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The Acadia Athenaeum

VOL. XXXIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1908.

No. 8.

History

Time prints from negatives of ancient woe
 These glories that we deem the past possessed ;
 Beneath the pigments of the palimpsest
The wretched fact itself stood long ago
Dull commonplace. The men moved to and fro
 On life's mean errands at the day's behest,
 The coming grandeur of their deeds unguessed,
Their strife untouched by history's afterglow.
Yet it is better that the mind should hold
 These doubtful relics in full piety,
Than that our vandal doubts should strip the gold
 From off all shrines of love and poetry;—
Far nobler is a fable nobly told
 Than noble fact received as fallacy.

A. B., '00



Camoens

(Luis de Cameons, the great national poet of the Portuguese, was born in 1524. His life was one of the most romantic and adventurous of that age of adventure and romance. Educated at the University of Coimbra, he refused to join the number of the priestly drones, came back to Lisbon and was admitted into the brilliant court of Dom Joam III where his beauty and genius won him many friends. Before long an intrigue with the fair Catherine, daughter of a noble lord, and lady-in-waiting to the Queen, caused the young courtier to be banished to Santarem on the Upper Tagus. After awhile he returned, was again detected in a stolen interview, and was sent away with an expedition against the Moors in Africa, where he won great military glory. Upon his return he was imprisoned for drawing his sword in defence of two of his friends, and was finally exiled to the Portuguese dominions in India. After a residence of some time at Goa he again found himself in trouble on account of certain satires he had written upon the debauchery of the colony and the infamy of the viceroy. He was promptly exported to China, and there for several years he remained spending most of his time in a cave or grotto above the sea near Macao engaged on his great epics, *The Lusiad*. Finally after a series of adventures, including shipwreck at the mouth of the Mekong River when he lost all the little he owned and escaped by swimming ashore with his roll of manuscript in his hand—he returned to Lisbon and met with neglect and the direst poverty. He died in a public hospital or alms-house and his very winding-sheet was an alms gift. He was buried in a convent of the Franciscan nuns near by, and for sixteen years his grave was unmarked. Then an elaborate inscription was placed to his honor crowded with the most flattering phrases. Soon after his death Portugal lost her place as a world power. The poet's great life-work, the *Lusiad*, is a romantic epic of discovery in the East, and his hero is Vasco da Gama. The work is not only a magnificent poem but also a glorified history of the Lusitanian (Portuguese) nation, its conquests and its splendor. It is the greatest patriotic effort of human literary genius, and if it were written in one of the more important European tongues, would everywhere be acknowledged as ranking with the loftiest epics of all time.)

I

Not where the wonder of the Ancient World
 Gleamed proud above Aegea's purple waves,
 And prouder ruins, though asunder hurled
 Hold ward unending, nor where Tiber laves
 The broken walls of thrice-imperial Rome—
 Seek him not there, O Song, but westward come
 Toward the ocean far away,

Toward the dropping of the day,
 Till we are come unto a land whose face
 Looks ever toward the setting of the sun :
 Here in a rose-white city shalt thou raise
 Thy tribute frail, if that thou durst, to one
 So high above our faltering praise as he
 With whose sole name is sealed a nation's poesy.

II

Were it unmeet, and would the Muses frown
 Did I but place—for so my song would dare—
 One leaf among the laurel of his crown,
 And bid it rest for aye unnoticed there ?
 Methought Euterpe, smiling, answered low :
 Fear not, O humble singer, our disdain !
 Thy leaf, though scattering winds of scorn should blow,
 So love did prompt it, were not placed in vain.
 Sing ! and thy song be pure, for here 'tis meet
 As thou wert knelt in still Parnassus grove ;
 This ground be sacred to thy pilgrim feet,
 This Lisbon, city of thy Poet's love.

III

Below an ancient, lizard-loving wall
 Here by the highway, as one goeth down
 To where yon bull-ring's crumbled tiers recall
 An Empire's splendor, and her lost renown—
 There stands, as in the nobler, knightlier days,
 A humble cottage : long tradition hath
 'Twas once the Poet's home. Not all the praise
 In rich memorial bronze here by the path
 Shall stay thee, Song, but entered once the door
 Read silently, as by an altar bowed,
 Those pages glowing with the wonder-love
 Of ancient kings and errant captains proud—
 Of deeds by gulf and charmed bay
 Where merrily the Mermaids play

Athwart the rising sun—
Of Eastern pomp and pageantries,
Far gleams of golden argosies,
Of silver-tinkling temple bells,
Of caracks and of caravels,
And battles lost and won.
Or how uprose that towering shape,
The Demon of the guarded Cape,
To bar their venturous way
Through seas nor sound nor shore had known
Save caverns where lost rivers moan
Forever round the coasts of far Cathay.

IV

And as thou readest, pray his spirit high
Encompass thee : as from an April sky
The warm sun floods the crude unlovely flower
And wakes her heart to glorious blossoming,
So may this southern poet's hidden power
Stir thy harsh strains and teach them how to sing—
Wherefore bend low and bring
To his great shrine—for some have heard—an ear
To listen if perchance thy love may hear
Some golden word from one who hath not now his peer.

V

For his were the days when the world was waking
From sleep, like a youth on the mountain high
Baring his breast to the winds and taking
Deep draughts of the Dawn with his face to the sky.
The nations were glad, in their ecstasy singing
The song of a youth for the sweetness of life,
And Beauty unbound from her slumbers was bringing
The mind of the centuries back from their strife—
Back to the beauty of Song, and the love of the
sweetness of Life.

VI

And in those days whose song more sweet than his
Of all those singers by the Western Sea ?
Whose lyre was tuned to loftier melodies
E'en in the vocal land of Italy ?
The nations' eyes turned back to Greece and Rome
Where Song had sealed her empire in the past,
Where Art Eternal dwelt as in her home,
And the great mould of living thought was cast.
When venturous minstrels first did emulate
The loftiest strains Earth's peerless bards had sung,
'Twas he whose dauntless spirit did create—
A gaze received, a joyful gauntlet flung—
The first great Epic in a modern tongue.

VII

Not his to sing the leaguered citadel,
And fateful war, the wage of Beauty's eyes,
Nor of that pious Wanderer to tell
Lured by the Promise toward the high emprise:
His far-winged Muse her mighty song essayed
In seas where blazoned flag had ne'er unfurled—
His Hero, that great Mariner who made
The East his gift unto the Western World.
Two names his nation's glory aye shall spell—
Her Captain's and her Bard's—they linked shall live :
One gave well-nigh a world to Portugal,
One, Portugal to all the world did give.
The Poet sang the deeds the Sailor wrought
From Ind to Ormuz—jewelled kingdoms won
In lands unspoiled as pearl or virgin nun :
Visions of wide world-empire he caught,
But Portugal's great day was well-nigh done :
He dreamed fresh conquests—though he knew it not
He sang the splendor of a setting sun.
He gave his land her voice—the notes that rang
From his triumphant lyre sustained and led

The music that the lesser minstrels sang
In the long Twilight, when the Day was fled.

VIII

Nor was the proud Calliope alone
Sovereign and mistress of his mighty art—
But fair Euterpe marked him for her own,
And breathed her lyric beauty in his heart.
He sang of Love as few save he have sung,
For that he loved as few may hope to love :
Nor feigned the sighs from his own bosom wrung
Nor false the glow upon the songs he wove.
A heart Love carried just to Heaven's gate—
A man who dwelt with Misery for wife—
A bard of whom the Ages shall relate :
"His loftiest poem was his epic life."

IX

O Portuguese Apollo—for that name
Men called thee in that far-famed, princely court,
Since thy strange beauty passed all mortal's claim—
How oft, where still stream-shadows hold resort
Mine eyes, half-closed against the westering sun
Have seen thee plain—the jewelled trophy won
In tourney, or when rival poets sang
To lovers' lutes, or lyres of silver rang
In the high hall, above the stately dance !
Oft have I marked the homage of thy glance
Upraised to one fair damsel by the side
Of yon bold lord—one joyful Easter-tide
I saw ye wandering down a woodland glen
By Tagus' stream, afar from eyes of men—
I guessed the world-old song your hearts were singing then—

X

Love and the fall o' the dusk
And the rose low down i' the west,

When the breeze is heavy with evening's musk,
And above, from a high and hidden nest
The last sweet, sleepy bird-note—Hark !—
Warbles : "The Dark !"

Love till the gray o' the dawn
And the first light breaking through,
When the woods awake like a startled fawn,
Tremble, and scatter away the dew,
And a little wind from far away
Whispers : "The Day !"

XI

"Banished out of the Court !"—the King's decree
As once o'er Eden-Gate a flaming sword
Inexorable stood—"nor may it be
That with the daughter of our proudest lord
A stripling poet like thee may hope to wed.
Know then thy fate, and go !"—the mandate read.

Among its vineyards, basking in the sun
Like some huge mountain lizard gorged to sleep,
Lies Santarem, where came the banished one :
The pall of exile o'er that southern steep
Hung, a dark blight, across the blooming year
And made that fertile land of fruit and wine
Another Pontus, desolate and drear
As Naso's, banished from the Palatine.

XII

From laboring haunts of men he stole apart
Full oft, and there unheeded would recline
And frame, to ease his agony of heart,
Brave songs and fervent sonnets grown divine—
Rubies that burn forever in the crown
Of lyric poesy—oft would he lean
Where Tagus' tumbling waters hurried down
To Lisbon—and to lovely Catharine :
Or oft would muse upon a lonely height

Wand'ring along some solemn ruined wall
What time the dusk, before his failing sight
Purpled the silent hills at even-fall—
Till, with the coming of the welcome night
The stars smiled down and gave his spirit peace,
And soft-voiced slumber, whispering, wove the light
Swift charm of dreams, and sorrow's sweet surcease.

XIII

Thus dimly day succeeded unto day,
And the long weeks in weary months revolve,
But ere the months had worn the years away
His heart grew 'boldened with a stern resolve :
Unbidden he returned, and pardon sought
In vain ; but straight was haled away again
O'er seas to Africa where long he fought
For his ungrateful King : returning then
Dubbed "Bravest of the Brave" among his men
To this reward—exile in Eastern seas,
To shipwreck, slander, need, a prison-pen—
Till, for rebuke of viceroys' infamies
From Goa his feet are forced in exile, when
Unto the very gates of rising dawn he flees.

XIV

There, upon an Eastern headland
By the borders of Cathay,
Found he out a lonely cavern
Far above a sapphire bay
Where in solitude majestic
He might dream the months away :
Below him curved the golden-gleaming shore
Where drowsy waves were wakened into foam ;
Above, soft echoes filled the jewelled dome,
And slumbrous whispers stole along the floor.
Low, weary winds, from purple islands bloom,
Welcomed him partner of their loved retreat—

To mould his music to their murmurs sweet
And trace the annals of a distant throne.

XV

Then, with all the East around him,
Lisbon half a world behind,
Broke he every tie that bound him,
Sped the magic of his mind
Far beyond the utmost winging
Of the birds which haunt that sea
Whence his hero's ships came swinging
To their Eastern Arcady.
Wouldst thou know the spell he weaveth ?
Hither come who disbelieveth—
Hither where the towering galleons
Hold their dark and star-led way—
Where the foamy prows are breaking
Through the mists, and seamen waking,
Where the Night is fleeing westward
From the warning of the Day—
See, the far horizon shivers,
And a rosy flush now quivers
Faint beyond the silver sea-line
Like a ruby held impearled,
Till, behold a sudden wonder !
All the East is burst asunder,
And the flaming Sun leaps upward
From the fiery underworld !

XVI

Or wilt thou come where seas are soothed to sleep,
From out whose dreams, down in the emerald deep
His sovereign magic raised a blissful isle
Blown round by winds more soft than mellowed wine—
Where Venus dwells with many a nymph divine
To lure bold mariners with glance and smile,
And many a wanton wile,

From silent thicket or from silver stream
Where only half concealed, their rosy limbs do gleam.

XVII

Would one might win those charmed seas, and sight
Far o'er the blue that opal island-strand
Flushed with the dawn—might see those maidens bright
Moving along the yellow wave-kissed sand.
Who hath not pictured in the secret night
A rose-wreathed island in some southern sea
Whose airs are heavy with all hearts-delight,
Where rules the Wave-born Maiden merrily ?
That far-off home of every dream's desire
Hath shores no mariner hath ever hailed :
That sea of turquoise and of golden fire
No dark-prowed galleon high hath ever sailed.

XVIII

For who hath known Love's dwelling-place ?
Or who hath seen the wonder of Her face ?
No son of mortal men !
How may we know her beauty then ?
Far o'er the Sunless Mountains,
Beyond the Sailable Seas,
Where soft the splash of fountains
And low the hum of bees—
Within a valley vernal,
On rose-blown banks she lies,
The light of Life Eternal
In her dream-weary eyes—
The Queen of all the courts of Paradise !

XIX

So singing of his islands in the sea
And valorous fleet, the poet built his rhyme
Till that vast cycle of discovery
Stood perfect : meanwhile all-destroying Time

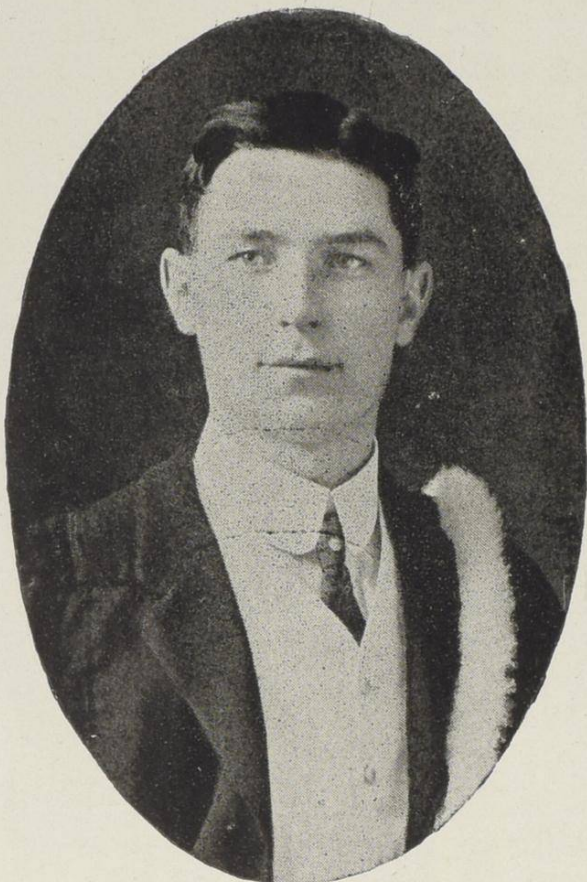
Stalked, visible, beside him : and he sought
His native land wherein to end his days.
Neglected by his king, by friends forgot,
His gift immortal at their feet he lays—
To meet the Poet's lot—sharp penury, slow praise.

XX

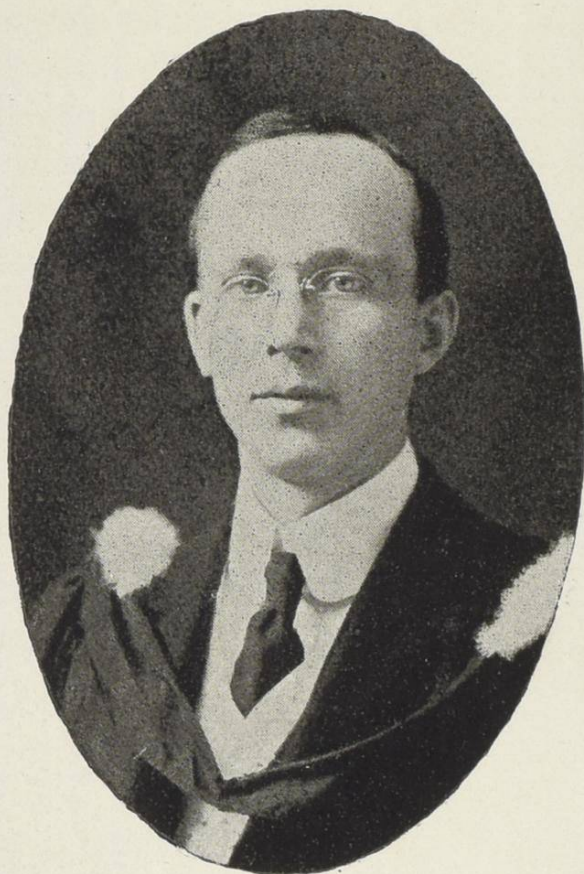
Soon by Alcantra's ancient bridge so high
Stands oft at eve a faithful Javan slave
Wearily begging of the passers-by :
" Give alms, my master Camoëns to save—
For love of God, thine alms, a crust to buy;
My master starves, Oh, wouldst thou let him die ?"
Now in the hospice of the stricken poor
On yonder cot that rigid form dost see ?
One, erst a friend, approacheth to the door :
" This shroud for Christ's sweet sake and charity."
Draw near, the master's spirit now is free,
Drop thou the one lone tear on that cold face
Ere in the chapel of your nunnery
By warrant of the Holy Sisters' grace
His form is lowered at last to its long resting-place.

XXI

Well nigh a score of years had flown
Silently o'er that nameless grave
O Lusitanians, ere one stone
Ye placed, its memory to save.
The " Prince of Poets " ye called him then,
And pleaded with his countrymen
To pause and weep—" Behold, " ye said
" The nation's glory, buried—
Our Vergil, Naso, Horace, all
Within this tomb"—and filled the wall
Unto the floor with praises—No !
Give to the dust that lies below
Its truer tribute—the truth ye know.
If ye would justly carve



J. S. BATES, '05,
(Governor-General's Prize Medallist)



J. H. GELDART, '08
(Winner of Hunt Oratorical Prize)

Saint Francis of Assisi

(THE RALPH M. HUNT PRIZE ORATION)

THE present bursts from the past as the rose bursts from the bud. We do not despise the rough stem nor the muddy root from which the flower comes ; and shall we despise, shall we even forget that rough expanding past from which has grown the present ? The bud reveals her mysteries only in the opening rose ; so the past, with its great throbbing heart, whispers its secrets only to the sympathizing present ; and the ear that hears those secrets gladly responds to the men of that former day.

Come, then, with your sympathy, with me to Assisi ; there we will drink as from a pure spring mid-way on the mountain side. For Assisi is a gladdening spot on the long, broken hillside which we call History, and up which men have struggled toward Hope's greener fields. Far down, we see the dark, dewy valley. Still far above us is the golden day toward which all eyes have ever turned. Mid-way, in groping shadows, and rough rocky ridges, is our refreshing spring, Assisi, the little mountain village of Northern Italy, the Bethlehem of the Middle Ages. Here for more than six centuries men have drunk deep of its crystal coolness. Here with Alpine mountains on every side to glorify the sunrise, and forests to make more mysterious the Southern twilight ; here, with brooks that babbled and birds that caroled and fountains that sparkle in the sunbeams ; here, in this land of ancient greatness, was born Saint Francis of Assisi.

He grew to manhood at the very end of the Twelfth Century. That century was the culmination of the age. In the very atmosphere was enthusiasm, that greatest of all stimulants ; devotion to great deeds was eagerly given ; the Crusades against the fierce Moslem were at their height ; and Italy, in which had been so long centred the Christian Church, had been for generations and was then in the ferment of bloody, civil strife.

Such impurity was in the Church that at times courtezans were countenanced for the income ; such sensuality among the religious eaders that they were the scoff, the jest of all Europe, the theme even of popular ballads ; such spiritual obtuseness and deadness as can be

found to-day only in the darkest heathen lands, lands where no Chris ever drew from field lillies lessons of the Creator's care; in a land that for a millenium had known the highest and best, such evil was so grossly common that the Christian Church was imperilled; her very existence was threatened. She was too false, too vile to live. Her iniquity was more full than that of the Canaanites whom God destroyed. Vice held high carnival and drank from the golden vessels of virtue.

Let us ponder, however, ere we condemn: human nature had misunderstood Him; and men had missed the straight path, and far afield had lost sight of the Eastern Star.

Amid this wrong and unrest and aspiration, Francis himself was nurtured. He became ambitious for admiration and pleasure; he aspired to greatness among men; but sickness having laid its melancholy hand upon his manhood, he sought the fellowship of the mighty Umbrian forests, and of the hills and of the wayside chapels; and thus was raised from the grave where youth likes to bury it the dread skeleton "Whither, Whence, Why?" For two years he asked himself: "In what does true greatness consist?" And we who look back can see how thus the All-Merciful was preparing to act in His own peculiar way.

For Francis, without authority from men in a day when man's authority was supreme, against veteran warriors greater than those Moslem hordes who had defeated ignominiously the whole Christian world, Francis, an unknown man, was to lead in that sad land another great crusade. He, like the youth of ruddy complexion, was to slay the stalking giant who defied the living God; he was to so lead that throned emperors would lay aside their crowns and walk barefoot before the eternal truth which he proclaimed. In that starless night, he, with a divine zeal, was to appear, to light all the hilltops of Christendom, like the war signals of Old England.

Suddenly, as if from the zenith, to the world he appeared devoting himself to the loathsome leper's sores, to the fever-stricken body. He had given up his ambition to be an honored prince; he had seen his vision, he had chosen his ideal—he would be great before God; he had taken the humble contrite spirit not to be despised; a new ambition involving both greatness and honor; in the language of his age, he would be a true knight to his Lady Poverty. Was not his Master

thus? Why should he be otherwise? And like his Master, he would go from place to place, loving all, perhaps loved by all; glad and making glad. He would be no ascetic, droning away his time; he would be active. Long before the poet sang he had heard—

“In the world’s broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!”

And he responded; and when he touched men they responded; they became, not disciples of his, he refused that; they became disciples of his great conception—to live in the world of action, among men, to thus rebuke and bury the dead and long since wreaking conception of monasticism, and in its place to echo through all their native hills the manly voice that had caused to echo the shores of the Sacred Sea. As from village to village they did this, men saw sincerity and righteous activity, and they believed again. On all the hilltops of Italy again blazed forth the fires of hope; over all Europe men carried the signals of the new Crusade, and everywhere men responded. So rapid, indeed, was the response that in scarce more than one generation hundreds of thousands marched zealously with them in time to the pure harmonies of righteousness, as soldiers march to battle; and in the next century, because of their efforts to relieve the sufferings of the wretched victims of the Black Plague, six score thousands were themselves laid away in the silent grave.

But this was not the greatest of Francis; it was but one result. As the finished canvas but poorly reflects a Raphael’s conception, so this result; to him himself we must look, rather than to these works, to see his true greatness.

For he had not wanted to found an order, it simply grew. He did not seek it, when it came, he tried to guide it. To him Truth was enough; he made application of it according to circumstances, always remembering Heaven. Unlike small men, he saw that truth encased in creed is in pain, and must ere long burst forth; he lived and loved and taught the great conception of life and love—that was all—those universal elements, as boundless as the infinite meadows above. All about him were small men, pigmies; they tried to mould, to crystalize, to unify, and they produced systems, broken lights of God, not God

himself. The Eternal Wisdom had made life and love too like himself to be encased in system. Thus Francis, the layman of Assisi, had found and grasped what the Church, the vicar of the Most High, had dropped and lost, and having found that, he did not seek the help of that vicar, he simply went everywhere, telling everyone. Though on every side were boundaries, though every nation said "Thus far and no further" he crossed over, a second great international friend.

His conception of the Infinite had lifted him above local feelings and selfish ambitions, and even above the Church of his youth; he saw no international boundaries; to him all mankind was one, all suffering, all oppressed, all waiting, as the masses always are, just waiting and longing. Like his Master, Francis had reached a height, where he belonged not to a sect but to all mankind, not to one age, but, like Homer and Shakespeare, to all the ages.

By this very greatness he saved the Church; for like Rome of old the Church was corrupt. Unlike Rome, however, the spiritual produces not Cæsars but saints. Men had been turning from her in disgust; but now, Jerusalem, dust-covered, arose and put on her beautiful garments, the Holy City; and men, clean handed and pure hearted, turned again toward her as toward their Mecca. Thus the young vigorous gospel of Francis conquered ecclesiasticism as Rome conquered Greece; but very soon the humble Francis saw that ecclesiasticism would conquer him.

This is the bitter part; the joy was yet to be crushed out of him, and he was to stagger down to death a broken-hearted man. He had taken from the dust the broken lily of God's revelation to men, and with his tears had watered the muddy root until from it had come forth again a blossom as pure as in the former day, a spotless flower; but now another was to take that lily and throw it again to earth and trample it under foot, and he was to stand by and see his work unknown. So he thought, and this was bitter; he was to drink to the dregs the bitterness of disappointment, and that cup was to be handed him by another.

For he saw that as the order grew to greatness, the Church would gradually throw round it her own close fitting mantle, that, as she said, the order might be protected from the wintry blasts. She would claim it as her child; she would interpret its rules far other than the founder

intended; and thus she would make it like all the older orders. The result, inevitable, must come apace. Long before his death Francis foresaw it, and mourned. His own child, his order, loved tenderly by him, and by him destined to be the swift herald to even the superstition bathed isles of ocean, was to be claimed by the Church, that had been untrue to her own mission, and his child would turn its back upon its parent, and, which grieved him far more, upon the world mission. Thus came his agony; he had failed, it seemed; and the fault was another's.

Today men first redden their hands in the wine of social custom, and then with the keen knives of legislation cut the pound of flesh from their fellowmen, knowing that the blood will not be seen. So in that day, the Church took her toll of the order that under her protection must in days to come be commonplace; and to Francis commonplace spelled death. Thus Francis came to his Gethsemane, where like the Master whom he imitated he became acquainted with grief; he had failed, it seemed; and the fault was another's.

But had he failed? He had restored to men the conception of his Master. Was that to die? Was that to be laid away in the silent mausoleum of man's forgetfulness? Could the Church rob the world of that? No; we truly sing, "Our echoes roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever." How then could the sweet echo of the man of Assisi die? No; He did not fail; no atom of matter, and no atom of good is ever lost. Francis had added his conception of the Eternal, his priceless pearl, to the treasures of our struggling race; and though, by the untrained workmen of the Church, the gem was cut and at last firmly fixed into an earthly system, though little by little those workmen dimmed its lustre, yet that dull setting centres in the treasure itself. Let us, then, not look to the Franciscans of today; let us look to their founder. For he indeed dispelled the darkness of his own sad age by the brightness of his character and of his conception; he saved the Church from abandonment; he gave her an impulse that is still felt; and in his light men took forward steps that have never been retraced.

And had the Church been spiritual and wise, the gem would have shone in its own golden setting, and have been recognized as the purest since the first Bethlehem, a treasure of marvelous worth, not lost in ecclesiastical history, but known and belonging to all mankind. Then

no Luther had been needed; then no need for pilgrims to seek on a stern and rock-bound coast freedom to worship; and the lost millions had not sighed through many generations for a Carey. For as William Carey loved the lost, as Martin Luther rebuked an unfaithful Church, as the Pilgrim Fathers believed in liberty to worship God, so did Saint Francis of Assisi.

John H. Geldart, '08



In the Forest of Arden

It was a beautiful day in June. The sun was shining in the bright blue sky and the air was very soft and warm. Birds were singing happily in the tree-tops; butterflies were flitting gaily about, and from every corner of the garden came the soft, happy voice of young summer. What a glorious morning to spend with a book in some quiet spot by the river! I took my old favorite, "As You Like It" from the book-case and ran out of doors and down through the orchard to the river. As I wandered around looking for a shady place, I caught sight of a beautiful little cove on the opposite shore which I had never noticed before. It did look so cool and inviting over there that I stood for a moment irresolute. Then I heard the inner murmur, "Come over, come over," and the trees bowed and beckoned to me and—well, almost the next thing I knew I was in Bob's canoe and gliding smoothly over the water.

"Strange!" I thought, "but I'm sure that I've never seen this place before!"

In a few moments I reached the shore. I drew the canoe up on the beach and picked up my cushion and book. Then I looked around. It was certainly the most beautiful place that I had ever seen. The shore was covered with fine white sand over which were scattered many brightly colored stones. The beach was bordered with trees of all kinds, and from among them, on one side, a little brook came dancing and laughing into the river.

At once I decided to explore the wood so I marched boldly among the trees following the brook as I went. To many people a forest is

just a maze of trees and a brook is only a stream of water, but to others, a forest is a place where fairies dwell and a brook is an open book of music. This forest seemed to me to be a part of fairy-land itself. Pine trees, elm trees, birch trees, and all other kinds of trees were growing close together. Underneath was a beautiful rug of brown pine needles and green moss. Here and there feathery ferns and little star-flowers peeped from the corners of rocks, and by the side of the brook I found a circle of yellow toad-stools, which is always a sure sign that fairies have recently visited that place.

"Ah !" I exclaimed, "this certainly must be fairy-land. I wish that I had brought a book of fairy tales instead of this," and I looked regretfully at my "As You Like It." Suddenly a thought came to me.

"Why," I cried excitedly, "This is the Forest of Arden !" and immediately I began to look about me for more traces of that fairy woodland. There a few steps in front of me stood a palm tree and I remembered there was one in the play ; and not far from it grew a hawthorn which had a white paper pinned to the trunk. As I ran eagerly forward to examine the paper (for I felt sure it must be a poem to Rosalind), I stumbled over the roots of a huge oak tree.

"Ah !" Here is the oak 'whose antique root peeps out upon the brook' !" I cried, "surely Jacques must be here," and without thinking twice about it, I called, "Jacques !" But there was no answer. I began to laugh at myself for letting my imagination run away with me. Imagine then my surprise, when, after a pause, I heard a sad voice answer.

"Who is it calls me from my mournful dream ?" I started and dropped my cushion and book. I was afraid to move at first and then I thought the *voice* must be another trick of my imagination. However I stepped from behind the tree and looked cautiously around. I could scarcely believe my eyes; for there, lying on the ground was a man whom I knew in a moment to be "the melancholy Jacques." He raised his head and gazed at me calmly.

"Are you Jaques ?" I asked.

"I am so called by all that know me," he answered with a heavy sigh.

"How can you be sad on such a lovely day as this ?" I questioned.

"'Tis a fair day, but 'twill surely rain the morrow," and he turned on his face and gazed dreamily into the brook apparently oblivious of my presence.

After one or two more vain attempts at conversation, I turned away and walked over to the hawthorn to read the paper on it. Yes, it was a poem to Rosalind ! I had read scarcely a line when I heard the sound of footsteps approaching. I looked around quickly, and there, a short distance behind me, I saw a very handsome and courtly-looking youth. He was tall, with dark curly hair falling to his shoulders. He was dressed in the costume of a courtier,—black silk hose, scarlet doublet and black velvet cloak. Around his neck hung a heavy golden chain which he kept fingering as he looked anxiously through the trees, first, to the left, then to the right.

"This is Orlando," I said to myself.

"Rosalind, my Rosalind !"

"I am not your Rosalind," I interrupted. He started and glanced at me in surprise.

"I am Helen Everett and I live across the river in Elm Dale."

"Ah ! no, you are not my Rosalind. Alas ! I know not where she may be. It is said at Duke Frederick's court that she and her cousin Celia are hiding in Arden, but I have not seen them yet."

"Dear me !, I thought, "you *are* stupid !"

It was odd, but I felt as if I had always known him, so I asked,

"Where are you going Orlando ?"

"Why, I am going to look for the youth Ganymede. He comes every day to teach me how to lose my love for Rosalind, and now it is past the time, and he has not come."

"Was there ever anything funnier ?" I thought. "Here is Orlando looking for Rosalind and Ganymede, and in the one he finds the other, without guessing it !" I had all I could do to keep from laughing. I spoke quick'y.

"May I go with you to find Ganymede ?"

"Ay, sweet maid, and that most gladly," he replied.

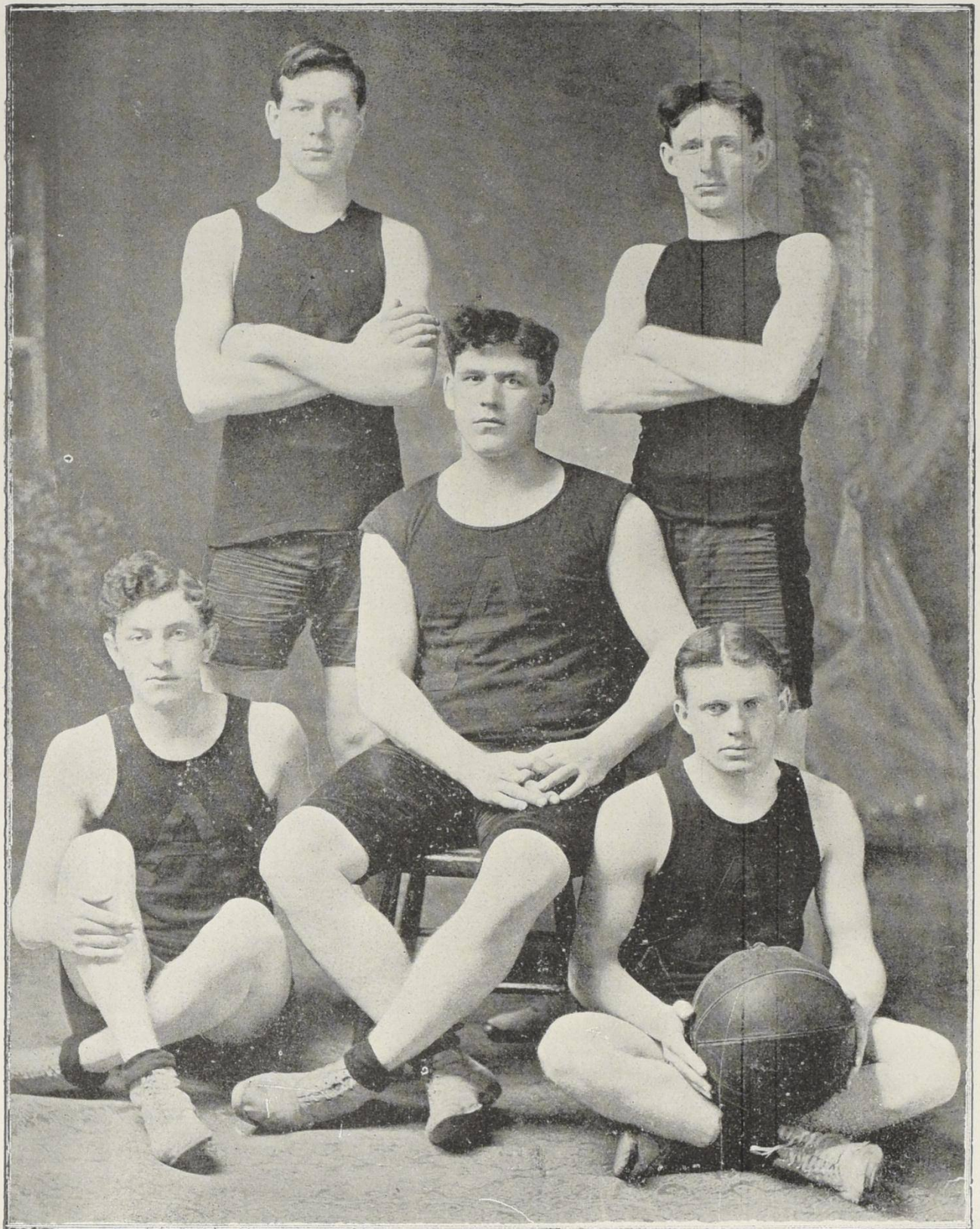
We had gone only a short distance when we met Touchstone.

"Good morrow, sir," he said bowing low to Orlando, and then to me, "Give you good day, fair maid."

"Well good Touchstone, have you seen the youth Ganymede along the path ?" asked Orlando.

"Nay, gentle sir," answered the jester.

"The fellow puts me out of patience. I was detained from meeting him yesterday at two o'clock, and now today he has o'er stepped the hour," complained Orlando.



1911 BASKET-BALL TEAM
(Winners of Interclass League)

From photo, Robson Studio.

"And so Rosalind is turning the tables on you is she?" I asked.

Touchstone gave me a quick, keen glance. Orlando looked puzzled. Suddenly I realized that I had made a slip, for I felt as if I should not tell him about Rosalind. He really ought to find out for himself. Touchstone came to the rescue.

"Good sir, this young shepherd whom you seek, is in all likelihood at home with his sister Aliena in the little cottage on the edge of the clearing."

"Ay," replied Orlando absent-mindedly. Then, taking a piece of paper out of the little leathern bag that hung at his belt, he sat down on a log and began to write.

Touchstone drew me aside and whispered with a shake of his head:

"Poor Orlando! He is of a truth the most stupid man in Arden, next to William of course!"

"Oh! no," I objected, "Orlando isn't half as stupid as Jacques!" For I could not forgive Jacques for treating me with such coolness.

"Ay, ay, Jacques is a fool; a most melancholy fool," answered Touchstone.

"Then you think that Orlando really doesn't know that Rosalind is Ganymede?" I asked eagerly.

"I never think," replied Touchstone mysteriously. "But look, he has finished his poem and now pins it to the tree."

In a moment Orlando joined us. Speaking to Touchstone he said:

"Touchstone, go you to the pasture and seek for Ganymede. This maid and I will go on our way to the cottage."

Touchstone bowed and replied,

"I will, good sir. Farewell, sweet maid." And with that he turned and walked swiftly down the path,—the red and white points on his cap and doublet waving gaily and the little bells on the end sounding fainter and fainter in the distance. I watched him until he was lost to sight among the trees, then I ran forward to Orlando who was walking a few steps ahead of me. He seemed very much pre-occupied and, greatly to my disappointment, not at all inclined to talk.

Once or twice I heard him murmur,—

"'Tis not possible, but yet—" and then again, "I can only wait and watch." And I thought, "Can it be that Orlando is at last discovering who Ganymede really is?" and I longed to give him a hint.

In a few moments we came to a clearing where the path widened

out into a road. A brook, well hidden by willows murmured softly as it flowed by the road-side. Beautiful trees were dotted here and there over the meadow and in their shade cattle and sheep were hiding from the warm afternoon sunshine. As we turned a bend in the road we came suddenly face to face with a little thatched cottage almost covered by flowers. In the middle was a little green door, and on each side a tiny window peeped from a curtain of pink roses.

"Ah !" I exclaimed in delight, "Oh ! Orlando, who lives here ?"

"It is the home of Aliena and Ganymede," he replied as he pushed open the gate that let us into the garden. I went quickly to the door and knocked. Not a sound could I hear.

"Let me call," said Orlando, and he struck the door a mighty blow and cried :

"Ho ! Ganymede !"

Immediately we heard footsteps within and the sound of smothered laughter. Orlando opened the door and motioned me to step inside. I had scarcely time to glance around the quaintly-furnished room when a door at one end opened and a girl with a merry, laughing face appeared. I knew at once that it was Celia disguised as the shepherdess Aliena.

She curtsied very low to Orlando and said :

"Welcome, gentle sir, I pray you be seated."

"Good morrow Aliena. I crave your pardon for thus entering your house. This maid is a stranger who by some good chance has strayed into our Forest."

Aliena smiled kindly at me and offered me a chair. As soon as we were seated Orlando asked abruptly :

"Where is your brother ?"

Aliena looked at him in astonishment.

"My brother ?" she exclaimed, then added hastily : "Ah ! yes; you mean Ganymede. Why, he is in,—that is, he is out,—yes, he is in the meadow. I pray you to excuse me while I bring you some refreshments and then I will seek him," and Aliena very much embarrassed left the room quickly.

I looked at Orlando. He was smiling, but I could see that he was very much excited. We sat there quite silently for a moment and then I pointed to the door which was slowly opening.

Then the top of a rumpled, golden head appeared and a merry voice asked,

"Have they gone, coz?"

Orlando sprang to his feet.

"Rosalind!" he cried. But the head had vanished and the door slammed. He ran to the door and opened it and rushed out. At the door he met Aliena carrying a tray on which were two mugs of milk and a plate of little cakes.

"Where did Rosalind go?" Orlando asked excitedly.

"Rosalind?" exclaimed Aliena and she sat the tray down on the table with a bump.

"Ay, Rosalind," answered Orlando.

"I know not what you mean, good sir," replied Aliena faintly.

"Then tell me where I can find the shepherd youth, Ganymede," said Orlando laughingly.

"There!" I exclaimed, "I always knew that Orlando wasn't as stupid as Shakespeare made him out to be."

My two companions looked at me in astonishment, and I'm sure I don't know what might have happened next if at that very moment Touchstone hadn't appeared in the door-way. He was followed by Ganymede himself, who made the prettiest, sauciest youth I had ever seen. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, a shepherd's green cloak and carried a crook in his hand. His cheeks grew very rosy as he saw Orlando and he said:

"Most humbly I would beg your pardon, gentle sir, for my delay; but 'twas a message from the noble Duke detained me. He fain would meet us all 'neath the great oak within the hour."

I expected to see Orlando rush forward crying, "Rosalind, I have found you at last!" But he went up to Ganymede very quietly and said something in a low tone.

Ganymede started, then laughed a trifle scornfully and I heard him say,

"Still you think of Rosalind. Is not your love for her dead yet?"

And then they talked so low that I could not hear what they said, and I was getting so hungry that I was glad to turn my attention to the cakes and milk.

If all the rest of this wonderful adventure seemed like a dream, the cakes were certainly very real and I slipped one into the sleeve of my dress to keep for a souvenir.

We were very merry. Orlando had become exceedingly entertaining and Touchstone kept us laughing continually. When the merriment was at its height, some one suddenly remembered the summons of the Duke Senior, and we all set forth together for the woodland court. Ganymede and Orlando led the way. I followed with Touchstone and Audrey who had suddenly appeared on the scene. At the last moment Aliena came running up with a huge bundle in her arms.

"Oh !" she laughed, "Ganymede, you forgot to bring your gift for the Duke !"

The sun was setting and the golden light from the western sky touched everything as if by magic, turning it to gold too. A soft breeze was stirring the leaves in the Forest and in the tree-tops, the birds were singing their good-night songs. I looked around me and sighed, for I knew that in a little while I must leave this enchanted land and return to my home. The sun-light grew fainter and fainter and at last it faded away altogether leaving us standing in the twilight amid the mystical shadows of the Forest of Arden.

Suddenly through the trees came the sound of singing and as it grew clearer we could hear the words ;

"Under the green-wood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat ?
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

Then the music died away and all was still.

"Look !" cried Aliena, "Here's the place Orlando slew the lion and saved his brother's life."

"Yes," I said, "But after that happened you were not Aliena any longer; you were Celia and Ganymede was Rosalind !"

"Who has told you that ?" asked Celia indignantly.

"Why, in the play, you know, Shakespeare"—

"Shakespeare ?" interrupted Aliena laughing, "The name alone causes me to laugh ! We never knew a person called that, therefore how could he know what has taken place ? But here comes the Duke."

Yes, there was the Duke surrounded by all his courtiers. One of them came towards us.

"This is Oliver," said Aliena and she promptly deserted me. Sitting near each other at a little distance behind the Duke, were Phœbe and Silvius. I knew Phœbe by her bugle eyes and creamy cheeks as it says in the play, and also by her scornful glances at Silvius.

The Duke Senior welcomed me kindly and spoke to all the others in like manner.

"But where is Ganymede?" he asked. I looked around me. The shepherd youth had disappeared, so also I noticed had the bundle.

Aliena spoke quickly.

"My lord, Ganymede has a small gift for you and he has gone to make it ready. While he is absent, with your leave, I will accompany this fair stranger to the river where lies the boat in which she came, for she says that she must leave us."

But the Duke declared that they would all go with me and even walked beside me down to the little cove where my canoe lay. Of course I felt highly honored and I could not help thinking what they would say at home when I told them that I had been in the Forest of Arden with the Duke Senior!

The Forest people were very much interested in my canoe and thought it a very strange craft. I stepped into it but did not push off at once.

"Gentle maid," said the Duke, "We like not to have you go. I pray you visit us again before the charm is broken."

I was just going to ask him what he meant by the charm, when I saw two beautiful girls approaching whom I knew in a moment to be Rosalind and Celia. Rosalind walked straight to the Duke and said;

"Here, noble father, is the gift that poor Ganymede would give you," and she held out both hands.

Never shall I forget that picture! Rosalind, in a wonderful white gown with her golden hair hanging down and her hands held out to the Duke Senior who stood dazed and bewildered; Orlando, standing pale and eager, looking into Rosalind's face; Celia laughing merrily at the surprised and puzzled Oliver; and the other inhabitants of the Forest standing amazed and speechless. The background of this picture was formed by the dark trees of the Forest and over all the rising moon shed a pale, silvery light.

"Rosalind ! my daughter !" cried the Duke taking her hands in his. Then Rosalind turned

"Orlando !" she said softly, and in an instant her lover was kneeling at her feet.

Then a little breeze blew down the river and lifted the water under the canoe and in a moment I was adrift. I tried to paddle back to shore, but in vain.

"Farewell !" I cried sorrowfully, but no one seemed to notice me now. Then someone began to sing that sweetest of all love songs :

" 'Twas a lover and his lass" —

And thus I left them. The dark river murmured gently, the night wind sighed softly, fainter and fainter grew the music and at last it faded away altogether leaving the Forest of Arden standing silent and mystical in the moonlight.

Then the canoe grated on the pebbles and I was back in the land of the twentieth century.

Beatrice Shand, A. S., '08.



Class History

This is Acadia, the glorious; the stately white hall on the hill-side
Mantled with garments of green, bedecked with the blossom of spring-
time,

Stands like an oracle weird, with whispers of truth and of wisdom,
Stands like a mother revered, with a guiding hand for her children.
Loud from its lofty turret, the bell in reverberant accents
Tolls, and with pealings insistent summons the students to classes.

This is Acadia, the glorious; but where are the faces that lately
Lightened these classic halls for the space of four memorable winters,
Faces set with devotion to their beloved Alma Mater,
Brightened by infinite pleasures which college alone could afford them,
Betraying no shadow of care save an occasional wrinkle from plugging,
Reflecting at last the light of training and inspiration
Shed by four years spent 'neath the spell of Acadia College ?



ACADIA FOOTBALL TEAM, 1907-1908

From photo, Robson Studio.

Departed forever are they from the home of their Alma Mater,
Scattered afar o'er the earth in many climes and conditions !
Naught but tradition remains of the notorious class of Naught-eight.
Ye who flock hither each June for the functions of graduation,
Ye who question not the truth of collegiate narration,
List to a mournful tale still echoed in class-room and campus,
List to a tale of woe at Acadia, home of the Baptists.

In the Acadian land at the head of Annapolis Valley,
Nestling among the hills lies the beautiful village of Wolfville.
There mid the orchards and farms, overlooking the basin of Minas
Acadia College stands, ennobling its humble surroundings,
Peacefully time rolls by for the little assembly of students,
Precious the hours spent in class-room, study and campus.
Daily the youths and the co-eds pass in and out the white college
Lingering now in the chapel that savours of Shakespeare and Beowulf,
Now tasting roots Greek and Latin, flavoured with jokes *a la Joney*,
Carefully clothed, fed and sheltered; treated at times with acid,
Trained in the art of perception and exercised duly in free will,
Slowly they struggle along in the task of self-realization.
Yonder stands old Chip Hall, the home for incurable pluggers
Raised on brown bread and hash,—the essence of papal financing—
Where the word of house committee passes as absolute mandate
Save at dead of night when up and down the long hallway
Slide the fragile stones from the skillful hand of the curler,
True, the stillness of evening is broken by many a ditty
Fresh from the fertile brain of a Sophomore tired of study,
Mouth-organs, fiddles, tin-whistles at intervals vie with the "cello,"
Slowly the darkness deepens, the silence of midnight broken
Only by weary steps that tell of the home-coming ratter
Or the last long yawn of the indefatigable plugger.

Across to the east is the Sem, that land of tradition and hearsay,
Peopled with maidens demure 'neath the sway of invincible Toddy,
Forty-five minutes for meals and fifteen minutes for giggles—
So is each hour apportioned for exercise, music and study.
Wonderful truly the spell of the Sem. on the youth of the college;
The bravest make Saturday calls and some do the grand at receptions,

Others pass by content with the distant bang of pianos.
 Down in the wilds of the village the college girls linger and gossip,
 Gathered in Wequetequock or the confines of Hooligan Villa.
 Thus linked together by bonds of a common interest and purpose
 Academy, College and Sem. unite for Acadia's glory.
 Hazy the vision of college, and value of education
 When in the high school the student, stirred by the touch of ambition
 Broods on the prospects of life and reaches out into the future.
 Weary, no doubt, of work and the endless routine of study,
 Still persists a cail, an indefinable longing
 Further to roam in the fields of truth, inspiration and knowledge
 Ere the highway of life with all its bye-ways is entered.

Thus it was that in Autumn, Anno Domini Nineteen Four,
 Mortals fifty-three sought the institutions at Wolfville,
 The D. A. R. very kindly agreed to do the transporting;
 Large and varied the crowd arriving that morn in October,—
 New Brunswick backwoodsmen dazed by the wonders the world had
 to offer,
 Islanders palid and thin from the meager crop of potatoes,
 Blue-noses fresh from the sod with occasional hayseeds adhering,
 Last, but not least, Duflon, the sole representative Yankee.
 Great the commotion that stirred the quiet village of Wolfville
 When the class of Naught-eight made their advent as 'Cadia Freshmen!
 Was it strange that with cheers we were greeted by Juniors and Seniors?
 Was it a wonder that Sophs. disappeared around distant corners?
 For Naught-eight was the largest and, needless to say, the most
 promising
 Class that ever advanced to the portals of these institutions.

First, the calendar said, was immediate registration,
 So to the office we hied for that awe-inspiring process;
 One by one we advanced 'neath the wing of President Trotter,
 Took the pen and inscribed our names in the great college roll-book,
 Meekly paid over the fee and retreated with inward thanksgiving.
 That afternoon the whole student body assembled for chapel;
 After the singing of hymns and the solemn list of announcements
 President Trotter rose and cordially welcomed the Freshmen,

Calling forth hearty applause for the largest of classes on record.
Needless to say, we felt flattered and now more convinced than ever
Acadia's millenium had dawned with the rise of the class of Nought-
eight.

A day of classes passed; each professor was duly attended,
Each sized up in the light of tradition that hovered about him.
Some restless spirits impatient for early class organization
Gave the signal one morn at the close of a lecture in English
Up in "Freshmen Heaven," the scene of many a foray.
"Hush! beware of the Sophs." and before us stood vigilant Geldart;
The time, he assured us, had come to make the Freshmen a unit
And foresight at once he revealed by checking the parting professor;
Breathless the meeting that morn, with many a glance at the doorway.
But why did we fear the Sophs. with "Baby" Jones as our guardian?
President, scribe and committees were duly instated in office;
Lack of acquaintance disturbed not a whit the transaction of business,
And with a yell and a whoop we piled down the precipitous stairway
Spreading abroad the news that Naught-eight was an entity corporate.

Daily then we convened to discuss the reports of committees,
First a yell was received, to be subject to further improvements,
But in its incipient stage it strayed into regions Sophomoric;
Soon by strenuous thinking and many a wrinkle of forehead
Were wondrous concepts evolved and arranged in their logical order
And on Saturday night at the Y. M. C. A. reception
Sophs. were filled with awe at the sound of the finished production.
Latin and Mic-Mac and Hindoo had each contributed portions
For our native tongue was found wanting in requisite phrases
Fully to clothe in words the depth of our innermost feeling.
Not many days had passed before a motto was ours;
"Perseverentia omnia vincit,"—perseverance conquers a'l—
Such is the hope that has led us through many reverses and trials;
For in our Freshmen year the class numbered fifty-three members;
Out of that noble band fifteen by grim perseverance
Weathered the four-year's blast and conquered at graduation,
Seventy-two in all have followed Naughty-eight's standard,
Twenty-three reached the goal,—"Perseverentia Omnia vincit."

One weighty matter remained to receive our careful attention,—
Colors the class must have to flourish on every occasion.
Trusting the artistic taste of various competent class-girls
Ribbon was chosen at last, seal brown and emerald golden,
Wild the dispute as to purchasing seventy yards in England
Till with magnanimous spirit J. Willis Margeson offered
To buy the whole surplus of ribbon, supposing it cost him a fortune.
Out o'er the broad Atlantic floated that beautiful ribbon;
Sad to relate, it descended far down to the depths of ocean.
Samples again were unearthed and there was the very ribbon
Fate had surely ordained should ordain the class of Naught-eight,—
Slate and maroon, the richest of shades, a perfect blending of colors,
Sober and slow to fade, defying wear and maturity,
Showing no signs of dirt,—the very essential for sweaters,
If there be one who doubts our colors were never admired,
Ask the Senior Sems and the class of Nineteen Eleven;
Both hunted high and low to discover a similar blending.

Safe through the mingled joys and woes of the first reception,
Scope was granted soon for the talent of oratorical Freshmen.
Athenæum debates called forth our orators brilliant
Who in the opening fight, with the eloquent Margeson leader,
Caught Naught-seven asleep and won our most coveted victory;
And on meeting the Seniors so evenly matched were the teams that
Over an hour the Judges disputed ere voting against us.

Football demanded our brawn, for the game with the Cads was im-
pending;

Seven A. M. found Flick on the campus training his Freshmen,
Fierce the conflict waged on that day in early November;
Ten short minutes remained and still we resisted their rushes;
Though so near was the fame of breaking Academy's record,
Victory slipped from our grasp and the score ended six to nothing.

Tranquilly passed the weeks of our first Acadia autumn;
Sophomores, true, there were, the extent of whose hair-breath ad-
ventures
Ended with yelling abroad for the purpose of scaring the Freshmen

"Tonight's the night in the Hall," then hastily taking to shelter,
Early we learned that Naught-seven were master-artists at bluffing,
Never content unless kicking, or pulling the legs of professors,
Begging clear of work,—"intellectual prowess" they called it.

Christmas vacation came; infused with Acadia spirit,
Decked with plenty of ribbon, we journeyed joyfully homeward
Feeling a little shade wise and of course a trifle important.
College again was convened and mid-year examinations
Brought on a season of woe, incited by stings of conscience,
Winter set in with a will and piled ever higher the snowdrifts
Bringing delight to the snowshoers tramping the hillside by moonlight.

Sturdy the Freshmen team that followed the puck that winter,
Six of the seven have since won positions on 'Cadia's line-up,
Doomed was the rink to collapse; in the absence of inter-class hockey
Other worlds we must conquer and so to Windsor we journeyed,
There by wonderful speed and the brilliant checking of Irish
Beating collegiate School in the first of our contests in hockey,
Nothing then could induce the Cads to come forth for a conflict;
Sad were our hearts at missing the chance to repay them for football.
Equal to any occasion the class was affirmed to be
When there came from our hands that literary production
Placed before the world as the Freshman Athenæum,
Flitty, original, witty, well-stored with imagination,
First of its kind still stands that long notorious volume.

Spring loosed the ice from the hills and clothed the valley with blossoms,
Calling the long-confined student to bask in the sunshine and bringing
Baseball, tennis and track as counter attraction to classes.
Bright were our prospects for baseball the day of the game with the
Seniors

Till in the seventh innings the tables were turned against us,
And from the force of that blow our team has never recovered.
Just a breath of spring time and closed even the doors of the college;
Naught-eight a year, had passed in her undergraduate history.
Unstable, peculiar, distinct are the motives that govern the Freshmen;
Novelty clothes each event with all-absorbing attraction;

Every precaution is taken to please the almighty professor,
Study must have its place, but grander than all is the prospect
The college will conquer in football and kill her unworthy opponents.
Each must wear the class-ribbon and also indulge in a sweater,
Drown all else with the yell and dream of nothing but victory.

Four short months of vacation and back came Naught-eight with a
war-whoop,

Sophomores now we were and boiling over with ardor
To guide the Freshmen aright and teach them the ways of the college.
Class meetings throve in Chip Hall on the night of return in October,
Ways and means to discuss of providing a suitable welcome,
Rules were soon drawn up to serve as a gentle reminder
That pea-pouncers, canes and moustaches were luxuries never for
verdants,

And after each offence, read a little note at the bottom,
Fines of apples and pears could be left at the Sophomore office
Friday morning a bunch of Sophs in Room Nine were collected,
When up the stairs like a deer jumped Geldart in breathless confusion
"Class-meeting—Freshmen—the chapel" the words that startled the
body.

Shrill blew the Naughty-eight whistle that Hatt for emergency carried,
Out and across to the college raced dozens of blood-thirsty Sophomores
Hot for the scalps of the Freshmen engaged in class organization.
Into the class room we piled when up rose the new professor;
Half retreat, a rally, another charge through the doorway!
Thud went the soft paper bags on the crouching forms of the victims,
Bursting on head and chin and sending the light wingéd flour
Upwards in thickening clouds that buried the Freshmen in whiteness,
Dolly stood watch at the door and when ammunition was ended,
Beamed us a fond farewell and stayed to console the poor Freshmen.

Victory never was known to quench the thirst of a Sophomore;
Tricks successful but lead to other and harder darings,
Thus for the space of a week initiation continued;
Freshmen moustaches vanished with sometimes a hasty departure,
Verdants unwilling to dance or sing were removed to the bath tub,

'Mid plottings and schemings sped swiftly the careless hours of day-light,
 Nocturnal parades and carousings dispelled the languor of darkness.
 As in the days of old at the blast of Robin-hood's trumpet
 Every thicket gave forth a follower ready for action,
 So the Naughty-eight whistle sounding through alley and hall-way
 Summoned with marvellous swiftness the Sophomores eager for conflict.
 Proceedings somewhat disturbed the Faculty's even tenor ;
 Neat little notes from the office requested the soothing of spirits ;
 Daily the President outlined our penitentiary prospects.
 Doubtful the end of us all had not football absorbed our attention ;
 Energy seeking exit was spent on the innocent pigskin.
 Seven of Naughty-eight's band won positions on 'Cadia's line-up
 Only to meet with defeat on that memorable voyage to Sackville.

Football had passed from the scene and the shortening days of
 November

Breathed on the drowsy land the first suggestion of winter
 When the class passed through the most strenuous day of her history.
 Training broken, gymnasium closed and weather cold and inclement,
 Sophomore pipes were unearthed to still the cry for diversion,
 And, with such varied collections of clays and corncobs and
 meerschaums,
 None need depart from the hall for want of a pipe or tobacco.
 All things came to pass as the Sophomore faculty ordered
 And in those few short weeks there came in rapid succession,
 Stirring the college world, those epoch-making events,
 Down to posterity handed as "Smoke-out," "Intimidation" and
 "Murder."

Feverish, then, the suspense and dire the tribulation
 As in solemn concourse the Faculty met and debated ;
 One by one to the office each criminal took his departure,
 Saturday, Sunday and Monday the faculty meetings continued
 And on the twenty-seventh—beware of the Ides of November—
 Notes were brought to the hall disclosing the final verdict,—
 Eight of the Sophomore band were doomed forever to the gallows.
 Tragedy hung o'er the scene in all its portent and blackness
 As the "Naughty-eight" farewell was mournfully bidden.

Sadly we turned to those words "Perseventia omnia vincit,"
Pointing our shattered forces ever upward and onward,
Ever affording us cheer on the stony pathway of knowledge.

Changed was the class from the days when first we entered Acadia.
For of the fifty-three that started the four-year's journey
Twenty had failed to return and face the Sophomore problems,
Now eight more had departed ; but still there was cause for exulting—
Allen and Bagnall and Denton had joined our serried contingent.
Naughty-eight, too, rejoiced in a record number of class girls',
Thanks to Acadia Sem. for recent kind-hearted donations
Fourteen promising maidens now shared our changeable fortunes.
Doubt in some skeptic minds on the value of co-education
Vanished like dew in the morning before the smiles of our class-girls.
If you would be convinced that the girls of the college undoubtedly
Shed a radiance brighter than all the fair ones of Wolfville
Then consult at once that sober, unprejudiced critic,
Leslie Guysboro Jost, from the county of granite and herring
Gone for him are the days of Sems. and teachers and tower-girls ;
List to this credulous Senior,— "there is nothing can equal a co-ed."

Just once more in the year did the Sophomore shock the community
When in ATHENÆUM, cheered on by ingenious K. C.
Naughty-eight's actors set forth the cannibal entertainment,
Better, the spectators said, than could those from the South Sea Islands.
Spring again had come and half our journey was over.
Passed was a year full-stored with a wealth of varied experience
For very real to us was traditional Sophomore spirit.
Energy waxed in excess, now spent on the innocent Freshmen,
Now diffused as strains on the air of desert wasted.

Summer slipped by and the leaves of autumn were tinted with golden
When to the old white college our footsteps again were directed.
Several faces of class-mates were missed from the ranks of the Juniors,
Now so jolly and care-free ; but soon we made the discovery
Four new recruits had joined us,—a couple of portly young ladies,
Nowlan, the mathematician, and an island production named Ackland.
Again we followed the path by receptions, classes and football

Feeling this time at home in all that pertained to the college.
Basketball season had come and keen was the competition
For all three upper classes aspired to winning the class league.
Another addition was made to our victories over Naught-Seven
And at the close of the series Naughty-Eight were tie with the
Sophomores.

Lightly they talked of the play-off and even prepared for a banquet
Where they might celebrate grandly upon the close of the contest.
Something, however, that day had awakened the Naughty-Eight
bull-dog

And in its awful clutches Naughty-Nine was speedily vanquished,—
Ten to two was the score that landed us interclass champions.
Basketball ever has been our stronghold in realms athletic,
For in our Sophomore year we reached the position of second,
Then coming first as Juniors and second as reverend Seniors.

Winter the third time had come and the point in the college course
with it

Where the lustre of class strongly loses its former attraction.
Each was now independent and slightly differing view-points
Led to heated discussion within class-meeting seclusion,
Which, we had always been told, was the fate of Juniors and Seniors;
Those of a studious cast were known by their number of extras,
Others authorities were on the subject of easy electives.
Weeks and months flew by and almost before we had known it
Another closing had passed and home we had gone for the summer.

Soon, too soon it seemed, came round another October
And for the finishing touch Naughty-Eight returned to Acadia.
Now as grave old Seniors, supposed to be wise and unerring,
Firmly the wheel we must grasp and guide the societies onward.
Though the task was not light and the waters not always unruffled
Safely the course has been followed and reached is the destination.
Senior administration has met with hearty approval
Save from the ready lips of a few presumptuous Juniors,
Discontent with their lot and seeking the world to devour.

Quickly the autumn sped on through the varying fortunes of football
 And for the second time we faced a basketball play-off.
 Hopes of victory faded, for just at that critical season
 Senior parties and banquets brought on the fatal indulgence.
 Many have been the good times that have marked our Acadia History
 But the climax was reached one evening in late December
 When in the library gathered the class for its grand Senior function,
 Auctions, contests, games and the President hunting the clothes-pin
 Furnished abundant amusement, till the retreat to the Math. room.
 Freed from equations and cosines by tables and decorations
 Turkey and ice-cream were there in spite of Juniors and Freshmen,
 Who the fallacy learned of trying to tamper with Seniors,
 College-songs, toasts and yells and a speech from our guest, the President,
 Brought to an end at midnight a scene we shall long remember.

Time flew swiftly by, the year would shortly be ended ;
 Never again for us would the blossoms burst into fullness,
 Never would nature resolve such a matchless succession of seasons,
 Four years the moonlight of autumn had shone on the fruit-laden
 orchard,
 Four times the month of October had welcomed the sound of the
 whistle
 Shrilly calling to campus the sturdy adherents of football.
 Winter evenings had echoed the distant cries from the hill-side
 Telling of snowshoers gay and merry parties of coasters.
 Spring for the fourth time had clad the hills with verdure and sunshine
 Beckoning couples forth to roam mid the beauties of nature.

So passed the seasons away and now in the fullness of springtime
 Sounded distinct and clear a voice within us insistent.
 "You are convened this June" it said "by society's orders ;
 All these years you have studied and filled the hours with pleasure,
 Now the world demands that you face life's arduous problems
 Earning a place in the world and bearing a share of the burden."

Cruel the summons seemed ; rebellious became the Seniors
 Till before us advanced the President calling for silence.
 "What is this that ye do, my children ? what folly doth stir you ?



Four long years have you sat at the feet of these faithful professors,
Tasting of Latin and Math and storing up treasures of knowledge,
Seeking the meaning of life and completing your preparation.
Now give account to those who have us to this work commissioned ;
Answer the call of the world with a note of willing acceptance."

Six days the sun shone down on the functions of graduation ;
Visitors thronged to the college and revelled in verdure and sunshine,
Overflowing the hours were with lectures and concerts and banquets.
Solemnly now Naughty-eight convened for its final class-meeting
And on the last day 'mid awe and the beams of indulgent relations
Gravely the Seniors advanced to receive their coveted sheep-skins.

Then, as morning broke on the scene of recent commencement,
All to the station hurried and there on the platform
Piled in confusion lay the trunks of departing collegians.
Sad the farewell to friends, to sweethearts, professors and classmates
As on different trains the graduates took their departure
Leaving behind them the college vacated and open for others.

John Seaman Bates.



Class Prophecy

Many a weary year has passed since our graduation
When from Wolfville station the D. A. R. swiftly departed,
Bearing homeward bound students with all their valises and bundles
Into that bourne from which the class of '08 should return not.
Far away from each other, where Destiny took us, we wandered
United only by memories of days we spent at Acadia,
Scattered like ripened seeds when the gentle zephyrs of summer
Seize them and whirl them aloft and drop in some other position
For which all previous life had been but preparation.
I, like the rest, was removed by the speedy Dominion Atlantic.
And for years lost all traces of those who had once been my classmates
Till I heard that Elliott, Medical Missionary from
India, was to lecture that night in a neighboring city.

Eager to meet an old friend, I took the next train to go hear him.
When I arrived the Hall already was packed and notices,
"Standing Room Only," hung at the door, and when I had entered
Scarce could I find a place to stand in the vast auditorium.
Breathless the people stood while he told of his missions in India,
Spoke of the Telegu people, their ignorance and their privations,
Till when he asked for subscriptions to help the poor suffering heathen
As one man they rushed for the platform to offer donations
And I was caught in the crush and jammed till I fell suffocated.
Darkness! silence! then with a rush like a mighty tornado
Whirled thro space with nothing beneath, nor above, nor around me,
Dodging the stars and the comets and racing the swift-flying meteors,
All my previous life an illusion. Only the future seemed real,
The present but as a state of transition into the hereafter—
Suddenly, far away, a form indistinct and uncertain
Came sailing along but passing my course at an angle.
Something familiar about the form that was coming toward me
Held my attention and grew as the distance between us was shortened;
"Hello, old sock, where in blazes do you think you're going?"
Cried a voice and I knew that it really was Avard P. Goudey.
I wondered what made him think such was to be my destination
But likely, however, the thought of having a well-known companion
Made him forget that I would be taking another direction.
Anyway, I turned to go with him for part of his journey
For I wanted to know what luck he had had since we parted.
He had done very well for a time at mechanical engineering
Then had made some inventions which first brought him fortune,
then ruin,
His last scheme it was that had proven to be his undoing.
Seedless fruit and noiseless guns had started him thinking
Why could he not attempt odorless automobiling?
His experiments turned out successful, the fuel was invented—
At once the gasoline manufacturers, maddened with anger,
Came in the night and assaulted him, bathed him in gasoline, and
Set him on fire. But sadder still the angel in waiting
Happened to be from "the Island" so detested all automobiling
And would have none of it, so he ticketed Goudey the wrong way.
This was the reason that he was not bound for the same place that I was.

Sadly I heard his tale and then after I told him my story
Talked we of times long passed and revived old yarns of Acadia.
Quickly the time went by as we whirled through the ether together,
But his destination drew near and the uncongenial climate
Forced me to bid him adieu and I set out once more toward Heaven.
Conscience within me stirred as I went, for this deviation
Had lengthened my trip a year or more and I feared lest
Pete should not like it. Black with wrath the face of the porter
Seemed as I drew near the gate, but the smile of an old acquaintance,
Billy Oliver, met me for he it was that held the
Keys while Peter was off on some business. "Yas sir," he said,
"Fessor Peter is gone to-er-a-Faculty meeting. He said
Fer to give you this letter." I took it and found written on it—
"Sir, it is plain that you wish to be with your Acadia classmates
You won't find one of them here, so you needn't come in for some time yet.
Return to earth and discover as much as you can about them,
Then come back and report, and if satisfied you may enter.
Yours truly—St. Peter." I fainted ere I had finished
And on reviving found myself back on this planet.
During the ten or twelve years of my celestial visit
The body which I had left behind had become somewhat shopworn
But one just vacated I found and started to do as Pete bade me.
Let me assay to relate the history of my fellow classmates,
Not thru each devious path, each changeful year of existence
But as a visitor told where Bernard Foster was smoking
By the smell of tobac, of a rubber comb campaign cigar type,
Or by the catlike howl of the fiddle knew where Denton was playing.

Far to the south there lies in the shade of the towering Andes
A valley secluded and lonely but full of all nature's resources—
A temple of peace in the midst of warlike and tumultuous nations,
With government sound and secure while around it reigns revolution.
Rumor said that the governor was a graduate of Acadia
About the year nineteen eight, so I started to identify him.
Two routes were open to me in taking this trip to the southward
But I had had quite enough of aerial navigation
So took passage in one of the new submarine ocean liners.
We shot thru the sea with a speed exceeding the Lusitania's

More than the Lusitania's exceeded that of Columbus,
Rose for a breath as we came to the shallow canal at Panama,
Then diving again, soon were docked at the capital I'd come to visit.
And what a surprise awaited me upon disembarking !
There on the dock was Bob Allen amidst a bevy of courtiers,
For he was Lord of the land, ancestor of peoples unnumbered.
Far as the eye could reach around him were other Bob Allens
With curly black hair, and spectacles resting on classical features
Just as if Robert himself were standing midst numberless mirrors
And was reflected from different angles in different proportions.
Patriarchal was the government which he had established
Based on experience gained in his senior year at Acadia.
Taking my cap in my hand I approached and humbly addressed him,
Telling who I was, and why my spirit was wandering.
And tho at first he thought it a lie yet growing interested
Exclaimed he, "Why, it is very strange if you came by the isthmus
You didn't meet John Geldart's junk somewhere on the journey
For he has just left after paying us a short visit. Fifteen
Years has he been in China. You never could recognize him
With his long trailing queue and clothes of the latest Pekin style,
Even his name is changed to Choo Gum, and he cannot talk
English save for a few broken sentences he has remembered.
I tried to ask if his journey across the sea had been pleasant
But he only replied, 'velly sick' and 'no tickee, no washee.'
'Twas all the English he knew so I couldn't tell much about him."
Back to the steamer I turned when I heard this story of Allen's,
There was no time to waste if I wanted to find all my classmates.
The ship was bound round the world and I thought it best to go with her.
Only a day had passed when something went wrong with the engine,
Enforcing delay, so as we were near to an island I landed.
There came to meet me a cannibal wearing not but a pleasant
Smile and an old Acadia watchfob. "Where did you get that,"
Said I, and he replied, "Ship-wrecked lady." I looked closer at it
Finding, scratched on the back—"Helen Haley," 'o8, Acadia.
"Why." I exclaimed, "Is this shipwrecked lady still on the island"
"Ah, no sir," he answered me sadly, "Long since has she vanished.
Ten hungry years have passed since we had her here for a banquet.
She was a sweet little girl" and he smacked his lips in remembrance.

Months passed away, and my search for the rest of the class had been
fruitless

Till in one of the largest cities of Europe I chanced to be passing
One night a park enclosed by a towering wall of granite.
Suddenly heard I a sound that often in old Chip Hall had
Made me awake in alarm all trembling in hideous nightmare.
No need to tell you 'twas Denton with his picattissimo
That I found when I was permitted to enter the enclosure.
Questioning him I found that Fate had dealt roughly with him
Till someone heard him play and offered him this situation.
Long had they sought a man but none could they find that was capable.
In this park where he played was a world-famed collection of wild beasts
That in the past made hideous the night with howlings unearthly,
Till all the neighborhood rebelled. Then someone brought Denton
And the same music—so-called—which had charms to make Chip Hall
savage,

Soothed the wild beasts and they slunk to their dens in despondence,
Helpless to cope with the awful sounds of the old picattissimo.
"By the way," I asked, "Do you know where Nowlan has vanished!"
"Why, yes," he replied, "'Tis but a short time since I saw him.
Within his padded cell, held down by several attendants
All day he tears himself, and yells in a frenzy of fervour
'I am Mahomet, the Prophet. Allah Catif Magid,
Mathematical in my religion with formulæ showing
Whither from whence, derived from $v=u+at$
I am the categorical concomitant of the catenary,'
Caused by compulsory concatenation, for if not, then why not?'"

Many a weary mile had I travelled after seeing
Denton, before I found another of those I was seeking.
Then one night as I sat by my fire in the Canadian Northwest
Into my little camp there came a woman whose features
Wore that expression which so often characterizes a schoolmarm;
Miss Daniels it was, who had lost her way while chasing a truant
And nearly starved to death in the bush ere seeing my campfire,
First she needed food and rest, but when she had had these
Told she of Jenny MacLeod who was still to be found on the Island
Famous had she become for her poems in the Charlottetown Guardian

Womans' suffrage her theme— world wide her reputation,
Women in every land repeated her pet phrases
One had indeed their very battle cry become which
Said "Oh saddest word on female tongue or pen. Why
Can't we drink and swear and chew tobacco like the
Men?" Then she told the fate of Jean Haley and Helena Kierstead
Each had had many a suitor but none were accepted for each was
Unwilling to part from the other. By luck they chanced to encounter
Two brothers, Russian noblemen, twins impossible to
Tell apart, identical in features and in actions.
These they married, neither knowing which, but happy
E'en in this to be inseparable. Happy were their
Lives until one day their husbands unattended
Drove through the city and one fell victim to a bomb. Now
Neither lady knew which one had lost her husband
Trouble began, they fought for what was left till, angered
At their strife he banished both them to Siberia
Where yet they may be found unseparated ever.
"But come," said Miss Daniels, "when she had told of these classmates,
Near at hand, in the place where I teach, is Percy R. Hayden,
Parson is he of the town and beloved by everyone in it."
At her suggestion we mounted our horses and led by my guides we
Soon arrived at the village where Hayden met us with beaming
Smile and drawing us into the dining-room set before us
A dish of his favourite fruit, the mellow head of a cabbage.
When I asked if he knew what some of the old class were doing,
Broadly he grinned and in answer showed me a small college calendar
Which on the cover bore the surprising title, "The Bertha North
School for the Proper Training of Husbands." "We guarantee our
Graduates expert house-keepers with model deportment and able to
Tend furnace fires, rock the baby, wash dishes, serve five o'clock lunches,
Darn stockings, see if your hat is on straight, or button a dress up the
Back, fifty nine hooks and eyes in seventeen and three-quarter seconds.
Harold Spurr was our first graduate, and the day he received his
Diploma, he got in the mail eight hundred and nineteen proposals,
Joking he accepted them all and now he is over in Europe."

In that delightful land that is washed by the Basin of Minas,
Acadia University, "The Sem," and Horton Academy
Stand on a gentle slope, in the town called the Mecca of Baptists,
There, when the air was balmy and fragrant with blossoms of apples
And streets re-echoed with voices of visitors to closing
An irresistible voice called me back and I answered its bidding;
Ah what a marvelous change since I had gone out from its portals!
Even the old Baptist Church was no more but replaced by a massive
Structure of modern design, concrete in an Edison pattern.
Some even said that they had some means of ventilation
Upon the hill, I simply stared around in amazement.
Scarcely a vestige remained of the institutions of my day—
Yonder a building of brick which was called the Old Science Building
'Twas to be torn down soon and replaced by one very much larger.
Its cupola held as a relic a telescope of historical value
And on a card above, the legend related the story
How with heroic courage, 'twas served from a great conflagration
On April nineteenth, in the year of our class one, nine, nought, eight.
John Bates, as head of the Science Department, showed me around
Until coming to his laboratory he gave me a seat and
Told me strange stories of scientific research he'd accomplished.
How in a close analysis of fossils in some Chip Hall
Hash, he'd found the Missing Link, while all the world wondered
And students numberless lured by the thoughts of what mysterious
Things they too might find in the hash, begged to attend the
School, till the college o'erflowed, and many could not be admitted.
Then came a new regime, enlargement of staff and new buildings.
Acadia, the third, was a gem of architectural designing
Imposing and grand in appearance, complete in all its equipment.
Chipman Hall was a thing of the past. To replace it
Towered a residence surrounded by automobile garages
And on the roof midst the stages for landing of airships stood a
Bust of the Pope, erected by thousands of students he'd busted.
Something of interest I saw in the reading room of the college;
There in a prominent place, decked out in letters of yellow—
Antioch Daily Blizzard. W. Bernard Foster,
Editor-in-chief—Sworn circulation—five hundred thousand—
Graft, Murder, Scandal, Robbery, Fire, Expulsion, Elopement,

Sermon by Uncle Lemuel Ackland—There were the headlines,
But 'twas a simple note at the back that drew my attention
‘Talented lady resumes her maiden name of Hilda
Vaughan— unknown the cause—A full account in next issue;’
That was all I read for through the window I saw the
Sem line going down towards the campus and Miss Lowe was leading
For she I found was the new lady principal, or rather
Extinguisher of sparks in the Baptist Match Factory.
I wish that those who were at Acadia in my day could
But have seen that campus, perfectly smooth and level,
Verdant with springy turf, with the track in perfect condition;
No wonder the boys could run, and jump, and throw the weights far
Better than we ever could. But see—on the grandstand—Bill Kierstead—
White were his waving luxuriant locks, but the soul of the athlete
Stirred in him still as he shouted and cheered his sons on to victory.
With him a lady sat, whose face seemed also familiar
I guess I'll tell you her name—but no that's telling on Billy.
But what amused me most at the sports was to see old ‘Doc’ Messenger
Wildly running around and waving his hat in excitement.
Three hundred pounds he weighed tho he said he'd been losing flesh
lately
Trying to hide from the public the source of his wonderful knowledge
For he'd become world renowned for his anatomical science,
Familiar was he with the very minutest of organs, their uses and
Structure. After the sports were ended I went to his office
Where in a case of glass well hidden from prying intruders
Rested the secret, and all that was mortal of J. S. MacGregor.
MacGregor was not very stout when he was attending Acadia—
Often indeed the class in surveying could hardly distinguish
Him when on line, for the vertical hair on the transit or level,
But even this was as nothing compared to his present condition
For he had trained so fine as to be entirely transparent.
Whereupon Messenger had kidnapped him to use as a text-book.
Now but one of the class remained about whom I knew nothing,
Bagnall was all that was left and he was to speak that night in
College Hall so I went with Doctor Messenger to hear him.
Ah how impressive the way he ascended the platform and bowing
Said, ‘My dear Brethren, it may seem strange that I should have forgotten

Upon what subject I was to have addressed you, but that doesn't matter,
Hearing me is the main thing, the subject is but incidental."
Then he took a long drink of water, threw out his chest and
Started his windmill. Beneath the spell of his powerful voice the
People were moved like a weathervane in a tornado. Unable to
Follow his thundered remarks, but feeling he meant to be witty,
First they tried laughter and roared till the rafters reverberated
Then as his voice grew low and persuading burst into tears
Till a howl went up from the galleries, "kill him before he
Breaks our hearts," and someone threw a brick which ended the
Lecture and Bagnall. And since my work on earth was accomplished
I threw off my garment of flesh and my soul joined his on the journey.

Still stands Acadia the Glorious, but far away from its shadows
Far and wide through the world the class of Nought-eight is scattered,
But whether north or south, in China, India, Europe,
Still do they love to hear of progress in their Alma Mater,
Many a thought goes back to the good old days at Acadia,
Many a prayer ascends for the institutions at Wolfville,
Many a dollar is sent to forward movements successive,
Many a boy and girl to swell the old college register.

Still stands Acadia the Glorious, but 'neath the shade of its portals
Dwell other classes inspired by other ideals and ambitions.
Only with every change one thing has ever stood constant.
The old Acadia spirit which ever has stood for advancement
Still rules the college directing ever upward and onward.
In the minds of the students still linger some ancient traditions,
Still do they relate old yarns which, tho altered by much repetition,
Tell of the times when their father or mother was at Acadia !
While from its lofty turret the bell in reverberant accents
Speaks with a welcoming voice as it summons new students to classes.

Leslie Gordon Jost.

Valedictory

A GAIN the merry, smiling June is here. Four times since the class of 1908 came to this beautiful Hill has the stately year moved round to June, the time of flowers, and song-birds, and—anniversary. With what joy have we looked forward to this June, when for us “the books may close over, for all the lessons are said.” Our life at Acadia has been so happy that we cannot but feel a deep regret that we must leave class-mates, and friends, and these enchanted halls, with all their pleasant associations, and I think we shall never wander so far away, but that at each succeeding anniversary, our hearts will turn with fondest devotion to our loved Alma Mater.

The years just ending have been years of earnest effort. We have recognized our need of growth, of self-realization, and have sought to make real the potentialities of our natures. In all of this Acadia has offered us her best help; has emphasized, as the complete, ideal manhood and womanhood, the perfect union and development of all the elements of life, physical, intellectual, spiritual. Toward the attainment of this ideal we have spent the busy years, and now, at the close, we must say farewell to our fellow workers, and to those who have so carefully directed our work.

Honored President :—Twenty-two years ago you stood where we stand today. I doubt not you experienced emotions similar to ours, as you realized the college days past, and life, all untried, before you. And of your life since then, what? We read the story in Acadia’s call to you. Her watchful eye has ever been upon you, and when, in her hour of need, you answered her call, you have been rewarded with the highest honor she has to give.

The class of 1908 is proud to be your first class. During the year you have been to us, at once instructor and friend, and as we bid you farewell, we feel that your influence must follow us, urging us to efforts for higher attainment and culture.

Beloved Teachers :—As we are about to sever the relation that has existed during our entire course, we say farewell to you. It has been said that one of God’s “best gifts” to man is the power to communicate, to impart of his blessings unto others. You have made us feel, both by your patient unfolding to us of knowledge, and by your genial

kindliness and sympathy, that it has been a joy to you to use your "best gift" for us. May we, by nobility of life, and purpose, realize your hopes for us.

Our years of residence in this beautiful town have been filled with pleasure as well as work. And in no small degree are we indebted for our good times to the friends of Wolfville, who opening heart and home to the stranger, have made us forget that we are merely a part of the ever changing student body. We thank you for your kindness to us, as we bid you farewell.

School Mates :—During the years in which you have shared our duties and pleasures alike, we have learned to know you, and to feel a genuine pleasure in giving into such faithful care, the interests in which it has been our privilege this year to lead. The "Spirit of the Hill" has entered into your souls. The truths in which Acadia lives have become a part of your very being. May her honor ever be dear to you. And now Good bye.

"God be with you,
Keep you in strong obedience, leal and true
To him, whose noble service setteth free,
Make your joys many and your sorrows few,
Bless you in all you bear, and all you do,
Yea, perfect you, as He would have you be."

Class Mates :—This day has deep significance for us. It ends one life. It begins another. And what of that other? Is it to be a life of noble sacrifice for other's good, or is it to be one of self-seeking. Surely the latter were unworthy. We realize that the world's greatest need is not for selfish men and women, but for those who having "freely received" are willing and eager to obey the injunction "freely give." Our training, if we have been alive to our opportunities, has fitted us for much usefulness, and we have now to go out, and find, by God's help, the place where we can best use for Him, that which we have received. Let not discouragement mar our usefulness. Let us not own defeat, but with unconquerable energy, and fidelity to purpose, throw ourselves into the service of the Highest, though it be service lowliest. Then with high hearted courage we shall win, in the coming years. Not fame, as the world counts it, perhaps, but a place among those "who lead the hosts in the advance Heavenward."

O, my friends,
 We.... have met like ships upon the sea,
 Which hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet,
 One little hour, and then away they speed,
 Through mist, and cloud, and foam,
 To meet no more."

So has it been with us, my class mates. We have met upon the sea of life, we have held our hour's converse, "so short, so sweet," and now we speed apart, through the mists that shadow every pathway, it may be, to meet no more, until we greet one another in the harbor of the great Crystal Sea. May the future bring you all you desire. May you desire only the true and the good. Farewell.

Mildred Wallace Daniels, '08.



Class Ode

So we must say farewell, beloved Acadia,
 The sun sinks low, and black the shadows fall
 Athwart, fall on the dome that sacred veils
 Our memories of the past.
 It hangs now on the mountains purpled crest
 A burst of glory lightens up the sky,
 And rests upon each dear familiar spot,
 Throwing a spell on all.
 We fain would stay, drink sunshine to the full,
 Would bask still in the radiance as before
 Joy in the hour's pleasure and the past,
 Yet soon the glory dies.
 The West from roseate fades to sombre gray,
 The eve comes on, our little day is done,
 Forward we press into another dawn,—
 The morning brings the world.

Hilda Estelle Vaughan.

Critique of Athenaeum Society.

THAT the man who gets the advantages of a college course may make the most useful citizen other factors than strict attention to books are essential to his preparation for life's work. This fact is recognized at the present time more largely perhaps than ever before. The different societies which are today found in every college community, and which hold such a large place in the life of the college, were brought into existence to contribute, each its part to that which constitutes a modern education. To strengthen the spiritual nature there is the Young Mens' Christian Association. Vigorous bodies being necessary to our greatest usefulness college athletics may be made to contribute a valuable part. Still the very nature of the college curriculum is such that the intellectual training must occupy a large proportion of our time and effort. Our Athenaeum Society was organized and has existed for the purpose of providing greater opportunities along this line.

The interest in the Society which has been sustained among the students from year to year, and the success which has always attended the debating contests with other such societies witness in some degree to the educational value. In looking back over its history for the college year about closing, and comparing it with that of proceeding years we may designate it generally successful. The office of President has been held by Messrs. Spurr, Messinger, and Foster respectively.

The Executive Committee have endeavored to provide a schedule of profitable entertainments and have found a fairly ready response on the part of the members. Owing to unavoidable interruption of the regular meetings, not all the class entertainments were given. Very little has been done toward securing lecturers, there being only one lecture under the auspices of the society during the year. The speaker on that occasion was Rev. Dr. Kierstead of Woodstock, N. B. His subject, "The Nature of True Education" was ably treated.

Among the activities of the Society debating, as usual, took the most prominent place. This valuable exercise seems to be gaining added interest year by year. An amendment made to the Constitution during the year provides that one change at least must be made in the personnel of the various class teams each time they debate. This change will secure for a much larger number the advantages of such

training, as the tendency in the past has been to limit it to very few in each class. With very few exceptions the men participating in the debates of the year gave evidence of careful preparation. At the conclusion of the usual series of interclass debates honors were fairly evenly distributed, the Seniors and Freshmen having each won two, while the Juniors and Sophomores had each one. The discussion of practical social and political subjects made the debates both interesting and profitable.

The annual intercollegiate debate, being the last of the first cycle of the Inte-collegiate Debating League, in which Acadia had won such a splendid series of victories, created rather more than the usual amount of interest. This time our opponent was Dalhousie. Acadia submitted the following subject: Resolved that the admission of Japanese into Canada according to our present (Nov. 1907) regulations for their admission is better for Canada than their exclusion. Dalhousie chose the affirmative of the resolution. Our Society elected Messrs. M. F. McCutcheon, '09 (leader) G. C. Warren, '10, and G. C. F. Kierstead, '10, to oppose it. In the contest Acadia was unanimously awarded the decision on the dual ground of argument and presentation. More than two hundred of the students went to Halifax by special train to attend the debate, and this coupled with the grand welcome given the debaters upon their return manifested the loyal Acadia spirit, and the support they ever accord their teams.

The title of this contribution makes it imperative that the writer assume the role of the critic. To any thoughtful member of the Society a few words of comment seem necessary. In the work of such a society the end for which it came into being needs to be constantly kept in view. This end should ever be pursued, for to the extent that it is neglected to that degree does a society fail to fill its place. As we have already observed the object of the Athenaeum is distinctly a literary one—to train one's literary and debating powers. Nevertheless many of the programmes consist of numbers intended only to furnish amusement. Surely this is a departure from the true spirit. While amusement has its place here too, it should be relegated to its proper place and the literary phase of our entertainments given due prominence. Here is an opportunity for future executives. The securing of prominent men to deliver lectures before the Athenaeum ought to be a valuable contribution to its work. During the past year this has been

greatly neglected—our loss, we cannot but feel. To make this feature a success, we realize much effort is necessary, yet it is work that the results would amply reward.

The transaction of business in the Athenaeum if done constitutionally may be of important practical value to its numbers. Laxity in this respect has detracted materially from its educational value. The old counsel "let all things be done decently and in order" could be very profitably heeded here. This emphasizes the need of tact always in the selection of the presiding officer particularly as he is so largely responsible for the control of this feature of the meetings. We shall look forward to improvement along this line during the next year.

It is very evident that the success of a Society demands consideration of the interests of the greatest number, that the best interest of the society as a whole and not merely of individuals be made paramount. Failure to recognize this principle has unfavorably affected the Athenaeum. The recognition of this fact should of itself be all that is required to bring about the necessary improvement in this regard. Let us here again look to the future for better things. Let there be maintained in the Athenaeum the high principle for which Acadia has always stood, and the loyal support of all the members will give it that place in our college training which it should occupy.



Y. M. C. A. Department

IN an institution such as ours where the life of the community moulds so largely the life of the individual there is always need of an organization for mutual helpfulness in the highest sense. This need the Young Men's Christian Association is designed to fulfil and is fulfilling in a large degree. The purpose of this sketch is to review briefly the work of this society for the college year just closed.

In two departments of the work at least, there has been a decided advance over previous years,—in Bible Study and Mission Study. The group system, so largely adopted in the universities of North America has proved successful in our College. Two courses of Bible Study were introduced, "The Life and Work of Jesus according to Mark,"

for the Freshmen, and "The Social Significance of the Life of Christ," for the three upper classes. In these two courses, eighty men were enrolled in nine groups, under as many student leaders. The leaders of the groups first met for study in two classes under the instruction of Dr. Tufts and Dr. Hutchinson. The plan and purpose of these courses is, to make the social instinct, which brings men together into natural groups, the means for stimulating intelligent discussions of religious questions having a practical bearing on life and conduct. Its success has been proved by the spirit of enquiry awakened, and by that tendency to make a personal application of the truth which prepares the way for evangelistic work.

In this most important phase of Christian activity, both the Y. M. C.A. and its sister organization are much indebted to the leadership and support of Dr. Hutchinson who secured the services of Rev. S. W. Cummings of Amherst, and lent himself to the work in every possible way. For two weeks in College Hall and two more in the Baptist Church, Mr. Cummings proclaimed the saving truths of Christianity, powerfully and effectually. The results of these meetings have been enduringly written in many lives that have found the pathway of the larger life, and in many others that now aspire to a life of greater usefulness. Such a series of services cannot fail to be a great stimulus for good in the future of Acadia. The students' appreciation of the depth of character and breadth of vision in the man who made such strong appeals to their better selves, was shown by the ready response to these appeals, and is seen in the high regard in which they hold the name of Mr. Cummings. Both the man and the message he brought us have impressed themselves upon our hearts with lasting effect.

The association has been fortunate this year in the speakers it has secured for the Missionary services and Sunday afternoon addresses in College Hall. Space forbids more than to mention the names of these, but the names as well as the persons speak for themselves. They are: Rev. Neil Herman, of Windsor, President Hutchinson, Rev. A. Gale of King's College, Rev. H. R. Grant, Mr. Edwin Smith, and Dr. Kierstead, of Woodstock. At the time of writing there is still in store for us the message of Rev. John McNeill of Toronto, who will deliver the evening address on Baccalaureate Sunday.

The Wednesday evening and Sunday morning meetings have gone on as usual, many of them laden with the blessing and helpfulness.

found only in the hour when care and work are laid aside for restful worship and uplifting fellowship. A new impetus was added to these meetings from the influence of the revival services.

Through the delegations which have gone out from us and returned to us we have been kept in touch with the work of the International Y. M. C. A. Eight of our representatives attended the conference at Northfield last summer, and five were sent to the Maritime conference at New Glasgow. Mr. Thomas Billings, travelling secretary for Canada, paid us two visits during the year, encouraging us by his genial presence and by his advice and counsel. Mr. A. W. Staub, representing the student volunteer movement also visited us and gave an address.

The story of a year's work may be briefly sketched in a page or a few lines, but who can estimate the value of its influence and impress upon the life. Truly "Our echoes roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever." In committing this work to the hands of those who now take it up to accomplish, I trust, much more than has been done, my desire is that the motto of the noble Carey may be theirs: "Attempt great things for God, expect great things from God."

A.



III Missions

The evident facts of this year's missionary work at Acadia are as follows:

Speakers have been provided once every two months for the church services; about \$100.00 has been raised in subscriptions for the Glendenning Fund; mission study has been maintained in the groups; 23 volumes on up to date subjects have been added to the College Library, 8 by the Faculty on request, the others by funds raised from friends by members of the mission committee; pamphlets have been distributed among the students. In the mission study we had 8 regular groups, 6 in College and 2 in the Academy. In College 79 men were enrolled; in the Academy 32; total 111; number of sessions held, 103.

These facts clearly show general success. The enrollment includes many men who have never before given missions definite thought. The free discussion in the groups with the personal thinking must

have been influential in the revival this winter. Although the four volunteers here last October have not been added to, yet several men are thinking definitely about volunteering; and the committee feels as it lays down the work that a solid foundation for next year has been laid. The missionary problem at Acadia is certainly worth solving. In our consideration of the solution, let us ask and answer three questions :

I. What is fairly expected of Acadia and what is her response ?

Acadia represents 30,000 Baptists, who are responsible to the world and to God for evangelizing 2,000,000 Telugus. Besides these, there are the hundreds of millions of other races needing our message. Our young people come here to be educated—to be shown both their own talents and the best way to later use those talents. Surely every one will agree that thus to reveal is Acadia's reason for existence. Considering the responsibility of Maritime Baptists, Acadia's representative position, and her aim, her number of young ministers and other Christians, four things may fairly be expected of Acadia :—that the great opportunities of the foreign field will be laid bare to her students as clearly as their relative greatness warrants; that her young ministers be so clearly and thoroughly missionary that they by their Home Mission work will lead our country churches to broader action; that from her students come, when needed, the missionaries asked for by our Board for Telugu work; and that the great outside world of heathen receive some considerable help. Most of the young men looking forward to the ministry, as well as most others who graduate without deciding for foreign work, never reach the foreign field,—the voice from the home field becomes ever more clear and persuasive. Many of such men are willing to go, if the way is cleared; but most of them never get there. Today Acadia College counts only four men as students who are looking definitely towards some foreign field; this is a very small proportion of her Christian men; yet many of even the volunteers never go. So that Acadia is giving missions lamentably few men and women in proportion to her Christian students. Here men, Christian men, are trained for science, teaching, theology, business; and many of our Christian graduates specialize in medicine, law, and all forms of practical science. In money this year the average contribution to Missions has been considerably less than \$1.00; more than half the men did not respond at all. The proportion for athletics

was many times this. With all these facts to ponder, every reasonable person must admit that Acadia is responding feebly to the world's call.

II. What is the cause of this poor showing? This :—the problem has not been squarely faced and persistently struggled with. There seems much reason to believe that there has been always a great deal of shirking and half-heartedness at Acadia concerning missions. Let the problem then be squarely faced. Such problems have been solved when men honestly, manfully, pursued a resolve to overcome them.

III. How can Acadia speedily come to meet her obligation? Only a partial answer to this can be given. After connection with four missionary committees, the writer suggests the following; and in these suggestions may be help for next year's work :

THE STUDENTS :—The committee should not put off seeking volunteers until April; but should be aggressive from the first day of college; the message is worth urging. Generally the committeemen think the committee work the least important of their college duties. There should be prayer meetings on missionary lines; but they should be in original, or at least different style from ordinary meetings. Our church services every two months should have able speakers and thinkers. Finances should be looked after in the fall; plans should be laid in the spring; canvas made during the first part of October, personally, man to man; monthly giving encouraged and expected from every student; enough committee-men to really do their canvass and collect monthly offerings. The four regular committee-men should be overseers in their classes, and should therefore have only a fair amount of the particular committee work to do. They should be the best men available.

Mission study should be taken up in groups. About ten groups should be conducted among the college men. Several courses tho' not perhaps at the same time should be offered. The writer would suggest the following courses for next year : some brief course to be finished up in the first term; and the second and busier term to be given to a study of our Telugu work. Perhaps however a longer study for the whole year would be preferred, as this year. The men should be asked to choose. The lessons should be half hour periods; the time to be chosen by individual groups. Leaders of groups should have a normal class; but this is not absolutely essential.

THE DENOMINATION :—The Denominational representative should be instructed to seek volunteers among our students ; to create in their minds real definite questions and then to answer them ; to be really aggressive among us. General work is done every year, but definite work by those who know our Telugu missions is seldom if ever done, save when enquirers seek. We recognize the greatness of the work of all the Denominational representatives ; but the college field has a rich soil.

Also let the Denomination see that a good history of our Telugu work be written at once. Now, information is strangely general.

Then, too, the Faculty, being the representatives closest to us students, can have much influence. This year they have secured us some volumes on China to help us in our Y. M. C. A. mission study ; let this be repeated frequently ; let us have in the College Library up to date missionary volumes. These will help men to wrestle with life problems. A prize for the best essay on some missionary question would be an incentive to the study of mission conditions ; and thus the result will be far deeper interest in foreign work.

J. H. Geldart.



Review of Propylæum Society

THE past year has been one of marked success to the Propylæum. We have had a large attendance at our fortnightly meetings. The programs have been both literary and musical. The presidents, Miss Vaughan and Miss Lowe, have been indefatigable in their efforts to make this year the most successful in the history of the Society.

Propylæum pins have been procured during the year. The design is to be permanent.

The Society entertained all the students from "the Institution on the Hill" at a Reception in December. Just before Easter the "Athenæum" was invited by the Propylæum to an "Old Maids' Convention" in which ways and means were discussed for securing happy homes for widowers and bachelors. Before any decision could be reached "Professor Mackerneux" appeared with a marvellous machine which changed all the old maids into charming young ladies.



OFFICERS OF Y. W. C. A. AND PROPYLÆUM SOCIETY

From photo, Robson Studio.

During the past year we have had no Inter-class Debates. It is to be regretted that our Society should fall behind those of the other Colleges in this respect.

The different classes have provided the entertainment for one meeting during the year. The "Jolly Juniors" and "Freshettes" gave very amusing programs. The "Sophettes'" entertainment took the form of a "Five O'clock Tea."

At the last meeting of the Society the program was furnished by the Seniors. The ladies of the town and Seminary were invited. The program was as follows:—

Address of Welcome and Farewell	-	-	-	Miss Lowe
Piano Solo	-	-	-	Miss Woodman
Synopsis	-	-	-	Miss Jean Haley
Violin Solo	-	-	-	Miss Vaughan
Farce—"A Shakesperian Conference"	-	-	-	Seniors

Miss Lowe spoke of the sorrow of the Seniors on leaving their "Alma Mater" to go out into the "Wide, Wide World." We girls who are left behind can not tell how we will miss the "Seniors" with their dignified demeanor and sage advise. The solos were of unusual excellence.

The synopsis which took the form of a class history was written in verse. The manner in which the many pranks of our "Stately Seniors" were recalled afforded great amusement to all.

The farce, "A Shakesperian Conference" was very amusing. The object of the Conference was to devise ways of making Shakespeare's plays more popular. Among the noted Shakesperian characters there were: Cleopatra, Shylock, Romeo and Juliet, Lord and Lady Macbeth, a witch of Cawdor, Desdemona and Hamlet. Of course no method could be decided on since each one felt sure his or her part should be the leading one. Shylock at least broke up the Conference exclaiming:—"Silence! Silence! The Conference is ended! Let us go hence, Shakespeare's plays must remain as they are."

The platform was tastefully decorated with the class colors, maroon and slate. At the close of the meeting each Senior was presented with one of the programs which had been decorated for former meetings as a souvenir of the Propylæum Society.

The program for Senior Propylæum has been framed and hangs in the Girl's Waiting Room as a jolly reminder of the illustrious class of '08.

After singing the class yell and the College Doxology the meeting adjourned. Every one agrees that this is the very best "Senior Propylæum" that has ever been held at Acadia.

J. H. M., '09



Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has had a very successful year. We have had one of the largest enrollments in the history of the Society. Nearly every girl is an active member and we are also able to report several associate members who during the past year have become active members. The year has been one of spiritual as well as mental growth to many of us.

Our president, Miss Daniels, has been untiring in her efforts to promote the welfare of the Society. The Sunday morning services have been well attended. One Sunday each month has been devoted to our Mission Study. Very interesting and instructive papers on the "Uplift of China" have been read by different members of our Society.

We also had the pleasure of listening to an excellent address by Mrs. Manning on "Our Hill Missions in China." Our interest in Y. W. C. A. work generally was quickened by a visit paid us by Miss Latter, the Y. W. C. A. secretary.

The year financially has been up to the average. We are also able to report that the society is to send Miss Dorothy Manning, '09, as a delegate to the International Y. W. C. A. Conference at Silver Bay this summer. The money usually given to missions was used in this way because it seemed that greater good might thus result to the Society.

M., '09.

The Year in Athletics

THE object of this article is to show, briefly, just what Acadia did in Athletics during the year just closed ; to mention our added facilities for athletic work ; to point out essential facilities which we as yet do not have and to say a deserving word of those who through their support and hard work promoted our athletic interests.

With the opening of college, Oct. 2nd, came the opening of the foot-ball season. Had any previous arrangement or schedule been worked out for the running off of this sports ? From the article "The Year in Athletics" in the June "ATHENÆUM" of 1907 we read,— "the team was handicapped by not having practice games arranged." Such was not the case last year. During the summer the Business Manager, J. Bates, '08, had arrangements completed for outside matches and in conjunction with U. N. B. and Mount A. had the intercollegiate league games practically arranged. Captain W. G. Kierstead, '08, was at work before we left college last June and among other arrangements had ordered a tackling dummy. He kept in touch with his men during the summer and came to Acadia in the fall for hard work. It was a pleasure for the men to train under Captains Kierstead and Hughes even if that means denying oneself of many of "Chip Hall" dainties.

Though we didn't succeed in winning the Kings-Richardson Trophy, the league resulting in a tie, (Mount A., U. N. B., and Acadia each winning their respective home games)—the team played a wonderful series of games as the following shows :

Acadia—8	Crescents—0	(Wolfville)
Acadia—0	Wanderers—0	(Halifax)
Acadia—0	St. Francis Xavier—0	(Wolfville)
Acadia—6	U. N. B.—3	(Wolfville)
Mount A.—8	Acadia—0	(Sackville)

Such games represents work and from the results successful work. The season was in every respect aggressive. This we believe was due largely to the hustle of the captain and business manager. They were very much disappointed in not being able to secure a coach. Every effort was put forth during the summer and

the promise of one was secured but at the crucial moment he was unable to come. We wish next year's management success in this difficult task.

With regard to our campus a word must be said. We have as level and dry a campus as is to be found in the Maritime Provinces but its surface is the hardest in North America. When the campus was levelled last year the man in charge evidently never played football or he would not have coated the gridiron with gravel, sand, old nails and bits of brick and broken glass. It needs a clay loam coating.

Following hard on the foot-ball season came basket-ball. As is known basket-ball is not an intercollegiate game at Acadia, but as an interclass sport this year it proved a very profitable and pleasant pastime. The class teams especially '08, '10 and '11 were evenly matched. '11 with a team of old Academy men won the league.

Later in the year Captain Messinger, '08 arranged a game with the Halifax Y. M. C. A. at Wolfville, also a return game at Halifax. Each team won its home game.

After Christmas vacation our attention was turned towards hockey. Our hockey season was very late in opening, much later than that of any other Maritime College. This was not due to the lack of cold weather but rather to the fact that we have no rink under our own management. Although there is an excellent rink in Wolfville, we feel that if the college has a rink under its own management it would not only be more profitable financially but would place our team in a position to compete with the best teams in our Eastern Provinces.

The Executive of the Intercollegiate Hockey League slated Dalhousie, St. Francis Xavier and Acadia in one section; U. N. B., Kings and Mount A. in another.

Captain G. Hughes, '10 faced the problem and secured a team of excellent hockeyists. Besides the two intercollegiate league games two outside matches were played. The following is the result of the games played.

Dalhousie—6	Acadia—2	(Halifax)
St. Francis Xavier—10	Acadia—1	(Wolfville)
Outside Games		
Windsor—6	Acadia—2	(Windsor)
Acadia—5	Mount Allison—4	(Wolfville)

Though our team didn't get a majority of points we believe that it got what should be the primary object of any game, true sport.

The final play-off for the league was between St. Francis Xavier and Mount Allison. The game was protested and the intercollegiate committee declared the game null and the league therefore remained unfinished.

Just here a deserving word must be said of Captain Hughes. Besides being a good student he is Acadia's best all-round athlete, an adept at foot-ball, hockey and track, "a clean player." We regret to see him leave but are glad he is to go to our Canadian University, McGill. We wish you success, "Dick"

With Spring came tennis, baseball and track. With two new tennis courts making in all five, tennis has been generally engaged in. The result of the baseball league appears on another page.

But perhaps in track our fellows under Captain Jost, '08 won the greatest laurels of the year. The account of the Intercollegiate Track Meet, is given on another page but we must mention here a few things that we feel were productive of such a victory. The college, this year, provided a gymnasium instructor, Mr. Bradbrooke, a man who is not only an athlete but a competent trainer. He interested himself in the boys and when spring came handed them over to Captain Jost already hardened for track work. We cannot speak too highly of Mr. Bradbrooke and his services. Jost with his experience of last year's captainship and with the co-operation of his assistant captains started out this year with good material and developed it to its best. Though we need a blood horse we require just as much, a trainer for him and thanks to Jost the blood-horse was trained and won the stakes.

Another matter should be referred to here. The merchants and professional men of the town of Wolfville have greatly stimulated the interest in track sports by offering prizes for field-day. These prizes are valuable and are certainly inducements for the men to work.

If the readers of this have never heard about our new track and grandstand may they know that Acadia has a well-graded, properly-made quarter mile track sixteen feet wide with a one hundred and thirty yard straight-away, twenty-two feet wide, also a new covered up-to-date grandstand. The widening, building and grading of the track was engineered by the Track Captain L. G. Jost.

The President of our athletic association, K. C. Denton, says we hope to have as much money in the treasury as we had at the beginning of the year. That means over fifty dollars with which to begin work next year.

With such opportunities and other facilities which we will have very soon, we feel that, in athletics alone, we have great inducements for men to attend Acadia.

One thing more, the names of those who during the year won their "A"

In football; Robinson, DeBow, Price, Morton, Porter, Faulkner in track sports, F. Brown, Moland.

As to the success of the year in athletics we feel that every branch of sport has been aggressive; as to prospects for next year, though we are going to lose much good material, we have plenty left and more coming when college opens next October. We won't prophesy what we are going to do next year more than to say that we are coming back to Acadia in the fall of nineteen hundred and eight to work, never to be disheartened.

F. E. Mallory, '10.



Labor

How sweet in Acadie the coming of the days
 When Spring's first labor-call greets the soft haze
 Of dawns, on all the fertile ways;
 When gently over myriad fields from out the west
 Come winds to wake anew the lands of rest,
 And eager hearts cry, toil is best;
 When deeps of sleep give way to living, vigorous powers
 Spring quickened into pulses for new hours
 Of fecund warmth and fertile showers.
 So Minas with far-running feet of flood and tide,
 Sees life aroused again on every side,
 Bee, bird and flower; and seed sown wide
 Upon a thousand fields where pierced the shining plow,
 Turning the soil, as sea by wind-blown prow,

Inheriting the fruitage toils endow.
Against the time of harvest and of garnering,
A holy peace pervades where orchards swing
And sway, fruit-laden, and birds sing;
And gardens ripen; and the grain and grass arise;
And hope abounds; and thrift is true and wise,
Long days beneath the summer skies.
For comes the day of death and long-enduring night
When close is laid the snow all cold and white;
And earth, unmindful of times' flight,
Like motherhood, has given all and waits content,
Resting serene, by years imaged, unbent,
But with the summer labors spent.
For toilsome march must reach the bivouac-ground,
And toil is shadowed when the rest is sound;
As out of labor rest is found.
To evening's meditation comes the ghost of waste,
Of spendthrift hour, and every ill-judged haste,—
In every sweet a better taste.
In glorious victory of toil his gain may often blind
His sight, and lust of wage cloud o'er his mind.
But never friendless to his kind,
From out his great simplicity of life, his hand
Shall make him large for love, and stand
On earth secure for God's demand,
As rain and snow and leafage and the fruit and grain,
The simple and the great are his domain,
His hearth a kingdom and a reign.
So he shall go to meet the seasons without fear,
Well learned the simple lessons of the year,
Faithful to every duty here;
Unknowing in his strength and cheer his royal worth,
As simple as the sheaves he cuts from earth,
Seed-time to harvest without dearth.
With all the ancient heritage of life, his trust,
Earth, sea and sky to teach him to be just,
He asks no glory for his dust.

John Frederic Herbin, '90.

The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 8.

Malcolm Robertson Elliott, '08, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

John Seaman Bates, '08

Leslie Gordon Jost, '08

George Hamilton Magner, '09

Robert Lynch Stailing, '09

Annie Winifred Eaton, '09

Jennie Welton, '09

Williard Spurden McIntyre, '10

Frank C. Atkinson, '10

Sadie M. Dykeman, '10

Flora Elizabeth Chambers, '10

George Kendrick Haverstock, '09, Business Manager

Editorials

THE moving finger writes and having writ moves on." Thus we reach the end of the appointed task. The record is herewith completed. Needless it is to pause to moralize upon the attendant success or failure. Justly we know that we have compassed both while we trust we have attained that vantage point, the Golden Mean. Let it suffice to say that we have given of our best. It is now our part to turn from the joys and sorrows incident to the conduct of our college paper, carrying away not only a deeper interest in its welfare, but also a more profound love for the institution which it represents. As we lay aside the responsibility we believe we see more clearly the way to the fulfilment of its mission. Full well we realize that no two students hold the same opinion with regard to the full function of their paper. Yet all may unite to make the ATHENÆUM an expression of the spirit and individuality of Acadia. The paper is Acadia's voice, every student has a share in its utterances.

It is to be remembered that the editor is but the guardian angel of its yearly career. Zealous he must be of its highest welfare, however, for over the sanctum hovers that indefinable thing, the Ideal. He endeavours to bring everything under its standard of judgment,—does he succeed?—perhaps, yet throughout there is reward for all. It is a



EDITORIAL STAFF, "ACADIA ATHENÆUM—1907-1908.

From photo, Robson Studio.



ACADIA TRACK TEAM
(Winners of Intercollegiate Trophy)

source of real pleasure to recall the large number of students who have this year responded so heartily to our solicitations. We believe that these pleasant relations will be continued. As we thank the Assistants and others we urge every student to seek greater proficiency in self-expression in the future by this means. Our best wishes attend the new staff as they take up the work.



The Intercollegiate Track Meet

THE sixth annual "Intercollegiate Track Meet" was held at Moncton, N. B., May 22nd. The day was perfect, the track was in good condition and the sports were fairly well attended. The University of New Brunswick, Mount Allison, and Acadia each sent a team, and the colors of the different teams were equally in evidence on the grand stand.

The University of New Brunswick held the trophy, having won it last May at St. Stephen, and it was expected that she would put up a strong fight for it this year, inasmuch as she had lost but one athlete, Wood, out of four good men whom she had last year. Very little was known of the teams of either Acadia or Mount Allison. It had been rumored that a surprise might be expected from Acadia, but no one could say just where the surprise would occur. However, the surprise did come, and Acadia's sweeping victory exceeded the hopes of her most ardent admirers. In all save two out of the ten events her men showed up strongly taking six firsts, five seconds, and four thirds as well as tying for first place in one event and for second in another, making a total of 54 points to the 26 of U. N. B. and the 10 of Mt. A.

One record was broken and another was tied. Baird, the star athlete of U. N. B., put the shot 37 feet, 8¾ inches, breaking the record previously held by Jones of Acadia by 2 feet, 5¼ inches. Moland of Acadia by running the 220 yards dash in 23 1-5 seconds tied the record made by Black of Mt. A.

Acadia's team was as follows :

Jost '08 (Captain) jumps, weights, hurdles; Kierstead '08, weights; Messinger, '08, jumps; A. Brown, '10, pole; F. Brown, '10, sprints; Camp, '10, sprints; Hughes, '10, weights, hurdles, pole; Spurr,

'10, jumps, hurdles; Morland, '11, sprints; DeBow, '11, weights; Young, '10, run; Sleep, '10, run; Robinson, '11, weights, sprints; Porter, '11, jumps.

Below is a summary of the meet :

FIRST HEAT 100 YARDS.

First, Camp, A., second, Rutledge, U.N.B. Time 11 1-5 sec.

SECOND HEAT 100 YARDS.

First, Bridges, U.N.B., second, Moland, A. Time 10 4-5 sec.

FINAL HEAT 100 YARDS.

First, Moland A, second, Camp, A., third, Bridges, U.N.B. Time 10 4-5 sec.

HIGH JUMP.

First, Jost, A., second, Messinger, A., and Brooks, U.N.B., height, 5 ft. 4 in.

FIRST HEAT 220 YARDS DASH.

First, Moland, A., second, Ryan, Mt. A. Time 23 3-5 sec.

SECOND HEAT 220 YARDS.

First, Camp, A., second, Clay, Mt. A. Time 24 sec.

FINAL HEAT 220 YARDS.

First, Moland, A., second, Camp, A., third, Clay, Mt. A. Time 23 1-5 sec.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

First, Baird, U.N.B., second, Porter, A., third, Jost, A. Distance 20 ft. 10½ in.

440 YARDS DASH

First, Moland A, second, Robinson, A., Third, Brown, A., Time 54 2-5 sec.

HAMMER THROW.

First, DeBow, A., second, Hughes, A., third, Smith, Mt. A. Distance 102 ft. ½ in.

SHOT PUT.

First. Baird, U.N.B., second, Rutledge, U.N.B., third, Jost, A. Distance 37 ft. 8¾ in.

FIRST HEAT 120 YARDS HURDLES.

First, Baird, U. N. B., second, Spurr, A. Time 18 1-5 sec.

SECOND HEAT 120 YARDS HURDLES

First, Hughes, A., second, Armstrong, U.N.B. Time 18 sec.

FINAL HEAT 120 YARDS HURDLES.

First, Hughes, A., second, Baird, U.N.B., third, Spurr, A.
Time 17 3-5 sec.

POLE VAULT.

First, Dever, U. N. B., Spicer, U. N. B., and Hughes, A.
Height, 9 ft. 4¾ in.

MILE RUN.

First, Killam, Mt. A., second, Smith, Mt. A., third, Landry, U. N. B. Time 4 min. 55 1-5 sec.

We feel that the success of our men in this contest was largely due to two things. First, their physical condition was splendid. In no events was this shown more clearly than in the sprints. The distress of the other contestants at the finish in the 220 and 440 yard dashes was very evident, while the Acadia men finished strongly and easily. But of equal importance with the physical condition of the men was the spirit that existed between them and their captain. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on this fact. The strong personality of Captain Jost, and the feeling of confidence which his personality inspired between each member of the team and himself made failure to do the best that was in one impossible. It is to him that our success is due. To him belongs the honor of having led a team to the greatest victory yet won in our Intercollegiate Track Meets.

G. F. C., '10.



The Base Ball Season

THE alterations in the campus and the building of the new covered grand stand having necessitated the moving of the diamond to the west side of the field, gives us a better outfield.

The regular Inter-class League was formed, composed of four teams, Upper Classes, '10, '11 and Academy. The games for the most part were well contested, the Freshmen winning all their games, thus the championship of the league. The Sophomores took second place, losing only to the Freshmen. The Academy was weaker than usual, losing all their games.

After the finishing of the league, work was begun on a college team. Two games were arranged with the Middleton Athletic Association.

ACADIA 3, MIDDLETON 2.

The first game was played in Middleton on May 16th. At one o'clock p. m. the game started with Middleton in the field and Acadia at bat. The following is the line up and batting order :

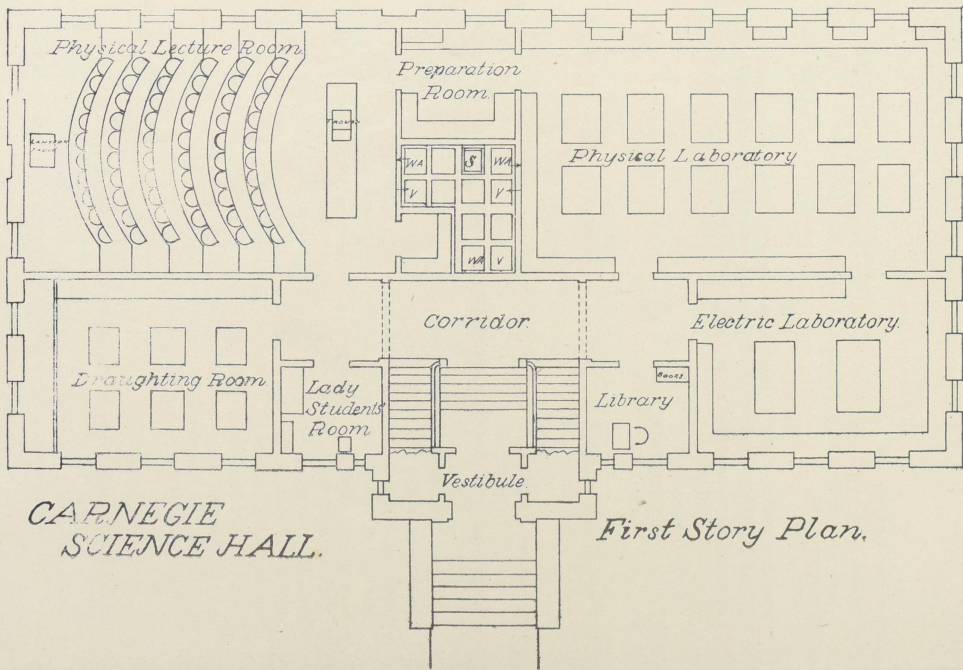
Acadia.	Middleton.
Archibald, 1. f.	E. Spurr, 3rd b. (capt.)
Thomas, c. f.	Gullivan, r. f.
Simms, r. f.	Elliot, 1st b.
Lounsbury, 2nd b.	Ross, c. f.
Lewis, 1st b. (capt)	Phinney, 1. f.
Morton, s.s.	J. Andrews, s.s.
Andrews, 3rd b.	Wiswall, p.
Rice, c.	P. Andrews, 2nd b.
Faulkner, p.	W. Spurr, c.

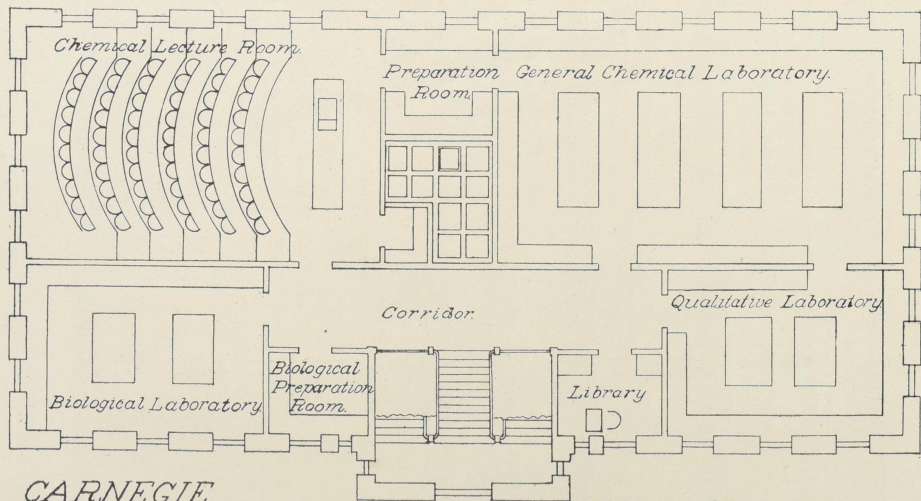
The weather was perfect for playing ball, the sun shining brightly and there being very little wind.

The first inning looked as if Acadia was going to clinch the game at the start, getting two men across the plate and two more on bases and shutting Middleton out. In the second inning Middleton got down to work and both teams were retired in short order, but in the third Middleton forced in one run. In the fourth and fifth innings both teams went out in almost 1, 2, 3 order. Thomas scored in the sixth, giving Acadia a lead of two. The seventh and eighth brought in no more scores, but in the ninth Middleton reduced Acadia's lead to one by sending John Andrews across the pan. At this stage the train arrived and we were forced to leave with two men out and none on bases, so we feel justified in claiming this game as it seems improbable that Middleton could have scored again. The pitching and fielding on both sides were of a high order and the weak spot of both teams seemed to be the batting.

Middleton 4, Acadia 3.

The 25th of May was looked forward to as the date of the return game. Middleton put in some hard practice and secured a special train back to Middleton that night, consequently a large delegation of their supporters landed in Wolfville on the afternoon train.





CARNEGIE
SCIENCE HALL.

Second Story Plan.

At about 4.20 p.m. the game commenced with Mr. Claude Balcom as umpire. Middleton's team remained about the same as in the previous game but Acadia made several changes. Bates, who was unable to go to Middleton, was on first base, while Haverstock replaced Simms in right field and Faulkner was behind the bat and Rice in left field. Lewis started out in the box as Faulkner had not recovered from the hard work done in Middleton.

Middleton went to bat first but did not succeed in landing a man on first base. Bates, the first man up for the college, lined out a two base hit on the first ball pitched and came home on Lounsbury's single. In the second inning Wiswell went around for Middleton and Andrews for Acadia. The third saw Haverstock come in for Acadia and E. Spurr for Middleton, still leaving Acadia one in the lead. At the end of this inning Faulkner was persuaded to go in the box and Rice behind the bat. In the fourth only six men faced the pitchers. In the next inning Middleton evened up matters by sending Edgar Spurr across the plate and shutting Acadia out. The next four innings were filled with as good ball as was ever seen on the campus, both teams working like clock work but unable to score. The ninth ended with the score still three to three so the extra innings were started. Edgar Spurr started the fun by rapping out a nice single hit. The next man popped up an easy fly to the pitcher who threw to first to make a double play, but Bates was pushed out of the way and the ball went to the fence and Spurr to third base. Ross made a clean hit to right field and Middleton had a lead of one. Acadia went in and managed to get two men on bases but were unable to get one home so the game ended four to three in favour of Middleton. The large crowd, numbering over five hundred, had been given ten innings of good fast base ball and went away satisfied. We regret that we were unable to get on a third game with Middleton as it would have proved interesting.

Frank L. Lewis.

Anniversary Week---College Functions

Baccalaureate Sunday

MAY 31ST

NATURE has ever a message to deliver to the truly awakened soul. From the white-robed orchards, the deep green meadows, grand old rugged Blomidon ; and other enchanting scenes, come to the loyal sons and daughters assembled at Acadia during Anniversary season, messages too deep for expression ; yet calculated to fill those souls with a spirit of devotion, and prepare them for the spiritual and intellectual feast awaiting them on Baccalaureate Sunday.

College Hall was thronged with worshippers as the President, Rev. Dr. Hutchinson, the speaker of the morning, Rev. Dr. McDonald, and other noted clergymen, followed by the members of the graduating class, marched in to the strains presented by Prof. Ringwald, and took their respective seats. The President presiding called upon Rev. W. C. Goucher of St. Stephen, N. B. to offer invocatory prayer and read the scriptures. Then a choir of some seventy voices rendered the chorus from Haydn's Creation, "Awake the Harp." This was followed by prayer offered by Rev. G. R. White of Charlottetown, and the Offertory by the choir from Schubert's "Omnipotence."

The speaker chose as the basis of his subject, St. John 13 : 34, "A new commandment give I unto you that ye love one another as I have loved you." He especially emphasized the last phrase, from which he chose his topic,—The Christian Ideal, which he dealt with in a clear, impressive and practical manner.

In introducing his subject he spoke of the many commands which might be attributed to Christ, especially the two embracing love to God and man ; but showed that St. John 13 : 34 was the only one of these which embraced the gospel ideal of Jesus Christ. He logically arranged his thought under three divisions :—

1. The man who loves his neighbour less than himself.
2. The man who loves his neighbour as himself.
3. The man who loves his neighbour better than himself.

The first presents to us the animalistic nature which is ever seeking self-gratification and by so doing loses all. He admitted that

business competition today demands thought of self, yet the principle of the survival of the fittest prevails too strongly today and must be overcome by the gospel ideal of love making men altruistic.

The second man was one who followed the Golden Rule so as to preserve his own interests. This was a social and ethical reciprocity. Of such Jesus said, "not far from the Kingdom" ; but we today make the mistake of putting them inside. He showed that not to be just, but to have a loving and forgiving spirit is the ideal life.

The third man is the true Christian loving as Jesus loved. He follows Jesus' ideal, practising humility, self-sacrifice, such as the mother for her child ; or still better as the Master Himself who loved all.

Then appealing to the graduating class he asked which principle should sway their lives,—selfishness, justice or love. Education he said was to lead men out from self, to develop personality. Not to be selfish or even moral alone, as the latter is narrow and useless, but altruistic. Lose your life in unselfish service for humanity and find it again at God's right hand. This may not seem practical to all ; but it means the highest type of education and finally the redemption of the world.

The evening service under the auspices of the college Y. M. C. A. was presided over by the President of that society, M. F. McCutcheon. He called upon Rev. W. M. Smallman of New Glasgow, N. S. to read the Scriptures and Rev. A. A. Rideout of Fredericton to offer prayer. Then in a few well chosen remarks he introduced the speaker of the evening Rev. John McNeil of Wabner Road Baptist Church, Toronto,—a man of rare ability and strong personality who chose as his topic, "The Quest of Truth." He said the ultimate end of truth and knowledge was the Fatherhood of God. The secret of the universe was in personality. The secret of personality was in God and the secret of God was in the Fatherhood. Showing the close relation existing between religion and education he said ; "Religion comes from Fatherhood through God to manhood. Education moves from manhood through God to Fatherhood. Education is not complete until we know the Father through Christ who is the key, centre and interpreter of truth.

To find truth he said a man must be pure, obedient, submissive, teachable, and illustrated his thought by relating an experience of two

ships at sea. They had expected on voyage to be able to communicate with each other by wireless telegraphy so that one ship thinking the other was within reach was endeavouring to send messages to her but no response came. On arriving at their destination they learned that the other ship was stranded on a sandbar and failed to make her voyage. Thus he said man stranded upon the sandbar of disobedience can never attain truth. Brain and heart must combine in the search. The brain gives range and direction but the soul receives the image. It is our own fault if we do not acquire truth. Those who are groping in the dark are doing so because they by disobedience have severed themselves from God. All is ready for us to acquire truth but we must see to it that our souls are set toward God. The secret of finding truth is to do the Master's will. Open your soul to him by loving obedient service and He who is the embodiment of truth will enter in and abide with you.

Miss Helen Knowles sang a solo very acceptably and the exercises of another Baccalaureate Sunday full of many instructive and inspiring lessons were brought to a close.

B. S.



Class Day Exercises

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 2

Class Day exercises have always formed a much appreciated contribution to the admirable programme carried out during Commencement Week at Acadia. The part thus contributed by the Class of '08 was no exception to the general rule. Although the early morning was dull and dark, yet as the hour for opening approached the day grew much brighter. The slate and maroon class flag floated in the gentle breeze. The songs of the birds exulting in the sunshine could be heard everywhere among the trees. The Hall was quickly filled by the large gathering of parents and friends who had assembled. As Professor Ringwald took his place at the piano and began the march all eyes were directed eagerly toward the door. The class led by their President, John H. Geldart, took their places on the platform to conduct the business of their final meeting.

In well chosen words the President extended a welcome to all,

especially welcoming former members of the class and old graduates of the College, the former because of past associations and the expression of interest manifested on this occasion by their presence, and the latter because it afforded them the opportunity of seeing the improvement of this over classes that had preceded it. He briefly alluded to the achievements of the class and the place it had occupied, details of which were to be given by the class historian.

After the reading of the minutes the Secretary, Miss McLeod, called the roll. Many changes had taken place and a comparatively small number of the original personnel were now graduating. Apt responses were made to the names of absent members. The present officers of the class were unanimously re-appointed to their respective positions for life. There was also passed unanimously a motion that the class donate \$230 to the college this year and an annual payment of \$40 for six years, the amount to constitute the scholarship of the class of '08, be given to the member of the Junior class who had made the highest average during the Sophomore year. It is to be first awarded to the class of '11. This expression of generosity was received with hearty applause.

A vocal duet by Misses Knowles and Kempton was well received.

John S. Bates, as class historian, next presented a review of the past, relating the events which belonged to the development of the class through its four successive years. The varied experiences of the four years were related in a way that held the attention of the audience and was received with hearty applause.

A violin solo by Miss Hilda Vaughan was heard with great pleasure.

Next came that which is always awaited with curiosity—the Class Prophecy. Each is curious to know what has been revealed to prophetic vision. The prophet, Leslie G. Jost, being unavoidably absent the Prophecy was read by Kelsey C. Denton. The revelations which attended his wanderings in the spirit land and trip round the world in a sub-marine steamer were followed with great interest. The different spheres in which, according to the Prophet, the members of this class will be some day found insures them a welcome to the world's ranks.

A cornet solo by Mr. Watson was well rendered and enthusiastically applauded.

Mis Mildred Daniels, as Valedictorian, expressed the feelings of the class as it goes forth from the associations of its Alma Mater. Lofty thoughts and sentiments were clothed in well chosen words and well delivered.

The excellent manner in which the class of '08 on this occasion acquitted itself was an evidence of the careful work of the course, and a forecast of greater things. As they go forth to assume greater responsibilities in the various spheres of activity our best wishes shall ever follow each.

Mc.



The Inter-Class Field Meet

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

The different events of the meet were contested this year under particularly favorable conditions. The weather was all that could be desired and the numerous and valuable prizes were an incentive for every competitor to do his best.

The merchants of Wolfville and others of the citizens keenly interested in athletics had donated prizes for every event in the meet.

Several contestants deserve special mention. Moland, '11, the star of the intercollegiate meet at Moncton, took first place in every event which he entered, viz., the 100 yds., 220 yds., 440 yds., and mile. The splendid self-control and good judgment which he possesses was evidenced in the mile run for which he had not been in training. In the 100 yds. and 220 yds. he was hard pressed by Camp '10, who was a close second.

Porter, '11, of Kentville, surprised the spectators by his excellent showing in the broad and high jumps. He took first place in the broad jump at 20 ft., 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in., breaking the old record by one inch and tied for first place with Dyas, '10, in the high jump at 5 ft., 6 in.

Hughes, '10, took first in the hurdles, pole-vault and hammer-throw. We sincerely regret that he will not return next year as he was one of the best all-round athletes that Acadia has had for some years.

The meet was won by the Sophomores with a total of 44 points. The attendance was fair and every event aroused much enthusiasm.

Commencement Day

CONVOCATION.

With peculiar charm and loveliness Nature ushered in the chief event of Commencement Week, University Convocation, this, the seventieth anniversary of our Alma Mater. As the hour of ten passed the dial, the academic assembly—President, Faculty, Senate, Governors, and candidates for degrees to the march played by Prof. Ringwald, filed into the hall, and, taking their places, presented an impressive and brilliant picture of collegiate ceremonial, arousing in the minds of the large and interested audience past associations and memories, and perchance in some, delightful dreams of future convocations when they too might be participants. The exercises were then opened as the venerable Dr. Saunders offered the Invocatory Prayer.

With a brief speech of introduction President Hutchinson announced the first speaker, Dr. Nathan E. Wood, President of Newton Theological Seminary, the subject of whose address was "An Educated Man." He first defined an educated man as one who could not only do skillfully what work was assigned to him, but also as one possessed of comprehensive breadth of knowledge. He then considered the part that a college should play in transforming the crude and untrained individuals received into those resourceful and cultured. In this treatment three main influences were taken up: the power of environment and associations; books and teachers; intellectual comradeships. For the first of these, environment, he argued strongly the value of academic surroundings as those of the colleges of Oxford, picturesque, rich in memories and associations of the past, and traditional lore, all casting a romantic halo and magical charm over the undergraduate mind. It would be difficult to praise too highly the magnificent conception which the speaker presented, entrancing the audience, not only by his wonderful eloquence, but also by the strength and breadth of thought, often expressed in terse, incisive aphorisms.

The second speaker, Principal Peterson, of McGill University, with happy wit and scholarly treatment presented his address—"University Problems." He first emphasized the point that the president of a university should not be burdened with financial problems, but left free for the supervision of strictly educational affairs. He later compared

the relative advantages of the small college and large university, showing that the former is peculiarly fitted for inculcating general culture and should not strive to become an institution for specialization.

The two violin solos—Nigenlied : Hauser; Humoresq : Dvorak, which followed, by Miss Evelyn Starr, accompanied by Miss Portia Starr, were pleasing variations, and completely entranced all with the delicate shading and expression shown.

Three members of the graduating class then delivered orations. John S. Bates in his essay on "The Demands of Socialism" outlined comprehensively and well the history and present relation of that movement to the modern industrial system. Miss Lucy Lowe followed with an admirable address on "The Unrest in India." Tracing the political, social, and industrial causes of the discontent, and the probable results she showed how Christianity would be the potent factor to unify the diverse elements, and ultimately bring about a certain degree of legislative freedom, which would not however involve severance from the Empire. The last oration by Lemuel Ackland on "The Transformation of King Lear" evinced a thoughtful interpretation of character as seen in that play.

The next number, a solo—"Orpheus and his Lute : " Sullivan,—was greatly enjoyed by all, and Miss Kempton merits considerable praise for her splendid rendering.

The following were then announced as having qualified for, and completed Honor Courses :

John S. Bates, in Mathematics; Lucy A. Lowe, in History and Economics; Fred S. Nowlan, in Mathematics.

After this, with the customary Latin formulæ, the following were admitted to Baccalaureate rank, the consummation of undergraduate hopes and aspirations.

Bachelors of Arts :—Lemuel Ackland, Hampshire, P. E. I.; Robert F. Allen, Avonport, N. S.; Herbert S. Bagnall, Hazel Grove, P. E. I.; John S. Bates, Amherst, N. S.; Mildred W. Daniels, Chester, N. S.; Kelsey C. Denton, Little River, N. S.; Malcolm R. Elliott, Clarence, N. S.; W. Bernard Foster, Torbrook, N. S.; John H. Geldart, Moncton, N. B.; Helen A. Haley, St. John, N. B.; Jean S. Haley, St. Stephen, N. B.; Percy R. Hayden, Jordan Falls, N. S.; Helena C. Kierstead, St. John, N. B.; Lucy A. Lowe, Pugwash, N. S.; Jennie A. Macleod, Summerside, P. E. I.; Clarence R. Messinger, Wolfville, N.



ACADIA BASEBALL TEAM

S.; Bertha M. North, Canning, N.S.; Fred S. Nowlan, Havelock, N.S.; Harold I. Spurr, Aylesford, N.S.; Hilda E. Vaughan, Wolfville, N.S.

Bachelors of Science :—Avarð P. Goudey, Port Maitland, N. S.; Leslie G. Jost, Guysborough, N. S. ; Judson S. McGregor, Kingston, N. S.

Four men, having completed the Partial Engineering Course, which admits them to the third year of the Faculty of Applied Science, McGill University, were granted certificates, namely :

G. Gordon Hughes, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Edward DeW. King, Wolfville, N. S.; Fred E. Mallory, Jacksontown, N. B.; Allan LeM. Purdy, Westchester, N. S.

An unusually large number of graduates came up for the degree of Master of Arts in course. They were as follows :

James A. Armstrong, Philosophy and Pedagogy; George D. Blackadar, French; L. Etta Brown, Latin; Statira P. Caldwell, Economics; R. D. Colpitts, Economics; C. M. Harris, Church History and Economics; Alberta MacKinlay, Economics; Edith M. Spurr, Latin and French.

The Honorary Degrees announced were namely :

Master of Arts :—Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Roxbury, Mass.; John D. Bogart, M.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Doctor of Divinity :—Rev. Rufus Sanford, India; Rev. C. T. Philips, Hartland, N. B.

The degree, Doctor of Laws, was conferred on Everett W. Sawyer, President of Okanagan College, Summerland, B. C.

The prizes for the year were then awarded as follows :

The Governor General's Silver Medal, for the highest scholarship during the last three years of course, won by John S. Bates.

The Ralph M. Hunt Prize of \$25.00 for excellence in oratory to John H. Geldart, '08.

The Dimock Essay Prize for English essay, won by Dorothy Manning, '09.

The Cummings Prize of \$25.00 for excellence in scholarship during the Freshman year was announced as having been won by Cyril D. Locke.

Following the wise and inspiring words of President Hutchinson in his charge to the graduating class the assembly was addressed by eminent visitors, the Lieutenant Governors of Prince Edward Island

and Nova Scotia. Both gentlemen were heard with pleasure. Thus was brought to a close the "three-score and tenth" anniversary of Acadia's foundation. *M.*



Base Ball.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Acadia 3, Truro 1.

One of the fastest games that has been seen in Wolfville for some time was played on the Campus Wednesday afternoon between the Spaldings of Truro and Acadia. The visitors had to return on the afternoon train which necessitated starting the game early in the afternoon. The efficient services of Mr. Claude Balcom were again secured as umpire. The two teams lined up with Acadia at the bat.

Acadia	Truro
Bates, 1st b.	Bruce, 2 b.
Thomas, c. f.	Heiseler, c. f.
Haverstock, r. f.	Lane, 3 b.
Lounsbury, 2nd b.	Kennedy, 1 b.
Lewis, 1. f.	Cavanagh, 1. f.
Morton, s. s.	Burke, p.
Andrews, 3rd b.	Feetham, s. s.
Rice, c.	Kennedy, r. f.
Faulkner, p.	Moore, c.

Bates started out with a nice hit and came in on Lounsbury's single. The first three men up for Truro went down before Faulkner like nine pins. The second inning was run off in quick order, not a man reaching first. In the third Andrew's overthrew to first allowed a man to go to third. This man came home on a sacrifice hit, which evened up the score. The fourth inning was soon over with no change in the score. In the fifth the visitors made a few costly errors which allowed Bates and Rice to score. With Acadia two in the lead the next four innings were run off in quick order as both teams played gilt edged ball. The game finished with the score three to one in favor of Acadia. This game was played in the record time of one hour and ten minutes. Great work was done by both pitchers. Faulkner had twelve strike-outs to his credit and Burke nine.



CLASS IN SURVEYING, B. SC. STUDENTS, CLASS OF 1910.

From photo, Robson Studio.

This game finished up our season and we feel safe in saying that it has been a successful one, having won two games out of the three played against the best teams that could be procured. The base ball season also shows a neat financial surplus.

The strong points in the team were notably the pitcher and infield. Faulkner showed remarkable control and speed, only allowing one man to walk in the three games. Our infielding was almost perfect, while our outfield was the weak spot if there was any. The team as a whole batted better than in former years.



Alumni Banquet.

The last function of Anniversary Week fell on the evening of Wednesday. The exercises for the day had been not a little changed, as compared with former years, providing a pleasing variation from former Commencement Day programs. A dual purpose was to be served, the fitting recognition of the 70th anniversary of the founding of Acadia College and of the first year of our President's incumbency of office.

At half past seven the friends of the institutions began to gather in College Hall. Beside our honored guests an unusually large number of alumni were present. As a revival of the old "Conversatzionni" the occasion was most successful, and all too soon the announcement came that the hour had arrived for the annual alumni dinner. This year Chipman Hall was not to be graced by its presence, the sister institution was to be thus honored. Accordingly all repaired to the dining-room of the Seminary where a most sumptuous repast was spread. The committee of arrangement deserves much commendation for the excellent appearance presented and the successful execution of the details of the banquet. Among the invited guests were Lieutenant-Governors Fraser and McKinnon, Rev. Robert McDonald, D.D., Rev. John McNeill, Rev. N. E. Wood, D.D., and the Class of 1908. Rev. J. W. Manning, D.D., presided and after ample justice had been done to the "good cheer" the following toast list was followed with manifest pleasure :—

The King
 " The National Anthem "
 The Maritime Provinces
 Hon. D. A. McKinnon, Lt.-Gov. P. E. I.
 Hon. D. C. Fraser, Lt.-Gov. N. S.
 Sister Colleges
 Dr. W. Peterson, Principal McGill University.
 The Neighboring Republic
 Dr. N. E. Wood, President Newton Theological Seminary
 Dr. Robert McDonald, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Our Guests
 Rev. John McNeil, Toronto, Ont.
 The Graduating Class of 1908
 Mr. J. H. Geldart, President of Class.
 Our Alma Mater
 Rev. H. T. DeWolfe.

Finally, with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the Acadia Doxology, the most successful occasion of its kind in Acadia's history was brought to a close leaving in its train many pleasant memories.



Facing Life's Task.

(ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.)

One of the greatest thinkers this Continent has produced has said that no crisis in a man's life is so important and awe-inspiring as when he stands between his visions and his tasks. The visions behind him the tasks before him! will he be a dreamer and a failure amid the practical things of life, or will he be able to transmute those visions into golden deeds of highest value to humanity.

That is where you stand today. The College course has been largely a time of visions of ideals. You have been sitting at the feet not of teachers of today, but teachers of all ages—the philosophers, the poets, the scientists, the thinkers, of Socrates and Plato, of Shake-

speare and Browning, of Edison and Lord Kelvin, of one greater than all, with whose name no other name can be coupled, you have not yet fully learned your powers; you have not yet fully learned your limitations. Now you are going out not simply to discover the world, but to discover yourselves. You are going out to meet life's tasks. Thank God for work to do, and for brawn and brain wherewith to do it! Do not shrink from the self-revelation which is to come. Know thyself, then *be* thyself. Alexander conquered the world by just being himself, and you can conquer your world in the same way.

President Eliot of Howard recently made certain statements about athletics which have attracted wide attention. He says the athletic exercise which is really of most value is the kind that can and will be followed not merely through the College course, but through later life. Thus he thinks gymnasium practice is of more value than foot-ball because the business man and the professional man can, and in many cases *will*, continue the former, while he is not likely to continue the latter. I do not know how true that is of athletics—but I am sure some such principle is true of your studies. That study is most truly worth while which is going to last for a long while. No subject has engaged your attention in college which is not worthy your best attention through all the years to come, perhaps not in just the same form in which you have studied it here, but in some form, probably one which is better, higher, more practical. All that you have done in gathering information—in History, Economics, Psychology; all that you have done to develop your reasoning powers—in Mathematics, Logic, Philosophy; all that you have done to cultivate the imagination—in the study of the world's splendid literatures from Homer down to Tennyson; all that Science has taught you of God's thoughts materialized in the Universe: all has been worth while here because it will abide with you hereafter.

"One truth leads right to the world's end."

Read a page of good literature every day: it will inspire you for nobler work. Keep constantly on hand some strong book dealing with the great problems of philosophy, religion or Society: it will put iron in your blood. Be a student of nature. Whatever there is of good and true and uplift in art and music, grapple it to your soul with hoops of steel. Above all, glorify your daily task, however common it may seem, by relating it to the things which are eternal. I agree

with the man who said: "Give me the luxuries of life and I will not worry about the necessities." He must have meant in the intellectual realm. Here the luxuries carry with them the necessities. He who has noble thoughts and ideals will surely do his work well day by day. "The life is more than meat." He who has life, the life which is life indeed, will have all other needful things added unto him. It was after the great Teacher of us all came down from the Mount of Transfiguration that He cast out the demon before which those who had remained below were powerless. He who beholds visions on the mountain top can best uplift men in the valley—if only he has wisdom to transmute visions into power.

Take with you, graduates in Arts and Science, these wise words of one who had studied life very deeply: "There is nothing so goodly, so fair, and so lawful, as to play the man well and duly; nor is there any art or science so hard and difficult as to know how to live this life well." He alone can teach you how to live who was Himself life perfect and absolute.

President Hutchinson.



The Pierian of Acadia Seminary.

Acadia Seminary

In life's early morn, when the meadows grow green,
 And dandelion-dotted with gold;
 When the brook clear as crystal purls over the stones
 In its winding way on to the wold—
 When the great rounded moon arose in the East
 And flooded the soft dewy rest
 With a silvery sheen, till Venus grew pale,
 And retired to her home in the west.
 Then I dreamed, and I dreamed, a long beautiful dream,
 That a Laureate proudly might own,

Of a school for us girls that should rival the halls
Where the boys learned all that was known.

Those "castles in air," *terra firma* have found,
And fair as in fancy they seem.
And the flowerets of Memory are strewn all along,
The way from that long ago dream.

Mrs. Alice Shaw Chipman,
Former Principal of Grand Pré Seminary.



Graduating Recitals

The closing exercises of Acadia Seminary began this year, as usual, with a series of graduating recitals given by pupils in the departments of voice, pianoforte, violin, and elocution. The names of these pupils appear on other programs, and some of them are becoming so well-known as to need no special comment here. All of them reflect great credit upon the teachers who are doing such serious, progressive work in their several departments. Following are the programmes:

MAY 12

By Ida Bethia Locke Rand and Sadie King Dobson.

Piano	(a) A Curious Story	Schumann
	(b) Humoreske	Ant. Dvorak
Reading	"Sella"	William Cullen Bryant
Piano	Nocturne	Chopin, Op. 37, No. 2
Reading	"Recognizing an Acquaintance"	Mark Twain
Piano	Hungarian Dances (Nos. 6 and 7)	Brahms
Reading	"Jean Valjean"	Victor Hugo

MAY 15

By Helen Beckwith and Miss Lawrence.

Air	Father of Heaven	"Judas Maccabeus"	Handel
		Miss Beckwith	
Campanella	by Paganini		Liszt
		Miss Lawrence	

Recitative and Cavatina	"Che faro senza Euridice"	
(“Orpheus”)		Gluck
	Miss Beckwith	
Emmy Lou		G. M. Martin
	Miss Sweet	
(a) Cupid at the Ferry		German
(b) Pastorale		Bunten
	Miss Beckwith	
Valse de Concert		Wieniawski
	Miss Lawrence	
Sabbath Morning at Sea	"Sea Pictures"	Elgar
	Miss Beckwith	

MAY 19

By Evelyn Starr and Nellie DeWitt.

(a) Air	"O Lord Whose Mercies" (Saul)	Handel
(b) The Spirit's Song		Haydn
	Miss DeWitt	
Concerto, G Minor		Max Bruch
I Allegro Moderato		
II Adagio		
III Finale		
	Miss Starr	
Aria	Cangio D'aspetto (Admeto)	Handel
	Miss DeWitt	
(a) Air	} Violin Solo	Bach
(b) Bourree		
	Miss Starr	
(a) Sapphische Oke		Brahms
(b) Du Bist Wie Eine Blume		Liszt
	Miss DeWitt	
Polonaise Brillante		Wieniawski
	Miss Starr	
(a) Should He Upbraid		Bishop
(b) Ave Marie		Shubert
	Miss DeWitt	

MAY 27

By Hazel H. Chute and Goldie Sweet.

Introduction

Hiawatha's Childhood

Miss Sweet

Hunting Song

Heller

Miss Chute

The Wooing

Miss Sweet—(accompanied by Miss Chute)

Noche de Amor Op. 124

Blumenschein

Miss Chute

The Famine

Miss Sweet

Traumerei

McDowell

Woodland Whispers Op. 6

Braungardt

Miss Chute

Hiawatha's Departure

Miss Sweet

MAY 28

By Miss McKeen and Miss Bishop

(a) In the Merry May Time

German

(b) Who is Sylvia?

Schubert

Miss McKeen

Chopin Concerto Opus 11, E minor

Miss Bishop

Second piano, Mr. J. C. Ringwald

(a) Air He Shall feed His Flock like a Shepherd
"Messiah"

Handel

(b) Recit & Arioso But the Lord is Mindful of His
own "St. Paul"

Mendelssohn

Miss McKeen

Waldesranschen

Liszt

Etude No. 11

Chopin

Miss Bishop

Canzonetta "Tu Fai la Superbetta"

De Fesch

Miss McKeen

Hungarian Rhapsody		Liszt
	Miss Bishop	
Rose Softly Blooming ! "Azor & Zemira"		Spohr
	Miss McKeen	

MAY 29

By Miss Woodman and Miss Wood

Piano	Deuxieme Scherzo, Op. 31	Chopin
	Miss Woodman	
Reading	"His Majesty the King"	Kipling
	Miss Wood	
Piano	Kreisleriana, Op. 16	Schumann
	Miss Woodman	
Reading	"Keeping a Seat at the Benefit"	May I. Fisk
	Miss Wood	
Piano	Concerto No. 2, Op. 21	Chopin
	Miss Woodman	
Orchestra parts played on second piano by Mr. J. C. Ringwald		
Reading	"King Robert of Sicily"	Longfellow
	Miss Wood	

Class Day

On Monday afternoon, June first, the senior class of the Seminary held their class day exercises in the college hall. The room was decorated with the class colors—scarlet and gray—while the twenty-four graduates, in their white dresses and crimson roses, attracted all eyes to the platform.

The class president, Miss Hazel Chute, of Middleton, made a graceful address of welcome, after which a roll-call of the class members was conducted by the secretary, Miss Marjory Barnaby, of St. John.

The programme of the afternoon was as follows :

1. Salutory—President.
2. Roll call—Secretary.
3. Piano Duo "Tannhauser" (Wagner)

- Evelyn Bishop and Edith Woodman.
4. Class History and will—Goldie Sweet.
 5. Vocal Solo (selected)—Helen Beckwith.
 6. Class Prophecy—Beatrice Shand.
 7. Violin Solo—Evelyn Starr.
 8. Valedictory—Louise Thompson.
 9. Presentation of gifts.
 10. Class Song.

The class history and will by Miss Goldie Frances Sweet, of Bridgetown, was one of the most amusing and entertaining features of the programme. The three years of class history, showing under what conditions the class had started, what it had done during the course, and enlivened by many humorous anecdotes, was listened to with the closest attention. Miss Sweet writes in a happy vein, and her effort of this afternoon was regarded as one of the best in recent years. The class prophecy, by Miss Beatrice Shand, of Windsor, was also a very clever production, marked by a delicate and well developed sense of humor. Miss Starr's violin solo, and the musical numbers by Miss Evelyn Bishop and Miss Edith Woodman evoked loud applause. The class valedictory, by Miss Louise Thompson, of Chance Harbor, N. B., was a strong plea for the attainment of high ideals and noble Christian character.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 2

The regular graduating exercises of the Seminary were held on Tuesday evening. Following is the programme :

Processional March (Blake)

Misses Charlotte Layton and Helen Knowles.

Prayer

Cauzonetta—Tu Fai la Superbetta (De Fesch)—Agnes R. McKeen.

Essay—The Princess—A Study—Hallie Josephine Baker.

Pianoforte Solo—"Waldesrauschen" (Liszt)—Evelyn Thorne Bishop.

Vocal Duet—On Wings of Song (Mendelssohn)

Jean Kempton and Helen Knowles.

Pianoforte Solo—B flat minor Scherzo (Chopin)

Edith Marguerite Woodman.

Essay—The First Americans—Goldie Frances Sweet.

Essay—Canada's Debt to the Hudson Bay Company—Louise Thompson

Violin Solo—Polonaise Brillante(Wieniawski)—Margaret Evelyn Starr.
Address—Rev. W. N. Hutchins, M. A., B. D., Truro, N. S.

Presentation of Diplomas.

Award of Prizes.

God Save the King.

The three essays given, as well as the musical numbers, fully sustained the high reputation of the school, and were listened to with evident pleasure. Rev. Mr. Hutchins addressed the class at some length, taking for his subject "The Coronation of Womanhood," and showing that woman is indebted for her present high position to the teaching of Jesus Christ.

The presentation of diplomas and the awarding of prizes always excites a ripple of excitement. This year the prizes were awarded as follows :

Payzant Prizes, \$20.00 each.

1. Most efficient scholar in several branches of English Education—Beatrice Shand, Windsor.
2. Most efficient in French—Beatrice Shand, Windsor.
3. Most efficient in instrumental music, piano—Edith Woodman, Grand Pre.

Christie Anderson Clair-Point scholarship to pupil making highest standing in scholarship and deportment throughout year in college course.

1st honor—Beatrice Shand, \$40.00.

2nd honor—Alice Harrington, \$20.00.

Gov. Gen.'s medal for best work in English essay--Louise Thompson. Chance Harbor, N. B.

Book prize for work in art department—Alice Harrington.

Money prize for work in art department given by Margaret Barss and others—Pearl Price, Brooklyn, N. S.

At the close of the graduating exercises, a reunion and banquet of the Alumnae Association was held in the Seminary dining-room. This was a most enjoyable affair. Mrs. J. W. Manning presided, and introduced the speakers in a very charming way. The toasts were : "The King", "The Seminary," "The Graduating Class," and "Our Guests." Mrs. Alfred Chipman, of Berwick, Mr. DeWolf, Miss Wells, Miss Hazel Chute, Miss Eva Andrews, Mrs. Wm. Archibald, and Rev. Mr. McNeil, of Toronto, were the speakers, and wit, humor,

inspiring thoughts, and good counsels abounded. Much enthusiasm has been aroused everywhere at the sight of the successful work of the Seminary, and all its friends are fully determined to push to completion the now definite project of a Fine Arts Building.

The Art Department of Acadia Seminary

The work in the art department of the Seminary has this year created a very great amount of interest. Under the enthusiastic care of Miss Chipman and her associate teacher, it has become a well-established institution with definite aims and a recognized standard. Within the past few years, modeling, textile designing, wall papers, screens borders for rugs, carpets, and portieres, as well as original designing for book and magazine covers and for china, have been added to the regular work of the department. The advantage was rapidly noted in the increase of students, this year 149 being in regular attendance. The exhibit occupied two rooms in the Seminary, Alumnae Hall not being sufficiently large. From among the number exhibiting work, the following are worthy of special note: Harold Tingley's modeling impressed one with its strength and vitality; Fred Goucher had some clever crayons from casts, the Winged Victory being remarkably good; Miss Caroline Bogart and Miss Nellie Andrew contributed some excellent water-colors; Miss Denton's oil studies showed good color feeling; Miss Dorothy Shand's compositions evinced originality; in the china exhibit, Miss Portia Starr, Miss Millard, Miss Chipman and Miss Lucas have some beautiful pieces. Miss Price had her work in a room by itself, and it showed the result of her four year's study. Designing is her special talent, and her ability in this direction does not seem to be confined to any one line. Textiles, book covers, posters, china and brass—her exhibit contains examples of original work in all these materials. After leaving the Seminary, Miss Price will probably take a course in a New York school of design. Acadia will watch her future.

The Lyceum of Horton Academy

Editors :—W. L. Kingdon, J. B. Grant

AS we take a retrospect of the year's work before laying down our duties, we feel that we must congratulate ourselves on having had the opportunity of attending Horton Collegiate Academy. The standard of work has been advanced, the enrollment of students is larger than in the preceding year, and it is certain that the Academy never offered a better course than it does at present. May the high standard of work introduced by Prin. Mersereau be kept up in future years.

After four years in connection with the Academy, Principal Mersereau is retiring with the class of 1908. His aim has been not only to instruct us in the regular subjects of the course, but to broaden our minds by making us think for ourselves. Now as he leaves us to take his post graduate course at



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Harvard, we take this opportunity of wishing him every success.

Y. M. C. A.

Although the meetings of the Y. M. C. A. this year have not on the whole been as well attended as last year, nevertheless they have been a help to many. The marked increase in the attendance after the revival meetings led by the Rev. S. W. Cummings gave evidence of the benefit derived from them, and the influence could be felt in the tone of the school. Mr. C. S. Young represented the Academy at the Y. M. C. A. convention held at New Glasgow last October. The report of delegates sent to these conventions always infuses new life into the society, and it would be well to take advantage of every opportunity of this kind given in the future.

Principal H. T. DeWolfe addressed us at our last meeting on the subject, "Foreign Missions." At the close of the meeting a collection amounting to \$8 was received to be given to missions.

A new feature in the work of the society this year was the forming of mission-study classes. Through the efforts of Mr. G. F. Camp who was ably seconded by Mr. C. A. Britten, the boys took great interest in their study of "The Uplift of China."

F. A. Hubley has been appointed president for the coming year, and Hugh Corey, secretary.



The Lyceum

As the oldest society, the Lyceum occupies a prominent position in the Academy life, and much benefit is derived from the debates and the papers that are read. This year the constitution has been remodelled upon the lines of the College Society. It was found that unless something worth listening to was prepared, the boys did not care to attend the meetings, and as there is not as large a number of students to draw from in the Academy as in the College, it was thought better to have the meetings on alternate weeks, so as to have more profitable evenings. Original papers were another feature of the Lyceum this year and they not only developed thinking on the part of the deliverers, but imparted information to the listeners. The officers for next year are, president, M. K. Camp; secretary-treasurer, J. E. Forbes.

Athletics

This year there has been a considerable dropping in the standard of athletics as compared with the two former years, but as they were more above the average than this year is below, it is not to be remarked at. The principal cause may be found in the irregular attendance of those who would have upheld the honour of the red and white on the campus.

In football, our first game was against King's University on our own grounds. The game resulted in a score of 3—0 in our favour. The next game was against the Freshmen. Considering that they had ten men who had played on Acadia's first team, it was surprising that the score of 10—0 in their favour, was not doubled. Kentville challenged us, and in a game on their grounds, we were defeated by one point, the score being 5—4. The last game of the season was played at Wolfville against 2nd Dalhousie, the winners of the Halifax Junior League, and ended in the score of 14—0 in favour of the black and yellow.

Capt. Allen deserves credit for "licking" our team into the shape he did.

Captain L. W. Black had considerable difficulty in picking a team for Basketball, and when it was made up, not one of the members had ever handled the ball before. Considering these drawbacks the team did very well, but did not succeed in winning any games.

In Hockey, only two outside games were secured this year, both of which were against King's Collegiate School. Under the able captainship of H. K. Sweet, our team acquitted themselves honourably. The first game, played in the Windsor Rink, ended in the score of 6—3 in favour of the home team; the return game at Wolfville in the score of 6—1 in favour of the Academy.



The Closing Exercises

Despite the unfavourable aspect of the weather, a large audience was assembled in College Hall, at seven o'clock, on Monday evening, June 1st, to witness the closing exercises, and when Misses Ida Rand and Hazel Chute began playing the march at seven thirty, the Hall was taxed to its utmost seating capacity.

Rev. E. B. Moore of Wolfville, opened the exercises by prayer.

He was followed by an address by Principal Mersereau, on "The Work of the Year." For the first time in many years the work completed in the Collegiate Course was fulfilling the matriculation requirements of Acadia College. In the raising of the standard, the effect could be seen in the small number of students receiving diplomas, but a diploma from Horton Collegiate Academy is now a thing to be proud of, for only by dint of hard work could it be secured.

The total attendance of the school had been 102, more than that of last year, though not so regular.

The aim of the teachers had been not only to bring the students to a certain required standard in book-lore, but to give them individualism, to make each one think for himself. The result of this aim could not be seen so well by a casual observer as by those who lived the daily life with the boys, for it was not the great emotional events, but the small everyday crises which built up and showed forth character.

Two essays were next delivered by members of the graduating class. W. E. Prisk of Halifax, handled a difficult subject, "Wireless Telegraphy," in a very able manner. The other speaker, R. W. Donaldson, of Port Williams, gave a good essay on "The Munroe Doctrine."

Mr. Frank L. Christie of Barrington Passage, N. S., as Class Prophet depicted the future of the several members of the class. The applause with which the Prophecy was received amply vouches for the skill of the prophet. Owing to an attack of laziness the valedictorian failed to read the valedictory.

The graduating class was addressed by the Rev. A. S. Lewis, B.D., of Bridgetown, N.S., who took as his subject, "Ideals." He spoke of the elevating influences of true ideals, as it was ideals which formed communities and nations. The two reasons for ideals were, first as it is only by following ideals that men can prove themselves indispensable to positions which they wish to obtain, and second, it is only by the highest ideals that society can be saved.

This year Messrs. Mersereau and Shortliffe secured a number of valuable prizes for the Academy, which were awarded as follows:—The prize of a gold medal offered by Mr. I. S. Boates of Wolfville for excellence in declamation and public speaking, was won by J. B. Grant of Ning Po, China. The prize of a gold medal donated by the

class of 1907, to be given to the member of the class of 1908 who made the highest aggregate standing in scholarship, athletics and leadership, was also won by J. B. Grant.

Twenty dollars in gold, given by Mr. Frank H. Lowe, of Aylesford, N. S., to be awarded to the member of the Senior Class making the highest standing in Scholarship and Deportment, was won by K. H. Kingdon, of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

Fifteen dollars, given by Mrs. Little, of Truro, N. S., to be awarded to the member of the middle class, who made the highest standing in Scholarship and Deportment, was won by M. K. Camp.

Ten dollars in gold, given by Mr. W. M. Black, of Wolfville, to be awarded to the student who made the highest standing in English, was won by E. M. Larkin.

Ten dollars in gold, given by Dr. P. N. Balcom, of Aylesford, to be awarded to the member of the Junior Class, who made the highest standing in Scholarship and Deportment, was won by E. M. Larkin, of Lower East Pubnico, N. S.

Ten dollars in gold, given by Mr. Geo. W. Christie, of Amherst, N. S., to be awarded to the student who made the highest standing in Foreign and Ancient Languages, was won by R. W. Donaldson, of Port Williams, N. S.

Ten dollars in gold, given by Mr. N. A. Rhodes, of Amherst, N. S., to be awarded to the member of the Business Class, who made the highest standing in Scholarship and Deportment, was won by Wilfrid R. Crowell, of Shag Harbor, N. S.

The following received first-class Academical Diplomas:—K. H. Kingdon, Montego Bay, Jamaica; W. L. Kingdon, Montego Bay, Jamaica; J. B. Grant, Ning-po, China; A. A. Chute, Wolfville; R. W. Donaldson, Port Williams, N. S.

Honour Diplomas in the Business Course were awarded to J. V. Dodds, St. George, N. B.; W. R. Crowell, Shag Harbor, N. S. Regular Diplomas were granted to Miss Orion Black, St. Martins, N. B.; J. F. Campbell, Boiestown, N. B.; L. W. Slack, Windsor, N. S.; L. A. Freeman, Isaac's Harbor, N. S. Certificates were given to Miss Sadie Martell, Lower Economy, N. S.; Miss Mary Whidden, Wolfville, N. S.

The following received certificates for work done in the Senior Class, F. L. Christie, Barrington Passage, N. S.; J. D. Harris, Wolf-

ville, N. S.; P. E. Hopps, Calais, Maine; G. R. Lewis, Pereaux, N. S.; A. A. Gates, Blandford, N. S.; K. J. Carter, Gaspe, Quebec; W. E. Prisk, Halifax, N. S.; L. A. Harlow, North Brookfield, N. S.; H. K. Sweet, Antigonish, N. S.; C. Robinson, Wolfville, N. S.; W. Walker, Port Hawkesbury, N. S.

The exercises were brought to a close by the singing of the national anthem, followed by the Academy yell.



College Elections for 1908-1909

The following are the elections to the various college offices for the ensuing year :

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"ACADIA ATHENÆUM" EDITORIAL STAFF.

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A. A. A. A. OFFICERS.

President, F. S. Goucher, '09 ; Vice-President, J. B. Grant, '12 ; Treasurer, F. G. Hughson '10. First Football Captain, F. L. Lewis, '09 ; Second Football Captain, F. L. Faulkner, '11 ; Business Manager Football Team, R. DeF. Davis, '09 ; Track Captain, R. L. Stailing, '09 ; Hockey Captain, F. L. Faulkner, '11 ; Baseball Captain, F. L. Lewis, '09 ; Basketball Captain, D. C. McKinnon, '09 ; Tennis Captain, L. B. Hopkins, '09.

Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS.

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President, Miss Jennie Welton, '09 ; Vice-President, Miss Frances Benjamin, '10 ; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Alice Eaton, '11.

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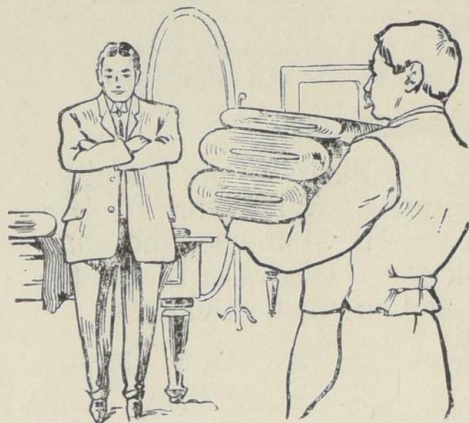
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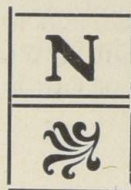
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