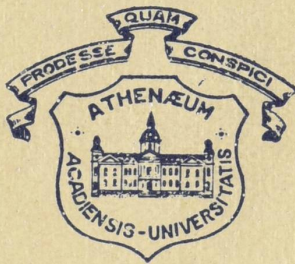


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The Acadia, Athenæum



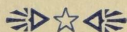
Vol. xxxvi

December, 1909

No. 2

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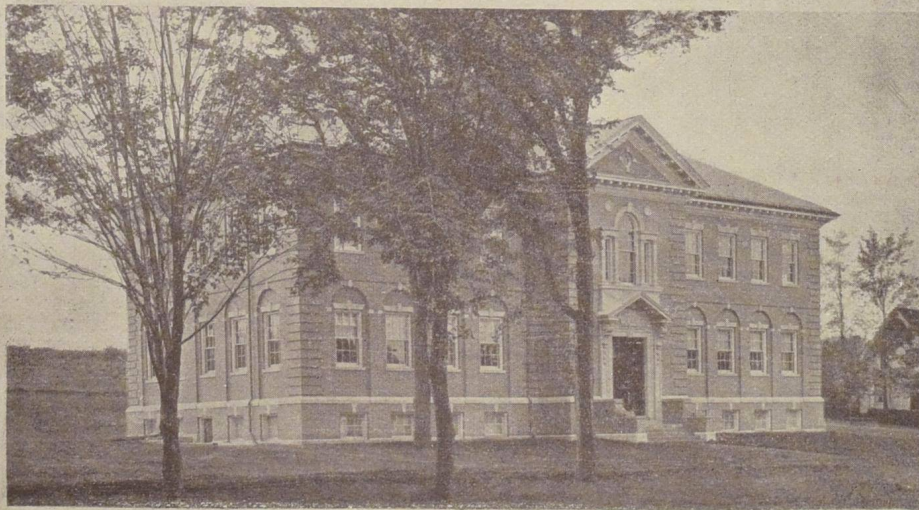
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VOL. XXXVI.

DECEMBER, 1909.

No. 2

A City Under the Sea.



HERE is a quaint old legend of a mystical city under the sea, a place of vesper shadows, gone in the day-time like a dream but returning with the darkness. In the gloaming, sailors listened, for they always heard its bells sound out across the evening wave. To those who lingered came a vision of its weird bewitching beauty, and it filled their lives with splendour to their fellow-men unknown.

So in the wistful twilight of a waning year we hear the chimes come faintly from a city underneath the sea, and with its stealing tones gray heads shall bow and listen long, while even golden locks shall pause and check their ardent flight. Each one shall catch a vision of his city gone, of darting sunshine, or of mystic gloom. In this gray light all men must see and hear. Many now ignore the waning year's weird unelusive spell. May all heed well those sweet melodious chimes, and on into the brighter dawning of the New Year may we go with lives more splendid, from a vision of a city underneath the sea.

Arthur Hunt Chute, '10.

The First Essential of Success.

WHAT is success? To that question different answers will be given according to the varying content accorded the word. We say a farmer succeeds when he produces good crops and markets them at paying prices; a merchant when he steadily increases his business and his profits; a lawyer when he has numerous clients and wins their cases; a physician when he has many patients and heals their diseases. But manifestly this is a limited or partial meaning implied here. Life is the real vocation to which men are called and life is broader than any profession or occupation or art. Therefore success for human beings must apply to living rather than to a mere section or fragment of the activities which go to make up our life. In the processes of modern manufacturing, mechanical devices have been so developed and perfected that the human operator has little to do except acquire a high degree of speed in some simple manual action. Just the turn of a lever or the placing and replacing of material may be all that occupies the workman from day to day and year after year. In doing this a marvellous pitch of dexterity and accuracy may be attained and such attainment is justly called success in that special activity; But it surely would not be sufficient ground for declaring that the whole life was successful.

The specialization of life proceeds rapidly under the stress of modern conditions and each individual is urged by these conditions to seek the particular field of activity which he regards as best suited to his tastes and abilities. There are, doubtless, marked advantages to be gained from this but there are disadvantages as well. To discuss these however is not the purpose of this article save to note that one subtle danger in the case is that when we thus specialize life into the different occupations or professions we are prone to regard the efficient doing of such and such work as a success ample enough and thorough enough to apply to the whole life. Men in their eagerness to do and their admiration for the doers of the world are steadily tempted to overlook or ignore the

antecedent conditions of all real and permanent work. A good house cannot be built with poor material ; a worthy society cannot be made up of vicious individuals ; a good lawyer, teacher or merchant cannot be made out of a poor quality of manhood. The prime essential of success is character.

Individuals have a certain quality, which, as we say, characterizes them, just as varieties of steel are distinguished by the different temper of each, and the value of the finished product a man turns out in his life work is determined by the fineness of quality we call character. The term must be given its full content of meaning and must be viewed in its manifold relations if we are to perceive in any adequate way its transcendent worth as the foundation stone of success. Too often the idea prevails that the realm of moral choice is a separate department of the individual's activities more or less distinct from the sphere of those energies called into play by the work of life. Whereas the truth is, every activity of life gets its real worth from the fact that it affords scope and opportunity for the development and expression of the moral nature. The business, the profession, the career is at best of short duration but the man engaged in it abides ; and only as it contributes to his highest manhood is it of real worth. The moment it ceases to do this or becomes an end in itself it is a usurper and a detriment.

A brief consideration of any of the salient features of worthy character ought to make it plain that no abiding work can be done in which these same characteristics do not inhere. Take, for instance, truthfulness, first among the fundamentals of robust manhood. It is the fashion of the age to exalt and glorify truth—the truth that is abstract or impersonal, but it is not so common to find men honoring, revering and practising the truth in their daily conduct. Yet it is axiomatic that there can be no staunch impregnable character without a fine loyalty to truth. To play fast and loose with truth is to undermine all confidence and induce a swift deterioration. The man who will lie is a man with whom it is impossible to deal. Him, his fellows would speedily be rid of,

if they could, for he is an offense. Among ancients and moderns to tell, to do and to live the truth has ever been held a necessity for worthy manhood. In one of the folk songs of our Norse ancestors the hero exclaims.

“I would not lie to gain the joys of Valha.
Much less the earth's delight.”

and every true man since proclaims the Viking right and counts it basest shame to stoop to falsehood or deceit.

Turn now to the work of life—commerce, the learned professions, art, letters or the like, in which men find their careers. Is it possible to engage in any one of them successfully in any spirit other than that of rigid loyalty to truth? In some departments this is readily recognized. The Scientist in his work must hold to the truth with flawless fidelity. Upon this condition depends not only his highest success but the very structure of his work. Any deviation from or careless handling of the exact truth would at once vitiate his conclusions and discredit him as an investigator in his chosen field. In the work too of the Christian Ministry for example, men vigorously demand sincerity, honesty, truthfulness, and these demands are just. But why should there be any department of life's great workshop in which the same vigorous requirement should not be made. If a Scientist who deals with the exactitudes of natural law or a teacher who inculcates moral law must base his work on truth and maintain strict truthfulness, why should not the lawyer, the physician, the editor, the artist, the merchant do the same? In none of these callings can real success be attained in any other way. The seeming success otherwise gained will but cause deterioration, defeat and loss to the character of him who lends himself to false measures to obtain the same. This observation is well illustrated by the career of a certain lawyer in the city of New York. For the last twenty years or more he has done an enormous business, serving hosts of clients and gaining great wealth. But through all these years it has been an open secret that as far as he dared he would violate every provision of the legal and moral code if thereby he might gain his case. To

him flocked criminals of all classes and grades, for defence and for their acquittal he employed every artifice that his cunning could devise, or his wealth command. For years it was the boast of his office to defeat the ends of justice and grant impunity to the lawless. Can such a career be called anything else than a failure? To-day he is an inmate of the State Penitentiary serving a just sentence for his crimes, condemned alike by law and public opinion. But would the case have been different had he gone his way unchecked by the strong hand of justice? By no means. He bartered himself for his wealth and whether honored or dishonored of men he had dismally failed.

Furthermore it is a just ambition of life to be effective. To be a factor of strength and real worth in the solution of the problems of the time, to bring to pass improvements in the sphere of life assigned to us, to be a blessing to our day and generation, may well be regarded as a fitting part to play. Where the need is greatest there should the effort be expended. Where men are scarce there should recruits gather. Even a casual survey of present day conditions reveals the fact that the urgent need is manhood of the highest order and finest fibre. Whether the field be political, mercantile, literary or religious, the same need emerges. Our systems in all these departments have become highly elaborated, admirably conceived and designed for furthering the ends of free and enlightened civilization. Yet the failure to realize these ends is conspicuous. To illustrate: How signal has been the failure to secure honest and efficient municipal government on this continent. There is scarcely a large city that has not been found wanting here. There has been machinery enough and planning enough. The weak spot has been the character of the men who had the working of the plans. The whole movement today for civic government by commission, can only be interpreted as a pathetic search for real men. Or turn to the mercantile world and note the weak spot there. How frequently amidst the most favorable trade conditions shock and disaster come solely through the breakdown of the moral factor in the case. When a great prosperous corporation like the American Sugar Trust with a

princely income assured from the legitimate conduct of its affairs and officered by men of high financial standing is caught red handed in a long-continued course of stealing from the government and defrauding competitors, are we not forced to the conviction that the business world needs of all things men of moral worth? For this case is but one of many, and is really symptomatic.

Too strong insistence cannot be laid upon the necessity for moral fibre in all the work and relations of life. To the educated men and women must be given the responsibility of solving urgent problems and bringing to pass better results than have yet been attained. The educated man must be trained, developed equipped for the best and fullest contribution to the life of his time. This contribution he cannot make save as he exalts to first place in his estimation moral character. The world has small patience with and no place for shams and make-believe men; but for a true genuine man, a clean soul in a clean body, welcome and work always wait. How shall that work be done? Many agencies we may employ, many arts engage but the really great work, the building that abides will always be done by character. Galahad's words ring forever true.

"My good blade carves the casques of men;
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

E. D. Webber, '81.



"The Story of the Arbor."

AFTER a moment's hesitation Lloyd Cameron quietly opened the door.

"Beulah!" he said.

At the far end of the room, partly veiled in shadow, a girl was standing before a piano, idly fingering some music on the rack. She turned at the sound of the man's voice—quickly, nervously.

"Come!" she said, "we will go down to the lake, and you can row me to our old camping place. There is still time before your train leaves."

"My train? Why-Why, what do you mean?"

I will tell you on the way—come!" and with a nod of her head she passed down the steps and across the lawn.

Cameron lifted his shoulders with an expressive gesture, and then followed her down the narrow little footpath. Here it was quiet and deserted; like the girl, he became suddenly thoughtful. The distance to the landing was passed by them in silence—each being busied with conflicting thoughts.

No one was about when they reached the water's edge. The boats lay quietly in their places, and the gentle splashing of the waves as they washed up on the pebbly beach was the only sound that broke the stillness.

Cameron loosened the rope of the boat lying nearest him, and the girl seated herself silently at the far end. Without a word he pushed off, and they floated out on the wide expanse of water. The oars were lying in the bottom of the boat, and the man did not immediately take them up; but allowed the current to carry them along for a short distance.

"What an exchanting spot this is!" he exclaimed at length; stooping down for the oars, "it has grown much more beautiful since I saw it last."

The girl made no reply to this—she hardly seemed to hear the man's voice. With her face shaded from the sun, she sat looking out over the water—thinking. In the clear morning light, with the sun beams playing in her golden hair and shining in a bright halo above, she was lovely and alluring. The man gazed at her silently for a moment, and then turned to the oars. A half-subdued sigh escaped from his lips.

"You are not happy?" she said, and in her voice sounded an unmistakable tenderness.

"Happy?" I—I do not know. Yes, I think I am—why should I not be happy now?" and he smiled back at her reassuringly.

"Only,"—after a pause—"what did you mean about my taking that train? Do you want to send me away so soon?"

A look of pain swept suddenly across the girl's eyes. "Ah!" she replied "we will not talk of that now—or of anything—please! I want to—I must think. When we come to the landing"—and she pointed across the water to a shaded spot where a fallen tree extended far out into the stream—"then; but not now—please not now!"

He bowed his head in silent acquiescence and turned to the oars with redoubled energy. Soon the boat was grounding on the sand, and with a quick spring and a sudden pull he had her far up on the land.

"There?" he exclaimed, "here we are," and he held out his hand to the girl.

In a moment she stood beside the man—hesitating—a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes. Then:

"Yes—yes," she said nervously—"this is the place isn't it? Shall we—do you want to—look for our o'd retreat?" and suddenly across her long pallor, she flushed crimson.

"Ah! do I indeed!" and the man sought her eyes eagerly. "Come! let us go at once." And he started off quickly in the direction of the trees.

The girl followed him in silence—her eyes were bent upon the ground—her face wore a dazed expression; she faltered nervously at every step. Cameron led the way up the narrow path to a shaded, quiet spot some distance from the water. It was very still here—and very beautiful. The sun looked down on them through the leafy branches of the tall trees scattered all about; the birds were singing happily on every side. Otherwise, there was no sound of life—they were quite alone.

The stillness was oppressive; a moment passed, and neither of them spoke. The man was gazing with intense earnestness into the girl's eyes; and she, with half-averted face, troubled and anxious, stood leaning against a nearby tree—Cameron was the first to break the silence.

"It is just the same as—as it used to be," he said, looking about

him with a quick glance. "The trees, the old moss covered stump the rock where I painted your initials—every—thing the same, just as it used to be—everything but you"—and he leaned suddenly nearer.

She moved back a space, and passed her hand over her brow, a peculiar, half-pathetic smile came into her eyes.

"Yes," she replied, softly—"everything is the same—but—but—I am changed—am changed."

His face took on a determined look. "Let us sit down on the old stump," he said, "I want you to hear what I have to say."

The girl drew in her breath as if startled; she seated herself quietly; and the man went on.

"I have been dreaming of this—this place with you as you are now, ever since I went away. How often I have pictured it in my imagination—the old stump here and he placed his hand on the mossy surface at his side—"the tree with the marks in it, the rock where I was sitting when I just saw you—on that wonderful, summer afternoon. Do you remember the time?"

The girl nodded her head slowly—her face took on a softer look.

"Yes," she said—and her voice was very low—"I remember."

"And all the days we spent together—the long, long afternoons with nobody near; and only the sighing of the trees and the voices of the birds all about—all those days—all those days! I have never forgotten them. I can never forget—ah! it was beautiful—beautiful!"

"But you went away—you—you went away; and left me."

"Yes"—and the man's voice took on a different tone—"I did go—and when I came back, I found you changed—cold, unresponsive, —angry even. You will not talk to me; you avoid my eyes. You —you do not care any more. I sometimes think you even hate me!"

"Don't!" she cried, "don't say that."

It is not fair, nor true, nor just. I do not hate you I could never do so—never, although I tried hard—hard—after you went away. When I saw you this morning—well! I was so glad—so glad that I despised myself for it. I—I said to myself there was no good in your coming.—because—because" she hesitated for an instant—

"Oh! because things are so different now."

A low, discordant laugh broke from the man.

"Things different ! he exclaimed. "And suppose they are—what need that matter—now—here? We will make them just as they were," and he bent closer to the shrinking girl. She did not answer or look up—her hands were locked nervously.

"I—I love you," the man went on excitedly. "I have come back to tell you so—here—again. And now, I will never leave you. You must go with me ; things will never be different again—never !"

Of a sudden the girl stood up—she moved away from the man—slowly, hesitatingly.

"What—what do you mean?" she gasped. "You know!" he exclaimed, "you know !"

"And you want me to—to leave everything for you ?"

"Yes ; to live the life that is calling us both—to live for each other—heedless of the demands of everybody else—parents, home society—everything ; you and I—"

"And you think—think—" she faltered, and could go no further.

"I know !" and he clenched his teeth decisively—"I have made no mistake this time ; everything has been thought out—everything. I am not asking you to take this step with the visionary enthusiasm of a boy. I have considered—God ! how long I have considered. I cannot live without you. Come ! let us go now—now !

The girl was trembling at his side—the troubled look still in her eyes.

"And—you—mean—that you—you want me—that you wish to—to marry me ?" she whispered, the color mounting swiftly to her cheeks—"you want to take me away with you—now—at once ?

"Yes—yes—ah—yes !"

A softened look came into her eyes :

"You can't realize what you are asking, she said after a moment. I—I—" and again the dreamy look shone in her eyes—"I don't know—I—yes—I—perhaps, perhaps——"

The sound of someone crashing through the underbrush was heard. A voice—anxious, hurried—was calling; footsteps approached. For a moment the girl stood as if transfixed, then:

“It is he,” she faltered, “oh! oh! what—how?”

The bushes were pushed aside; a man’s face peered eagerly through. In a moment he was before them. He was tall and sunburnt, and dressed with the easy indifference of a countryman. His face was open and kindly; an anxious look was in his eyes.

“Ah! You are here then!” he exclaimed, addressing the girl—the worried expression on his face giving way to one of pleased content. “I have been looking everywhere for you—but—but—” and his glance fell upon Cameron—“I—I beg your pardon—I had not meant to intrude—” and he looked at the girl meaningly.

“This is Mr. Cameron, John ” she said; an old friend of mine—”

The man took a step in the direction of Cameron. A peculiar look was in his eyes.

“We used to paint together,” she went on, calmly; “he came down this morning to make a picture of the woods.”

“Ah!” and the man’s face cleared as he took Cameron’s outstretched hand, “you could not find a better place for anything of that sort, sir—not if you were to look the whole country over.” Then, facing the girl again:

“But, Beulah, we have been looking everywhere for you—I thought you might be here,” and so I came over. Your mother has just returned!”

The girl started back with an exclamation; she passed her right hand across her forehead, slowly.

“Mother home! mother!” she repeated.

“Yes, we’re all surprised—” and he turned to Cameron with a tender note in his voice—“I ought not to have told her so suddenly.”

Cameron made no reply. With his eyes on the ground, he twirled the stick he held in his hand—aimlessly, nervously.

For a moment none of them spoke. The girl was leaning against a tree—breathing heavily. Her voice trembled when she spoke:

“I—I must go to mother,” she said.

“To be sure!” and the newcomer smiled compassionately down at her. “I have come for you. The poor little mother was all broken up when she found you gone. Come! let us go at once.”

The girl’s eyes swept across to Cameron—he was still standing with his eyes fixed on the ground.

“Yes—yes,” she went on after a pause, looking helplessly from one to the other. “Mother will need me—she will need me.”

“Let us go at once,” the man repeated. “Mr. Cameron will accompany us of course.”

“Mr. Cameron returns on the afternoon train” she said, distinctly. “He will not wish to go back with us.”

Cameron took a step forward—his hand was extended; a word of protest was on his lips.

The girl ignored the look in his eyes.

“He still wishes to go over some parts of the grove with me,” she continued, firmly. “Go back and tell them I am coming John—I will be with you presently.

The man faced her full.

“But—but—” he stammered.

“Mother will be worried,” and the girl’s eyes met his for a moment; “It is better that you go and tell her where I am—I will be with you very soon—very soon.”

For a moment he stood before her—hesitating. Then he smiled suddenly. “All right, little girl!” he said; and turning to Cameron—“Good-bye, sir,—hope your picture is a success.” With another look at the girl, he passed down the path. They heard his footsteps growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

Cameron took a quick step toward the girl.

“And so there was this other one all the time?” he broke out in a tense voice. “This is what you wanted to tell me about?”

“Yes, yes. When you went away he—he—”

"Ah! I might have known it!" he laughed bitterly; "that is always the way—a woman's vanity, a woman's need of loving and being loved. And now—with a sudden change—"your mother—"

"Yes, mother."

"Has returned; and you will go back to her—and—and to him?"

She nodded her head slowly—"Yes" she said, and her voice sounded in a whisper.

"You could not think of leaving him—her—your home—these surroundings—everything about you—for—for me?" he went on passionately. "It is the way of the world, and not of love. You are afraid—cowardly. Ah! I see now! I see!"

Her voice was sad; and she looked at him reproachfully.

"No—I—I could not," she answered, simply—not now—not now."

The man turned from her—his face was pale—his hands were clenched.

"And I must go?" he said at last.

"Lloyd" she said, "do not make it so hard for me—for yourself. What you ask me to do is impossible. I am afraid to—to go with you; it is too much—too big a leap into something I know nothing of. A year ago I would have done it gladly—a moment ago—perhaps; but now—I cannot—I cannot."

He bent and picked up the stick he had dropped.

"No, I see you cannot leave the narrow rut which society has marked out for you" he exclaimed, bitterly. But I—I shall be the only one to suffer."

"Ah! no—no—I—I; and," with a change of tone, "you have your art—you have the world before you."

"The world without illusions is a dreary place."

She did not answer him at once; but her face was set and determined. At last:

"But you have so much—so much that he knows nothing of; he has only his words—his youth and—and—me; while you—

"Have nothing now."

Again she hesitated; then holding out her hand—"It must be so," she said, slowly. Good-bye—Lloyd!"

He turned from her with an exclamation; she still held out her hand.

"God! how common-place all the world seems!" he burst out wildly. Then, with an effort he took her hand.

"And so it is all over—all over," he said, looking quickly into her eyes. "Well! I—I have lost again—lost again—that's all, isn't it? Good-bye—"

He turned from her quickly, and, with clenched teeth, moved slowly down to the beach, where the boat was still lying at anchor. The girl followed him with unseeing eyes—watched him untie the rope, climb slowly in, and pull out on the still calm water. He did not look back; her eyes filled with tears—


"Lloyd! ah Lloyd!" she sobbed. Then she faced about slowly and moved off through the trees.

"Mother," she called out "Mother—John—I am coming now—coming!"

J. S. F. '11.



The Opening of The Carnegie Science Hall

 ON Thursday morning October twenty-fourth, our new building, the "Carnegie Hall of Science," threw open its doors to the public. The event which marks a distinct epoch in the progress of Scientific Study at Acadia, was not as well attended as was expected, few of the friends of the college who live out of town being aware that it was to take place. However, when the meeting was called to order at ten o'clock College Hall was fairly well filled with the people of the town and the students of the three institutions. The students of the college entered the Hall in order of class seniority and occupied the main body. On the platform were the members of the Faculty, the Board of Governors, Hon. Lieut.-Gov. Fraser, Principal Sexton of the Nova Scotia Technical College, Prof. H. A. Bumstead, of Yale, Chief Justice Townsend,

Hon. Judge Longley and others. Rev. Dr. Manning presided. Rev. A. Cohoon, D. D., was the first speaker. He outlined the work which had been accomplished in the raising of funds for the building of the now completed structure and paid a warm tribute to the late Mr. Nelson Rhodes who he said was a tower of strength to the Board of Governors and one whose advice was constantly sought in the selection of the plan of the building.

Prof. H. T. Bumstead, of Yale University, was the second speaker. He delivered one of the finest lectures ever heard from the college platform.

Lieut.-Gov. Fraser on coming forward was received with loud applause. He expressed his delight at being present on such an important and significant occasion and affirmed his deep interest in everything pertaining to the progress of the college.

Chief Justice Townsend and Principal Sexton delivered short and pithy addresses.

Judge Longley was the last speaker. He was in his customary jovial mood and delivered a short yet characteristically witty address. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

At the conclusion of the exercises the speakers were entertained at luncheon at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. Haley.



“The Functions of a University Laboratory”

PROFESSOR H. A. BUMSTEAD, Ph. D.

THE outstanding feature of the Exercises in connection with the formal opening of the Carnegie Science Building was the address of Prof. Bumstead, who is at the head of the Department of Physics at Yale.

It seems appropriate on an occasion of this kind, said Prof. Bumstead, to inquire what scientific laboratories have done for mankind, during their comparatively brief past, and how we may make them more serviceable in the future.

The public recognize the service of laboratories, and believe that scientific studies have been justified by their results. Vast results have come from them, but there is still much to be done.

Naturally the first benefits of scientific studies that occur to us are practical ones, the concrete things which play so important a part in our present day civilization. We think of all the triumphs of steam and electricity, and remember that these had their beginning in the laboratory. But the laboratories have done much more than to provide the opportunities for these discoveries and inventions.

In them have been trained the great army of Experts who keep the machinery of our industrial civilization running, and upon whose skill and knowledge we depend so largely for safety, prosperity and comfort. This educational function of laboratories is of the greatest importance from whatever point of view we regard the subject.

It is not only in the domain of engineering that we see these great, practical, tangible results. Chemistry and biology have conferred equally as great benefits on mankind. We recognize what Chemistry has done for the world in the enormous improvements which the study of this subject has made possible in the manufactures, metallurgy, and other branches of industry.

All these things are obvious enough and generally accepted, but is there anything beyond this, less tangible and therefore more difficult to state and perceive? In answer to this question we should not find such entire unanimity as we get in regard to the so-called practical benefits of the sciences. Many people would be inclined to define Science as "useful knowledge" with a very narrow signification to the word useful. To such persons, the Sciences find their sole excuse for existence in their practical applications. A discovery in pure science is only interesting to them, because the most unpromising discovery, may in the course of time have important practical applications. Of course the same thing is true in regard to art, but the number of people who can appreciate art for art's sake is away beyond the number of those who

are able to see why Science should be cultivated, apart from its possible, practical applications.

The professed followers of pure science take a directly opposite view, regarding the useful results of their work as mere by-products, which take only a secondary place in their hopes and plans. Their tendency in some cases is to despise everything practical. But apart from their general beneficial effects the applications of science react most favorably upon the progress of purely scientific studies, by bringing them greater support and financial aid than they would otherwise enjoy, and also by the developement of instruments, the problems suggested in the course of practical work, and the stimulus from large numbers of earnest men in closely related lines of work. Many things are easy to-day, which would have caused Faraday infinite trouble and labor just because electrical engineering have been busy in producing such cheap and convenient instruments and appliances.

There is a constant temptation for every successful man of science to engage in technical work of some kind. He knows that the material rewards for such work are usually greater, and that he will probably gain more general commendation and applause, for the contemporary fame of even a distinguished scholar is very limited. At the same time he knows that if he yields he must give up the better part of his scientific work, and so he resists the temptation. But is there an ideal for which he is giving up money and possible fame which is worth the sacrifice? Is there anything in Science beyond its more obvious utilities. I hope you will agree with me that besides the training of technical experts, and the making of discoveries which may be useful, the laboratory has other functions to perform which are higher and more important than those we have been discussing.

As before, these activities are manifested chiefly in two directions,—in the education of youth and in the discovery of new truth; in teaching and in research. Only in this case we mean by teaching, not simply the training of an expert for a particular task, the fashioning of a cog to be slipped into its proper place in the

industrial machine, but the fostering and perfecting of a human mind, and of all its powers, intellectual æsthetic and moral.

To the great majority of students the æsthetic aspect of science makes a very small appeal. In fact, it is supposed by many people to be entirely lacking. The æsthetic side is there as seen in the component parts of a great scientific theory accurately adjusted to each other in due proportion and subordination, with great complexity of detail blended into the grandeur of perfect simplicity, but it must be admitted that the ability to enjoy this kind of art is much more difficult than the appreciation of literature, music or painting. In the sphere of disciplinary training, it is held by many people, that the sciences possess a certain superiority, which especially fits them to serve some of the most important ends of education. In the first place they possess a certain advantage in the relatively great simplicity of their subject matter. The problems they have to deal with are simple in comparison with those with which the historian for example has to struggle, at least if he attempts anything like the degree of completeness in his solution, which we habitually attain. This makes the sciences particularly suitable to serve as models of right thinking, and as a means of training the minds of young people in the methods of attacking greater problems. Easy exercises in careful observation, right inductions, logical deductions, in which the result is definite and known, and a straying step can be detected at any point in the path—these do not make a bad beginning in the process of training the young mind to use its intellectual faculties to the best advantage. The student who has not been through this discipline has missed a very vital part of education. I think we may find some justification for this view of the place of scientific studies in the education of the individual by a little consideration of the position which such studies have occupied in the history of the general development of thought since they have become conspicuous factors in that development. Nobody can doubt that their direct influence has been very great, and it is not at all certain that their indirect effects upon the at-

titude and method of scholars in other fields of study has not been nearly or quite as great. A great many of them are proud of using a "scientific" method, and most of them habitually give the name of science to the subjects of study.

* * * *

And now we come to a still more vital question. Have scientific studies any ethical effect, and if so, is it in the right direction or the wrong one? It may be that perfect knowledge of good and evil would inevitably result in the choice of the good, and that the will would under such ideal conditions be the servant of the intellect. But we know, alas, that perfect knowledge of good and evil is no more the attribute of any human mind than perfect knowledge of scientific truth, and we see too many instances in which a man knows and approves the better path, and yet follows the worse, to be able to believe that morality is a matter of knowledge alone.

It is plain, however, that sound knowledge and intellectual judgment in general, must be antecedent to the deliberate choice of virtue; and that some training of the will itself is possible. If it be led to choose the good and the true habitually in lesser things it is more likely to react nobly in times of stress and difficulty. These are doubtless minor functions in the domain of morals, but are very necessary ones; and I think it may be maintained successfully that the natural sciences are strong allies of the forces which are fighting on the side of virtue in the great battle of good and evil.

* * * *

The last of the important functions of a university laboratory is that of research—not the seeking of such knowledge in any narrow sense, but the diligent and devoted search after new truth for its own sake, careless of consequences so long as the truth is served. This is a great and lofty ideal and it is followed with all the enthusiasm and loyalty which a high ideal inspires, and which nothing else in the world can inspire. The true man of science, the true scholar in any department of knowledge does not desire

un-intelligent popular applause; and it is almost always safe to conclude that the "newspaper scientist," the man whose name and deeds are constantly before the public is not having a very great or beneficial effect upon the progress of his science.

True research, because it does not appeal strongly to the general public, must be fostered encouraged and supported by the more enlightened fraction of mankind, and the chief agency through which this support may be given is the university or college. I will go further than this and express the decided opinion that no other institution, has been devised or seems likely to be invented, which can perform the task so well. Institutions for research work which have been established have done excellent work, and it has seemed that they might gradually absorb the research functions of the universities. But we must remember that research is not altogether a business but an art as well, and to produce the highest results in scientific research there must be individuality and freedom. The university laboratory provides this better than any special research laboratory can do. The university professor has the freedom to attack bigger problems than can be attempted in research laboratories, the outcome of which is very uncertain. Great results are always accompanied by great risks, and no great discovery has been made by a man who was unwilling or unable to risk a great failure. I am a very firm believer in Lord Kelvin's position, that so far as possible, every investigator should be a teacher and every teacher an investigator. The reaction of the two forms of activity on each other is immensely stimulating and helpful. The teacher who does nothing else, who goes over year after year the same subject with successive classes is of all men I think, the most in danger of intellectual stagnation. While he is young he may ward off this paralysis by study—by the acquisition of knowledge which other men have discovered. But the real passion for such acquisition is usually gone by the time middle age is reached. In fact a great deal of the capacity for such study has also vanished by that time. Now so far as I have been able to observe the passion for research and the pleasure

which it gives do not pale as the years go on. So I believe that engaging in research is the only certain way for a teacher to keep himself alive intellectually, and to retain his spirit and enthusiasm to the end. It is true that great discoveries are not made by ordinary men—at least not often, if ever. But there is a great deal of useful work quite within the powers of almost any intelligent man, which will add to the knowledge of the world and add to the usefulness of the man himself and his success as a teacher. And the result will be I believe that the profession of the teacher will attract more able men; that they will keep their vigor and enthusiasm longer, and that the quality of their teaching will be much improved. By the establishment and equipment of this building, Acadia is lending a helping hand toward the fulfillment of that promise whose complete fulfillment we shall never see on this earth, but toward which we are constantly making progress: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."



The Carnegie Science Hall.

THE new building is of the modified Georgian style of architecture. Situated well to the rear of the main college, it completes the quadrangle and adds much to the beauty and dignity of the grounds. It has a frontage of ninety-six feet, a depth of forty-six feet, and there is a central feature projecting somewhat beyond the line of front. The foundation is of local sandstone with grass course and sills of granite. The exterior walls are of dark red New England water struck bricks laid in Flemish bond with projecting brick quoins at all angles. The ornamental work is of grey terra cotta carefully moulded to the architect's details.

The main cornices and window frames are of wood and are painted white, thus affording a pleasing contrast with the dark red brick walls. The roof is covered with dark Quebec slates with copper flashings and ridges.

The principal feature of the exterior is the main entrance with the large windows above. The massive red brick doors and transom, the granite steps with sandstone buttress caps and consols present an architectural treatment of pleasing harmony and dignity. The main entrance leads into an attractive vestibule, also of dark red brick and with marble mosaic floor. A set of fly doors leads from this into the main vestibule. From the inner vestibule doors on either side lead to the student's coat rooms and the basement, while directly in front a short flight of steps leads to the main corridor.

On the first floor is a large physical laboratory capable of accommodating a class of twenty-five or thirty students. This room is fitted with heavy tables of white brick with maple tops, and also with slate shelves fastened securely to the exterior brick walls. Adjoining this is a smaller laboratory for electrical work and next to this and adjoining the main staircase is a small private office for the professor of physics.

In this opposite end of the building is the physics lecture room with accommodation for about ninety students. This room is connected with the laboratory by a small preparation room. Adjoining the lecture room is a draughting room fitted with adjustable drawing tables of oak and iron and cases for drawing boards and supplies. Opening from the corridor at this end of the building is also a waiting room for lady students.

From the main corridor two stair cases lead to the second story corridor, which, like the lower corridor, is well lighted and finished with high wood dado and pilasters.

The second story is almost identical in plan with the lower story. It contains on the right the chemical laboratory and the geological laboratory. On the left is the chemical lecture room, connected with the laboratory by a preparation room, and the biological laboratory. On the same floor is the reference library and a small office for the chemistry department.

The basement contains the geological museum, a work shop, boiler rooms, students' toilet and lavatory and a fire-proof vault

for records. The several rooms in the basement have brick walls, granolithic floors and plastered ceilings.

The entire building is heated with steam, by the indirect gravity system for all the larger rooms and by direct radiators for corridors and small rooms. This system of heating and ventilating is commonly used in buildings of this class in Massachusetts and, as far as known, this is the first system of the kind in operation in Nova Scotia.

The building is lighted throughout with electricity. The laboratories are fitted with pipes for gas and a gas plant is now being installed.

This brief account hardly does justice to a building which, according to competent critics, is among the best of its kind in Eastern Canada. "One of the best pieces of architecture in the Maritime Provinces," remarked a visiting architect from the United States last summer. In exterior, simple, substantial, dignified; beautiful of situation and admirably adapted in every way to the purpose for which it was built, it seems to merit fully these words of praise.



Yuletide.

Comrades, friends and children dear,
This is the birth-night of the year
And the ghost of Christmas past
Doth wake to roam as last
It wandered from afar,
Seeking fair Bethel's Star.

The joy of this new Christmas eve
Doth o'er the world a splendour weave
And singing stars upon the height
Fling downward through the ages' flight
The ecstasy of years to be
And many a Yuletide minstrelsy.

W. Inglis Morse, '97.

In the Starlight.

IT is midnight. East and west as far as the eye can reach perfect peace pervades the Athabasca valley. Far above, embedded in their celestial orbits the stars are reflecting their glory upon the Athabasca river which wends its way through forest and plain in silence—dead silence.

It is a lovely scene. Mile after mile the river, broad, noble and peaceful, flows through forests mighty and grand. The moon in its full splendor is shining on the river and the glory of the Infinite seems evidenced in the dazzling light which ascends, reflected from the expanse of water.

Far and near not a sound breaks the stillness. The very atmosphere seems pervaded with the spirit of loneliness.

The stillness of the night is at last broken. From some unseen quarter a slight splash almost inaudible and yet a splash disturbs the impressive silence—a moment later and a bark canoe glides from beneath an overhanging clump of bushes into the stream. In the stern, speeding the canoe on its way with slight movements of the paddle and a dexterity acquired only by long and patient experience, is seated a young girl, who gazes fixedly and with eager anxious glance into the mass along the bank as if she would penetrate the secrets which seem to lie hidden in those dark, forbidding depths. Young, erect, dark-skinned, commanding in appearance—She is a typical Indian maiden of the wilds.

Down the river for some miles she paddles as if regardless of the hour. Occasionally the sweet, strong notes of a rich voice break the stillness, as borne away by the spirit of earth's beauty, she begins to sing an old Indian melody—Suddenly she ceases as if frightened by what she has done. Then partially reclining in the canoe, with eyes half closed and half gazing at the starry heavens she gently falls to sleep.

Mile after mile the canoe glides proudly on. The girl is motionless and still. Suddenly there is a bend in the river and beyond the bend the water divides. To the right it flows peace-

ful and calm as ever ; to the left an eddying whirlpool guides the way to a dark and sombre cavern which no eye can penetrate. The canoe floats softly down, tosses for a moment in the whirlpool—and then darts to the left.

* * * *

Civilization has reached the Athabasca Valley and where once the forests stood the homes of pioneers now abound. But even to this time upon a starry night, as the mariner approaches the whirlpool in the river a sweet maiden's voice is heard singing a lullaby nature song—it is the voice of the dead. *M. II.*



The First Christmas.

Bright was the Christmas starlight
That night so long ago
When came the little Christ Child
To dwell with us below.

The world, worn and a-weary,
Was wrapped in slumber sweet ;
All silent lay fair Bethlehem,
Hushed was the busy street.

But angels watch are keeping
Over the holy bed
Where in a manger lowly
The Christ Child lays his head.

And to the watching shepherds
Comes the harmony sublime,
The song of all the ages,
That whispers of the time.

When peace the earth shall cover,
And an un-numbered throng
Send back to angel choirs
That wondrous glory song.

*Amy R. Kelly,
Acadia Seminary, 07.*

The Characteristics of a Freshman Class.

A FRESHMAN myself, it would be, of course, a matter of the greatest difficulty to set forth in a true and unprejudiced manner, the characteristics of my own class. For this reason, I shall not confine myself specifically to the class of Acadia, 1913, but in a broader sense shall try to describe the average Freshman class.—that verdant group of unsophisticated individuals, who come together from far and near, to begin the period of preparation for life work.

In the first place, the Freshman class is an ignorant class. Not ignorant of mathematics, science, English nor classics; not ignorant of foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, nor hockey; not ignorant of the principles of courage, truth, loyalty, and devotion; not in these things are Freshmen ignorant, but they *are* ignorant of trickery, cunning, subtile device, and all the thousand and one little deceits that seem to constitute the sole aim in living for the members of the Sophomore class. It is for this reason that the Freshmen are laughed at by the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, when some trifle occurs such as appearing in white, owing to the lavish prodigality of the Sophomores in the distribution of that very necessary article, flour; or the inability to move when seated comfortably in chapel upon newly varnished seats. Yes, the Freshman class is ignorant; but is that ignorance not wisdom? Is that deficiency not efficiency? We shall better be able to answer perhaps when we become Sophomores.

Again, the Freshman class is a hopeful class. Fresh from High School or Academy, as the case may be; imbued with the spirit of hard work and persistency drilled into them by conscientious teachers; elated by success in examinations which they must necessarily pass in order to enter college; cheered by thought of former victories in the base-ball and foot-ball field; rested and refreshed by a long vacation of camping out, travelling, or working on the farm, the members of the Freshman class are full of hope, buoyancy, and anticipation of a brilliant future in studies and athletics. Hopeful? Of course they're hopeful; and more than

that, they *know* that their hopes will be realized, and that the members of their class, when they graduate four years hence, will constitute a brilliant assemblage of clever men and women.

The Freshman class is an optimistic class, You never hear of Freshmen saying, when one of their members has been bath-tubbed, or been out all night, or made to do stunts, or degraded in some other ignominious manner. "Well, we can't do much against those villians; we didn't know it was such a bad place here, or we should have stayed home. Oh dear! dear!" No! The Freshmen call a meeting and say. "Its over now, and we'll make the best of it; but let them try it again and we'll fix them." No moping, repining, discouragement, nor thought of cowardly submission ever enters their minds. They are cheerfully courageous, and courageously cheerful. Why, the gospel of the Freshmen is optimism, and not the sort of optimism that allows itself to be imposed upon either.

And now the next point:—the Freshman class is an honest class, You don't hear of *Freshmen* having whispered conclaves in some locked room of the college boarding-house, You don't hear of *Freshmen* making friends with some particularly communicative Sophomore, and under the cloak of confidence gradually drawing out all he knows. Freshmen are honest. And although this honesty is at times the cause of matters becoming known universally, that should be known only by a few, yet the fact remains that the Freshman's best safeguard is honesty. Honesty is always the best policy.

Finally, the Freshman class is a *powerful* class. Generally the largest class in college, it possesses representatives from all sorts of the country's population. Here is the rich man's son, whose father means that he shall be a useful, and therefore a well educated citizen. Here is the merchant's son, and here the farmer lad whose inborn and carefully developed sense of thrift naturally renders him easily shocked at the mention of one dollar for the Debating Society, or of forty cents for a "Social Significance." Here are sons of preachers, lawyers, and physiclans, here, the sons of surveyors, architects and builders, nearly all taking

science or engineering ; and most to be respected and admired of all, the young man whose parents are dead, and who is working his way along alone in order to get a thorough education. All the elements are there ; and when the Freshmen know each other ; when one fellow is found to be able to debate, another to sing, another to draw ; when the class gets organized and unified ; then, I say, the Freshman class is a powerful force in college life and one not to be overlooked nor underestimated.

But in all these contemplations, two thoughts sadden us. One is, that next year we must be Sophomores ; the other is, that last year the Sophomores were Freshmen. And although it is the most difficult matter in the world to understand how anything so despicable as a Sophomore could ever have been a Freshman, and how anything so saintly as a Freshman, can ever become a Sophomore, yet we feel confident, and *know*, that with ignorance of evil, knowledge of good, optimism, carriage, honesty and power inscribed upon our banners, our march through the four years of University Life cannot but be characterized, by clearness, and whole hearted justice all the way.

Lorimer Ilsley, '13.



The College Library

PERHAPS there is no phase of college life that can be made more helpful to the student than the Library. It lies with him what the result will be—and with the library. His responsibility in the matter is, of course, his own affair. The other side is what concerns us here.

What is the function of the Library, and to what extent does ours fulfil its function are the questions for solution. The expression "What a Library should be," opens a door to all kinds of possibilities in the realization of our ideal. With the wand of wealth at our command, how easy it would be to produce a collection in which every conceivable subject, thus far dealt with by man, is adequately treated ; to achieve a result at once beautiful and harmonious with that spirit of sweetness and light in which Matthew

Arnold defines Culture. But, alas, such possibilities are not for us. There must be a constant reckoning of the cost, continual "tete-a-tetes" with the exchequer. Although this process is somewhat narrowing, it cultivates the faculty of judgment in choice as no other ever could. A grand opportunity of developing this faculty has been our heritage and will be, doubtless, for some time to come.

As to its function, the Library has a dignity and value all its own. It is a place where the work of the class-room is supplemented, where the student is able to seek information of a technical kind and find it ready to his hand. It is progressive, constantly receiving fresh contributions from the thoughtful world without. It should be, in fact, the very soul and centre of the college life, using that expression in its truest sense. It is the meeting place of the student with the master minds. Here he seeks Truth and finds himself. His imagination is stimulated and ambition stirred to nobler purposes and higher ideals. Who, then, will say that the work of the Library is not of inestimable worth to those who use it?

This is the function of the library. How does our own fulfil its mission. The student enters the sacred precincts for the first time and feels a secret thrill at sight of some thousands of books along the walls. He feels that he will be able now to speed ahead with so much information at his hand. Briskly he steps to the desk and in expectant tones asks to be shown some works on engineering. The Librarian hesitates and then admits that there is only one book on the subject in the library. Still, she brings it and shows the date—1872. And the budding engineer feels the full force of the expression.

"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

It is so in nearly all the other departments of Science. The modern works are very, very rare, while the shelves are filled with the theories and experiments of the forties and fifties. The High-school grade of work is well treated in the Mathematics

corner, although a few volumes on the higher forms are now arriving. Such a condition is not true of the Theological Department. This section of the Library is well represented, comparatively speaking, and fresh acquisitions are being made from time to time. Philosophy and History are striving to maintain a semblance of fitness for their task in the more standard works of former times, while a few poets are allowed to languish in the English corner, with commentaries, fewer still. Of course, the students' hearts are gladdened at sight of Dickens and George Eliot and some more. But, there is just one little story of Robert Louis Stevenson and that looks very lonely. Oh, and Kipling—three volumes---worn and shattered with constant usage for the last ten years. The hunger with which these books are read would move a stone to tears.

Upon realizing this condition of things the student assumes attitudes both various and characteristic. The humorous side of the situation appeals to him. If the particular book for which he is looking is not forth-coming, he is likely to condemn the entire collection as a delusion. Perhaps he may take it as a personal slight that the Librarian refuses to furnish him with the required book that is not in the catalogue. Of course the particular volume that he wants is the one book by the possession of which a Library should be judged to be effective or otherwise, and he feels that by pointing out this fact he has done an incalculable service to the whole institution and therefore to the Denomination at large. A great deal might here be said, from the other point of view, of the duty of the student to the Library. The surprising faculty, that some of the choicest volumes have of disappearing is truly tragic. How many cares are given to an innocent Librarian by that undiscovered student, from whose room no book ever returns. But this would fill a volume in itself and I must not digress.

On one occasion last year a young lady asked to see the Art section of the Library. She was told that the most microscopic inspection had failed to reveal such a delightful collection as the

one indicated. The girl gasped in utter dismay. "What! no books on Art?" Then, casting wondering eyes about the room, "What *are* these books about?"

True, the Library lacks breadth, but this is due, no doubt, to the great dearth of acquisitions. In former years the indications are that the purchases were more numerous than they now are, In Physics and Chemistry, for instance, the student has had to work under great disadvantages for the lack of books at his command, giving the recent theories and most enlightened thought. Last year the actual record of accessions shows in the Theological Department twenty-five new books and in the Physics—none. Even the most narrow cannot call that distribution fair. Besides this state of affairs does not represent the actual facts. The most progressive department of our work—Science—to the casual observer in the Library, would appear to be long dead, This is really a great hindrance to effectiveness and it is to be hoped that the future will see many changes in this respect. A glance at the magazine stands is much more satisfying. There a list of periodicals has been selected with great care with the result that current thought on living questions is presented from all points of view.

Finally, with all that may be said about lack of equipment, the Library has wonderful opportunities for the student—if he will. It is his to accept the challenge or to scorn it. Even if the particular book wanted for the moment is *not* there, there are scores of others that might help him to quaff deep, cool draughts at the fountain head of Culture. How little the contemptuous know of the treasures hidden away between the covers of some of the despised. The rewards are to the faithful seekers not to the vain dabblers who expect to see the facts sought in blazing letters on the walls. Even if the Library speaks to his soul in a voice from the Past rather than from the Present it possesses a rich and full harmony that the discordant noises from the hurly-burly of today have not. There are sad lacks in our Library. That's what everybody knows, still, it is a good place to browse in on an afternoon.

M. I. C. '07.



How We won the Football Trophy.

HOW did we win the cup? Well there is not much to say. How do men usually win things? By clear, sheer, hard work. That in a nutshell is why Acadia holds the intercollegiate championship for another year.

To begin the story we should go back to the middle of September. The captain, who is training on a bicycle over the sandy roads of Prince Edward Island, receives a letter from the veteran Joe Howe, to the effect that Mt. A. will begin her football season a fortnight early and is avowedly after Acadia's scalp. "Get your team back ten days early," so the letter runs, "unless you wish to be devoured, ears, tail and all. The Academy team is spoiling for a practice with you." How the captain wishes this scheme were possible.

October 7th and the delegates of Mt. Allison, U. N. B., and Acadia meet in St. John. Acadia is to play her home game with U. N. B. November 2nd, and her final game at Sackville, November 9th. Next day the captain arrives at Wolfville, and his heart is made glad at the tidings of the progress already made by the team under the persuasive growlings of the "Bar." It seems that the forwards are much lighter than usual but are making up in quickness what they lack in weight. Even now they are holding their own with the Academy team, which usually is too strong for the college during the first two weeks at least. Practices go on now with renewed vigour. DeBow and Faulkner are much missed, but Reid soon plays a steady game at fullback, in the

latter's place, though there seems to be no one who can do DeBow's work at tailing up the scrum. Efforts are made to get on games with the different Halifax teams and almost at once a game is arranged with the Crescents for Saturday, October 16th, on her own campus. After one week's practice Acadia lines up against the Crescents, who have just shown themselves to be one of the strongest teams in the Halifax league. Acadia's supporters are doubtful of the issue, considering as they do the brief time their men have been practising. Some changes have taken place in the team since last year. Atkins, Spurr, Fitch and Brooks on the forward line fill the places of Perry, Locke, Woodman and DeBow; Eaton takes Lounsbury's place as third quarter; Howe and Grant are the centre halfback, Porter being too ill to play; and Reid plays in the fullback's position.

The whistle blows. After a few minutes play it is seen that the Crescents have much the heavier forwards and are shoving Acadia, but the quick heeling of the latter almost offsets this disadvantage. Acadia's halves fumble a good deal though now and then a good bit of combination is done. By good dribbling the Crescents gradually work the ball to Acadia's five yard line and at last go over for a try. The kick for goal fails and play again settles down in the territory of the home team till time is called.

In the second half Acadia plays harder, and aided by the wind puts the Crescents on the defensive. Some good combination playing on the part of the half line sends Camp over for Acadia's only try. Reid fails to convert and during the remainder of the game the ball stays about centre field. Both teams show the best of feeling toward each other and part with mutual good wishes.

Thanksgiving day finds Acadia in Halifax ready to play the Wanderers. It is raining steadily and the field is half under water. The Halifax team are gentlemen and since Acadia is there it is agreed to play twenty-five-minute halves with no half time. The college team seems perfectly at home in the water and time after time force the Wanderers to touch for safety. At last on a

long dribble Fitch scores the first try, and Reid kicks a very pretty goal. On changing ends the half line get to work. Porter makes a strong run for about twenty yards and as he goes into the fullback passes to Camp who goes over for a try with a Wanderer on his back. The try is not converted and soon after time is called. A rush is made for the train and it is doubtful if a wilder looking dirtier lot of men ever boarded a Halifax car. This game gives the team confidence in itself and the men practice harder than ever.

The days come and go. Through rain and cold and snow the boys turn out faithfully to practice. Every morning at half past seven "Gabriel's horn" resounds through Chip Hall and a morning walk is taken, presumably to create an appetite for eggs-on-toast, "split scrim" and other delicacies furnished by the institution for football men. Morning and evening Kaiser takes a bath in "rub down" and "Bruin" who is learning French, growls over the "pain" that sours his stomach. Then comes October 28th, with the news that Mt. A. has won out over U. N. B. by a score of 3 to 0, a penalty goal. This puts U. N. B. out of the running so far as the cup is concerned, and means that if Acadia is to hold the trophy she must defeat Mt. A. on the home grounds of the latter, a feat hitherto impossible. So the practices go on with renewed vigour and at last Tuesday, November second dawns cloudy and cool and still. In College Hall the night before the necessary stimulus has been applied through songs, yells and speeches, and the boys go on the field determined to win.

The teams lined up as follows:—

ACADIA		U. N. B
Atkins	Forwards	Dixon
Robinson		Deedes
Spurr		Alexander
Dyas		Spicer
Page		McNair
Fitch		Brooks
Howe		Lynch
Simms		Armstrong

Webber	Quarters	McKeen
Eaton		Jennings
Camp	Halves	Willis
Andrews		Kuhring
Porter		Babbitt
Kaiser		Kinghorn
Reid	Fullback	Jones

Acadia has the kick-off. Referee Buckley asks, "Are you ready?" The whistle blows and the game is on. After a few minutes play Acadia's supporters are disappointed and uneasy. Her scrum cannot heel the ball. The U. N. B. forwards attack first on one wing and then on the other, wedging in between the two outside men of the home teams front line and the result is a continual "screw" of the scrum which makes clean heeling almost impossible. But if Acadia cannot heel neither does U. N. B. and the first half is virtually a dribbling contest—between the opposing forwards, with U. N. B. following up sharper than Acadia. So in disappointment the first half ends and hope of Acadia's scoring seems rather slim.

In the opening of the second half, however, a change in the playing is apparent. Acadia meets more successfully the wing attack of the opposing forwards and the ball begins to come out to her half-backs. The result is at once seen and U. N. B. is soon fighting for life on her ten yard line. Before long Howe gets the ball and plunges over the line for Acadia's first try which Reid neatly converts. This arouses U. N. B. and by good kicking and hard playing they in turn force Acadia to her five yard line, where, after a few moments hard fighting, Kinghorn goes over for the visitors' only try. It is a hard kick from the corner of the field and Deedes fails to convert. Now in turn Acadia wakes up and the rest of the game is all hers, Porter gets away over the U. N. B. line and as he falls on the ball it flies from under him. The referee thinks he has lost the ball before touching it down and awards a safety. Once more Acadia hammers the visitor's defence and after some pretty passing Kaiser plants the leather fairly be-

hind the goal posts. This try is not converted and soon after the game ends. Acadia has clinched one nail in the trophy.

The Mt. A. game finds Acadia somewhat weaker than when she played U. N. B. "Bruin" whose back was strained in that contest has not played since, and Page has been much weakened by a three days illness—due perhaps to Seminary cake, yet in spite of this bit of hard luck the boys are in the best of spirits, and hope runs high.

Tuesday, November ninth dawns bright and clear. An immense crowd has come to see what it is rumoured will be the hardest game of football ever played at Sackville. The line up of the teams is:—

ACADIA.		MT. ALLISON.
Spencer	Forwards.	McNab
Robinson		Moore
Spurr		Fraser
Dyas		White
Page		Cochrane
Fitch		Parker
Howe		Lawrence
Simms	Quarters	North
Webber		McKeen
Eaton		McWilliams
Camp	Halves	Pickup
Andrews		Harris
Porter		Stailing
Kaiser		McDougal
Reid	Fullback	Trapnell

Acadia kicks and follows up so sharply that Mt. A. cannot return the ball. The first few scrimmages show the forwards to be about evenly matched with perhaps a slight advantage to Acadia. After a few minutes play Simms gets away with the ball, is tackled, and passes to Camp who gets by the fullback and though almost forced over the dead ball line by North manages to plant the ball behind Mt. A's. goal posts. Reid converts neatly and the two

teams go at it harder than ever. Soon Camp is off once more but the home fullback brings him down with a splendid tackle. So the play swings back and forth Mt. A. gaining on her punts and Acadia by aggressive halfback work. Thus the first half ends with the score in Acadia's favour.

The second half opens fast and hard. Mt. A. is now almost entirely on the defensive. Good passing by almost all the Nova Scotia team puts Howe nearly over, but the fierce tackling of the garnet and gold players prevents a score. Twice Kaiser makes a long run around the end and five yards more would mean another try, but each time he is downed and Acadia fails to break through. A final rally by the Sackville team carries the ball to centre field, but it is gradually worked back by the garnet and blue players and when the whistle blows for time Mt. A. is again fighting for life.

The cup is won. A storm of humanity, with red and blue colors flying rushes across the field, and the sturdy players wearing the blue A. are pulled and twisted and tossed and cursed and caressed all in the same moment. Up on the bank the Garnet and gold banners are waved by defiant girls, whose eyes flash through angry tears, and the old Mt. A. spirit, which is so much like that of her rival, shows itself in the evident hope that some day there will be a reckoning. All honour to you Mt. A. You fought a hard plucky fight against big odds, you took your defeat like gentlemen and extended every courtesy to your opponents. When the day comes, as it no doubt will, that Acadia shall meet a like defeat at your hands may she take it with as good a spirit as you did yours.

You asked how we won the trophy and I have endeavoured to answer. With the Mt. A. game over the story properly ends, for Acadia's game with, and defeat by Dalhousie has nothing to do with the intercollegiate league. So we pass by Acadia's only defeat this year, not because it was a defeat, but because it is outside the bounds of this story. Peter the Great is reported to have said after a Swedish victory, that Sweden would teach Russia how to defeat her after a time. Dalhousie has taught us how to defeat

our other rivals, and some day—who knows—her pupil may be her master.

It would be unfair to close this story without bestowing well deserved encomium upon the Academy and Second College teams. A second team man deserves more credit than a member of the first team, for he gets all the hard knocks and no reward, not even honour. We are convinced too that for a school of its class the Academy can turn out the best football team in Eastern Canada. The advantage to Acadia of having such a team as this to practice against cannot be over-estimated, and it is encouraging to know that most of these players will enter college later. To Joe Howe for his coaching, to Principals Robinson and DeWolfe for their interest and help, and to the Faculty who have met our every request in a broad-minded spirit, we extend our heartiest thanks. The cup is Acadia's, and all her sons and daughters have helped to win it.

G. F. C. '10.



The Y. M. C. A. Convention at Fredericton.

THE Twentieth Intercollegiate Student Conference of the Maritime Young Men's Christian Association met with the Thirty-Seventh General Convention of the Maritime Y. M. C. A. at Fredericton, from October 22nd to 25th inclusive. A large number of delegates were present. Of the student delegates, Acadia sent five, Horton Academy one, Mt. Allison College and Academy twenty, and Dalhousie two.

We did not reach Fredericton until 11 p. m. on Friday night but though the hour was late we were pleasantly entertained at a reception given by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. of U. N. B. to the men from the other colleges.

We met on Saturday morning in the Association Rooms of the University building for the first of three sessions of the Students Conference. Reports were received from the four Associations, and an address was delivered by Dr. W. C. Kierstead, of

Fredericton on "Personal Evangelism"—the most thoughtful and soul-stirring of the Convention.

We met again in the afternoon, and were pleased to have as chairman, our Canadian Student Secretary, T. H. Billings. Alive as he is to spiritual conditions and need among college men, he is well fitted to speak to a body of students concerning Y. M. C. A. work. It is an uplifting force—a force to promote the interests of the Kingdom of God.

Saturday night was "Students Night" at the Brunswick St. Baptist Church. A composite view of Maritime Student Work was presented by representatives of the different colleges. Appropriate addresses were then given by the Chairman, Chancellor C. C. Jones, T. H. Billings, and E. C. Carter, International Student Sec'y., who is well known to those who attended the Northfield Conference last summer.

Convention speakers occupied a number of the pulpits on Sunday morning. Mr. Carter in Brunswick St. Church, spoke upon the need of the Y. M. C. A. effort in foreign lands. He gave illustrations to show the fine character of the work done, and the gratifying results which have been obtained, and made an appeal for sympathy and support in so necessary a work. Other services followed during the day.

Our third session of the Student Conference was held on Monday morning. Mr. Billings presided, and discussed the purposes and progress of the Laymen's Missionary Movement—a movement which deserves our hearty interest and help. Papers dealing with various phases of Y. M. C. A. work in our colleges were read during the student gatherings by men from the four Associations. This interchange of ideas and discussion of methods was of no small value to us.

Among a number who took part in the Convention Programme, we might note Evangelist Mahy of Scranton, Pa., who conducted several devotional services, and his consecrated companion in evangelistic campaigns, Mr. George Young.

The Convention came to a close with the "Dinner Meeting" on

Monday night, at which all delegates were entertained by the Fredericton Association and the Ladies' Auxiliary. After the repast, a number of men actively engaged in various branches of Y. M. C. A. work in our Maritime Provinces stated the needs and reported the progress made.

The almost continuous rain did not seriously effect the attendance nor the interest in the meetings, while the unpleasantness of the weather was offset by the kindness and good cheer of the people of the "Celestial City." We left Fredericton that evening, bearing with us those words—opportunity, prayer, consecration, service, so often heard during the Convention. May they remain with us, leading us to stronger and more successful endeavor for our Master.

B.



Editorials.

OUT of the seeming uncertainty and restlessness which hovers over the first few weeks of the College year we have now fairly emerged. We are well on our way towards the distant goal. The Clinching of the foot-ball trophy has made us decidedly optimistic and already we are conjecturing as to our prospects in hockey, debating and track. The Acadia man has no part with us who will not in the coming months do all in his power to write victory on every banner of the "Blue and Garnet."

Victory in any sphere always lends prestige and with prestige comes added responsibility. The winning of one trophy makes the capturing of the next one obligatory. It is this sense of responsibility which draws us closer together as a body of students. It develops our confidence in one another. It sets a standard from which we cannot think of shrinking until we have done our best. Many an indifferent weakling has developed into an all-round man because of added responsibility. The best way to develop brawn in men is to make them responsible for something of real worth. It is this sense of accountability which should lead us to scrutinize every act in every phase of college life, with one purpose in view,

the honest maintenance of dearly won success. There are always men at hand who will shirk responsibility ; who think that their missson here is to absorb as much as possible for themselves, with no regard for the burdens rolled upon some other fellow.

There is one responsibility however which no man can evade the one to which, he probably gives the least attention—his personal influence. The influence of the college man on dress parade—in the Assembly Hall—on the platform—or in any other capacity where he is simply posing to impress those around him, is lamentably small. The subtle reflection of his personality in the so called details,—his unconscious influence is unspeakably great. So quietly and regularly does this influence work that many a man is ignorant of its existence. There are men whose presence, means an atmosphere of optimism and sunshine, who like the Gulf Stream pursue their own conrse undaunted in an ocean of colder waters. There are others whose presence is depressing and even poisonous, before whom “ the sound of the children’s play is stilled and the ripples of laughter are frozen.” The question arises “ Is any man under obligation to create and stimulate a helpful influence ? ” Most assuredly he is. The problem is one of selection. No quality need be radiated of which he does not approve. He can cultivate a spirit of sympathy and co-operation and nobility and through these avenues help to mould the world. No man is so insignificant as to be devoid of influence. The lives of college men are often very delicate barometers where are recorded the changes in our different temperaments with an accuracy we seldom appreciate. There is Truth in the ring of the following words:

“ Here’s to the man whose hand
Is firm when he clasps your own—
Like a grip of steel,
That makes you feel
You’re not in the world alone.”

It is very gratifying to note that this year our interest in debating has not waned. Thus far two class debates have been

held. It is to be hoped that the rest of the series may be carried off with equal interest and promptness.

Evidently Acadia's debating record is known in the "Eastern States." Early in October the Athenæum Society received a proposition from Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, whose debating record is surely an enviable one to engage with them in a debate or series of debates. We regret that because of our own league we are unable to participate in an event which would create wide spread interest and be mutually beneficial to the two institutions. While appreciating the honor thus extended by Bates we feel it our duty to the other Maritime Colleges to decline what we should in other circumstances consider a great privilege.

It will doubtless interest our readers to know that the following subject has been submitted by Kings College for the coming Intercollegiate Debate between Kings and Acadia. "Resolved that the Suffrage be extended to women."

With this issue we enter the season of hearty fellowship and good will. The Past is beyond recall. Our Present is in the making. Our Future is unknown. May the rich heritage of the Life which makes this season such a hallowed one be the possession of every reader for the coming Christmastide and all succeeding years.



The Athenæum Prize Competition.

ACCORDING to previous custom the management of the Athenæum have decided to offer substantial prizes for contributions submitted by the students of the College, Academy and Seminary.

I. For the best original story a first prize of five dollars; For the second best, an L. E. Waterman Ideal Fountain pen valued at two dollars and a half.

II. For the best original poem a first prize of three dollars; for the second best a prize of two dollars.

III. For the best etching a first prize of two dollars, and a second prize of one dollar.

IV. For the best poetic translation of any Ode in the First Book of Horace's Odes a prize of one dollar and a half.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Contributions must be in the Editor's hands not later than January tenth, 1910.

2. Students in the three institutions must be subscribers to be eligible for prizes.

3. Stories must not exceed twenty-five hundred words nor contain less than one thousand. Poems and etchings must be brief.

4. All articles submitted must be signed with a *nom-de-plume* only and mailed to the Editor.

5. The name of the article, the writer's real and fictitious name must be sent in a sealed envelope to the Business Manager before the closing date.

6. All articles submitted shall belong unreservedly to the Athenæum and may be published at the discretion of the Editor.

7. The Senior Editors shall constitute the Committee of Judges.

8. No prize shall be given any article not worthy of publication in the Athenæum.



De Alumnis.

REV. H. S. Bagnall, '08 was married in Pugwash, N. S. on September Eighth 1909 to Miss Lucy A. Lowe '08. They are now residing in West Newton, Mass. where Mr. Bagnall is pursuing a theological course.

W. L. Hall '98 has been nominated by the Liberal-Conservative Electors of Queens Co, N. S. to contest the county in the next elections for the Local House.

Miss Georgie Everett Heales '01 was married in Winnipeg, Manitoba on October Twelfth 1909 to Gerald Alexander Van Dorsser, a graduate of the Dordrecht University of Holland and one of Winnipeg's prominent brokers.

After a most successful year J. H. Geldart '08 has resigned his position as Chaplain of the Reform School of Rutland, Vermont, and is now studying Theology at Newton.

Dr. Thomas Trotter, ex-president of Acadia College, has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Toledo, Ohio, to become Professor of Homiletics and Systematic Theology at McMaster University Toronto.

It is with great sorrow that we learn of the death of Frederick DeMille Crawley '76. He was a native of Henzado, Burmah. After leaving Acadia he was graduated from Newton and also from the Emerson College of Oratory. As pastor of some of our best Churches he did valiant service but ever felt the call of his native land. In 1896 he returned to Burmah where for the last twelve years he has been a faithful missionary of the Cross. His death took place in London on August twenty-eighth 1909.

Miss Celia Ganong Kierstead '06 was married in Montreal on September sixth to John S. Smiley '07 (Mount Allison.) They are now residing at Binscarth, Mass.



Our Friends of Old "Nought Nine."

M. F. McCutcheon and C. F. Rideout are studying at Newton Theological Seminary.

Walter S. Smith was married in Boston on October second, 1909, to Miss Ethel MacGregor. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are now residing in Port Lorne, N. S., where he is pastor of the Baptist Church.

Fred. S. Goucher is master of Mathematics in "The Allen School" of West Newton, Mass.

Geo. K. Haverstock is aiding the youth of East Chilliwack, B. C., along the thorny path of knowledge.

E. G. Daniels, is teaching school at Fairview, B. C.

Geo. H. Magner has charge of the English Department at St. Andrews College, Toronto—one of the best preparatory schools in Canada.

Frank E. Dickie is teaching chemistry in the High School at Athol, Mass.

Fred. I. Woodworth, has charge of the Social and Educational Departments in the Ottawa Young Men's Christian Association. This Association is the largest and best equipped in Canada.

Philip S. Beals is at Morristown N. S. where he has a splendid farm in one of the most fruitful sections of our valley.

W. C. Huntington has secured a good position with the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Jennie Welton is teaching at her old home at Kingston, N. S.

Frank L. Woodman is on the staff of the Acadia Villa School at Horton Landing N. S.

Victor Woodworth has charge of the school at Sardis, B. C. recently vacated by C. R. Messenger '08.

C. E. Collins is doing Scientific Work with the General Electric Company of Lynn, Mass.

Misses Beulah Elderkin and Eva Peck are teaching in the West.

John S. Bates is doing post-graduate work at Columbia University in the department of Chemistry.

Frank L. Lewis is attending Business College in Poughkeepsie N. Y.

Miss Josephine McLatchey is spending the winter at her home in Moncton N. B.

Fred. F. Foshay is assistant pastor of the Amherst Baptist Church. This position was lately vacated by L. Ackland '08 who is now studying at Newton.

Gilbert V. White is working on his father's farm in Summerland B. C.

Miss Dorothy D. Manning has a fine position in Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia, where she is teaching Latin and German.

James M. Shortliffe is pursuing his favorite study, Philosophy, at Yale.

Miss Annie Eaton is at home for the winter.

Victor Jenkins is teaching in the West.

M. C. Foster, is principal of the High School at Canning N. S.



Exchanges.

EXCHANGES pile up on our table. Though alike in aim and purpose, each college magazine possesses its own marked individuality. Interesting and profitable reading is found in their pages. The stories are always entertaining. "The Last profession" in the *Brunonian* is a story of merit. *The McMaster Monthly* contains a charming tale of Indian revenge. It bears the Indian title "Wenona." Nor is the muse forgotten. The poems in the

"Literary" department of *Queens University Journal* are of especial value, containing contributions by Canadian authors of note. The essays furnish us food for thought in our soberer mood. "The Poet and the Nation" in the *McMaster Monthly* well repays perusal. "The highest invention, the purest taste, the noblest thought, the deepest passion and the keenest insight of a nation are crystallized by the poet into wondrous gems of utterance that sparkle forever on the outstretched finger of time." In conclusion the author prophesies that this century holds for our nation a Canadian Shakespeare to pass on our message to the sister nations. Of some of our lyrical singers he writes: "In Carman and Roberts, we hear the surge of the tides along the Atlantic seaboard, the murmuring of the pines in the Acadian forests and the joyous carolling of the birds in the swift-fleeting summer.

.....In Service there come to us the elemental voicings of man in his fierce wooing of the Mistress of the Northland. With Robert Stead the ever-expanding prairie life of the western plains is finding sweet and vibrant utterances." And then the college jokes and puns are a perennial delight. It is therefore, with alacrity that the exchange editor assumes his duties in this number and anticipates much pleasure in a wider acquaintance with college life, through reviewing their literary productions.

"Only one thing we have to remember in our look forward—that our *to-morrows* are always what our *to-days* have made them. Some one has said, or at least should have said, as they did about the pennies and the pounds. "Take care of to-day, and to-morrow will take care of itself."

Acta Victoriana.

On the mark! Freshmen! the game you're playing is the same game that men have played for thousands of years and the same game that you must play outside the college too. Its not a practice match, its not for a few years' fun. It's the old earnest real game of *Life* that you're to play for a few years with college as the field of play.

The Argosy.

He who knoweth not, and knoweth not that he knoweth not—is a Freshman.—Ex.

—
 God what a world !—if men in street and mart
 Felt that same kinship of the human heart,
 Which makes them, in face of flame and flood,
 Rise to the meaning of true Brotherhood,—*The Mitre.*

—
 THE FRESHMAN'S PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to rest,
 To have some sleep, I'll do my best ;
 If I should die before I wake,
 The blame, the Sophomores will take,
 For ever and ever. Amen.—Ex.

If college bred means four years loaf,
 (Some people say 'tis so),
 Ah, tell me where the flour is found
 By one who needs the dough.—Ex.

—
 TRALASSIUS.

As music mounts from the strings of a lyre,
 From the hand of the master moving them sweet ;

So flowers upspring and songs inspire
 When wind-led herds and the sea-strand meet.

Flowers of foam that the wind sweeps under
 Drifted and piled on the sea-swept beach ;
 Riven and rifted and rent asunder
 Hardly beyond the wild sea's reach.
 But the strength of the herd is shattered and broken,
 And the flowers and music alone are token—

The flowers of foam and the musical thunder—
 Of the vanished strength of the vanishing breach.

But wind, thine herds are many and scattered
 And the war with the land nor ceases nor ends ;
 And the bulwarks and banks are blown and battered,
 And here she lessens and there she mends,
 But the mending here is of there the lending,
 And the lending there is the gift of thy rending,
 And over the shore like a battle-flag tattered
 The spent, worn gorse-bush sickens and bends.

The Brunonian.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :
*McMaster University Monthly, Queens University Journal, The
 Milre, McGill Martlet, The Brunonian, Western University
 Gazette, Dalhousie Gazette, Acta Victoriana, Kings College
 Record, The Bates Student, The Varsity, Shepody Loyal, The
 Huron Alphomega, The Argosy, The University Monthly,*



The Month.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty withered and their verdure lost !

—*Pope.*

NOVEMBER with his ruthless hand has stripped the trees of their foliage, and left them shivering before his chilly blasts. The Campus is deserted. The tremendous wave of football enthusiasm, which reached its height when Acadia defeated Mt. Allison has gradually subsided ; and all interest in Athletics now centres in the gymnasium where basket ball holds sway. Here the various Classes and the Academy will have the opportunity of meeting each other in the Inter-Class League games. The College girls also have their practice hours, and are enthusiastic participants in this most interesting game.

In addition to this a class in physical drill is held each afternoon for an hour, for those who desire this kind of exercise. There is a general feeling among the students, that the gym

should be open in the evenings, so that each Class might get in a basket ball practice every day.

Y. M. C. A. On Sunday evening the fourteenth of October the College Y. M. C. A. held their monthly service in the Baptist Church. Addresses were given by two of the delegates to the Summer Conference at Northfield. The President of the Association G. C. Warren presided, and the choir was composed of male voices from the College.

"The Educative value of Northfield" was the subject of an address by T. S. Roy, of the Junior Class. In a pleasing and interesting manner Mr. Roy told of the many things at the conference that have a marked Educational value. There is the charm of Northfield itself in its magnificent setting of scenic beauty; Round Top with its beautiful outlook, and its hallowed associations; inspiring addresses from leaders in the world's religious thought, and personal contact with men of marked ability and strong personality.

Mr. G. C. F. Kierstead spoke on the missionary and inspirational side of the Conference. He dwelt upon the two outstanding features of the Missionary Spirit at Northfield—"The Conception of a world-wide Campaign" and "the great opportunity for the investment of a human life."

SOCIAL. The occasion of the visit of the U. N. B. Foot-ball Team to Acadia on November second was marked by a very delightful reception given them in the evening after their contest, by the members of the A. A. A. Association. College Hall was gay in the array of bunting. The topic cards for the event were most appropriate—being in the form of a little booklet, with the covers representing in both color and design a miniature foot-ball. On the back cover were printed both the U. N. B. and Acadia yells. The inside leaves were of a dainty blue color. The guests of the evening were received by Mr. Mussells, the President of the A. A. A. Association and the Chaperons. During the evening the following program was rendered.

Address	Dr. H. T. DeWolfe,
Violin Solo	Mr. Eldon Henshaw,
Piano Solo	Mr. William C. Card,
Vocal Solo	Mr. T. S. Roy.
College Quartette	
Cornet Solo	Mr. A. J. Watson.

This program was thoroughly appreciated and added much to the evening's enjoyment.

Shortly before the close of the evening refreshments were served, and then all too soon one was reminded by the familiar strains of the "National Anthem" that a pleasant evening had ended.

November nineteenth Old College Hall was again "en fete" to grace the second of these enjoyable affairs. This time the "At Home" was given by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., of Acadia.

Mr. G. C. Warren, President of the Y. M. C. A., and Miss S. Dykeman, President of the Y. W. C. A., together with the chaperons Mrs. Chute and Mrs. Coit, welcomed the guests. The different classes of Acadia and also H. C. A. each being assigned a particular portion of College Hall to decorate, vied with each other in making theirs the most attractive. The results were gratifying, and many favorable comments were made on the pretty color effects.

The evening was spent in the usual enjoyable manner, and shortly after ten o'clock the pleasant social event was reluctantly brought to a close.

DEBATES. The series of the Inter-Class Debates began on Monday evening, October fifteenth, with the orators from the Freshman and Sopohomore classes discussing the Canadian Navy problem. The wording of the resolution was: "Resolved that Canada should contribute financially to Imperial defense rather than maintain a navy of her own." The Sophomores were represented by Grant, Baker and Balcom; the Freshmen were Foster, DeWolfe, and Allen. The Sophomores excelled in argument, but the Freshmen seemed to have more preparation and took the lead in delivery.

The subject is one of great importance to All Canadians, and this gave added interest to the debate. The Judges Rev. Mr. Dixon, Dr. Chute and G. C. Warren, awarded the debate to the Freshmen.

On Saturday Evening Oct. 20 the Seniors and Junior debating teams met to decide the "Trust" question. The Seniors were represented by Warren, Chute, and Kierstead. McLeod, Britten, and Roy upheld the side of the Juniors. The Seniors argued for the affirmative of the Subject: "Resolved that combinations of Capital in restraint of trade should be prohibited." They showed that Trusts by eliminating competition, are able to raise prices to an unwarranted level, that the concentration of unlimited power in the hands of a few irresponsible men is an unmitigated curse, causing inequality, and strained conditions between Capital and Labor, and that the spirit of the Trust movement if nourished spells the decay of our civilization.

The Juniors while admitting evils of the Trusts claimed that these could be regulated by law as rebates had been. The trusts are necessary for world wide commerce, and have brought immense benefits in the way of improved and cheaper products. They have been able to regulate supply and demand to avoid depression, caused by overproduction, and the condition of the laboring classes has been greatly bettered. The arrangement of material and also delivery of both teams was excellent.

After a short deliberation, the Judges Rev. Mr. Dixon, Dr. Tufts and Prof. Pattison returned the verdict that the debate had been won by the Seniors, on both argument and delivery.

ATHLETICS. The long delayed Freshman—Academy foot-ball game was played off on Monday afternoon the twenty-second of November.

The Academy crossed the college line once for a try which was not converted. The Freshmen scored twice, the game ending 6-3 in their favor. For the first part of the game the H. C. A. seemed to have the best of it but in the second half the Freshmen outplayed them. Dr. H. T. DeWolfe acted as umpire in an impartial and satisfactory manner.

The Pierian

(Of Acadia Seminary.)

EDITORS:—Florence Lewis, '10, Florence Snell, '11, Hazel Cookson

THE world moves as the subjoined note indicates.

"HALIDEH SALIH, B. A., is the only woman who has taken this degree in the Turkish empire, and she has been asked to reorganize the schools for girls throughout the empire. She is a graduate of the American College for girls in Constantinople, which has hitherto drawn its pupils for the most part, from outside the Mohammedan faith. It is especially significant of the expansion of the Turk's ideas that girls from the higher Moslem circles are flocking to this school, and in view of the announcement that married women would be welcomed, many husbands are bringing their wives, recognizing that Western learning is likely to elevate a wife from a plaything to a companion, and that the companionship of a bright woman of well-trained mind may add something even to a Turks's domestic felicity."

In this connection the book recently placed in the library will prove interesting, "Fifty years in Constantinople and Recollections of Robert College."

Christmas vacation begins this year, Tuesday, Dec. 21, and work is resumed Thursday, Jan. 6. Between fifteen and twenty new pupils will begin work on the latter date. A cordial welcome awaits them.

FACULTY RECITAL.

On Friday Evening, November 5th., in College Hall a recital was given by the Faculty of the Seminary. The following programme was most artistically rendered:—

1. Kreisleriana, op. 16.....*Schurmann.*
Mr. J. C. Ringwald.
2. Concerto B. minor, 2nd movement.....*Saint Saens.*
Miss Louise Paulsen.

3. "The Keyword of Joy and Peace." *Henry Van Dyke*.
Miss Josephine L. Goodspeed.
4. Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin."..... *Wagner*.
Miss Daisy M. Arnold.
5. "Araminta's Awakening."..... *Myrtle Reed*.
(Cutting from "The Spinner in the Sun.")
Miss Helen Storrs Hammond.
6. Concerto E. minor, 3rd movement..... *Mendelssohn*.
Miss Louise Paulsen.
7. a. "Polly Willis."..... *Dr. Arne*.
b. "Down in the Forest"..... *Ronald*.
c. "Haymaking"..... *Needham*.
Miss Mabel L. Davis.
8. Fantasie Impromptu, op. 66..... *Chopin*.
Mr. J. C. Ringwald.

By many this recital is thought to register high water mark in recitals of previous years.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE. The work in this department develops with great rapidity, and calls for adequate equipment. A beginning has been made in the complete individual equipment of twelve desks. A new Penn Esther range the gift of the Record Foundry Co., through the interest and generosity of Miss Margaret V. West, 1908, will be set up during the Christmas vacation. There will be supplied in the near future, modern desks, a serving set and an addition to the books in the Library, dealing with Domestic Science.

With the erection of the New Fine Arts Building the department will be properly housed. Opportunity is afforded to any one who has the training of youth at heart, to assist this important department by generous donations.

Y. W. C. A. Under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Nalder addressed the girls of the Seminary on two occasions. November the 14th and the 17th. Her subject was the life and work of Pundita Ramabai, the great woman reformer of India. Mrs. Nalder is a most interesting speaker, and she awakened the

interest of all in the splendid rescue-work of Ramabai, among the much-oppressed, long suffering child widows of India. The appeal for funds to carry on this great cause was unanimously responded to by the girls, who sent as a Christmas gift to Ramabai the sum of twenty dollars.

The week of prayer, commencing November 14th, was observed as usual in the Seminary, by short prayer-meetings every evening. These were well attended, and much enjoyed by all, and the result is awaited with great interest and hope.

ART. Under the splendid superintendence of Miss Andrew and her assistant, Miss Richardson, the work of the Studio is proving a source of great interest not only to residents of the Seminary, but also to several from the town and College. Leather tooling and brass work have attracted many pupils, who have produced a number of fine pieces of work, including several brass candle-sticks, which are noticeable for their unique and novel appearance. A variety of pretty china is the result of the great interest shown in this department of the work, which seems to have an irresistible attraction for so many. The beautiful view from the Studio windows has been painted by several pupils in a very original style, and some decorative panels are a new phase of this years work.

IMPROVEMENTS. Three new Mason and Risch pianos have recently been purchased and will be placed in Commission after the Christmas Recess.

Miss Jackson rejoices in a substantial addition to her equipment in the Physics Department, the apparatus is specially for the teaching of sound.

This year, for the first time in its history, Acadia Seminary offers a course in telegraphy. In spite of the novelty of the subject the class is very small as yet.

PERSONALS. Miss Elsie Estabrooks '09 is now continuing her studies at Toronto University.

Miss Caroline Bogart '09 is studying the teaching of the deaf and dumb at Scranton, Penn.

We are pleased to hear that Miss Eugenia Bogart '09 finds her training at St. Luke's Hospital, New York both pleasant and interesting.

Miss Beatrice Shand '08 is studying kinder-gartening at Mrs Hunter's School, New York.

Pratt Institute, New York, now claims two of our graduates, Miss Pearl Price '08 is this year completing her course in Art there, and Miss Ida Rand '08 is taking a course in Domestic Science, at the same time continuing her music at Columbia University.

Miss Hazel Chute '08 is teaching music in Springfield, N. S. and with her is her former room-mate, Miss Hallie Baker, '08 who is teaching in the public school.

Miss Etta Hall '08 and Miss Kathleen Wortman '09 are teaching at Fellar Institute, Grand Ligne.

On October 26, 1909 was born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene M. Dow, Cambridge, Mass., a son, Allyn Moulton Dow, Mrs. Dow will be remembered as Frances Burdett who completed the vocal course in 1904. We extend our congratulations.

Margaret V. West, 1908, is studying at the Gordon Training School, Boston. Sarah Dobson, 1908, completes her course in Emerson College in June.

Our thanks are due the class of 1909 for a supplementary gift of a fine set of Thackeray in fifteen volumes.

We regret that illness has compelled Miss Stella Foster and Bessie Lewis to discontinue work in the Seminary. We hope to see them again after the Christmas Vacation.

The Lyceum

(Of Horton Academy.)

EDITORS:—P. F. Murray, W. H. Freda, F. E. Gullison.

WE are beginning to realize that the term is drawing to a close; already the classes are preparing for the examinations—some, with dire forbodings. The work is being covered in a thorough manner, satisfactory to both faculty and students.

We failed to mention in our last number that among the improvements in the Academy is a large pleasant reading room. It is stocked with the latest Halifax, St. John and Montreal papers as well as various magazines of a high order. The educational advantages which this room affords are many and it has become a popular feature of life in the Home.

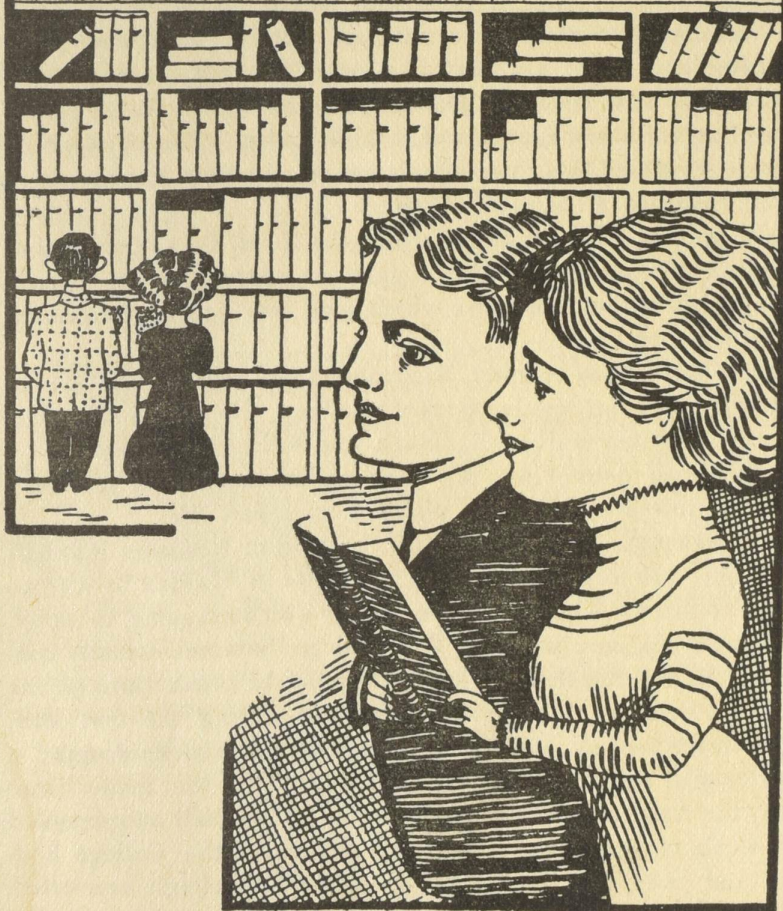
Y. M. C. A. On his return from the Y. M. C. A. Convention held in Fredericton, Mr. Freda gave an address on the inspirational spirit of the Conference which was very much appreciated by all the members.

On Wednesday evening, November 17th, Rev. E. D. Webber met with us in our regular weekly meeting. He gave a short but practical and instructive talk, which was much enjoyed by all.

We hope that not only Mr. Webber, but that others may take an active interest in this vital phase of our school life.

ATHLETICS. November third the Horton Academy Football Team met and won from Second Dalhousie in Halifax by a score of five to three. The contest was largely a forward game, in which Dalhousie was very strong. The College forwards usually controlled the ball but their backs were unable to break through the Academy defence. There was no scoring during the first half. Early in the second, McKay, the Dalhousie full-back, dropped a penalty goal from rather a difficult quarter of the field. Soon after, the Academy backs got away with the ball and by good half-work, Goss, playing right wing, got round the College half-line and over the line for a try. Captain Eveleigh converted. The Academy missed several good chances to score later on, but the game ended with Horton two points to the good.

A young and most charming coed
To a chap in the library said,
"To what happiness surely,"
(And she glanced up demurely)
"This dear old library has led."



Christmas Tarts.

She clung to him, the game was o'er.
Content was in her soul.

"Dear Kaiser I'm so happy now.
That you have come back whole."

Then Kaiser blushed and turned away.
And tried to keep a laugh back.

"My dear your joy is premature.
For I am only "*half back* "

Prof. Locke in Freshman math,—
"If the earth were a plane
and the sun directly overhead, what is the projection of your
head. Ly-ns,—
"Boots sir."

When Young Carey I asked a short time since
Why no longer he courted Miss G—
He looked at me strangely and smiled a wee bit.—
"The reason's a(p)parent said he."

G—rtr—de wants but little here below.
But wants that little *long*.

When Walter's papa asked,—
"How have you dorre.
In mastering ancient lore"?
"I did so well" replied the son.
They gave me an encore.
The faculty like and hold me so dear.
They made me repeat my Sophomore year."

Everett,—
"How did you make out in your analytic tests this
morning Baker ?

Baker,—
"Fine: I should get a good mark for neatness: I
scarcely ruffled the face of my paper."

From Windsor station's crowded throng.
These two had strolled apart,
While he with fervour whispered of.
Her image in his heart.

And that he might retain it there
Through the fight in Halifax
On Page that same sweet Windsor girl
Bestowed (—) ? rousing smacks.

Grant disdainfully at Sophomore—Freshmen debate,—“Are we tied to anybody’s apron strings?”
Voice from coed. gallery,—“*you* are,” and he blushed.

Miss St-ves the weather prophet of the Freshman class predicts *Fairweather* for the ensuing year.

Hayward’s taking Science
Tho’ we should not be tellin,
He races over all the way
To (study?) it with H-l-n.

L-wis translating Chaucer,—“She was a good monk.”

Miss M,—“I feel so unsafe without any *lock* at the door. I hope there won’t be any lemons coming around.” Miss G-lr-y,—
“Well I’m not afraid: I can defend myself with a “*brick*.”

A bargain sale of freshman ribbon will be opened in room 8, college residence, from this time on. Owing to the great demand this ribbon was purchased in job lots and will retail at two cents per yard. All freshmen must get a good supply. Many uses can be made of this ribbon such as hat bands, collars, ties, belts, watch fobs, shoe laces, etc. etc., etc.

The moving finger writes, and having writ. moves on.
Not all your tears can call it back,
To cancel half a line.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Fred E. Cox, \$1.00; P. S. Andrews, \$15c.; Miss M. Bates, \$1.00; Mr. Atkins, \$15c.; Victor Woodworth, \$1.00; Rev. I. C. Archibald, \$2.00; W. S. Smith, \$1.00; W. R. Bishop, \$1.00; J. B. Grant, \$1.00; Miss Elsie Estabrooks, \$1.00; R. R. Haley, \$1.00; H. E. Haley, \$1.00; H. E. DeWolfe, \$1.00; J. R. Bowser, \$1.00; O. E. Prestwood, \$1.00; N. R. Curry, \$1.00; J. A. McDonald, \$1.00; Miss R. Archibald, \$3.00; F. I. Woodworth, \$1.00; Prof. Pattison, \$1.00; C. M. Eaton, \$1.00; Rev. W. L. Archibald, \$1.00; Miss Clare Freeman, \$1.00; Miss Dorothy Manning, \$1.00; Roy Spencer, \$1.15; S. S. Cook, \$1.00; R. W. Sterns, \$1.00; Miss M. Taylor, \$1.00; W. C. Huntington, \$1.30; Rev. W. E. McIntyre, \$1.00; J. LeB. Hopkins, \$1.00; Miss J. A. Flemming, \$2.00; Miss H. B. Marsters, \$1.00; W. H. Hutchinson, \$2.00; H. H. Mussells, 15c.; T. A. Skinner, \$1.00; W. H. Skinner, \$1.00.

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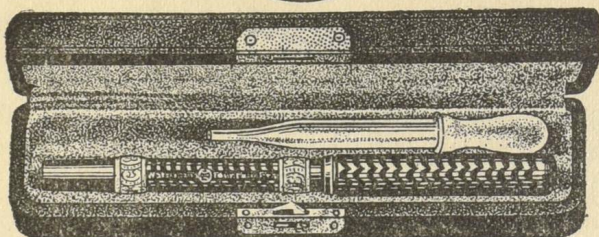
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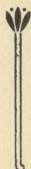
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