The Acadia Athenæum

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For the "New Year."

THE door is closed upon 1910, and we enter 1911. The "New Year" we call it and bestow our benisons upon each other as we start the path that shall thread its days. 'Tis a new birth of time for us; our hearts beat high with the expectancy of untried experiences. How shall our good wishes come to pass? What shall make this a new year indeed and not merely an old year repeated?

The same friends greet us, the same tasks employ us, the same pleasures delight us, the same world holds us as in the year just past.

In ourselves then must be found that by which the accustomed, the known, and the trite shall be transmuted into the new and be clothed with a vivid interest.

We shall discover in 1911 veritably a new year as we greet its successive days with a courage proof against every threat of circumstance, a vision that perceives the mystery and wonder that lie hidden in the commonplace, a sympathy responsive to the heart beat of our common human life, a cheerfulness that radiates like light and a faith that sheds upon the seen and passing the glory of the unseen and eternal.

"Life starts anew with each new morning ray
And every day, thank God, is New Year's Day."

REV. E. D. WEBBER, '81

Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

ARTHUR HALLAM, in whose honor "In Memoriam" was written, was born in the year 1811, being Tennyson's junior by a year and a half. These celebrated men met first as undergraduates at Trinity College, Cambridge. Both, sons of talented men, had remarkable ability. Both were poets, both wrote poetry, while at college, and both looked forward to a life of art together. College intimacy was continued at their homes, and Hallam became engaged to marry Emily Tennyson. In August of 1833, he and his father went for a short tour into Germany. A wet day in Vienna caused a slight attack of fever, and a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to Hallam's life.

The death of his friend was a terrible shock to Tennyson! For years he was in utter despair. Paralyzed by grief, he almost questioned his own sanity. That he should express his feeling in verse was only natural. He did not think of writing a grand poem or indeed of weaving into a whole his thoughts expressed at different times: The different sections, record his various moods. They are often perhaps contradictory. The tragic death of Hallam aroused natural questions, and in the course of the poem he is enabled to answer many of them.

At first Tennyson experiences a dead sense of loss. Hallam has gone out of his life and he cannot replace him. He cannot foresee any good that may grow out of his grief; his sorrow makes even Nature appear distorted: there is no good in the world. Then the man in him awakes, protesting against the folly of such a view of life.

Now his inability to put his grief into words comes over him: the deepest, most sacred sorrow cannot be portrayed. Still the "measured language" soothes him, numbing the pain to a certain extent. Friends try to comfort him. They remind him that "Loss is common to the race;" but this is no consolation, only causing him to feel his own sorrow all the more.

Indulging his grief, Tennyson creeps "like a guilty thing" on a dreary, unlovely morning to the door of the house where Hallam

had lived. This only serves to remind him of the absence of his friend: he has no feeling whatever of Hallam's presence with him: his loss must remain irreparable.

The poet next reveals his unrest as Hallam's body is brought to England from Vienna: Fear that a storm may arise, motion with the deep, then a trance feeling, where independent of his body he plays about the prow of the vessel. The reality of death does not impress him! "wild unrest" and "calm despair" are actually "tenants of a single breast." He questions his own state of mind and cannot comprehend it. Even this however is a change for the better, for thought is beginning to take the place of stunned despair. The body of Hallam is at length interred in the little church at Clevedon, and from this point Tennyson's mind sets itself to gather firmness from the hallowed memory of his friend. He still experiences confusions of grief: when the full tide of sorrow sets in he cannot speak; but he no longer morbidly despairs.

An initial idea comes to him now concerning the future life. He reviews his five years' friendship with Hallam, then how their companionship was broken, and his friend taken away. His idea of the "Great Beyond" is very vague, still he feels that Hallam is "somewhere in the waste" waiting for him. Death alone will open up the mysteries. A philosophical inquiry follows—"Why does my former gladness loom so great? Surely the days of the past had their sorrow. The day then as now prepared the daily burden for the back." Back comes the answer, "The secret of it all is love." Here, then, is the first bright spot in the poem—"No matter how dismal and dreary my life may be, I want to live to show that time can not canker my love for Hallam."

Christmas Eve with its reminder of a joyous past brings a touch of joy to Tennyson's heart. The next day the family celebrate Christmas; in loving remembrance of the absent one, they sing the same songs that Hallam had sung with them the year before. They weep but again they sing, and now rings out the first strong declaration concerning the Soul in the after life—

"They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy
Nor change to us altho' they change."

Death is simply the Soul's removal from one sphere to another, and in its removal the soul gathers power. It is not a sleep nor a trance, but a change, the spirit *not* losing its individuality.

Now Tennyson looks for evidences of a future life. Naturally enough he turns to "Lazarus," but there is no record concerning "those four days." Mary in her simple, satisfied faith asked no questions. She lived adoring God and was "thrice-blest." In contrast with her, the poet considers one who has a rational intellectual faith—one who is broad in his views, holding no one creed but looking upon all. "That may be all right," says Tennyson, "but one who does not hold to any concrete idea and has no external ideal may fail for want of that very thing."

Our lives, Tennyson feels, are proofs of immortality. There would be no use in this life were there not one beyond. Yet it is hard to simply trust the evidence of our own lives, and the poet in the darkness of his grief turns to "the creed of creeds," where he finds "comfort clasped in truth revealed."

Notions of Hallam's existence in another world, of his growth and increasing superiority and fear that he will be "his mate no more" begin to harass the poet's mind. Still there occurs to him the thought of delight involved.

"Where one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows."

Should the soul remain in a state of trance, Tennyson is convinced that Hallam's love will last as "pure and whole" as ever. The fact that one has glimpses of a world previous to this argues that there will be an after-life. Tennyson cannot endure the thought of annihilation, and pantheism has no attraction for him. His own ideals are all he can conceive of the future life, and he holds that the highest vision that comes to one must be nearest the truth.

Now the feeling that Hallam and he may have present communion seizes him, and he implores that his friend be with him

during all the great crises of his life. He recognizes the imperfections in his life, which Hallam will see, yet he is confident that some day good will be separated from evil and all will be for the best.

Just here the apparent contradiction in Nature to this theory lays hold of him. There the indifference to individuals and care concerning only the type puzzle him. "All individuals are born to die.' "Why should not man perish and have his dust blown about the deserts.?" These points drive Tennyson into depths of woe. He hears nothing but "eternal greetings to the dead." Yet again he throws off this mood. It is no use to concern ourselves with problems that we cannot solve.

With sorrow as his "centred passion" now mingled with "hope for years to come," the poet has a succession of dreams concerning Hallam. They are in the main unsatisfactory. A blindfold sense of wrong invades his dreams. Unless he may have happy communion with the departed he wants none. His old bitterness is aroused by the anniversary of Hallam's death. The day is one of tremendous spiritual conflict, but he emerges at length confident that Hallam has been called to something higher, that he is forging a name for himself elsewhere. As for himself, he is sure his poetry will not last; and yet to breathe his loss is more than fame, to utter his love for the departed is more sweet than praise.

Christmas again! The snow is silent," the day "calm," but

"Over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost."

Sorrow has been accepted and woven silently into Tennyson's life; but the low broodings of content are broken as he pictures to himself what might have been. The manner in which he casts himself into the future which might have been but now never can be, is perfectly marvellous. The tender home-scenes, the delightful intercourse of Hallam and Tennyson, and their entrance at length to the shining land as a single soul, are for the moment living realities. The barrenness of his life becomes all the more apparent to him. His heart "seeks to beat in time with one that

warms another living breast," and he offers his imperfect love to Edmund Lushington, a worthy man about to marry Cecilia Tennyson, a younger sister of Tennyson's.

A visit to Cambridge vividly recalls College days, but now in spite of himself his song can no longer be grievous, for

"The glory of the sense of things
Will flash along the chords and go."

Still he has a great longing for intercourse with Hallam. He desires no Vision to be perceived by his senses, but apart from sight or touch he wants his spirit to feel the presence of Hallam's. He knows that for perfect communion there must be perfect environment. A spiritual view cannot be obtained when the heart is full of confusion and doubt: there must be peace.

Under conditions of peace, Tennyson finally receives such a vision. Alone, after a pleasant evening with the family at Somersby, a hungry longing for his friend impels him to read over some of the "noble letters of the dead." Then it is that the soul of the Deity seems to come down upon him and wrap him in itself. Doubts arise and the Vision vanishes. Yet unlike the people of his day, Tennyson does not believe that doubt is "Devil-born." He holds that a strong faith will dare to look for truth or untruth in a creed: honest investigation will culminate in a richer faith.

Another vision, the first strong individual one of Hallam, appears to Tennyson on the last night before his departure from the old homestead. In a tenderly melancholy mood he has a dream, in which he finds and recognizes Hallam and is again one with him. The vision of the dead is so complete that it leaves "his after-morn content."

The third Christmas in the poem has dawned! A great change is manifested in Tennyson's spirit. There has been a gradual growth toward his fellows, and this change is clearly evinced in the song "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky." It is a call to banish evil and bring in the good—to lay aside our narrow view of Christ and usher in a wider revelation, a broader Christianity.

"Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

No more sordid, barren aspirations for Tennyson! No longer will he attempt to fathom the "Great Unknown" where Hallam may be. He will live in and be a part of the ordinary world. His growth henceforth is positive. Hope is his watch-word! All things are cooperant to an end and man will be victor over doubt and fear. The conclusion of the poem sums up the whole in a prayer that humanity may trust "the truths that never can be proved."

The epilogue to the poem, written in 1842, is in honor of the marriage of Sir Edmund Lushington and Cecily Tennyson. It is nine years since Hallam's death and Tennyson finds that

"Regret is dead but love is more."

He has grown greater with the years and can speak disparagingly of his outbursts of grief as "echoes out of weaker times."

Still at the wedding feast he feels that Hallam is present among the guests and "tho in silence" is wishing them joy.

Then Tennyson passes from the personal to the universal. God is going to make from the present race a nobler class of men, a crowning race of which Hallam was the type. He closes the epilogue with the assurance that all is well, that his friend lives in God,—

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

Seven years later Tennyson writes the prologue of the poem. This embodies a life-time of theology. Here the poet displays his strength. He feels that Hallam living in another world still loves him and is "worthier to be loved." In spite of sorrow and mystery, he recognizes that the Divine plan is for ultimate good, and that we who cannot fathom all things, must, by faith, embrace Immortal Love made manifest in all creation.

Helen Bancroft, '11

What Others Said.

THEY stopped a moment on the "Bower of Flowers." Bobby Crewe had named it during the first waltz, when he caught sight of its leafy recesses and of the faint green light hidden in the ferns.

John Walden's face was quiet and showed seriousness in the strange crimson light, and she, for she wished to please him, wore an assumed expression. They were hardly seated when he turned to her, earnestly.

"I want to know what has happened in the club, Marguerite—about Annie."

His boyish face was flushed, his deep eyes watched hers intently. She fidgeted and looked displeased.

"I know something is wrong, Marguerite. Annie would never have resigned for nothing. She won't say a word, and she's all broken up. She was awfully quiet coming to-night. She acts cold and hurt and distrustful—as if there was something desperate. One would think that she had resigned from all the clubs in the 'Varsity.'"

"Well, ours is the best, Mr. John Walden," she reminded him, "and—and Annie's resignation was a little peculiar." There was subdued eagerness in her manner, but her voice betrayed only sincere regret. "I've been waiting for this chance, John, to tell you. I—we thought that we ought to warn you—well, let you know about Annie."

His intent, puzzled look was disconcerting, and she misunderstood.

"John, don't blame us. You know you asked to take her and we couldn't tell you then. I'm awfully sorry you did not know. Annie did not resign."

His face was blank. "You——"

A faint gleam of triumph shot in her eyes.

"John, she was dropped from the club."

"Marguerite, —— You mean ——? What do you mean?"

"Listen, John," she leaned closer, "when we took Annie in at the first of the year none of us knew her. She was pretty, popular and had lots of clothes, so we snapped her up on appearances. She lived in Bangor—had just moved there. No one knew her but Bobby Crewe, and I guess he didn't know much. No one suspected anything till during the holidays. Sam Pinkney was in Bangor then, and he discovered her father. He keeps a—he's a bartender, John. They call it Jimmy Burbank's place, after him. And his daughter ——"

John sat straighter and his face was flinty.

"You asked her to resign just on Pinkney's word!"

"Why, she didn't even try to deny it, and the bar's there. Several of the boys have seen it. A bartender's daughter and in our club! She had the face to say that it was she and not her father that had been asked to join the club. She was brazen, John—"

There was a startled movement behind the shrubbery. Marguerite drew back. The leaves were thrust aside. The other girl stood flushed and crimson before them. Her eyes were burning.

The boy held out his hand.

"Annie."

"I was sitting there. I am sorry." She was pale and on the verge of sobbing. "I—I overheard you."

"That is evident," Marguerite responded, coldly.

The girl's eyes met her squarely. Her mouth twitched, but she spoke quietly.

"I am sorry. I was not thinking of what you were saying. I did not catch your words till—"

"Oh, what a disappointment. I'll repeat what you missed. Ah, you'd rather not."

The girl stiffened; her eyes shot fire.

" I am not ashamed to repeat anything that I have said, though you might feel some compunction at doing so. The shame is not mine. Your committee told me to resign from the club on account of my father. They asked me—" Marguerite made as to stop her. "Oh, I don't mind Mr. Crewe. He is from home. Bobby, never mind about the ices—but wait for me."

Bobby obeyed mechanically, failing to grasp the situation.

"They asked me to come here this evening for appearances, for they wished to keep the scandal hid, and so did their president—evidently." Marguerite flushed. "You asked me if I had anything to say, and I said that you had asked me to join the club, and not my father or my family. You have asked me to resign on account of my father. I have resigned, and that is all. I thought that I was liked for myself, and I was mistaken."

"The devil!" sputtered Bobby. "Why—," he caught Annie's eye and faltered, puzzled and incredulous.

"You did not think that, Annie Burbank, for you kept your father hid till you could join the club. You were ashamed—"

"My father has been away. There has been no occasion to mention him till now, and he is coming for me to-night. And my only shame is that he should know the girls that have called themselves my friends."

Marguerite started and purpled.

"Your father coming here to-night! You—you would not dare!"

"My God, Marguerite, you don't—" Bobby was too overcome to finish.

John stood with his back to them. Annie turned to him.

"And, Mr. Walden, my father will take me home, if—"

"Annie, do you think that that makes any difference with—with the rest of us? But we will go *now*, Annie."

As he took up her cloak a vivacious little blond tripped through the door. They caught themselves, but she felt the strained atmosphere and stopped suddenly. She turned to Annie.

"I—I—a gentleman, your father, has called for you, dearie. We've been for you everywhere."

"Why, thank you, Jenny," and she turned from the others with her head in the air. John started to follow and stopped, Marguerite blushed crimson; the new girl was blank; and Bobby laughed.

Annie met him on the threshold of the "Bower of Flowers." He was tall, with iron grey hair and deep lustrous eyes. She kissed him.

"Daddy, mother wrote me that you were through to Washington;

so I wanted you to come by and take me home for a little while."

He smiled.

"Homesick, eh?" and, spying Bobby, "Why, hello, Bobby—er, perhaps Mr. Crewe at college." And he laughed genially, as Bobby shook his hand.

"I'm ready to go now, John. Isn't it the 12.20, daddy? Papa, this is Mr. Walden."

"I've heard of you, son," and his eyes twinkled knowingly. Annie turned crimson, and started toward the door. Her father looked at the two girls standing back against the shrubs, and then in surprise said to her:

"Annie." . .

Bobby stepped in swiftly.

"Senator Parker, Miss Ellis and Miss Marguerite Sellers. I'm coming up for another law lecture when I come home, Senator. Good night. Nice trip, Annie."

The Senator bowed. Bobby gave John a shove and waved his hand to Annie! And the three were gone.

A. R. K., '11.

Joaquin Miller and a Glimpse of his Home.

JOAQUIN MILLER is perhaps America's most eccentric poet. Not only is this evinced by his peculiar style of dress and primitive mode of living but the entire character of the man is wholly unlike that of other poets of to-day.

He is tall and massively built, and walks with a vigorous stride, his head erect, his long white hair sweeping his shouders. From under the high and rather sloping brow look out keen and piercing eyes. His nose is thin, but prominent, and a beard partly conceals a firm mouth and chin.

His habitual dress is like that worn by the Mexicans during the early years of the nineteenth century, which consists in part of

buckskin breeches and snug leggins of stout leather. He wears a broad sombrero.

That he has a kindly heart is shown by his ready sympathy, especially for the poor and needy, and with all he uses freely the liberty allowed genius.

In the city directory of Oakland, California, is to be found "C. H. Miller, fruit grower, residence, The Heights." This modest description is misleading to strangers, but to the dwellers of the Pacific Slope the poet is well known, and the stranger is not long in discovering his identity, for whenever he appears in the city's streets on all sides may be heard the whisper, "Joaquin Miller."

Having caught a glimpse of this striking individual, I had, with other members of my family, a strong desire to visit his home, where a welcome awaits all visitors.

We alighted from a street car at Fruitvale and looked in the direction of The Heights, where, on a smooth, gradual slope, well up on the hillside, we saw a living cross of olives and chestnut trees. This cross was planted years ago by the poet's own hands, for he, like Count Tolstoi, believes in a literal obedience to the divine command that man shall earn bread in the sweat of his brow. The cross occupies the length and breadth of the poet's lands and is visible for a long distance. The road to The Heights led us past many beautiful homes, and at different points in the journey we turned to enjoy the scenery about us. The higher we climbed the more beautiful became the view. We were fortunate in finding the poet at home, and we were not disappointed in the welcome he gave us.

His home consists of a cluster of small bungalows of redwood, most simply constructed The interior contains no luxurious furnishings, but the plain, almost rude, furniture is the work of the poet, and is a copy of the early mission style. Pretty gardens of fruit trees and flowers surround the bungalows, and, towering above all, at some distance higher up the slope, stands a tall shaft, the base of which forms a crematory which is to receive the poet's body. Nearby is a neatly piled stack of wood ready for the funeral fire. This shaft stands on the site where, as a boy, Joaquin Miller stood,

and, looking through the golden gate, got his first glimpse of the "sundown sea." And standing beside him, more than half a century later, looking into his careworn, but kindly, face, and listening to the quiet, yet persuasive tones of his voice, we felt a reverence for this man, whose great soul is in sympathy with all that is beautiful in nature, and whose love of right has called forth the earnest effort to uphold and defend the oppressed.

Marguerite H. Taylor, '14.

Editorial.

AFTER holidays, examinations! Realizing that this is the order of events, we have returned from thedays of vacation to finish preparation for one of the most important events of the year—the testing time at midyear. The approach of the "exams" emphasizes for a time the importance of study in the college training. It is not the only thing, but for a few weeks it appears to be, and the text books seem to have acquired an unusual interest.Other things are neglected, social functions are almost forgotten, and even athletic pursuits receive less attention than usual. And, as we look back over the past months, we feel that the time spent in studying was indeed time well spent. For those who are well prepared, the examinations have no terrors, but to the unprepared the only pleasant thing about them is the feeling of relief that comes when they are past.

After all, the college life is not different from life in other spheres. It is a continual question as to how our time shall be spent; what interests shall be followed, and how much time shall be given to each. It is an individual problem for each one to solve; and on the correctness with which things are valued and assigned their places will depend the result. We must do *some* studying, and we can study all the time if we are so inclined. But if study fills up the whole of the student's life, the result will be a one-sided development. If study is neglected there is a similar undesirable

result. As is so often the case, the middle course, avoiding the extremes, gives the best results. A reasonable amount of work each day, combined with as much of the other college activities as the student, by careful planning of his time, can secure, is desirable. Lack of time for participation in much of the college life comes oftener from the waste of time than from the scarcity of it.

The examinations seem a necessary part of the course, but they are not always a true index of the acquirements of the students. There is an undoubted satisfaction in making high marks, but there is a more lasting satisfaction in feeling that one has gained all that the college could give him in the way of preparation for a life of the greatest usefulness and truest success. In most cases, the student can gain both the high standing and the all-round training. Where both are impossible, the first should not be sought to the exclusion of the other.

The constitution of the Athenæum Society calls for a critics' report as part of the programme at its meetings. The value of a criticism of the proceedings of the meetings probably accounts for the fact that it was made a permanent number on the programme. We do not believe we have yet reached the point where this can be profitably dispensed with. And yet it is not usual to hear a critic's report when this item of the programme is called for. The idea that the duty of the one who writes the report is to criticize seems to have been largely lost sight of. Sometimes it would seem as though the critic had made a mistake and was reading from the minute book. At other times the report is a running commentary on the evening's programme, with complimentary remarks, often undeserved, and witty allusions to any subject which can be made to serve for a joke. We believe the critic's report should be one of the most valuable items on the programme. Good, wholesome criticism, made in the proper spirit, is needed. And especially on evenings when there are debates it seems that the time of the critic could be better spent in really criticizing what needs criticism than in attempting, usually unsuccessfully, to get down a summary of all the speeches, to which those present have just been listening. If the literary pro-

ductions given before the society are to reach the standard which we should aim at, and of which the students are capable, we believe the critic must have much to do with it. This implies, of course, a carefulness in the appointment of the critic and men who are competent to act. We feel that capable men are readily available, and when inter-class debates are held it might be well to have a member of the Faculty or a friend of the society act as critic.

Exchanges.

Lullabies of the Lakes.

F. Owen, B. A.

ROCK me to sleep on thy soft soothing swell,
Sing me the songs of thy soul;
Show me the mysteries tongue cannot tell,
While on thy billows I roll;
Bring from the depths of thine infinite heart,
Tales of thy gladness and pain,
Dreams of thy life that will never depart,
Whisper again and again.

What dost thou hide in thy dark, restless deep?
Heaving and throbbing it grieves.
Whence are the shadows that over thee sweep,
With ripples the light breezes weave?
Art thou so weary thou ever must sigh,
Weary yet never to rest?
Why with the winds can thy seeking not die,
Bringing sweet peace to thy breast?

List to the stars in their silvery dreams,
Lulled in thy watery graves;

Vastness above thee and mirrored there seems
A heaven asleep in thy waves;
What say the clouds as they gently caress
Thy brow with their diamond-like tears?
Why to thine ears do they always confess
Their sorrows, their joys and their fears?

Rock me to sleep with thy soft lullabies,
Crooning the songs of thy soul;
Both of us long for the same Paradise,
Both of us strive for the goal.
Rest, it is rest from the fight and the toil.
Rest from the brooding that mars;
Peace, it is peace from the throng and the moil,
Calm as the infinite stars.

—*Acta Victoriana.*

The Christmas number of the *Acta Victoriana* is a creditable issue. From its items we have selected the above poem, which we deem of exceptional merit. Space will not permit lengthened comment on other valuable articles. We can but commend its pages to all.

The last issue of the *McMaster University Monthly* has a good second prize story, entitled "The Garden of Love." We were also pleased with an article on "A Tropical Hurricane," by a former student of Horton Academy. The monthly is always well filled with university news.

The Xaverian publishes the conclusion of an address delivered before the Summer School of St. Francis Xavier during the sessions of 1910. We commend the address to all who have the opportunity to peruse it. In its pages is also a good sketch of "The Dunkirk of America," while the editor calls attention to "The Need of Organization Among Students" in a forceful way.

Normal College Gazette has a well written article on Silas T. Rand by a former student at Acadia.

The literary standard of *Queen's University Journal* is good. In the copies which have come to hand since our last issue will be found a synopsis of an address on "The Civil Service as a Profession for University Men," by Prof. Shortt. Anything that falls from the lips of this learned professor is always rife with wisdom, and in this summary we find splendid "food for thot." Also articles will be found on the "Philosophy of Woodsworth," by Prof. Cappan, and on "Insects as Carriers of Disease," by Dr. W. T. Connell. An article of helpfulness for all who are thinking of entering the ministry will be found in their issue of December 7th. It is the report of an address on "The Call to the Ministry," by Mr. D. C. Ramsay.

He stood on the bridge at twilight,
As the game drew near its close;
In triumphant mood he steadfastly stood
On the bridge of the halfback's nose.

—*Exch.*

Other exchanges received—*Dalhousie Gazette, Western University Gazette, The Academy Annual, King's College Record, The University Monthly, Argosy, 'Varsity.*

Acadia Past and Present.

REV. A. T. DYKEMAN, M. A., Acadia, pastor of the Baptist Church at West Roxbury, Mass., has accepted the call to the pastorate of the West End Baptist Church of Halifax, and will take up his duties immediately.

Rev. S. W. Schurman, '03, of Lockeport, has recently accepted the pastorate of a large Baptist church in New Brunswick.

Rev. W. H Robinson, '76, has acceptel. the call to the pastorate of the church at Point de Bute, N. B.

Miss Hilda Vaughn, '08, is at present a member of the staff of Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia.

Joseph E. Howe, '06, formerly House Master at Horton Academy and one of Acadia's former stars in intercollegiate track sports, has been spending the year in study at Yale. We regret to learn that on account of nervous trouble, it is unlikely that Mr. Howe will be able to resume his studies.

Ernest Robinson, '06, formerly principal of Horton Academy, has been appointed inspector of schools for the counties of Kings and Hants. We congratulate Mr. Robinson on his appointment, and believe that in him the people have secured the services of a painstaking, careful and efficient inspector.

The Month.

Pluck wins! It always wins! Though days be slow
And nights be dark, 'twixt days that come and go,
Still pluck will win; its average is sure.
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

—*Goode.*

THIS a most delightful thing to have Xmas holidays begin before scheduled time, and this year was no exception to the rule. But those few weeks are past, and now we must get down to hard work, filled with the determined resolve that the Mid-year Exams. will not catch us napping.

A few hardy ones relieve their monotonous preparations by skating and hockey practice; but life, both social and athletic, must give way, for a time, to careful attention to book and lecture. To all we wish success during the examination period.

Y. M. C. A. The Y. M. C. A. are to be congratulated on having secured Rev. A. B. Cohoe, of Halifax, to lecture before the student body on Sunday afternoon, December 11th. Mr. Cohoe,

who is a McMaster graduate and at present pastor of the Halifax Baptist Church, is a very able speaker, and his words struck a responsive note in his audience. The lecture was a practical one, and in a few well chosen words Mr. Cohoe told his audience what it meant, or should mean, to be alive, emphasizing the fact that we live, not only for what we receive out of the world, but for what we may give to the world.

We trust the Y. M. C. A. will bring more lecturers like Mr. Cohoe to speak to us this year.

SOCIAL. On Friday evening, Dec. 2nd inst., the Propylacum Society of the College were "at home" to their friends in College Hall. We note the absence of decorations on this occasion. It certainly does not lessen in any way the enjoyment of the evening, but does lessen the work of a few students, who must spend much valuable time decorating and removing.

The guests were received at the door by Miss Bancroft, the president of the society; Miss Bates, vice-president, and the chaperones. The good time was brought to a close, all too soon, by the singing of the National Anthem.

One of the leading class functions of the college year took place on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6, when the annual banquet of the Senior Class was held at the Royal Hotel. About twenty-five members of the class, with their friends, were in attendance. The invited guests of the evening were: Dr. and Mrs. Cutten, Prof. and Mrs. Pattison, Prof. and Mrs. Perry, and Prof. Durkee. Games were indulged in, and the many different hits on the members of the class were greatly enjoyed. After a merry social hour together, during which a solo was well rendered by Mr. T. S. Roy, the party adjourned to the dining room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with bunting and class banners. The menu, which was a most elaborate one, was greatly enjoyed by all present. The menu cards were particularly noteworthy, being, perhaps, the finest seen at a class function for many years. At the close of the repast the following toasts were proposed:

The King.

I. M. Rose. National Anthem.

The Ladies.

H. B. Fitch. C. D. Locke.

The Faculty.

J. D. McLeod. Prof. Durkee.

Acadia.

W. W. Wright. Dr. Cutten.

The proceedings of a memorable evening were brought to a close with the rendering with vigor of the time-honored yell: Zimalaka, Zimalaka, Zimalaka—Lah! "Vincit qui Patitur," Rah! Rah! Rah! Boomazacka, Boomazacka, Boomazacka, Zeven. Boost 'er up, Acadia, Nineteen Eleven.

The A. A. A. A. banquet to the football team this year, though late, was a splendid success. Chip Hall dining room took on its gayest robes for the occasion, and entwining the pillars and lights fluttered the garnet and blue—our colors.

True, we lacked the trophy, so necessary to Acadian celebrations, but the spirit of the occasion was in nowise dampened, and good-fellowship prevailed without alloy. A sumptuous repast was served, which everyone enjoyed. Following is the toast list:

The King.

Chas. Britten. National Anthem.

The Ladies.

Ivan Rose. A. E. Tingley.

The Faculty.

L. B. Boggs. Dr. DeWolfe, Prof. Coit, Prof. Perry.

The Football Team.

J. B. Grant. Capt. Robinson.

Dr. Archibald, representing the Academy, was then called upon for a speech and ably responded.

At this banquet, for the first time, Distinction Caps, as well as "A," were awarded the heroes of the gridiron. The "Caps" are awarded those who had represented the College in five football or hockey games or won sixteen points in Inter-collegiate track.

The following received their "Caps":

Spurr, '11; Kaiser, 11; Reid, '12; Andrews, '13; Moland, 11; Spencer, '13. Their "A's": March, '10; Pineo, '12; Eaton, '13; Black, '13; Curry, '13; Murray, '13; Corey, '11; McDonald, '14; Richmond, '14.

Dr. Cutten made the presentation speech, after which the assembly broke up.

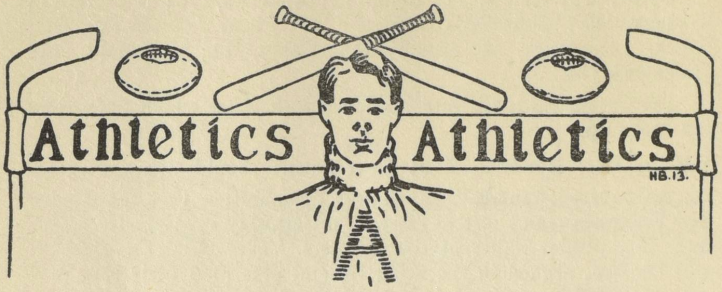
DEBATE. "Resolved, That Government should own and operate railways of Canada." Such was the question that the Junior and Freshmen teams met to discuss on Saturday evening, December 3rd. The Junior representatives, Messrs. Baker (leader), Balcolm and Dawson, argued in the negative, and presented their case in a very creditable manner, being especially strong in argument. The Freshmen representatives upheld the affirmative. They excelled in presentation, but lacked argument. On the whole, the debate was very interesting and showed advance over previous ones. The judges, after due deliberation, gave their decision in favor of the Juniors.

There should be more interest shown in our class debates, for we must ever keep in mind that from these frays emerge the men who represent our College on the Inter-collegiate platforms.

SOCIAL. A large crowd gathered in College Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 16th, to enjoy "The Princess," given by the College Girls. The manner of presentation reflected much credit on the girls, who had worked so hard. The costumes were unique and at times elaborate. The role of Hero and Heroine was carried out by Misses Taylor and Sipprell. They did fine. The heralds especially made a "hit" with the audience, while all the other characters acted their parts well.

Following is a list of those participating:

Minnie Shaffner.....Gama, father of Princess
Mary Masters.....Sons of Gama
Irene Lent .....
Georgie Lent .....
Lena Nowlan .....The King, father of Prince
Olive Sipprell .....The Prince
Annie Longley .....Florian
Anita Elderkin .....Cyril
Marguerite Taylor .....The Princess
Josephine Clark .....Lady Blanche
Fraudena Gilroy .....Lady Psyche
Gertrude Jones.....Melissa, daughter of Lady Blanche



BASKET-BALL. To the Seniors belong the honors of the season. With a team which last year footed the league they succeeded, by diligent work, in heading the list this year. The brand of basketball played exceeded anything of former years. Better and swifter passing, and less fouling characterized all the games, and from the inter-class material a good College team should be gotten.

The Academy, composed of practically all new men, lost all their games. The Sophs and Freshmen were keen rivals for third place, and after a hard game, the Freshmen proved victors to the tune of 14—12.

The Seniors and Juniors, after winning all their games and piling up large scores on their opponents, clashed on Wednesday, Dec. 13th. A battle royal was the result. At the end of the first half the Juniors led, but when the smoke of the second half cleared away, the triumphant Senior yell proclaimed 1911 victors by the very close score of 10—8.

Lyceum.

(*Of Horton Collegiate Academy.*)

EDITORS—S. W. STACKHOUSE, W. S. RYDER, L. M. BLAKENY.

GENERAL. For the past few months we have been looking eagerly forward to the Xmas season, and now the Yuletide is upon us, and our hearts are light with the thoughts of home and those we love. We trust that all may enjoy the holidays and come back in January determined to put in a term of good work.

Y. M. C. A. Our Y. M. C. A. meetings have been gaining in strength and power. During the last few weeks of our fall term we had short meetings every night in the rooms of the Academy Home. From these we received a great blessing, and we hope to continue them during the winter term. Our last meeting was a record-breaker in attendance.

LYCEUM. We hope to make our Lyceum better this year than it has ever been. Because of our examinations, we canceled our last meeting. Our officers will be elected the first meeting of next term, when the Middle Class will entertain the Lyceum.

ATHELETICS. Guy Stultz was elected captain of the basketball team; H. McLean, captain of the hockey team, and F. Gullison business manager.

Our basketball team was not as strong this year as usual, and although Captain Stultz tried hard to get the fellows in shape, we only succeeded in getting fifth place in the league.

We are looking forward to having a strong hockey team this winter, and hope to make this year a record one in that line.

Eighteen of our fellows were presented with their "H" on Dec. 14th. Some of these were members of last year's football team, and the others of this year's football and basketball teams.

Again we unite in wishing all a very happy New Year.

The College Jester.

B-nn—(after a Christmas present)—"Can I trust you?"

Mr. Herbin—Certainly.

Mr. A— —My ( ) is undecided between a ring and a necklace. Please tell her that necklaces are out of fashion, or I shall become bankrupt, and you won't get paid.

Elm-r (interrupting tete-a-tete—You'd better push that hat-pin in; it sticks out fully three inches.

M-ry S-r-tt—I know. I keep it that way on purpose.

Lost in the Sem.,
A wond'ring, wandering Lock(e).
Finder return
To Wequetequock.

Henceforth Acadia will be affiliated with McGill. For further information apply to Miss Cl-rk, Kubla Khan.

Potter was walking down the street;
He slipped and fell, and then his feet
Sailed up and anchored in the sky,
And he lit on his head—Oh, my!
If you say it is hard to swallow that,
Just take a look at Potter's hat.

Y - -ng (translating German)—I will never get wise.

Prof. Wortman—That's right.

Mr. Br-tt-n (at reception)—I'm awfully sorry I have to leave you.

Miss H-l-y—I don't suppose you will miss me much.

Mr. Br-tt-n (in his genial manner)—Well—ah,, no—ah, I suppose I won't.

I wonder Who.

Prof. Coit (In calcalus at 7.30)—You all should go over these formula every spare minute. For instance, what are you thinking of when you go for the mail?

H-rv- (sleepily)—A Sem.

After the "Princess."

Dr. Chute—"Miss Fr- -m-n, you look exceptionally well to-day—such rosy cheeks."

There is a young Senior called "Sunny,"
Whose smile is certainly funny,
But, smiling too wide,
The boy fell inside,
And that was the end of poor Sunny.

McD-n-ld, '13—Well, old man, where are you in calculus now?

Sp-nc-r—Just beginning Taylor's Theorem.

McD-n-ld—Taylor's Theorem! Well, that must be interesting.

Prof. Pattison (seeking the derivation of philanthrophy)—What does Phil mean?

Miss V-n W-rt (blushing and stammering)—Phil means love, I think.

McKay, '14, (at Prop. show)—If I could get someone to hold my glasses, I'd have a fight.

The (Robin) found his nest robbed.

"Poor Sarge." His wind gave out at the critical moment.

Prof. Ringwald, $1.30; J. H. Lutz, $1.00; R. H. Phillips, $1.00; Miss Elsie Porter, $1.00; W. W. Wright, $1.00; Mrs. L. C. Hutchinson, $1.00; L. R. Skinner, $1.00; Fred Doig (adv), $7.50; T. A. Skinner, $1.00; Rev. B. D. Knott, $1.00; A. W. Eveleigh, $1.00; G. M. Salter, $1.00; H. R. Gunter, $1.00; Ross Eaton, $1.00; Miss Deborah Crowell, $1.00; E. O. Fisk & Co., (adv.) $3.00; Rev. S. S. Poole, $2.00; Imperial Life (adv.), $3.00; Dr. G. E. DeWitt, $2.00; Colgate University (adv), $8.00.