Dorchester, N. B.

Mary Raymond is secretary to the President of Acadia.

Flora Reid is studying M. A. work at Acadia.

G. M. Salter is attending Dalhousie Law School.

Maude Stevens is teaching in Sydney.

Blanche Thomas is taking M. A. work at Acadia.

Ethel Wigmore has a position as librarian in the St. John Public Library.

M. C. Foster is teaching at the Mount Allison Academy.

George Lutz is studying engineering at McGill University.

S. K. Payzant is working in Windsor, N. S.

Guy Phinney is studying M. A. work at Acadia.
 Guy Bleakney is studying at Newton Theological Seminary.
 A. W. Brown is pastor of the Baptist Church, Little River, N. S.
 H. P. Everett is pastor of the Baptist Church, Springhill, N. S.
 Alexander Gibson is studying at Acadia.

MARRIAGES.

'02 — Dr. William L. Patterson, of Fergus Falls, Minn., and Marguerite Ebba Rossing were married on October 25th at Cannon Falls, Minnesota.

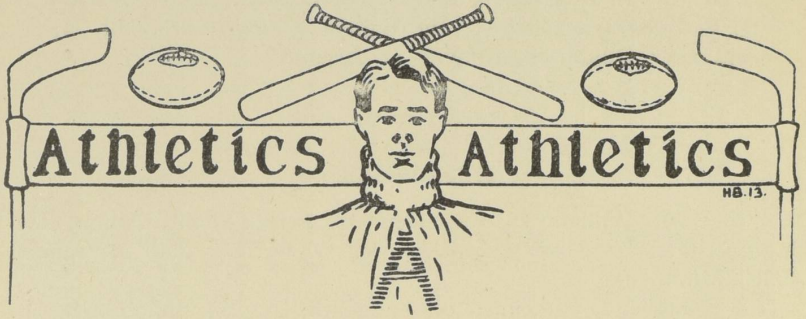
'03 — Leslie D. Loomer, of Falmouth, N. S., and Bertha L. Burgess, of Wittenberg, were married on September 15th at Stewiacke, N. S.

'09 — Frank L. Lewis and Emily R. Young were married on October 21st at Truro, N. S.

'18 — H. H. Powell and Nita Ness, both of Freeport, Digby Co., N. S., were married at Halifax, November 19th. As already reported, Mr. Powell has enlisted for overseas service in the second Canadian Contingent.

Rev. W. M. Smallman, '91, pastor of the Bridgewater Baptist Church, passed away November 22nd, after a comparatively short illness. He took ill some time ago with cancer, and the progress of the disease was rapid. He went to Boston and consulted surgeons, but they could not do anything to help him.

Mr. Smallman was born in Prince Edward Island in 1864, and was graduated from Acadia in 1891. He held several important pastorates both in the United States and in the Provinces, and was a member of the Board of Governors of Acadia University. He married a daughter of the late S. P. Benjamin, of Wolfville. A widow and two children survive. The son and the daughter are students at Acadia. To widow and children the ATHENÆUM extends sympathy.



ACADIA 3; U. N. B. 25.

In the game which was to decide which college should hold the new Clark Trophy for the first year, Acadia was defeated by U. N. B. on November 6th, at Fredericton, by a score of 25 to 3. In spite of the soft condition of the campus, due to rain and snow during the forenoon before the game, the game was fast throughout and play was more even than the score would indicate. Acadia kicked off, but U. N. B. immediately assumed the aggressive and succeeded in carrying the ball to Acadia's five yard line. Then Acadia gradually gained ground, and, at last, McCurdy, after a splendid run, secured Acadia's only touchdown, which Leaman failed to convert. After this the U. N. B. team began to give evidences of their superior skill, and secured three touchdowns during the first period, none of which were converted. In the second half the U. N. B. team had still more success, and scored four touchdowns, two of which Masters converted.

Lou Siderski of Glace Bay refereed very satisfactorily.

The opposing teams lined up as follows:

ACADIA.		U. N. B.
Moore.....	Fullback	Otty.
McCurdy.....	Halves	Milledge.
Leaman.....	"	Murphy.
Eagles.....	"	Balkam (Capt)
L. Harlow.....	"	Melrose....

Archibald.....	Quarters	McFadzen.
Parker.....	"	Edgecomb.
Richardson.....	"	Burden.
Atkins (Capt.).....	Forwards	Marsters.
Steeves.....	"	Jewett.
McKay.....	"	Kuhring.
Bishop.....	"	Atkinson.
Spencer.....	"	Saunders.
R. Harlow.....	"	Maiman.
Roscoe.....	"	McLean.

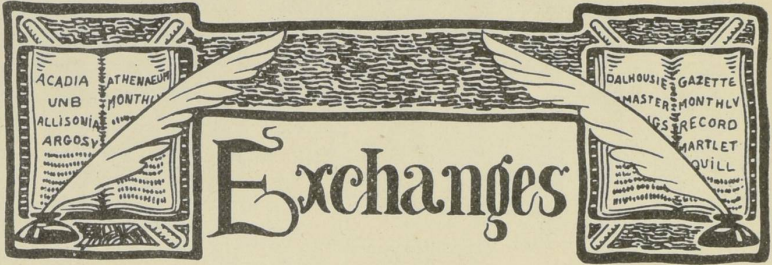
THE BULMER RELAY RACE.

This annual race for the possession of the Bulmer Track Trophy was held on the campus Saturday afternoon, November 21st. Four teams, representing the Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen and Academy, entered. During the first four miles of the race, the Academy runners led, but in the fifth mile Morrison made a big gain for the Juniors. Harlow, who followed him, finished quite a distance ahead of his leading opponent. This advantage was never lost. Lewis, who ran the last mile for the Juniors, ran the fastest mile of the race—his time being 5 minutes, 12 seconds. The Academy finished in second place, the Sophomores third, and the Freshmen fourth. The aggregate time of the winning team was 44 minutes, 28 seconds. This is the first time that the trophy has been won by a team from one of the college classes, having been won the two previous years by the Academy.

The following is the order in which the members of the different teams ran:

Juniors.	Sophomores.	Freshmen.	A. C. A.
J. S. Millett	Johnston,	Smith,	Brown,
Manning,	Turner,	Wilson,	Frail,
Mitchell,	Tingley,	Curry,	Thompson,
Saunders,	VanWart,	Langille,	Underwood,
Morrison,	Watson,	Mosher,	Richardson,
Harlow,	Calkin,	Titus,	McClare,
R. M. Millett,	Draper,	Wood,	Stewart,
Lewis.	Elderkin.	Hirtle.	Tingley.

The thanks of the Athletic Association are due to Mr. Walter Mitchell, the local agent of the Automobile Skate and Cycle Co., for the presentation of a very handsome shield to the Association for competition in Inter-class Hockey. The donating of this fine trophy by this enterprising company should greatly increase the interest in the Inter-class Hockey League this winter.



It has been a genuine pleasure to con over the various exchanges which have come to us this month. They are many in numbers, varied in color schemes, and are guided by many policies. Each has some good point, each is lacking in some respect, which is but natural, for the perfect college magazine never existed. As usual, we will attempt to see through the various publications some aspects of student life at other colleges; to mention articles of interest; and to bestow praise or censure wherever we feel it is required.

"The Argosy," according to custom, embodies in it the biographies of last year's graduates. These are written in a humorous, whimsical strain, much more pleasing than that of usual write-ups. We congratulate the editors upon their first number of the combined "Allisonia and Argosy." A humorous account of the treatment meted out to the incoming Freshmen leads us to reflect that we do not tell the world outside how we treat our own newcomers. We should not hide our light under a bushel in this respect, for the welcome to the Freshmen takes a most important place among the year's entertainments.

A sonnet on "War," by H. G. Black is most expressive.

"The Brandon College Quill" contains a most instructive oration on "Zionism," telling, as it does, the hopes and aspirations held by the Jewish race for the ultimate formation of a Hebrew nation in Palestine. The writer evidently speaks from his heart.

A story with a strong moral, "The Man who Wished His Life Away," appeals to us far more than most, as it emphasizes the futility of wishing for things we are not willing to attain by hard, honest work.

The exchange column gathers its material from every source, and savors, perhaps, too much of humor, but it is interesting.

From "How to Read" we quote the following: "The well informed person is not one who knows a great deal, but one who knows where to go to get any information required. It is not information, but how to hunt for information that you need to learn. To be able to find out about a certain subject that interests you, working with a library, is better than to know all Gibbon's History by heart. You do not need great reading, so much as to know the art of reading and skipping."

"The Dalhousie Gazette" appears in its new weekly, instead of monthly form. We wish the editorial staff every success in its new venture, but suggest that the contents be not confined to matter possessing a mere "news" value. Good literary material will always raise the tone of any college paper. A letter from a Dalhousian who crossed in the first contingent is most interesting.

"The King's College Record" speaks plainly in an editorial upon "Loafing." Every one who reads this should peruse it, not for its literary merit, whatever that may be, but for the sake of the truth it emphasizes.

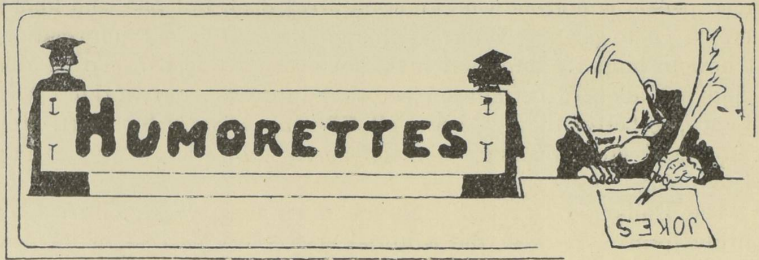
"The Manitoban," a newcomer to our table, creates a good impression. We quote the following from an article on "Smiles:" "Smile awhile, and while you smile another smiles; soon there are miles and miles of smiles, and life's worth while because you smile."

"The McMaster University Monthly" deserves high commendation for its column entitled, "Our Graduates," which is probably the best of its kind among Canadian college publications.

"The University Monthly" includes some items of interest. The problem of class colors is given some consideration, and we may say from our own experience that their abolishment some two years ago has worked wonders in popularizing our college colors.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the "Argosy," "Brandon College Quill," "Dalhousie Gazette," "King's College Record," "Manitoban," "McMaster University Monthly," "Queen's Journal," "McGill Daily," "The Rocket," and "Normal College Gazette."

For the benefit of the Acadia students, the Exchanges have been given a place in the library.



Bishop, '17: "Say, Del, what makes that red spot on your nose?"

Delplaine, Eng.: "Glasses."

Bishop: "Glasses of what?"

Miss Bleakney, '18 (in English): "I——think——Watt——
invented the——steam-engine."

English Prof.: "Don't you think you could get a little more steam
up, Miss Bleakney?"

Hirtle, '18 (in class meeting): "I had a letter from Acker. He
wished to be remembered to all his class-mates, especially the Fresh-
ettes."

Titus, '18 (just waking up): "I second the motion."

Miss Alward, '17: "Its a long, long way to Tipperary."

Miss Starratt, '17: "Yes, but it's a longer way to British Colum-
bia."

Harlow, '17: "Say, Sloc, tell me something about the trouble in
Ireland, will you?"

Slocomb, '17: "I don't know much about it, but I'm in favor of
Carson."

Miss Pinneo, '16 (reading the minutes of the A. G. A. A. A.):
"Meeting opened with President Wilson in the chair—"

Voice from the rear, "Some class to us."

Notwithstanding the fact that "Butt Inn" has a Baker, the boys must go to Artie's for their meals.

Academy Bulletin Board: "Found, the button belonging to a great coat."

Some kind friend made this change: "Found, a button belonging to a great goat."

Miss Eaton, '16 (in Bible study class): "What would you rather read than anything else?"

Miss Chute, '16: "I think I prefer the Epistles of John."

History Prof.: "What class of people attended the Universities in the Middle Ages?"

Miss Lockhart, '16: "They weren't a very good class of people—they were all men."

Miss Alward, '18 (getting ready for a concert): "How can I drape this scarf around me?"

Curry, '18: "I am going on the stage!"

Hirtle, '18: "What? Going to be a carpenter?"

Miss MacDougall, '16: "I made only 95 in the last test and I am so disgusted with that mark."

Miss Johnstone, '16: "Well, they never give anything higher than 100 at Acadia."

English Prof.: "Name the figures of speech, please."

Miss Addison, '18: "Simile, Metaphor and Matrimony."

Math. Prof.: "Mr. Christie, you are here in the body, but not in the spirit."

Christie, '15: "I am not a spiritual man, sir."

Godfrey, '15: "Piper has great interest in prize-fighting now."

Rogers, '15: "How is that?"

Godfrey: "He has a White hope."

Boyer, '18: "I find this Latin awfully hard. Let's go around and get the Professor to help us."

Day, '18: "I'm not so anxious to go up to Acadia Villa as you are."

Slocomb, '17 (as he heard the President's request in chapel that the boys take Sems. to the concert): "That doesn't affect me the least bit this year."

Bible Prof.: "What is the meaning of Malachi?"

Moore, '17: "My Messenger."

Ferris, '18: "Horses are not so very high after all. I got a nightmare down at Artie Young's for twenty-nine cents."

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(Published by request.)

Howe, in Hall: "Say, Bone, Dr. DeWolfe says we can take a Sem to the concert Friday night."

SEMINARY LAMENT.

"The jokes we'd made we once displayed
With innocent hilarity;
The censor now with frowning brow
Proclaims it all 'vulgarity.'"

Acknowledgments.

Mrs. H. C. Creed, N. A. Rhodes, H. S. Ross, Miss M. Schaffner, W. R. Walker, W. R. McVie, F. A. Shand, Miss Annie McRae, C. O. Whitman, J. A. Smith, M. R. Tuttle, Miss E. V. Patterson, F. A. McNeill, Miss Margaret Palmer, Miss Ruby Walls, Miss Evelyn Spidell, Miss Gladys Pollard, Miss Gladys Baxter, Miss Dorothy Silva, Miss Annie McLane, Miss Flora Peck, Miss Evelyn Cogswell, A. M. McCurdy, W. A. Ferris, B. Eagles, A. Parker, R. Leeman, L. Richardson, J. Harlow, G. Atkins, J. H. McNeill, Miss Isabel McGee, Miss Stella Bleakney.

WINNERS FOR DECEMBER.

Poems:—1st, J. G. McKay, '15; 2nd, A. W. Rogers, '15.
Stories:—1st, A. W. Rogers, '15; 2nd, S. W. Stackhouse, '16.
Articles:—1st, A. W. Rogers, '15; 2nd, S. W. Stackhouse, '16.
Month:—1st, E. C. Leslie, '17; 2nd, B. G. Wood, '16.
Personals:—1st, S. W. Stackhouse, '16; no second.
Athletics:—1st, J. S. Millett, '16; 2nd, E. C. Leslie, '17.
Exchanges:—1st, E. C. Leslie, '17; 2nd, J. S. Millett, '16.
Jokes:—1st, E. C. Leslie, '17; 2nd, S. W. Stackhouse, '16.
Wanted: More contributions from the young women.

INNOCENT GERMANY.

BY WALT MASON.

Thru years of peace she dreamed of war, and talked of war when waking; it's what she has been planning for, and all her engines making. "The day" has been the German toast, for that day she's been praying, when she might tread the British coast, destroying, burning, slaying. And now the day of war is here, and all the German legions are fighting for their faith—and beer—in haunted, corpse-strewn regions. "The day" is come, the day of ire, the toast of every German, and on the page of blood and fire he reads a ghastly sermon. The hate of all the world he's won, the scorn of every nation; his way of "getting in the sun" brought woe and tribulation. And now, the war dog's raging loose, his loud voice has a quiver; he suffers every lame excuse, to gain the nation's favor. His cry is "Murder!" and "Police!" from out the struggle fateful; and all he ever wished was peace, and he thought warfare hateful. He fought for peace, year after year, and only waved his banner for God and home and lager beer, in quite a seemly manner. His learned professors sign a scroll, of manly allegations: "Our Fatherland is in the hole, so hear our explanations!" Explain, professors, plead and swear—we do not care a button! You can't produce a grizzly bear and prove that it's a mutton!

"It's a great place, this old Acadia;
 It's the right place to go;
 It's the best place, this old Acadia;
 And the dearest place we know.
 Good-bye then Dalhousie, U. N. B., Mt. A.—
 We will cheer, cheer, cheer for old
 Acadia, A-C-A-D-I-A."

A story is told of a British soldier in Belgium. His colonel, observing him one morning wending his way to camp with a fine rooster in his arms, stopped him to know if he had been stealing chickens. "No, Colonel," was the reply, "I just saw the old fellow sitting on the wall, and I ordered him to crow for Old England, and he wouldn't, so I just took him prisoner."

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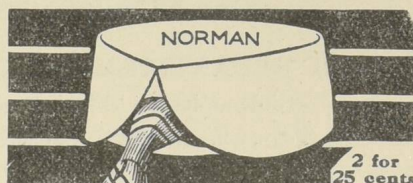
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