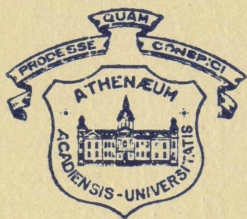


Religion House

The Acadia, Athenæum



Vol. xxxvi

January, 1910

No. 3

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CLASS OF '75

The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 3

The Higher Good.



ATHER I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense ;
I shudder not to hear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence,
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the Truth ;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right ;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth ;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light :
Give me the power to labour for mankind ;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak ;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind ;
A conscience to the base ; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet ; and to the foolish, mind ;
And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek.

—Theodore Parker.

A Glimpse into New York Life.

NEW YORK is the chief American city and the most unAmerican of them all. It is an immense bundle of contradictions and contrasts. All life here to a certain extent is abnormal. There is, it must be admitted, still a small American colony sifted through the general population, and these find themselves citizens of a foreign community in their own native land. A quarter of the population are Jews, more Jews than have been together in one place since the dawn of Christianity. These are divided and subdivided among themselves according to nationality, creed and social differences. New York is the second largest German city in the world. It is said to have more Italians than Rome. There are probably one hundred languages spoken in the streets.

These abnormal racial conditions are intensified by the geographical situation of the city. Imagine the entire population of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces crowded upon the shores of Halifax harbor and a long thin island running down the centre of the harbor. This is our situation here. It is, therefore, not surprising that the congestion of population is worse than in any other modern city. The vast multitudes of the poor are buried beneath the enormous weight of the upper and middle classes. And while the contagion of their wretchedness penetrates upwards, the problem of their redemption is rendered almost hopeless by the geographical limitations of the place. When you crowd a half dozen families into one small tenement, you have made homelife impossible.

The chief characteristic of New York, due to its racial diversity and other conditions, which will be mentioned further on, is the individualism of its people. Here every man is for himself. The devil usually takes the hindmost early in the game, and sometimes works up to the front in his search for victims. Every man must be for himself, and after he has fought desperately, he finds himself drifting down the stream. Men come to this city as a sort of clearinghouse for the vast intellectual, commercial, literary, social and political energies of the nation. While many live in

New York, their homes are elsewhere. It is said of the New York rich that they have so many houses, they have no homes. The poor have so little house-room, that home life for them is impossible. Then there are countless thousands of individuals uprooted from all family life. These are homeless, whether they live in a high-class hotel or in a hall bedroom.

The enormous growth of the city has left it practically without a conscious history. It has a rootage in the past, but its growth has been from without rather than from within. Its population is an accretion, rather than a development. This makes solidarity of public sentiment well nigh impossible; and, of course, this very fact constitutes a fatal weakness in all community enterprises.

Six hundred and fifty thousand school children are in the public schools of this city. Three hundred and fifty thousand of these come from the congested tenement districts. Their only play-ground is the streets. It is almost a physical impossibility to keep pace in the building and equipment of schools with the growth in population.

New York may well be described as the incarnation of American commercialism, and its amelioration by means of pleasure. Work and play are the chief interests of the people. While it is the literary centre of the country, the fountain of literary life is fed continuously from outside sources. Notwithstanding that in the midst of this vast seething, suffering, frivolous, passionately earnest population it might almost seem impossible to expect the triumph of spiritual and moral forces, there are, however, great agencies at work. Indeed, one is impressed in the face of such problems with the Titanic energy of spiritual and moral truth. While there are desperate sufferings and fathomless indifference, there is at the same time a glorious philanthropy organized social, as well as personal. Every conceivable disease has a place for its treatment. Every class of the poor has an organization for its relief. Every social question is being grappled with, sometimes without much apparent progress, and again with every evidence of success. The absence of civic consciousness, due to racial

differences, is a great weakness. This has, perhaps, more than any other cause, made the baneful shadow of Tammany possible. It is altogether likely that New York has furnished the world in the last forty years with its most conspicuous example of inefficiency in Municipal Government. It is not because there are no good people in the city, or patriotic people, but the insistent individualism, which I have referred to, coupled with social and racial differences make concerted action difficult, if not impossible. We have recently elected a new mayor. During his four years term there will be, in all probability, expended by the city a billion dollars, an annual expenditure of about three times that of the Dominion of Canada. It is claimed that at least one-third of this vast amount in the past has gone to the grafters.

But we are coming into better days. It is practically impossible now to elect a mayor in New York who is not of known strength and high character. Everywhere are signs of an active civic consciousness. The newspapers are practically unanimous in their opposition to and exposure of the grafters. Under pressure of public opinion, the law officers are more and more active in their detection and punishment of criminals. Much is being attempted, much remains to be done, but I believe the trend of the hour is hopeful.

The conditions of church life and work in New York are probably as difficult as can be found in the world. Even in heathen lands, one has the advantage of virgin soil for the planting of the seeds of Gospel Truth. Here life is so fascinating, so insistent and so strenuous, that men's minds become pre-occupied by other things than those of God. Differences of language and race shut various sections of the city completely out from each other. You cannot appeal to a man unless you can speak his language, and you cannot appeal to all men unless you can speak a hundred languages. European immigration brings with it antagonisms and fallacies which become aggravated by a false spirit of liberty here. Protestant churches have in a large proportion of cases surrendered hopelessly and helplessly to their

environment. Unable to adjust themselves to the new needs, they have gradually died, as all living organisms must die when their powers of adaptation fail. Hence we see the startling phenomenon of scores of Protestant churches moving out of sections of the city at the very time that hundreds of thousands of people are moving in. In the entire east side of Manhattan Island, with a population of at least one million, there is only one self-supporting Baptist church. There are remnants and wrecks of a number, and several promising young foreign-speaking churches. This is a fair picture of the condition and experience of Protestant churches of all denominations.

Personally, I look upon New York as the final battle ground for Christianity in America. If we fail here, we fail everywhere. The problems are difficult beyond description, but they are not impossible of solution. Wherever a Christian church has become seized with a sense of mission, and has been willing to throw away its stupidity and traditionalism and grapple with the actual needs of the present, its success has been re-assuring. Many churches have died because they ought to die. By the adoption of a policy of personal evangelism, the use of the individual church as an instrument of ministry to the whole life of the people, and the cultivation of a sense of solidarity among all the churches, victory is not only possible, but sure.

From what I have said, it will be seen that life in New York is difficult, but on the other hand it is fascinating. Here one sees the best and worst in human nature. The greatest and the meanest of forces are at work openly. The strong and adventurous are drawn by a resistless gravitation to this centre of activity and opportunity. Nowhere is there such stimulus as here. Men burn themselves out by a fevered activity. There is so much to do and see and hear, and so little time. What the limit of growth will be, and when that limit will appear, none dares to prophesy. But there can be no doubt that the first crude period of growth in material bulk is past. From now on we may expect to see those spiritual and moral forces which determine the quality and place of men and nations more completely recognized and enthroned.

Charles A. Eaton '90

The Heart of the People.

THE girl toyed idly with her pencil. "But if you would only do something worth while. You know, John"—and her voice grew thoughtful, her eyes dreamy, and her pencil lagged in its journey over the desk—"something really worth the while." John Raymond sighed. For two years now he had tried to make this same girl understand—understand that his life, his work, his future had real value and now to be met with the same old reply—"something really worth the while."

"But Alice," he said, "you do not understand. Do you know that such work has to be done and that someone has to do it?" The girl moved slightly. She seemed to be lost in thought and as if only dimly conscious of the fact that he was speaking. Raymond watched her intently, seeking from some movement, some expression a clue to the real meaning of the words that she had spoken. Four years ago he had finished his course—and creditably so, he added to himself, with a certain amount of satisfaction. His practice was now well established; his advice was sought by much older and far more experienced men; his social position was assured; his prospects certainly were good and why should not any girl, and this girl in particular, be willing to marry him? Away from Alice Bennett he felt sure of himself; but with her—his everything seemed as nothing.

He continued eagerly, "But Alice, what can be more noble than easing pain, helping the distressed, relieving the suffering? Is there anything more worth while than a desire to help humanity?"

The girl came out of her trance with a start. "There, John, you have said it. To help humanity—the desire to help humanity and that is just exactly what you do not possess. With your reputation so well established, you lean back in your chair and confidently wait to be called to the sick. You enter the room; write out your prescription; leave and consider your duty as well-

fulfilled. What do you care about the woman, the little child that you have left back in that room writhing and tossing in pain? According to your books, your science, you are sorry that "your skill was not sufficient to render her recovery possible." Raymond winced and she continued more slowly. "And that is not the worst either, John. Was it from a desire to relieve suffering that you became a physician? Was it not that you considered you had a certain amount of ability in that line and then chose your profession? Did you not feel that the most renown, the most money, and that most easily earned too would come from such a choice? Oh Yes! I understand" as Raymond tried to speak, "you would have in mind a certain home that must be well provided for, and yes, that such is a noble end,—and that you would give, even liberally, to charity, to the poor. But John," and her voice grew more intense, "There is something deeper, something better than that. Think of all the suffering in this old world. Think of all the heart-aches; think of the lives lived on and on with nothing to brighten them; think of the disappointments, the broken hearts, the struggles all in vain. Oh John, think of these and then consider—is it not worth while to help these? Oh! This old world! We do get so mechanical—mere machines. We move about distributing relief in a sort of self-satisfied, patronizing manner and we *never* stop to think of the lonely, weary, tired heart, that really needs our help. Oh, John! shall it always go on? Can nothing ever stop it?" Her voice was now almost a plea and in her intensity, she stretched her arms before her, as if entreating help from somewhere, she scarcely knew where.

Raymond watched her as one insensible. He felt her power, her influence. For a moment, he saw his life as she saw it. He realized it all and went out into the night.

The little clock on the mantel was rapidly striking twelve; but Raymond, unheeding, still paced the floor. He had been struggling, as he had never struggled before with the great question of his life. The little clock ceased its chiming and Raymond,

as if wondering why it stopped, turned and looked at the little time-keeper. His glance fell on the tiny miniature before it. It was his mother and as he gazed he seemed to see the mother-light in that sweet, sad face as he had never seen it before "Oh, mother!" he groaned, "If you had only lived. You would have understood and you would have taught me to know." He sank into his chair, overcome by a loss that he had not felt as keenly, since the time, when at four, he had cried himself to sleep because of the missing good-night kiss. His mind went back to that last, sad night. Tears came to his eyes and he bowed his head in grief. He thought of the long weary evenings that followed. Those evenings when he and his father, each seeking comfort from the other, sat and talked and read and then lulled by the firelight mused on the subject, too deep to them for words. He thought of his father's hopes, his joys, his aspirations, all of which one by one were laid down, as he too was touched by the finger of death.

His mind went back to the little story that his father use to tell. He thought again of the Indians, far, far away who were told by a strange spirit of a wonderful herb which would cure all the common ills of men. Of how, when the frost was crackling through the leaves and the moon was making weird all objects the stealthy Indian stole out and gathered, muttering strange sounds all the while, the magical herb and then stealing back into his wigwam, remained silent ever afterward when the herb was mentioned. He saw his father as he looked dreamily into the fire and added "you know, Boy, I've often wondered about that story. I've often wondered if there were anything in it at all and if it would be worth while—"

Raymond came back with a start, "Worth while, had he at last, found something that would be worth while? His mind was all alert. He thought of the words that had been spoken. He could see the sick, the suffering, writhing in pain or gasping for breath. He felt the helplessness of his science. He thought of the herb and he wondered if—When, at last, he rose from his chair, he kissed the tiny miniature and as he thought of his father,

he said, "I may not succeed, my father; but it *is* worth while to try."

Two weeks later when Alice Bennett sat in her room and read the brief message, "I have gone to do something. Wait, if you think you can." Raymond was already on his long journey into the far away West. He had left his friends, left his practice, left civilization, and was now to take up the wild rude life of the savage.

His self-chosen quest continued to hold him. He felt his heart beat faster. His step grew lighter and through his life, thrilling him and giving him unknown power, came new impulses, new desires, new ambitions. He felt that somehow he was now to relieve the heart-need of the people; and so in their own way, month after month, he stayed among the Indians. He learned their language, shared their sports, hunted, fished and ate with them. He listened to their old men tell the wonders and legends of their tribe. He told in turn of the outside world. He performed for them wonderful feats with the knife, the firearm and the battery. He made them presents; but ever reticent by nature, these red men were slow to believe in him, slow to give him the confidence for which he longed. Then, when his own heart seemed to almost beat and throb with theirs, they began to tell of the wonderful herb. They told of its weird discovery, its wonderful power and finally assured Raymond beyond the slightest doubt of its really remarkable value.

When the summer days the second time began to shorten and the autumn tints began again to come on all the trees, the red men stole out in the moon-light to seek the magical herb and this time they took Raymond with them. Back again into the wigwams each one crept and there they prepared the remedy and put it by.

Two years had passed and Alice Bennett again stood waiting for Raymond. Her face had grown a little more thoughtful, her smile a little sadder and in her eye was the look that revealed a hope, a longing, a desire as yet unrealized. Her hand trembled as it pressed the mantle. She was now at the greatest moment of

her life. Her hopes, her desires, her very ideals were now to be realized or as it seemed lost forever. She heard his step in the hall. She sank into a chair. The door opened and with that wonderful calmness which comes at the long-expected moment, she rose to meet him. A moment they stood, each reading the very soul of the other. Then, as he drew nearer, he said. "Sit down until I have told you all."

The very soul of John Raymond spoke as he told of his quest, the hopes, the longings, the ambitions, the long weary months, the intense loneliness at times, the many discouragements and then finally—the great triumphant success.

The face of Alice Bennett glowed with a joy that she could not conceal and as he finished she rose to meet him. Confidently she placed her hand in his and as he drew her closer she said, "And what was the more worth finding—the herb or the heart of the people?"

1911.



Redemption Comes.

We seek the message of the age,
The wondrous mastery of man,
The mines unlocked by vision deep,
And vaster riches of God's plan.

Lo, man is brother to his kin;
The despot's bigotry is rent.
Across the skies, beneath the seas,
The whispers of the time are sent.

We proudly march, we proudly live;
Ambitions surge in mighty throng.
In causes that make millions moan,
Redemption comes, yet tarries long.

Inglis Morse, '97

A London Robbery.

A SERIES of robberies had, for the last few weeks, kept the citizens in a state of excitement and feverish anxiety. In spite of the secret service bureaus and the local police, these deeds were being perpetrated nightly, and as yet no trace of the criminal was found.

Only the night before our story opens, the jewellery store of Fisk & Co., on Berkley Square, had been entered and jewels to the value of nearly three thousand pounds had been taken in spite of the fact that the police had guarded the street all night. Evidently, the robber was a bold one, and judging from the way he was doing his work, was no common thief. Finally an appeal was made to Scotland Yard, and in response, Vincent, who was rapidly making his name famous, by his detection of criminals, was sent to investigate the situation. Immediately upon his arrival, he set about in his usual business-like way to discover the thief.

It is December 5th, just one week before the ball to be given at Normanhurst by the Countess of Essex, in honor of her intimate friend, young Lord Ashley, who is spending the season in London. Everyone is looking forward to this event as one of exceptional brilliancy, as the Countess is known to be a good hostess, and people are anxious to meet Lord Ashley, generally known as the "Lonely Stranger." For the time, all thoughts of robbers and robberies are banished.

Let us for a moment consider what Mr. Vincent, of Scotland Yard, has been doing since his arrival. The talk concerning the mysterious ways of the Countess' guest had excited Vincent's curiosity, and his first care was to inquire concerning this man, but as yet he had only been able to learn that the young lord was staying with a Mrs. Granville on Gilford St. Too cautious to arouse suspicion by calling on Mrs. Granville himself, he instructed a policeman who was a friend of this lady to call and question her,

cautioning him not to appear as if anxious for information, but only as if his questions were the result of an idle curiosity.

In this way Vincent learned that Lord Ashley was in the habit of remaining away from home for two or three days at a time returning late at night. Vincent determined to watch this man, and with this end in view he decided to be at the Countess' ball.

On the Tuesday before the ball, the patrolman of Gilford St. brought Vincent a letter which he had accidentally discovered lying on the walk. Opening the missive Vincent read these words: "Friday will pay all." Signed, E. A. This might be a clew. The note had evidently been dropped by someone who as yet was unaware of the loss.

"No doubt," Vincent reasons, "the initials are those of Ashley, with a surname, real or assumed, affixed, moreover, as Friday is the night of the Countess' ball, it is probable that something is intended on that night."

Vincent repairs on the evening of the ball to Normanhurst, and mingling amongst the guests is not noticed. There are besides him, amongst the throng, several detectives in plain clothes, who have been called in by Vincent to aid him, if needs be. It is a brilliant assembly on this night. Here are gathered the best of the land; elegantly attired ladies are in prominence, constantly surrounded by a group of eager gentlemen. But no one looks better than the Countess, who, in spite of her six and thirty years, still retains her maidenly beauty. Lord Ashley is also present, and, to a casual observer, is appearing at his best. But Vincent taking keen observation of him, notices that under his mask of composure, he is restless and impatient.

About nine-thirty there is a lull, and Vincent sees Lord Ashley quietly leave the room. Signalling to his men, he immediately follows, and one by one they leave the room. The detectives now find themselves in the main hall opening into the library. Suddenly Vincent raises his hand. All are silent. Someone is approaching toward the south entrance. Immediately Vincent

and his associates conceal themselves behind the thick curtains. Just as the door opens, and — Lord Ashley, clothed in riding habit, enters. Glancing cautiously about, he stealthily crosses the room, opens the door of the adjoining closet, and looking around again to make sure that no one is about, takes out a small box which he carefully conceals beneath his long coat. Closing the door he slips quietly out of the room.

Immediately Vincent and his associates emerge from their hiding-place and hold a brief consultation. If anything is to be done it must be done quickly, as Ashley is evidently thinking of flight. "Have we any right to follow this man," exclaims one? "We have no proof of anything against him." "Proof," said Vincent, thoroughly aroused. "If nothing more, he has no right to be prowling about in this manner." This ends further controversy, and — a sound of footsteps. A sudden concealment and Lord Ashley enters a second time, this time accompanied by the Countess, who is flushed and pale at times. Ashley is speaking hurriedly and excitedly. Only a few words are audible. "I must go.....that hound of Scotland Yard....." This is too much for Vincent; with a leap he crosses the room; a sudden flash; a mocking laugh and darkness closes in about him. He sinks to the floor with that laugh ringing in his ears.

The concealed men, dazed by this sudden occurrence, make no move. The pistol shot has caused a great commotion in the adjoining room. The Countess casts a despairing glance at Ashley, who turns expectantly facing the large entrance door.

Immediately one of the detectives springs out and covers him with loaded revolver. The baffled man taken momentarily off his guard, shows no sign of resistance, but dropping his hands to his side, he glares the other, boldly, in the face, exclaiming, "Some one will pay dearly for this; I am no criminal."

"That remains to be seen," replied the detective, coolly. "You may have to answer to the charge of murder." The other officers emerge and Ashley seeing the tables so completely turned, allows himself to be handcuffed. The guests now rush into the

room, but the detective, in an authoritative tone, bids them leave, and turns his attention to Vincent. Seizing this opportunity the Countess slips quietly out of the room.

Upon examination it is found that the bullet from Ashley's pistol has grazed Vincent's temple, causing this momentary faint but doing otherwise no real injury.

Looking up in a dazed way, he exclaims: "Have you got him"?

"Yes, sir," replied the detective, "Indeed we have,"

"Just relieve him of that box and hand it over to me" continued Vincent at these words Ashley pales and with a look of desperation on his face cries. "Oh God." At the same time he rushed past, the little group and casts himself through the large window, carrying away the sash and muttering "Curse you, you will never get it from me, alive."

The policemen make as if to rush out by the door, but Vincent checks them exclaiming "Tis fifty feet to the ground, no man could possibly fall that far and live. Help me to rise and I will get the box."

One of the officers volunteers to go with him and together they go out. As they approach the ground under the window, from which the unfortunate man had leaped, they see a dark mass on the ground, "What a fate" exclaims Vincent's companion. The law would not have dealt so harshly with him.

"He is dead" Vincent said, "His heart has ceased beating." The two carry the body into the house and Vincent, removing the box from the dead man's pocket, reveals the contents to his associates.

The robberies of the last few weeks are explained. The box contains nearly five thousand pounds worth of jewels.

Next day Vincent returns to Scotland Yard and unfolds the story of this capture to his chief.

Although the Countess was evidently, entangled in this audacious scheme, yet no effort was made to implicate her; suffice it to say that she immediately closed her splendid city home and

London society saw her no more. As for Ashley a diligent search was made to discover his identity. Finally the effort was rewarded.

This Lord Ashley was no Lord but an Australian criminal for whom, during the last few months the Chinese authorities had been making a close search, on account of a brutal murder he was supposed to have committed in Hong Kong.

1912.



My Lady.

While my lady sleepeth,
The azure heaven is bright,
Soft the moonbeams creepeth,
With sheen of sparkling light,
The steadfast stars ward keepeth,
Around her bower all night.

O winsome, wooing breeze,
While light my lady slumbers,
Waft subtly through the trees,
Echoes of my numbers,
Her dreaming ear to please !

1911.



The Time I Went For The Doctor.

THE clock had just struck seven, one October evening and I was trying to study a little in the corner of the kitchen in the old farm house at home. Charlie, my brother, who was then twelve years old, was working at the chores in the barn. Suddenly father rushed in and cried.

"Don, the black mare has kicked Charlie and gashed his face all open. Take old Fred and go for the *doctor*."

"Hold on !" said the hired man, "Doctor Baker just went up to Casey's about an hour ago, and he hasn't come back yet."

Casey was a consumptive who lived up on the brow of the mountain at whose base was our farm. The nearest village that contained a doctor was five and a half miles away, so I determined to go up to Casey's on old Fred. The mountain is really a hill, like a range, and is crossed by roads which zig-zag, in order to decrease the steepness.

A path led from our yard half-way up the bluff of the mountain, where it came out on the road. In my hurry, I determined to lead old Fred up this path in order to save time. Although the path in places was very steep, narrow and rocky and the night was dark, and wet, old Fred came up without an accident and we emerged upon the road. Here I mounted the horse, and a mile further came to the top of the mountain, where I turned at the first corner, and putting the horse to the run, reached Casey's.

Doctor Baker was just starting for home, when, mud-bespattered, soaked and sore, I galloped into the yard.

"Charlie's got his face smashed," I yelled "That black mare stove it in for him. Get down there and fix him up as fast as you can," I excitedly cried, forgetting both grammar and courtesy in my haste. The doctor held up Casey's lantern to my face, and seeing whose boy I was, cried: "All right, my hearty." And jumping into his wagon, he drove away. I followed close behind him on Faithful old Fred.

How I chafed in my impatience as we crept down that mountain, the doctor ahead in his wagon and I behind on old Fred; and how the minutes seemed like hours as I thought of the suffering boy at home. Finally we came to the head of the path where it joins the road. I had an inspiration. "Doctor," I cried, "take your medicine and stuff and vamoose down that path. It comes out into our back yard. I'll take your team, and my old nag will go home himself."

With another "alright," the doctor clambered out, gave me the reins and began to carefully pick his way down the path. I, myself, acquainted as I was with the way, would have thought it an extremely ticklish journey going down there in the dark;

but I knew that what the doctor undertook he generally accomplished, and so I did not worry about him.

In fact, it was now time to think about myself. The doctor's horse was young, and evidently did not like the idea of descending this mountain road. But I soon quieted him, and he behaved very well. I had relaxed my vigilance somewhat, and was approaching a sharp turn where the road doubles back upon itself, when the whirr of a partridge sounded in the bushes behind.

At this, the horse, in sudden terror, rounded the curve on the gallop. The wagon in a twinkling was on its side, the robes and halter were in the mud, and I was literally thrown out over the tree-covered, perpendicular bluff. I landed in a beech tree and had presence of mind enough to clutch the branch, and there I hung. I dared not move lest the branch would break and drop me some fifty or sixty feet below, down that bluff, upon the rocks. I could imagine my mangled remains there on the mountain side in the darkness and rain.

A wild gust of wind came. The branch swayed, and to my unspeakable horror began slowly to sink, breaking from the tree. But still I clung desperately. The branch broke off completely and *I dropped*.

Miraculously, for so it seems to me, I landed in almost a net of foliage further down in the tree and stayed there. Then cautiously, carefully, painfully, I worked my way in towards the trunk and slid down, regardless of clothes, about twenty feet to the ground. Groping in the darkness I regained the road above by pulling myself up with the aid of bushes and trunks of trees, and once on the road went home as quickly as my battered condition would permit. Here, I found that father, having heard the clatter of the overturned wagon coming down the mountain, had caught the doctor's horse, that the whole family was alarmed and anxious about me, but that Charlie was sewed and bandaged and was now sleeping quietly.

The Characteristics of a Sophomore.

WHEN the sometime Freshman comes back to college to take up his position in the college world as a Sophomore, he experiences a complete change of feeling. The year before, on his arrival, unknown fears, doubts, trembling hopes and feelings of utter strangeness and greenness had possessed him ; now he is in a new situation. He is charged with importance and a sense of power. Although in reality he may still be just as green as when he first entered those classic halls, yet all that is now completely hidden under a marvellous growth of dignity and self-possession.

The fact that he no longer can be dubbed "Freshman" is sufficient to overwhelm him with relief. No one, even tho gifted with the strongest possible imagination, would ever think of a Sophomore as green. Consequently he need not feign a false appearance of wisdom, but can appear in his true colors, knowing that he will no more be subjected to the merciless criticism of the upper classmen. Still, even with this feeling of relief delighting his soul, that same sophomore finds it almost impossible, as the days go by, to realize that he was ever such a nonentity as a Freshman. To him, now, those trivial beings seem mere pawns upon the chess-board of college life, to be used at will. His appreciation of their feelings is very singular. His memory fails to recall his own feelings when he, himself, was in a similar position one short year ago. Then Sophomores were the bane of his existence, the scum of creation, while the Freshmen were the only fellows in college who were really of any importance. Now these qualities are changed in no small measure. The Sophomores are monarchs of all they survey—while the poor dubious Freshmen are solely existing for the Sophomores' delight and amusement. The latter are filled with scorn as they hear the delirious Freshmen puff and blow over some little victory they may have gained, or possibly, merely over the good opinion they have of themselves. Are they not high and mighty Sophomores ?

These Freshmen are mere children "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

One of the first characteristics which a new-fledged Sophomore exhibits is recklessness. Taking as his motto, "nothing venture, nothing have," he plunges into all sorts of sprees with a will, most of them being given for the benefit of the Freshmen. The year before he considered "bathtubbing" a low trick, but now he fairly revels in watching some struggling Freshmen spluttering in the tub, or with his classmates mounts in ecstasy a barricade of trunks to meet in mortal combat a host of those frantic beings. All that of class work, beyond what is barely necessary, is recklessly banished, while he satisfies his thirst for Freshmen gore. Night and day he relentlessly seeks new ways for tormenting his prey until his common sense or a polite little note from the faculty calls him to order.

This characteristic holds true only at first, however; gradually his equilibrium is restored—he begins to realize that there are a few other fellows in college who are of some importance besides the Sophomores. It is true that he no longer regards the grand (?) Seniors with the awe-stricken eyes of the Freshman, but he feels that he is more than ever in a position to realize what bonds of good fellowship unite the classes. New ideas of his position as a Sophomore are conceived, and he commences to feel a little of the true college spirit.

Another characteristic of the Sophomore, both of the individual and of the class, is that all the narrowness, the childishness, and the conceitedness of the Freshman days are gone. His mental horizon is broadened and is no longer limited to the bounds of "me" and "us." New and finer veins of life are formed. Any one in contemplating the Sophomore beside the Freshman could not but believe in the theory of evolution.

The Sophomore learns to see things in their true light. The fellow, who, a year ago, had believed that life for him consisted of three things:—1st Study; 2nd Study; and 3rd Study, begins to appreciate the fact that there are other things in college life val-

uable enough to demand much consideration and practice ; while on the other hand, the fellow to whom classes had been mere side issues to the real life of athletics sees his mistake and applies himself more diligently to his studies, as these proper relations are forced home upon him. Both these fellows are learning that it is not all of college life to study, nor all of shirking to get plucked.

But do not for one moment believe that the Sophomore intends, through his broad mindedness, to lose his identity, and become merged into other classes, as superior to his own, because he appreciates their worth. Not for a second does such a thought enter his mind. Class loyalty above all else characterizes a Sophomore. He knows that in union lies strength, so the Sophomores are knit together with one aim, and that to uphold the glory of the class.

The Sophomores are the salt of college life. Their duty it is to keep things moving. They prevent the pervading freshness of the Freshmen from predominating everything ; they furnish stimulus to the flagging energies of the Juniors, who are inclined to rest on their oars, after their exertions of the preceding year ; they awaken the dormant faculties for mischief in the Seniors, by the very force of their example. They brighten, amuse, strengthen, and enliven the whole college—while they virtually control it. For is not the Sophomore class the largest, strongest, ablest, and most talented class in College ? Does not the balance of power lie in it's hands ? Who then is better able to perform these tasks ? Not the Seniors ; they have graver matters to occupy their sedate minds ; not the Juniors they are trying to recover from the shock experienced when they discovered that they were no longer Sophomores ; not the Freshmen for that children should be seen and not heard is a saying trite—but *true*. Then of necessity, as well as of choice, the burden falls on the Sophomores, who are well able to perform the task. They realize that on them the eyes of the College world are turned ; they are determined to make good—and *they do!*

Editorials.

WITH the Christmas vacation a matter of the past we have returned refreshed and invigorated to begin the hard grind which lies before us. The long-wished-for New Year so promising and auspicious, has been ushered in and we have already begun to write our history on an unbroken tablet.

This is a time of examination. The Mid-years loom up like an uninviting cloud. The ghost of wasted hours walks abroad and in melancholy tone proclaims the doom of idleness. Would that we had the past months to retrace! Not a line would escape us! We should be ready for the inevitable hour!

With more or less bemoaning do we not all face our task? We undoubtedly do and yet such should not be the case. The only student worthy of our praise is he who is *prepared*—in the fullest sense of the word. Not he who before the exam transforms his mind into a temporary sponge to be squeezed during the testing period and then to be dry for months. But he who, in the class-room, or before the paper is *ready*. That student alone is successful whose work has become incorporated in his thought, and is controlled by a will, which can at a moments notice transmute it into action. If the "quest for Truth" is legitimate, it is essential that a man be "in as large a measure as possible" the incarnate volition of that Truth.

Is there one phase of life where this does not hold true? The man whom the world needs is he who "without strain or worry, is always quietly ready for an emergency."

This of course means that a man should have always at his command reserve power. The men who have shaped the destiny of the world have wrought their achievements with resources concealed from the eyes of their fellows. Indeed few men realize the force which they could command "if they would." The individual is not as some would believe, a mechanical toy. "He is a human harp with infinite possibilities of unawakened music."

It is a Providential Blessing that men can "store up" energy, and be prepared for any crisis. Many have failed in one line and because of failure have ceased all effort. Yet in some hour of need a magic word has been spelled which has lifted the lid and revealed to that same man power of which he never dreamed. Life is "made over" for him through a hitherto untried channel. Some one has said that our lives are in layers and the reason that many of us fail is because we live only on the surface. There are ore-laden veins away down deep and they are for us to use if we will only get at them. The following words of William George Jordan seem to convey this message.

"There is in the mythology of the Norsemen a belief that the strength of an enemy we kill enters into us. This is true in character. As we conquer a passion, a thought, a feeling, a desire; as we rise superior to some impulse, the strength of that victory trifling though it may be, is stored by nature as a Reserve Power to come to us in the hour of our need."

Since our last issue went to press the looked for appointment to the Presidential Chair of our University has been made. The choice of the Board of Governors has fallen on George Barton Cutten, M. A. B. D. Ph. D.

We congratulate our college in possessing in a long list of noted graduates so distinguished a scholar. As both a teacher and a man we anticipate in him a leader of whom every student of Acadia may be proud. The *Examiner* says "Dr. Cutten is a young man of fine scholarship and pedagogical temperament. He should prove a worthy successor of the men who have made the name of Acadia honored for its stamp of character and solid work."

Dr. Cutten will take up his work early in February. We bespeak for him the hearty co-operation of the entire student body.

Personals

Clifford St. J. Wilson, Fred E. Mallory, and Edmund King, who took the engineering course here are completing their studies at McGill University.

G. Gordon Hughes is at his home in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Rev. G. P. Raymond '90 was married in Halifax, N. S., on Wednesday, December the Eighth, '09 to Miss Ruby L. McDonald. Mr. Raymond is just entering on a pastorate with the Baptist Church at Annapolis Royal, N. S.

Leslie G. Jost, B. Sc., '08, is completing his studies in Science at McGill. We are pleased to note that "Les." is making things lively in track work. At the last Inter-Collegiate meet he won several points for his new Alma Mater.

Miss E. Garda Crandall is pursuing a course in Domestic Science at MacDonald College, P. Q.

Misses Georgie McQuarrie, Helen Christie, and Dorothy McLeod are also studying at MacDonald.

Haywood S. Thomas who took the Engineering Course here is studying this year at the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

Willard A. Keith is serving as a Village pedagogue in Grand Manan, N. B.

Walter S. Smith '09 was ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry on November 2nd, 1909, by a Council called by the Hampton United Baptist Church, Annapolis Co., N. S.

Willard P. Read has a good position in Roxbury, Mass.

Lew. M. Morton is taking the Medical Course at Dalhousie

Leslie T. Allen is pursuing a course at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgeons, Baltimore Md.

Miss Flora E. Chambers is in Boston taking a course in Kindergarten work preparatory to entering the teacher's profession in that phase of school life.

Frank L. Faulkner is spending the winter in Summerland, B. C.

J. LeB. Hopkins has a position as draughtsman with J. H. Hague, contractor at Aroostook Junction, N. B.

The Alumni Association of Acadia is presenting the Rev. Rupert Osgoode Morse '91, with an elegant copy of "The Records of Acadia Graduates." This copy is beautifully bound in morocco and tastefully decorated in gold. These "Records" which we all prize so highly were the result of much patient effort on the part of Mr. Morse and this recognition of his services will doubtless be greatly appreciated.

Charles G. Marsters is attending classes at Dalhousie College, Halifax.

Ira W. Moland, one of Acadia's star sprinters, has been obliged to remain out of college this winter on account of ill health. We are sorry to learn that Moland will not be able to return to us in the spring as he had planned.

Miss Hazel J. Woodman is attending Wheaton Seminary, Horton, Mass.

Exchanges.

ATTRACTIVE in appearance, well illustrated, and possessed of literary merit, *Acta Victoriana* is a monthly visitor we welcome and appreciate. The November issue, just to hand, contains a suggestive article on "The Value of an Arts Course to the Lawyer." The student contribution on "The Earth: Its Origin," possesses scientific value. The writer outlines the two theories now in the field—the Saglacial and the Planetesimal. He shows the insufficiency of the former and older theory to explain the origin of our planet, and the superior merit, as well as the imperfection, of the latter. The poem, "To Robert," will appeal to college men, for not Victoria alone has a loved Robert.

The following is taken from "An Indian Ocean Sunset" in the *Martlet*. The speaker in the poem is represented as leaning at the twilight hour upon the after-rail of a steamer bound over the Indian Ocean. The silent transition of twilight into night leads him to philosophize thus:

"How empty seems the social sham, the striving after place,
All the dull, complex conventions that enthrall our little race!
How sordid, too, the thirst for gold, the greedy lust for gain
That causes so much sorrow, so much care and needless pain!
How childish seems that discontent we cannot analyze,
That ceaseless, restless yearning under which our spirit sighs,
That leaves us all unsatisfied, no matter what we've gained,
And makes us long for any other than the desire attained!
And, on the other hand, how worthy seem the nobler things,
The heart of love that down to earth the gate of Heaven brings.
The spirit calm that rests content with home and warmth and food,
That measures by the standard of the noble, pure and good."

"Each of your acquaintances is a live wire connecting your life with some other life."—Ex.

"A much respected member of the church having joined the great majority, the minister posted the following notice on the church door—

"Brother Jones departed for Heaven at 7.30 this morning."

Returning somewhat later the reverend gentleman was much surprised to see beneath his notice a telegraph form filled out as follows :—

"Heaven, 9.30 a. m.—Jones not arrived. Great anxiety."

BROKE.

Broke, broke, broke,
I have squandered the uttermost sou,
And have failed in my efforts to utter
One trivial, last I O U.

Oh, well for the infant in arms,
That for ducats he need not fret;
Oh, well for the placid corpse,
That has settled his final debt.

And dun after dun comes in,
Each bringing his little account;
And, oh, for the touch of a five dollar bill
Or a cheque for a larger amount.

Broke, broke, broke,
My course as a student is run,
I'll back to my childhood's home and act
The role of the prodigal son.

McGill Martlett.

"Perpetual motion's here,
Yes, it's come,
Just watch a dainty little dear,
Chewing gum."=Ex.

We acknowledge receipt of the following additional exchanges:
Normal College Gazette, Maritime Students' Agriculturist,
Halifax County Academy Annual, Allisonia and Xaverian.

The Month.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

—*Tennyson.*

EVERYONE was delighted to have the Christmas vacation commence a little sooner than the College Calendar had promised. If ever the days seem to pass quickly it is at the joyous Christmas season, the time when we would fondly wish to have them linger. But the vacation is past and we have returned to our books. And with the coming of the New Year we have doubtless made our resolutions ; a resolve to study harder among the number. And this one we shall probably keep, at least until we are on the other side of the mid-year examinations, which are now rapidly approaching.

Y. M. C. A. Rev. J. H. McDonald, pastor of the Fredericton Baptist Church, lectured before the students of the Institution on Sunday afternoon the twelfth of December. "The Poets and the Life Beyond" was the subject of the lecture and it was treated in an able manner. By numerous quotations, the belief of the Poets in a future life was clearly set forth, and their conception of the future existence of the soul proved of deep interest to those who were privileged to hear it. Special music was furnished for the occasion including a well rendered vocal solo by T. S. Roy, of the Class of '11.

In the evening a very clear and forceful address on Missions was given by Rev. Mr. McDonald in the Baptist Church, under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Edmund S. Conklin, Field Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Training School, Springfield, Mass., who has been visiting the Associations in the Province, spent Sunday the twelfth of December in Wolfville. While here Mr. Conklin gave an interesting address to the students at the Sunday morning prayer meeting.

SOCIAL. The College girls, on Friday evening December 2nd, held their annual Propylaeum reception in College Hall. The attractive rose-colored bunting of the Society was used in a pleasing way for the decorations. Above the door at the front of the hall was hung a design in gold, representing the Propylaeum pin. This was artistically draped about with bunting of the same color.

The Guests were received at the door by Miss Kate Mitchell, president of the Society, and Miss Rita Manning, vice-president. The Chaperons for the occasion were Mrs. Pattison and Miss Andrews.

Interest in the Reception, although coming after quite an extensive round of social events was not lacking and the pleasant "At Home" was appreciated and enjoyed by all present.

The first of the series of concerts arranged for by the ladies of the Baptist Church was a marked success. The Carolyn Belcher String Quartette of Boston, assisted by Miss Davis of the seminary staff was greeted by a large and appreciative audience on Friday evening, December tenth, in College Hall. Every number met with generous applause and everyone seemed delighted with the program given. The remaining concerts are being looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations.

"Pygmalion and Galatea," the charming Grecian Play, given by the College Girls, on Friday the seventeenth of December, was a very clever production, and reflected great credit on all connected with the performance.

The parts were without exception well taken; and the acting in some of the more difficult parts, as when Galatea comes to life, and the estrangement in the second act, shows dramatic ability of a high order. The graceful costumes, decidedly Grecian, added much to the beauty of the play. The following is a list of the characters participating:

CHARACTERS:

Pygmalion	-	-	-	-	KATE MITCHELL
Galatea	-	-	-	-	CLARE LEWIS
Leucippe	-	-	-	-	OLIVE SIPPRELL
Myrine	-	-	-	-	FRAUDENA GILROY
Agesimos	-	-	-	-	JOSEPHINE CLARKE
MIMOS	-	-	-	-	NINA HUBLEY
Daphne	-	-	-	-	DEBORAH CROWELL
Cynisca	-	-	-	-	ELSIE PORTER
Chrysos	-	-	-	-	MILDRED WELTON

DEBATE. Home Rule for Ireland has again been up for discussion, but this time in College Hall instead of across the water, and the occasion was the Junior—Freshman Debate, on Saturday evening, the eleventh of December.

The affirmative was argued by the Freshmen—Foster, Illsley and Allen, with Foster as leader. The Junior speakers were Roy (leader), Margeson and Rose.

The nature of the subject and the manner in which it was handled made the debate most interesting.

Illsley '13, was a new man on the Acadia platform and made a good impression.

The judges—Dr. Tufts, Prof. Pattison and Rev. Mr. Prestwood—after mature deliberation, announced their decision in favor of the Juniors because of their better argument. In oratory the Freshmen had the advantage.

BANQUETS. The annual banquet tendered the Football Team was held on the thirteenth of October.

Once more the students and their guests had the privilege of sitting down to the banquet with the "Cup," emblematic of the Maritime Collegiate Championship, resting safely on the table in front of Captain Camp.

Chipman Hall dining room was transformed for the occasion, and as the various courses were brought on, the residents of the "Hall" must have thought they were in "Paradise." When all were ready to draw their chairs back from the table and enjoy an

oratorical treat, Mr. Mussels, the president of the Athletic Association, acting as toastmaster, called on Britten '11 to propose the toast to the King. This was done in a patriotic speech, and in response all joined heartily in singing "God Save the King." The toast to the "Ladies" was cleverly proposed by Warren '10, and aptly responded to by Kierstead '10. Chute '10 and Roy '11 proposed the toasts to "The Faculty" and "The Football Team." Dr. Tufts spoke on behalf of the Faculty, while Capt. Camp replied to the latter.

Enthusiastic speeches were made by Prin. Robinson, Dr. Moore, Joseph Howe and Capt. Eveleigh of the H. C. A., who were guests on this occasion.

The College A's won during the year were then presented by Dr. Tufts to the following men who were enthusiastically applauded and given the usual "upward boost :"

In football—Reid, Andrews, Howe and Spencer.

In football and hockey—Eaton.

In track—Roy.

In hockey—Brooks, Pattillo, C. Robinson and Potter.

The strains of the Acadia doxology was the signal for the breaking up of this most successful affair.

The College Museum appeared at its best advantage when on Friday evening, November twenty-sixth, the class of "Nineteen Ten" assembled to hold its annual banquet and social goodtime. The decorations were most tastefully arranged in the class colors, blue and gray, which gave to the room a decidedly home-like air.

The guests of the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Wortman, Prof. and Mrs. Pattison, Earnest Williams and other friends, were received by the president and vice-president, Mr. MacIntyre and Miss Porter. After a few moments spent in a social way all retired to College Hall where several members of the class gave a parlor play, entitled, "His Old Sweethearts." The remainder of the evening was spent in playing old-time games which produced much merriment.

At ten o'clock we turned our steps toward Chipman Hall where a bounteous board was loaded down with good things. "It seemed, indeed, like Christmas come before its time."

When all were fully satisfied that the dainties had received their due attention the following toasts were proposed and responded to :

THE KING.

A. G. MacIntye.

The National Anthem

THE LADIES.

Lee N. Seaman.

G. Foster Camp.

THE FACULTY.

A. H. Chute.

Dr. Wortman

Prof. Pattison

H. E. Williams

OUR ALMA MATER.

W. S. MacIntyre.

A-C-A-D-I-A

A most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by all repeating in a loud voice this matchless verse :

Bamble! Bamble! Kalamazoo!

Lingle! Jingle! Ickery-oo!

Kizie! Mizie! Rizie! Ren!

Acadia! Acadia! 1910!

BASKET BALL. By winning four games and losing none, the Seniors carried off the honors in the Basket Ball League this year. The competition for second place was keen and after some close and exciting games the Freshmen succeeded in reaching this coveted position.

The standing of the teams in the league is shown by the following :

<i>Teams.</i>	<i>Games Lost.</i>	<i>Games Won.</i>
Seniors	0	4
Freshmen	1	3
Sophomores	2	2
H. C. A.	3	1
Juniors	4	0

The teams have been evenly matched and as a result there has been good basket ball. There is lots of material for a strong College Team.

The Pierian

(Of Acadia Seminary.)

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

GENERAL. The Seminary completed the work of the fall term, 1909, December eighteenth, a few days earlier than the schedule time. But then we are always ahead. In point of attendance, the term has been a record one, one hundred and six pupils having been registered as residents. This marks a notable advance. The fall term of 1901 showed pupils in residence, sixty-four. This year shows an advance of forty-two; about eighteen pupils will enter for the first time with 1910, and the building will be taxed to its utmost and some provision will have to be made for the overflow. By the time this reaches its readers the need will have been met.

NEEDS. The time has, therefore, arrived when a vigorous FORWARD MOVEMENT should be begun for a Fine Arts Building for Acadia Seminary. We have clearly outgrown our present accommodations. We must arise and build. In the meantime all departments of our work suffer, notably the departments of Music, Art, Oratory and Domestic Science. A Fine Arts building containing a large auditorium to seat not less than five hundred, better eight hundred, equipped with a pipe organ; containing, also, a properly arranged and lighted Art Studio, a modern Domestic Science Kitchen and Dining Room, adequately equipped, and isolated Hospital, a Library Stack Room, and accommodations for at least thirty-five to forty resident pupils. Such a building would solve many of the problems which now confront us. Thus the department of Oratory and the Collegiate department could be properly provided for in the present building. A new reception room could be provided, a Y. W. C. A. parlor, and the present library room could be utilized for reference purposes. Adequate facilities should be

provided for the Domestic department. Many other details would have to be considered. It is safe to say, however, that all the needs indicated could be met and accommodation provided for fifty more pupils for an outlay of forty thousand dollars.

Acadia Seminary is bound to grow. The Baptists of the Maritime Provinces believe in the seminary and are going to send their daughters to Wolfville in increasing numbers. The number of Seminary Alumnæ is increasing year by year, and increased funds ought soon to be available. Why not then within the next three years a *fund raised for this purpose, a Fine Arts Building, though the outlay should amount to forty thousand dollars*. The principal expects to have plans for such a building in his hands within a few months and will be delighted to correspond or interview any one who is interested in the scheme. To all who are interested in Acadia Seminary we all wish a Happy and Prosperous New Year. To all who are not and are lukewarm we wish enlightenment, appreciation, interest, enthusiasm and love. "Do your duty come what may."

PERSONALS. Helen Mersereau, '09, is continuing her musical studies in Fredericton, N. B. Dorothy Macleod, a former member of '10, is now a student at the McDonald Institute, St. Ann's, Quebec. Several of our '09 girls are now teaching in the public schools. Cynthia Oakes at Nictaux Falls, Erminie Baker at Weymouth, Hortense Spurr at Melvern Square.

We regret to learn of the continued illness of Lois Porter, '09, and hope for a speedy recovery.

Miss Josephine Goodspeed, teacher of Elocution, was married on January 12 to Rev. Mr. Bisgrove, pastor of one of the M. E. Churches in Schenectady, N. Y. We are very sorry to lose Miss Goodspeed in whom we have found a true and helpful friend. Her place will be filled by Miss Helen Hammond, her associate in the department of Expression since September. Miss Hammond has already demonstrated her admirable fitness for the position. With her will be associated Miss Anna Remick, of Methuen, Mass.

Miss Remick is a post graduate of Emerson College, a young woman of fine character, culture and training. The continued success of the department is thus assured.

Miss Daisy M. Arnold, has also been compelled to resign her position owing to her mother's ill health. Miss Arnold has commended herself the Seminary as a faithful and efficient teacher. Her successor has not at this date been appointed.

The Junior Class has organized with the following officers.

HELEN CARSON *President*
 IRENE LAFLAMINE *Vice President*
 ELSIE CHRISTIE *Secy.-Treas.*
 What is the matter with the Juniors?



The Lyceum

(Of Horton Academy.)

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

GENERAL. Examinations are about over, and soon we will be making the most of the Christmas vacation. We look back on the past term with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure. Regrets because of plucks and failures; pleasure because of first divisions and the renewing of old friendships as well as the making of new ones.

BASKET BALL. Again the Academy has failed to win the basket ball league. In losing the last game to the Freshmen we take our place next to the foot. Except in the last game the team has played well, and up to a few minutes of time the winner was always uncertain. Although the combination work was equal to any of the others, poor shooting forced the team to its low standing in the league.

In Merry Mood.

THE LATE MR. B-RSS.

He stands before his glass in doubt,
His beard by night has sprouted well
He needs must scrape—and yet without
He hears begin the lecture bell:
Too many times he skipped the course.
He fears its doors on him may shut
His blade is dull—now which is worse,
To cut and shave or shave and cut?

D-wson,—“When a man’s an ass the best thing he can do is
to keep quiet and no one will know the difference.”

B-lcom,—“Bright idea old man, play the game.”

M-rg-son will be a catch for any church for wherever he goes
he will take a ‘Sexton’ with him.

Prof. Pattison in Soph. English,—“Can you make a writing
humorous without any sense of humor?”

Lewis (doubtfully),—“Well I should think so.” Prof. Patti-
son,—“Why yes, the Freshmen show this power in their essays.”

Keith demurely popped the question
But paled at her retort,
Yet now with smiles his face o’erflows
His heart no more crys out Van W-rt.

Now he’s in love with one Sophette
Even as many more,
He takes her arm, his one regret
Is that he cannot yet take more.

Instructor Williams to B-h-r in chemistry (after demonstrating
a formula),—“Do you understand that Mr. B-h-r.—B-h-r—“Yes,
sir.” Ins. Williams,—“It is not difficult to understand.”

Prof. Pattison to (Dr.) H-ghson,—“What would it be Mr. H-ghson if your wings began to sprout.” Doc,—It would be a miracle Sir.”

PASSING THE SEMINARY.

Page to A. H. Chute,—“See the light up there in that window; do you suppose there is anything in there.” Chute (sentimentally)—“The light of my world is there.”

There went around at last reception
A topic card quite unattended,
It plagued the Sems worse than infection
While B-wes at home the baby tended.

The god of noise sat in state in his marble halls, where peaceful silence reigned, a troubled expression was on his face: He missed the usual roar and thunder. Presently A. H. Ch-te appeared before him,—“Your Highness,” said he, “I should like a ton of your loudest noise sometime before tomorrow night.” “Impossible” said the old god with a groan. “The Freshmen have taken every ounce I had to use in the church gallery Sunday night.”

(CHRISTMAS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.)

Fost-r H-we arose sharp at eight.
As his pa the door was knocking,
He found a piano, and a carload of freight,
Concealed in the toe of his stocking.

Henceforth and forever more there shall be no more hazing at Acadia. I have said it.

The Reformer.

The Halifax Herald is to be congratulated on having A. de W. F-ster to correct any mis-statements which may occur in its columns.

He comes from haunts, of roosts' of hens
His heart is gone on S-lly,
He bets his money on his sem,
Poor Bl-ck will never rally.

P-neo is a wise old chap,
Of strength he is a tower.
A letter from U. S. each day,
Fills him with thoughts of 'Power'.

Dr. Wortman calling the roll,—“J. Ernest Barss.” (pause)
Miss B-tes (dreaming),—“Present”

W. Barss meeting the latter after class,—“Hello cousin.”



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Miss Erminie Baker, \$1.00; Miss Amy R. Kelly, \$1.00; H. E. Williams, \$1.00; G. S. Weaver, \$1.00; F. S. Goucher, \$1.30; A. G. McIntyre, \$1.00; C. E. Reid, \$1.00; R. H. Philips, \$1.00; R. B. Ilsley, \$1.00; H. E. Allaby, \$1.00; Miss Evelyn Slack, \$1.00; R. G. Peede, \$1.00; O. P. Goucher, \$4.00; G. H. Oakes, \$4.00; L. N. Seaman, \$1.00; J. D. McLeod, \$2.00; S. M. Marsters, \$1.00; Miss E. Porter, \$1.00; L. B. Boggs, \$1.00; L. T. Hayward, \$1.00; R. B. Brooks, \$1.00; F. M. Bishop, \$1.00; G. C. Warren, \$1.00; R. R. Murray, \$1.00.

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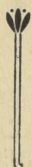
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