

# The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 4

## Ad Thaliarchum.

HORACE I, 9.

*(First prize translation.)*



OST see how snowy white Soracte stands,  
And struggling woods beneath their burden bend,  
With icy bands, from other lands  
The streams pursue their trend.

Oh Thaliarchus, from the Sabine cell  
Bring forth the wine, the oldest and the best ;  
The cold dispel, the logs heap well,  
Leave to the gods the rest.

For when the deities have lulled the winds,  
Which struggled with the seething, billowy sea,  
The cypress finds these mightier minds  
Bring rest to every tree,

Scan not the future, but whatever days  
Good Fortune grants, consider as a gain ;  
Spurn not love's lays, nor dancing days,  
Soon comes old age with pain.

Now in the Campus, on the public way,  
Let twilight whisper, lovers' laughs resound,  
When sweetheart's pay is snatched away,  
As forfeit for being found.

*Austen A. Chute, '12,*

## The Vision of the Northmen.

(ORATION DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES,  
JUNE 1910.)

**L**ONG years before Columbus found for Spain  
The Western World, a venturous prow, hung high  
With Viking shields, pushed dauntless from the shore,  
And down along the golden way vanished  
Into the crimson West. Before,—unknown,  
Interminable, mysterious, stretched the vast  
Expanse of waters, and behind,  
The night. But resolute, these rovers held their way  
Unterrified by darkness or the din  
Unknown. These men, who from their birth  
With mystery had lived, felt now no fear,—  
They were as brave in darkness as in light.  
Tempestuous sea to them was dearer aye  
Than peaceful shore. And thus their prow  
They turned, alone, to pierce the hidden veil.  
The last dim foreland faded in the night:  
Nought was there but the rolling, melancholy waste  
Of waters, one frail craft engulfed in infinite  
Unknown, battling with illimitable mysteries.  
Then as to make the secret way more weird  
An unrelenting mist shut out the stars  
From sight; and the grim ocean rovers were  
Without a guide upon a trackless sea.  
Yet on before a light did ever lead,  
For eagle-eyed the pioneers descried  
A steadfast gleam, farseen beyond the night's  
Remotest bound, of the unfathomable  
Gloom. They sailed a vast and shoreless sea,  
Through night that brings no day, amid a wild  
Expanse of pathless waters; but the hearts

That there alone were tossed, bore in themselves  
A vision, and its shining ray led like a  
Star thro the mysterious unknown way.  
So ever with the guiding light of pioneers:  
Not from without, but from within they shine.  
In his own breast the prophet and the seer  
May steal away the living coals from off  
Jehovah's altar. Upon this sea of time  
All other guiding rays may fail. That spark  
Within the soul alone eternal is.

In their ancestral hall long years before  
These Vikings bold had heard the gleeman's song,  
Had heard of conquest and of deeds renowned  
Wrought by their fathers on the boundless sea,  
Of battles with the storm-rack, and  
Of triumphs of the mighty men in  
Mighty days ago. Listening at night  
To these wild songs, the youthful hearts had caught  
The vision, and there sprang up the fire  
Of their great life's resolve,—faintly at first;  
But growing like the dawn it shed its ray  
Across their days, until at last it burst  
In glorious splendor of the noonday bright  
Out from their manhood's heart. And with its light  
They saw a new world shining to them  
Out beyond the dark mysterious sea.  
Thus simple words let fall'n unawares  
May kindle in the childlike heart a vision  
Destined to lead to ways as yet unfound.  
So on the youthful heart of Christ perchance  
First sprang unknown the earth's redemption plan.  
A simple youth in darkness and unseen  
Catches the spark of the divine, and forth  
There breaks a conflagration o'er the world.

The Gleeman's voice in that wild Northern Hall  
Forgotten now as broken waves upon the shore,—  
Yet far away upon the pathless sea  
His fire-like song lives on eternal in the  
Strong adventurous crew, who battle  
There alone against the mystery of the world.

The long night passes and the day grows grey  
Upon the heaving melancholy waste  
Of dreary sea: no sight, so sound except  
Perpetual voices from the deep. The prow  
Sends back the spray, pressing ever on.  
Slowly the hours drag by; the dreary fog  
Hangs like a pall; uninterrupted blows  
The changeless wind against the flapping sail;  
The watchman's eye grows weary gazing through  
The melancholy mist. Day sinks unseen;  
Night falls and starless once again the hours  
Of darkness close. Day after day the bold  
Intrepid crew bear on through the unknown,  
Until at last the shining vision wanes  
In weary hearts, is guiding ray grown dim,  
Engulfed in weary idleness and gloom;  
So one by one the hearts of high resolve  
Bowed down and turned their gaze into the past.  
The dreams had faded, and the leading light  
No longer lured them on. The fires of hope  
Now kindled from behind and beacons back  
To them across the weary travelled way.

Among his fellows then rose Amelgart, who  
Gazing hopeless thro the fog spoke thus:  
"Into the twilight of the gods, brave Vikings,  
We have sailed past Midgard fortress and  
Past Heimdall's watch, beyond the warder of

The farthest way. Turn back, turn back, e'er yet  
We fall into the abyss beyond the sea's  
Remotest rim. We knew no fears before.  
But on this dim o'erwhelming deep, here ever  
Grows the terror of the vague unknown.  
In the old ways our hearts were strong, but now  
From mystery we tremble, sick with fear,  
The daring that opposed our every foe  
Is vanquished by the horror of an unseen death.  
Within a sheltered lea safe guarded on  
Our island home, we saw the glorious vision  
Of a mighty world across the sea; we turned  
Unto the White Christ, thinking that new Gods  
Would lead us to the promised western world.  
Alas! that, foolish, we should deem the cross  
More mighty than thy hammer, Thor. Thou  
Didst show thy righteous wrath to Thangbrand, whelming  
Him in the sea. Thou hast hurled thy curse  
At strange Gods by thy mighty voice of thunder.  
Him, the Fair One, thou hast broken. Ah,  
The Old God, the Red Bearded, he is greater  
Than the White Christ. Woe to us false sons  
Who from our father's Gods have turned astray:

"We have left the best behind us,  
We have followed empty visions.  
The White Christ that was to lead us  
Is a myth, a veil of fancy  
Woven by the southern dreamers.  
The old Gods have taken from us  
All the light of Sun and Stars;  
Nought but nighttimes blackest darkness  
Do they give to the unfaithful.

“Still the past for us is waiting,—  
We may have the old once more.  
Thor, the thunderer, still is waiting,  
Mighty as in battles gone.  
Odin, the all wise, our father,  
And the old homes by the sea  
All with myriad voices call us  
Back across the mystic way.  
Why forsake our fathers’ gods?  
Why forsake our fathers’ Gods?  
That which once would serve the fathers  
Will it no now serve the sons?”

So Amelgart, and every heart was moved.  
All eyes were turned into the past; and yet  
Not all, for on the prow, alone, stood one  
Who gazed unmoved into the future’s way.  
Firm based upon his iron will of deathless  
Purpose, Lief the son of Eric stood,  
Fearless, undaunted still he faced the grim  
Unknown. Within his veins there flowed the blood  
Of ancient Vikings. Mightier than the seas  
Was he who bore within his heart  
The strong unconquered spirit of the pioneer.  
And standing thus upon the prow he spoke:

“Valkyries never to Valhalla bear  
The man who turns his back. Press on, ye sons  
Of Northmen bold. Upon you fathers’ undimmed  
Name n’er cast the black reproach of him  
Who failed by craven heart. Sooner or late  
Grim death must come to each and all.  
Then let us die in battle, not in flight,—  
For only unto him that ever strives  
Is given the laureate crown, immortal life.

This is the law of the old Gods and of the New.  
Our only duty is to end the task  
Which we've begun. 'Turn back!' says Amelgart?  
Nay, that can never be, for life or death  
Our vision we must follow till our strength  
Be done. The new lands and the new Gods we  
Must find, or die upon the quest. We may  
Not reach the goal,—but win or lose, victory  
Shall be ours if we have done our best.  
You say the old lands and our fathers' Gods  
Are good enough for us? But these same lands  
And Gods were new unto our fathers once  
They too have followed visions seen afar  
And conquered from the gloom their present homes  
Of light. But not for us is it to rest  
Within their pleasant lands. Ours is the vision  
Still. This tiresome yearning heart of man  
Shall never let us rest. Can we who hold  
Within our breast the vision of the new  
Turn back and live once more in sluggish peace  
Among the dying shadows of the old?  
Nay, where the vision is the heart must ever  
Battle on. Our fathers saw their home  
Valhalla, shining to them from afar;  
And still for us the future holds the best:  
The luring lights of man shine ever on  
Before. Where is the golden age of Odin,  
Or the kingdom of our Christ on earth?  
That one elusive goal of life has never  
Come, yet ever is it nearer coming,—  
For aye the heavenly vision mocks our eyes.

"How shall ye meet your fathers who have gone  
 Before, ye sons of Northmen bold? How shall  
 Ye meet them if your latest battles end  
 No farther than they laid down the strife?  
 Go not unto Valhalla full of years  
 But empty of great works and duties done.  
 In that eternity they measure men  
 By deeds, not days. We may drone out our life  
 Within the safety of the peaceful past,  
 But where shall be the glory of the crown  
 Without the strife? Find too thy strange  
 New lands and thou shalt greet thy fathers  
 Unashamed, within the happy lands of bliss."  
 Thus spoke the son of Eric and once more  
 His crew, with hearts aflame, the guiding vision  
 Saw rekindled in the west, and dauntless  
 Still the Northmen pushed their way into the night.

*Arthur Hunt Chute, '10.*

EDS. NOTE:—We are glad to have been able to obtain, in compliance with special request, Mr. Chute's permission for the publication of his oration.



## Moko.

(FIRST PRIZE STORY)

**H**E was only a little Indian boy who rode a mustang in a wild west show. His thick, black hair hung straight and glossy about the small, well-poised head, and his great black eyes had an expression of shrewdness and intelligence. He was a bold and fearless rider, a good shot with a rifle, an expert gambler, and a most devoted slave to those whom his fancy led him to select as his friends.

There was one member of the show in particular to whom he clung with a sort of animal-like devotion. This man was known

on the play bill as Dakota Joe, and that was all that anyone knew about him except that he gave his real name as Hollis, and that he was supposed to hail from Dakota, whence he had adopted his soubriquet. He was a tall, lithe fellow, graceful in the saddle, a fine specimen of physical perfection, with a face so handsome that it might have been termed effeminate had it not been for the bold eyes. They were clear and blue, and, under some circumstances, emitted a gleam like the flash of steel in the sun. No one knew the story of his past, nor the reason for his adopting this strange, wild life; strange for him, since he seemed to be a man of natural refinement and of fair education.

In vain was he interviewed by newspaper reporters in various towns visited by the show. In vain did curious people endeavor to engage him in conversation about himself. On other topics he would be polite and answer intelligently; but when his personal affairs were alluded to his head would be thrown back in a defiant way, and the flash of his eyes warned his questioners to trespass no further. His past remained a sealed book to all save himself and his Master.

Only to Noko was he gentle and tender; only to the willful, petted little Indian boy did he show the genial and affectionate side of his character.

It was a curious sight, these two; the man with some dark secret in his past, from the memory of which he was trying to escape; and the ignorant, untaught child, shrewd in his discernment of the other's nobler nature, and loyal to him always. They would always wander together through the streets of the great cities and the exposition halls, Joe explaining the novel sights to the child, and instructing him from the great book of observation which is free to all.

It was a notable fact that Joe and Noko were never seen together in any questionable place. Whatever the man might do himself, he did not lead the little Indian into wrong, and often enticed him away from the men who were gambling in camp. Yet the child was as truly a heathen as the savages of the Pacific.

One day there was a great excitement in the metropolis when the show was giving its performances. The President was visiting the fair, and there were to be some special features added to the programme of the day. One of these was a bare back ride by Noko on a spirited mustang. The child was wild with excitement, and undisturbed by a thought of fear. Had not Firefly carried him through many similar contests in safety? Besides he wanted to do something to please his friend Joe, who had been unusually taciturn of late, and twice had left him alone on Sunday and wandered off by himself.

The President's speech was over, the huzzas of the crowd were hushed in expectation, and the performance had begun. After the usual preliminaries came the riding. Joe, sitting apart on his horse, saw Noko ride laughingly by, his straight black locks tossed back from the merry brown face, and his eyes shining like stars. The man's head drooped in reverie. "One thing thou lackest." Did some one say it aloud? No, it was audible to no one save himself, and he seemed to hear it constantly. Why did the words haunt him so? He could not shake them off, he kept repeating to himself: "Health, strength, good looks, education, pride in this life, and then?"

He looked at the child, who did not know that he had a soul; he thought of himself, who had quietly given over his better self to be trampled in the mire. Why had he gone to that country church on Sunday? and why had he listened to the simple appeal of the preacher? What strange influence was moving him? Would the words always ring in his ears?

But hark! a sound of many voices, a loud cry from the excited multitude! A horse covered with foam came plunging by, and, O God! there in the dust lay a little bleeding body—a body that he loved!

With one spring he reached it, bidding the surgeon, in a hoarse whisper, to follow. His strong arms bore the limp little figure to his own tent and placed it on a cot.

The gray gleam in the eyes of the sentinel outside the tent soon dispersed the crowd of curious seekers that gathered around, and only Joe and the manager were present when the kind surgeon set the broken limb, and bandaged the gashed forehead. "Nurse him carefully and he may live," said the doctor, when leaving.

Left with his little charge the strong man knelt by that low cot and wept like a tired child—wept for the first time in many long years; and it seemed to him in after life that these tears washed out the traces of many months of sin and temptation.

The child slowly regained strength. The crowd out yonder forgot the wounded jockey; but one silent figure, with white, set face, kept watch through the night's long hours.

The little sufferer moaned in delirium. "With God's help, I'll make a man of him," were the words that welled up from Joe's great heart. There in the dingy tent a man was kneeling, clasping the hand of the wounded child.

All this was ten years ago. Noko is a man now, and a leader among his people in the far west. Wherever he goes peace and civilization follow him. He would be an athlete still, but for a slight stiffness in one limb, and there is an ugly scar on his forehead.

The Government agent of the territory is his best friend, because, to use the words of Noko himself, who studied English at Carlisle: "My kind friend Joe is a Christian, and he and his golden-haired wife are the good spirits of my tribe."

*A. R. Kaiser, '11.*

## Editorial

THE literary competition this year has been somewhat disappointing for two reasons: the number of contributors was not so large as usual, and some of the articles submitted, which showed good literary ability, bore evidence of haste in their preparation.

If the list of competitors had included all of the students who are capable of writing articles worthy of publication in the Athenæum, the contest would have fulfilled its purpose, and been an unqualified success regardless of the number of articles submitted. But this was not the case. Many of the students who can write articles of undoubted merit were not found in the list. There are probably several reasons for this but none which we believe to be valid.

Many students who can write well, go through their four years here without giving their college paper the benefit of their talents to any extent, and with no better reason than lack of interest and neglect.

We all expect those who excel in athletics to represent the college on the various teams, and the same thing is true of those who are debaters. It seems the right thing for those who excel in these lines to give the College the benefit of their skill since it is often judged by the showing of the different teams. But it seems equally reasonable that those who can do good work with their pens should represent the college in the college paper, from which many get their only impressions of the standing of the college, whether correct or not.

We regret that it was not possible to award all the prizes, as we would like to have done. There were no articles which were considered worthy of the second prize in either the story or etching class.

We thank all who showed their interest by taking part in the contest and tender the congratulations of the staff to the prize winners. The list of these will be found below, and the articles

which have been awarded prizes will be found in this issue with the exception of the second prize poetic translation which will appear next month.

The first prize for the best original story goes to A. R. Kaiser, '11, for a story entitled "Noko." For the best poetic translations of any odes from the first book of Horace, both first and second prizes go to A. A. Chute, '12. The first prize for the best etching is awarded to C. E. Baker, '12.



### The Fire of Life.

THE fire light played in fantastic shadows on the rich brown of the old mahogany: it played in alternating light and shadow on the mellowed colours of the thick Turkish rug; and it played too on the pensive face of a boy who lay huddled up in a great arm-chair, looking fixedly into the fire.

The fire was newly lighted. Uncouth ends of logs and kindlings showed, unsightly, through the blaze. Passionately, fiercely, the fire burned but much of its energy was wasted in cracklings and snappings. The flame jumped about fitfully, here and there, like some wild creature. The fire fickle and unstable, yet with energy, vigour and passion, did not give a steady light or heat.

As time passed the sheet of flame hid the unsightly ends of the logs. Tongues of flame shot up, parted, then joyously reunited again as if with eagerness, even after their momentary parting. Now and again, little bits of bark and splinters of wood would be caught, burst up in a momentary blaze and then die down as if the fire realized that these were not its proper fuel.

The flame grew steadier, and blazed up bright and clear. Quietly, unfalteringly the fire radiated its heat and light into the farthest corners of the room. It seemed imbued with one noble purpose,—noble, because it was being nobly performed. This was the fire of true beauty, because it was the fire of true utility.

Slowly, slowly the blaze seemed to lose its vigour and energy. It burned as clearly and steadily as before but all joy in the burning seemed gone. Its initiative, its impulsive power was ebbing, and slowly the flame waned, until growing smaller and smaller, it vanished. The fire remained in the form of a few great glowing coals, left to show that it was not yet dead.

Then came a time when the dimming coals, brightened for a moment, gave a little sputter and went out. The last spark was extinguished. Of that fine fire there remained only a handful of black ashes.

No, this was not all, for the fire had not been in vain; it had nobly, truly done its appointed work. It had lighted and heated the room in its burning and now that it was gone there remained behind it, in the room, a cheering and genial warmth, which it had lived and died to give.

In the darkness the boy stirred and sat up. He had seen a vision of life.

The fire had taught him the great meaning of life, death, and of immortality.

*C. E. Baker, '12.*



### Obituary.

DR. GEORGE JOHNSON.

HE death took place at his home in Grand Pre, on January 17th, of one of the best informed men in Canada, in the person of Dr. George Johnson. Educated at Mount Allison Academy, Dr. Johnson early interested himself in the political affairs of his country. For some time editor of the Halifax Reporter, he was one of the most ardent advocates of a protective tariff. In 1886 he was appointed Dominion Statistician, which position he held until a few years ago when failing health compelled him to retire. He

has since resided at his home in Grand Pre. Dr. Johnson, since he has been near us, has proved himself a true friend to Acadia. Possessed of a great store of information on almost any subject, he was an invaluable source of help to Acadia men in class and in inter-collegiate debates. Dr. Johnson had but recently been appointed to give a course of lectures on Canadian History of the Nineteenth Century at Acadia during the second term. We feel that this course, coming from a man of such wide knowledge and intimate acquaintance with the facts as Dr. Johnson had, could not have failed to be extremely interesting and helpful. His death is a source of deep regret to all connected with our College.



### Exchanges.

THE pleasure of perusing our exchanges was greatly enhanced during the preparations made for this issue. Many of our contemporaries made special efforts to produce an issue above the ordinary for their Christmas number. In most cases the attempt was successful. We were especially pleased with *Acta Victoriana*, *The Martlett*, and *Queens University Journal*.

Discord is music screaming for help. *Ex.*

We welcome the initial issue of *The Gateway*, published by the undergraduates of the University of Alberta, at Strathcona. It breathes the spirit of the west. The first issues are commendable, and we wish our new-born contemporary unbounded success.

The most formidable dreadnoughts Canada will ever butt up against will be the suffragettes. *Ex.*

*The Dalhousie Gazette* for January is a marked improvement over former issues in some respects. The new cover design is very appropriate, and the subject matter is of good quality. The articles on "College Residences for Women Students" and "Reminiscences" will prove of special interest to our co-eds. There is a great scarcity of college news.

'12 (to little brother): "Johnnie, I will give you a quarter if you will get me a lock of your sister's hair."

Johnnie: "Give me half a dollar and I'll get the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it every night."

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*Varsity* does not seem to have any trouble in furnishing caricatures for its pages; some of which are good. We commend a short article in the issue of January 10th with pointers on "How to Kill a College Paper."

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An article on "Canadian Nationalism" in *Red and White* is written from a Nationalist's standpoint. His ideas will find many opponents.

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A yacht can stand on a tack in silence, but a man isn't built like a yacht. *Ex.*

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Two exchanges, at least, have complained of non-recognition by their contemporaries. We think they have just cause for complaint. To refuse an exchange we deem a very discourteous act.

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We have reason to envy many of our exchanges because of the plentitude of the poetry they are privileged to publish. The quality of much of it is good, while some is unworthy of space in a college paper. There is a great dearth of poetic genius in our midst this year. We hope the muses will soon awaken some of our visionary ones.

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An address delivered by Dr. N. L. Goodwin, begun in the Xmas number of the *Queens University Journal*, and concluded in the issue of January 12th, entitled "The Philosopher's Stone," is especially good. Space will not permit even a synopsis.

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*The Argosy* has a meritorious article on "Science and Art." They are making a specialty of their "Locals" and "Our Graduates." We think it is successful venture and these columns must be interesting to graduates.

A decrepit old man named Peter,  
 While hunting around for the meter,  
     Touched a leak with his light;  
     He arose out of sight,  
 And as anyone can see by reading this,  
 It also destroyed the meter. *Ex.*

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HESPERUS.

Now that the day is over, and night, with its splendor of star-light,  
 Waits for a moment to come, and a wind, self-perfumed, low-breathing,  
 Comes from the wine-dark sea, and moves through the leaves of  
     the poplar,  
 Bearing thy gifts, art thou come, from thy lost, unforgettable  
     garden,  
 Herperus, veiled and divine, thou who bringest back all things!  
*Ex.*

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Other exchanges received:—*The Helping Hand, The Okanegan Lyceum, St. Andrew's College Review, Bates Student, Xaverian, Canadian Forestry Journal, The Rocket, Normal College Gazette, Allisonia, McMaster University Monthly, University Monthly.*

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### Acadia Past and Present.

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**R**EV. I. A. CORBETT, '98, of Bear River, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Hillsboro, N. B., and will take up work there in the near future.

Rev. L. D. Morse, '88, formerly pastor of the Wolfville Baptist Church, is enjoying a successful pastorate at Earlville, N. Y. This church has recently been the scene of a revival, during which many were added to the membership.

Rev. Frank Eaton, '97, having completed his work at Colgate Theological Seminary, has been ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry. He has accepted the pastorate of a prosperous church in New York State.

John S. Bates, '08, is at present engaged in post-graduate work at Columbia University. We do not know what John's plans for the future are, but in whatever he undertakes we believe that he will make good.

John H. Geldart, '08, who has been engaged in the Eastern States since graduation, has offered his services to the Foreign Mission Board. He left recently for China where he will take up work immediately. We wish him every success.

Miles F. McCutcheon, '09, and Lemuel Ackland, '08, are students at Newton Theological Seminary.

Among those present at the meeting recently held in New York city to organize a branch of the Acadia Alumni Association, we note the names of Mrs. A. H. Armstrong (Miss Mabel Caldwell, '96) and Dr. David Webster, '06, formerly of Cambridge, N. S.

There comes from the press this month an interesting religious story from the pen of Leslie O. Loomer, '03, of Falmouth, N. S. This book, entitled "The Prophet," is well written and shows the result of much study.

Charles F. Crandall, '99, formerly editor of the *St. John Sun*, is at present a member of the staff of the *Daily Herald* of Montreal.

John Warner and Sidney M. Page, who received diplomas in Engineering at commencement last June, are spending the winter in study at McGill.

Rev. C. W. Coney, '87, is pastor of the Baptist Church in Kamloops, British Columbia.



# The Month

DRAWN BY MRS. A. B. HOPKINS

Say, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense  
Of justice which the human mind can frame.  
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
And guard the way of life from all offense  
Suffered, or done.

—Wordsworth.

**T**HE period of gloom has gone; the Mid-Year Exams. of 1910-11 are a thing of the past. To the well prepared the results are likely to bring much satisfaction. The "plugger" becomes once more the modern student and College life assumes, for a few months at least, its usual aspect.

Interest at present centres in the rink. Acadia's prospects this year seem bright for retaining the hockey trophy. The services of an experienced coach have been procured, and from the mass of good material we feel that a team can be developed which will not disappoint us when the crucial time comes.

The basket-ball team is at work in the Gym. There is lots of material and we can rest assured that this sport will not be neglected.

**Y. M. C. A.** On Wednesday evening, January 18th, Mr. Bishop, the Y. M. C. A. international secretary for Canada, addressed the student body in the College Hall. His subject was "A Call for Leaders," and his arguments excited much interest. He showed the responsibility resting on the educated man, and explained by graphic illustrations that there is opportunity for such men in our own country.

On Sunday afternoon, J. H. Glendinning, one of our missionaries in India, spoke before the Y. M. C. A. in College Hall. Acadia students are especially interested in Mr. Glendinning, as he is, in a way, our missionary in the foreign fields. His remarks were listened to with great interest as he pictured to us life in that far land and showed the great work to be done there.

**DEBATE.** Perhaps what was the best debate of the year, or of many years, in the inter-class series, took place on Saturday afternoon, January 14th, inst. The contestants were the Seniors and Sophs, and the old question of municipal control of public utilities was discussed. The Senior representatives, Messrs Roy (leader), McLeod and Margeson argued in the negative, while the Sophomore representatives, Messrs Illsley (leader), Bleakney and DeWolfe upheld the affirmative. After due deliberation the judges awarded the victory to the Sophomores. From the spectators point of view the debate was a good one, and seldom have such delivery and arguments been heard in an inter-class debate.

The debates in general this year have been of a high order, and we are glad to note the great interest that has been taken in them. So far Acadia has been supreme in the Forum, and we can continue this record only by cultivating the best material in our class contests.

**SOCIAL.** The concert given by Miss Eva Mylott, assisted by Miss Crafts of Acadia Seminary, drew forth a great crowd and was a complete success. As long as the best talent is brought here the attendance of the student body can be assured.

**ATHLETIC.** On Saturday evening, January 14th, inst., the student body from the three institutions turned out "en masse" to cheer our team in their first game with Truro. The game was not one from which could be judged what our boys can do.

About two minutes after play started Patillo netted the puck for our first score, and in about three minutes more Corey duplicated the trick. From a mix-up in front of our goal the Truro boys made their first score, and just before the half ended Murray made it 3—1 by a pretty shot from the wing.

During the second half Black, our reliable point, was accidentally injured by a player's skate and had to retire. Truro put off a man to even things up and in this way play proceeded. From a nice bit of combination Murray scored, and Truro did the same a little later. This ended the scoring, and shortly after the gong sounded. Score 4—2 in our favor.

The Seminary held open rink on Saturday afternoon, January 21st. A large crowd of college and academy students attended. As everyone seemed to have the time, the place, and a Sem., an enjoyable afternoon was spent.

An eager bunch of Collegians turned out Wednesday, January 25th, to witness the second hockey game of the season. When it was announced that Dalhousie and Acadia were to play, the optimistic ones shook their heads significantly. With McGraw and Thomas on Dals. line-up things certainly did look a little blue for us, but the way the game was played brought cheer to the hearts of many. To say it was splendid would be putting it mild.

The echo of the referee's whistle had scarcely died away before Murray landed the puck in Dals. goal, and the spirit of the supporters of the garnet and blue took a sudden rise. Play now became fast and furious, both sides participating in some good combination and rushing until McGraw evened matters up for Dal. Shot after shot was made against Dals. goal only to find their defence there with the goods. But two fatal shots found their way to our nets and the half ended 3—1 against us.

The second half was even more Acadia's than the first, as far as territory was concerned. Seldom did the wearers of the "D" pass centre ice, while the bombardment of their goal was more intense than during the first half. But the visiting Collegians put up such a defence as has seldom been seen here. Richmond and Patillo each contributed to our score, while McGraw and McGregor did the same for Dal. Thus the game ended. Dal. having the long end of the score 5—3, but certainly not the better of the play.

The game showed a vast improvement over the game with Truro, better combination and shooting being shown throughout.

## Seminary Notes.

**T**HE second term of the year 1910-1911 began January 11th. Thirteen new pupils were received, several of whom have been placed at homes in the town, owing to the crowded state of the Seminary Residence. Several of the girls who had planned to return are detained on account of illness. We hope that later in the term they may be able to return and take up work.

Every available space in the Seminary is occupied. Teaching goes on almost uninterruptedly in the Reception Room. Typewriters click continuously in the Dining Room, to the accompaniment of pianos for which there is no room in Music Hall. Class Rooms are at a premium and the necessity of making adequate accommodation in this respect becomes urgent.

Owing to Miss Hafey's resignation it became necessary to enlarge the work of the departments of pianoforte and voice. Accordingly, Miss Clara Frost was selected to take Miss Hafey's place in pianoforte, and Miss Lutz to take Miss Hafey's vocal pupils and to assist in French. Already the new departure has justified itself, and Miss Frost and Miss Lutz are commending themselves as teachers who need not be ashamed of their work, having won the high appreciation of their pupils.

On Friday evening, January 20th, Miss Eva Mylott, of Australia, gave a song recital in College Hall which was highly appreciated by a large audience which nearly filled the Hall. Miss Mylott has a true contralto voice, admirably trained and under good control. Her stage presence is fine, and her evident enjoyment of her work placed the audience at ease at once and won their sympathetic appreciation from the start. Miss Mylott sang three groups of song in Italian, French and German, and in English, responding to repeated encores. Never in a long time has any singer so fully commended herself to the Wolfville public. The pleasure of the evening was greatly enhanced by two violin solos from Miss Blanche L. Crafts, the accomplished violin teacher in the Seminary. Miss Crafts added to her reputation for artistic

ability which she had already established on the evening of the Faculty Recital, and showed herself to be an artist in the truest sense of the term. It is hoped that before the end of the year Miss Crafts will be able to give an entire evening to recital work. Mrs. Woodworth and Miss Frost of the Seminary filled most satisfactorily the difficult role of accompanists, the former accompanying Miss Mylott, and latter Miss Crafts. Miss Mylott paid Mrs. Woodworth the well deserved compliment of asking her to assist her in the concert she gave in Kentville on the following Monday.

Miss Hafey's resignation is explained by the following: Miss Bertha B. Hafey married to Dr. Herman E. Kahn, Wednesday evening, January 18th, 1911. We extend congratulations. Miss Hafey won for herself a large place in the Seminary, and her genial presence will be greatly missed.



## The Lyceum.

*Of Horton Collegiate Academy.*

*Editors*—W. S. RYDER, S. W. STACKHOUSE, and L. M. BLAKNEY.

**GENERAL.** After a Christmas holiday of over three weeks, we are again back at our posts in H. C. A. Among our number this term we have several new arrivals. The student body as a whole is showing signs of serious preparation for the faithful accomplishment of the studies as set forth in the curriculum.

Our attention has already been given to skating, both in the rink and on the pond.

**Y. M. C. A.** Thus far this term we have had one meeting in this department of our school life. The attendance was good, and the service meant a great blessing to all present.

The daily prayer circles in the Academy Home, which have been and are so helpful, are being kept up.

Sunday mornings at 9.45 o'clock, we hold the weekly Bible study class for the school. This class, although in the charge of Principal

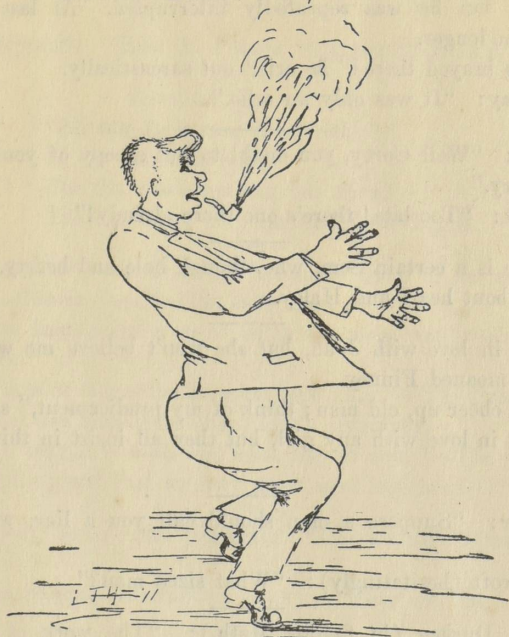
Dr. Archibald, is sometimes taught by House Master Ruggles. At all times the lesson proves beneficial, being made more practical by reason of discussions oftentimes entered upon by many of the students.

**LYCEUM.** Our last meeting was in charge of the Middle Class, which favored us with a special program of entertainment, finally including the distribution of about three pecks of choice apples. At our next meeting (our meetings are held weekly), we are to elect new officers for the remainder of the school year.

**ATHLETICS.** The interest in hockey is manifest. At the very beginning of the term many fellows were on hand for practice. We have some good players this winter from whom to choose, and look forward with a great deal of interest to the picking of the team. Our first game will likely be played during the early part of February.



*Socrates Getteth a surprise*



### **The College Jester.**

#### **ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.**

The man who doesn't stop to look at the sign-post cannot blame anybody but himself for taking the wrong road.

The man too bent on pleasure is almost sure to be broke.

Sowing wild oats has often brought a crop which reverted to weeds on a grave in Potter's Field.

Baker (in psychology class): "Yesterday afternoon I took a nap, and when I woke up everything seemed turned around. What was the cause of that?"

Dr. Cutten: "I guess you'll have to tell me more about your condition before you laid down."

Doleman was trying to expound his theories to a group of his classmen, but he was repeatedly interrupted. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Who brayed there?" he cried out sarcastically.

McKay: "It was only an echo."

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Rose: "Well Corey, you ought to put a copy of your thesis in the library."

Corey: "Too late! there's one there already!"

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There is a certain Sem, who, though hale and hearty, is always talking about heart and Haley.

---

"I'm in love with Jean, but she won't believe me when I tell her so," moaned Finney.

"Aw, cheer up, old man; think of my predicament," said Morse, "I'm not in love with any girl, but they all insist in thinking that I am."

---

Salter: "Suppose a man should call you a liar, what would you do?"

Bancroft (hesitatingly): "What sized man?"

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Prof. Durkee (in Senior Math.): "The work of reviewing mechanics is a cursory matter."

Beezer: "Hear! Hear!"

---

Grant (in Philosophy): "Would you consider Hegel a pantheistic evolutionist?"

Dr. Cutten: "Well, I've heard him called worse names than that."

---

Rose (in Young's): "Why didn't you wait on us? we were in here first."

Waitress: "Aw, go on, those fellows spend dollars, while you're thinking and worrying about spending cents."

Dr. DeWolfe (in Ethics): "How do I know that two and two make four?"

Miss Sipprell: "How do I know that you do know?"

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APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"All that in women is adored,  
In thy fair self I find—  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome and the kind."—Percy A.

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"The offender's sorrow brings but small relief to her who wears the strong offences cross."—The poor Sem.

"If thou hast heard a word let it die with you."—Culprits to joke editors.

"They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk."—The Freshmen.

"Let the high muse chant love's olympian;

We are but mortals and must sing of man."—The Sems.

Mercifully grant that we may grow aged together.—The Bar.

---

Sem (going home from concert): "I'm awfully afraid of the dark."

Kitchen (edging still further away): "Fear not, for I am with you."

---

"IS THIS GREEN?"

Inquirer: "What girl shall you take on the Freshman drive?"

Freshman: "Why, don't the Sophomores choose the girls for us?"

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It is rumored that Miss Bur--t has captured the (w-ight) thing at last.

---

Prof. Coit (in 7 o'clock Calculus class): "I had the advantage over the rest of you. I've got two standard alarm clocks which never let me sleep past six o'clock."

Kinney: "You ought to hear the snoring in the hall."

Who skates with the Martin?

"I," said the Robin,

"With my heart a throbbin'

I skate with the Martin."

Who fell through the thin ice?

"We," said the pet birds,

"Then we're wet birds,

We fell through the thin ice."

Who pulled out the songsters?

"I," said boy Cupid,

"Only they called me stupid,

I pulled out the songsters."

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T-nch: "Well, Professor Coit, if I was going to explain how I spend my time each day, would I say I waste 5399 seconds, or should I say I study twenty-two and one-half hours?"

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Br-ks (after calling on the Saunders family at the Sem): "I never missed her much before; but now I *Miss* her always."

---

Miss B-ts and Miss M-st-rs were at home to two young friends on Wednesday evening, January 18th, from 10 to 10.30. Refreshments were served consisting of pop-corn over an open fire. An excellent orchestra, on the balcony, supplied appropriate and suggestive music, and the evening was much enjoyed by all.

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Tommie has now given up saying "Great Scott" but he prays for little "H-l-n."

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I. R. Wheelock, \$1.30; Newton Theo. Sem. (adv.) \$8.00; H. S. Bagnall, \$1.30; Harvard Univ. (adv.) \$6.00; McGill Univ. (adv.) \$4.09; F. M. Fenwick, \$2.60; Rev. H. G. Estabrooks, \$2.00; Manufacturers Life (adv.), \$4.00; R. Clarke, \$1.00; O. O. Lyons, \$1.00; T. H. Boggs, \$3.60; Miss Neil, \$1.00; J. E. Barss, \$3.90; H. H. Mussells, \$1.00; W. A. Chipman, \$2.00; J. R. Smith, \$1.00; F. M. Bishop, \$1.00; R. D. Colpits \$2.00; J. A. Bowser, \$1.00; John Grant, \$1.00; W.H. Skinner, \$1.00; Miss Hazel Cookson, \$1.00; L. V. Margeson, \$1.00; E. Graham, \$6.00; E.C. Young (adv.) \$3.00; H. M. Watson (adv), \$3.00; J. E. Hales & Co., Ltd. (adv), \$3.00; J. W. Tanch, 15c.; J. D. MacLeod, 30c.; H.E. Allaby, 45c.; T. C. Allen & Co., (adv.) \$3.00; J. A. McDonald, 15c.; A. J. Woodman, (adv.) \$1.00; Porter Bros. (adv.), \$1.00; A. & W. McKinley, (adv), \$3.00.

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