



PROF F R HALEY, M A

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"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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Prof. F. R. Haley, M. A.

Professor Francis R. Haley was born at Yarmouth, N. S., August 4th, 1862. He received his early education at the Yarmouth Academy, in which school he prepared for the matriculation examination of McGill University. Owing, however, to a change in plan, he came to Acadia.

Prof. Haley's course at Acadia, according to his own statement was quiet and uneventful, unmarked by any special effort or special honors. After graduation he received an appointment as instructor in Mathematics at Horton Academy, which position he held one year. In the Autumn of 1885 he entered Harvard University, being the first graduate of any Provincial college admitted to the Senior year of that institution. During his course at Harvard he gave special attention to studies in Mathematics and Philosophy. Graduating in 1886 he received an appointment as Instructor in Mathematics at Freehold Institute, New Jersey, a large preparatory school for Princetown College. Two years later he was called to the instructorship in Mathematics and Physics at the Norwich Free Academy, one of the best of the New England preparatory Schools.

In the Summer of 1890 Prof. Haley was appointed Alumni Professor of Physics at Acadia College. Before undertaking the duties of this position he spent eighteen months in study and travel abroad. The Summer of 1891 was spent in the laboratory of Edinburgh University, working under the personal supervision of Professor Tait. The Winter of '91 and '92 was spent in Germany attending the lectures of well-known specialists,—Helmholtz, Wiedermann and others. He came to Acadia in the fall of 1892 and since that time has pursued his work at this institution. He received the degree of M. A. from Acadia in June, 1891.

Prof. Haley has been eminently successful in his work. In New England he earned for himself an enviable reputation as a teacher, and his return to his Alma Mater to occupy the responsible position which he now holds, has brought new life and fresh vigor to the work. By his efforts many improve-

ments have been introduced in the Physical department, new apparatus obtained, an advanced course marked out and successfully pursued. Energetic, careful, progressive and earnest, Prof. Haley has won the full confidence of governors, faculty, alumni and students, and fills with honor a position in which his services are invaluable

Class Day.

On Tuesday morning June 4th the class day exercises were held. On account of the illness of Mr Gullison, the invocation prayer was offered by Mr Miner. President Todd then gave the address of welcome and Mr McLeod called the roll. Many names once embraced in class '95 were missing from the graduation roll. Mr McCurdy presented an interesting and amusing class history and Mr Herman delivered an address to the under-graduates, which was full of good and sensible things. The prophecy prepared and read by Miss Coates was an enjoyable feature of the programme. The Class poem and valedictory by Mr McLean was highly appreciated by all as it was full of genuine christian sentiment and sympathetic expression.

Salutatory.

We salute you, friends of Acadia, with the warmest greetings, and extend to you a most cordial welcome to the exercises of this morning. Four years 'mid sun and rain, 'mid snow and ice, in winter's chilling blast and spring's gentle zephyr, have we lived and wrought together. To-day, with the struggle ended, we come to tell you what we have done, what we hope to do, and to encourage and advise our fellow-students who are as yet journeying along the pathway, over which we have so recently passed. How eagerly have we looked forward to this time, when bearing this time honored name of Seniors, we might show to the world our ability.

The time has come and to-day we feel that the pleasure has a tinge of sadness as we realize that our college life here is ended, that the world with its trials, temptations and pleasures, is before us and that we as so many others have done,

must go forth and join the struggling, striving mass of humanity.

We welcome the members of that denomination, under whose auspices this institution was founded and through whose kindness and generosity we have been permitted to enjoy so many privileges. When we contrast the advantages you have given us, with those which many of you enjoyed words fail to express our gratitude.

We welcome the Professors, who with so much kindness and patience directed and guided our minds along the highway of knowledge, who have ever sought by word and act to give us a better insight into our own hearts and lives. You have been our dearest friends, and relying upon that friendship we trust that you will forgive all our many faults, and that the class of '95 will hold a firm place among the pleasant recollections of your college work.

We welcome you, kind parents, whose loving kindness has enabled us to reach this round in the ladder of knowledge.

Fellow-students, we welcome you with pleasure and yet with sadness. With pleasure when we remember our pleasant associations with you and with sadness when we realize that our work here is over. But we trust you will not forget us as we go from among you. As for us, the memory of our life at Acadia shall ever be dear.

Again thanking you for your interest in our work, we extend to you a most cordial welcome.

FINIS.

Class History '95.

History, Biography, anecdote, story, possible and probable falsehood, illumination and revelation! Oh what a task is here.

Somebody has said that universal history is at bottom the history of the *great men* who have *worked* here. But this will not suit us, for we believe in co-education and are most fortunate in having five young ladies in the class and there are some *small men*: while also it is of the men who have *worked* here and of course that would not include everybody.

Another says it is to be a *true* story, but who ever heard of a history being true. Still another suggests that it is the statement of the progress of an institution and it may not be well to affirm at the outset that the institutions have progress-

ed since we took charge in our freshman year. But the problem is solved if we remember the words of our esteemed and revered Professor in Elocution of the past year. He says "be natural," "let nature do its work." So under the head of history I find one department designated natural history which the good book says is a classification and description of objects in nature and the phenomena which they exhibit to the senses. Thus, I judge that it would be pertinent to call this the natural history of the class of '95.

It was a pleasant day in September, four years ago, when Wolfville was blessed, thrice blessed, by receiving at her dingy station the noble two and forty.

Pleasantly rose the sun that morn on the village of Wolfville,
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the flats with their muck and their marsh mud awaited the farmer.
Many a glad "Hullo-ya" and jocund laugh from the freshmen
Made the bright air brighter as up from the depot they wandered,
Thronged were the streets with people and noisy groups of the Seniors
Stood in the doorway at Rockwell's and nodded and smiled at the
Sem. girls:

For they were a simple people, who acted a good deal like children,
And needed this strong lot of freshmen to teach them a good wholesome lesson.

It was a lovely day, the sun did gleam brightly, the birds sang never so sweetly, the air was balmy and sweet with the smell of the haystack as it drifted to us in zephyr-like wavelets. But there was that ominous stillness pervading all nature that suggested to the attentive mind that some great event was about to transpire, that something wonderful was about to break upon the town. Those who thus discerned the times were not disappointed, for on this momentous day, September 23d, 1891-'95 took up its abode in Wolfville. Out of the forty-two who darkened the hemisphere at this time only fifteen remain with us till this day. We came from the east and the west, the north and the south and sat down together in the chapel on Tuesday.

To carry out the classification it might be well to say that Prince Edward Island furnished one—Lockhart, who left his porridge bowl and was henceforth to be a student. New Brunswick furnished five:—Miss Coates, whose warmth of heart has permeated the whole class from head to *Foot*; Miner—a good preacher and policeman; Stuart who has been noted in his later course for his regard for the faculty; McLeod who holds all the running records of college and country; and Todd our esteemed and revered critic and elocutionist. Nova

Scotia furnished eight: Miss Archibald, a faithful student; Foote, a good foot-ballist and editor, studies sometimes; Griffin, noted for his persistent plugging and love of Sweet-ness; Herman, Captain Eddy, who left the *superficial undercurrents* of the Atlantic to dine *sumptuously* every day on Chipman Hall hash; McMillan, sweet voiced tenor, our Socrates in Philosophy; Nickerson who left his strawberry beds for the down-couch of Saint's Rest—a master in classics and a T. D.; Parsons, who has been our legal adviser, politician and an infallible exponent of parliamentary usages; Miss Patten, mathematician and teacher of gymnastics, with also a decided taste for music and philosophy. Massachusetts furnished one:—McCurdy, whose accomplishments and failures far be it from him to record.

These are they who sat down to the Matriculation on this September morning and swept the examination papers as the whirlwind sweepeth the prairie.

And how we did enjoy that first year. Of course we were freshmen, but professors soon saw that we were unusual men (*in many respects.*) They loved us dearly—as individuals. One who has had abundant opportunity to know and whose opinion we highly value, forcibly expressed “Take them one by one and they are fine fellows, but get them together in the class and the very devil gets into them.” In the classical room we enjoyed these same episodes that have so often delighted other generations, and quickly learned to recognize the ob-ob-objective genitive as well as to discriminate between that vivid aorist and that beautiful imperfect. Sometimes the recitations were in one tense and sometimes in another. During these first days we brushed an acquaintance with Wentworth and were at a loss to know sometimes whether we were in the department of the Mathematical professor or of the tonorial artist as that familiar “Next” sounded in our dull ears. Then, too, we took English in the sky-parlor. Who of use will forget those pages in Genung, that Stopford Brooke Primer, Angus' Handbook—the practice days—the systemic essay plans—and *those puns* of the good Dr.? But how we did enjoy Hygiene this year! Those hours with the college physician were the most enjoyable ones of the week and the remembrances of them linger with us still, and we can almost hear the good doctor's tones as he directs us in the way of health, and almost see the merry twinkle in his eye as he pockets the T. D. that lodged in the mouth of the skeleton. In the other sky-parlor we introduced ourselves, through the aid of Professor Tufts, to Myer's History and pass

ed a most enjoyable time drifting down the stream of time. It was in this room that we held our first class-meeting. Doctor Gates made the first motion of the course for a president which was heartily seconded and carried unanimously with that harmony and unanimity of purpose that has always characterized the meetings of '95.

But all departments of college life felt the benign influence of our gracious presence. Some able debaters took their places on the floor of the Athenæum Society and maintained their places with dignity. When the Junior Bill, i.e. Ingram Ebenezer, Junior of the Junior class, endeavored according to previous customs to elucidate the inherent greenness of this particular lot of freshmen, he was promptly hissed off the stage and we gave the Athenæum Society to understand that we were an intrinsic of that body and should be treated as such. In the Y. M. C. A. our class has taken an earnest and a foremost place from the first, being throughout the four years an intrinsic factor in their work. In our Sophomore year it was a member of '95 who read the paper before the Maritime Convention of College Y. M. C. A.'s. In our Junior year a member of '95 did the same thing while last fall at Fredericton a member of '95 did the same thing: and it was a member of '95 who last year represented the College at the regular Maritime Y. M. C. A. general Convention.

But it was at the receptions that the innate brilliancy of the class showed forth in all its splendor. As usual there was curiosity abundant among the fair ones across the way and anxious hearts awaited the issue of the first evening. We were there, as is usual with freshmen, in full force.

Acadia happily had gathered here, her beauty and her chivalry,
 And bright the lamps shone on fair girls and well-togged men.
 A hundred hearts beat happily; and, when the Freshmen appeared
 ousting the Junior Swells,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again and all went merry as a
 marriage bell.

Did ye not hear it?—Well that's because you were not in town.

All departments did feel our warm blood's impulse. None greater than the Campus. We furnish three men for the foot-ball team this year, of whom it was commented after the Halifax game as being among the best ever seen on their grounds. These three have remained on the team, one of them being Captain, this the successful year. I may add also that every year that '95 has been in college some of her members have received special mention for excellent work during the big game with Dalhousie.

The freshmen year was full to the brim of episodes. At a birthday party in No. 10 the Seniors and Juniors attempted to cage the poor innocent freshmen. But they reckoned without their host. A rope—a wire cutter—a hammer—a leap from the second story window and the perpetrators in the act and the laborious work of the former hours undone in a few minutes, the freshmen fee and the following immortal poem by Doc Gates a result.

(1.)

“ Number ten, ” “ number ten, ”
 “ Number ten ” boldly
 So echoed through the hall
 So cried the Juniors all.
 Rushed they with many a roar,
 Piled up against the door,
 Never to open more
 To '93,

(2.)

Inside, the Freshmen six
 Heard them the wires fix,
 But yet the students knew
 They'd soon be free.
 Theirs not to make reply
 Theirs but to eat their pie
 Also to speechify
 Of '93

(3.)

Water to right of them,
 Water to left of them,
 Water around them
 Fell fast and free
 Not that they cared you bet !
 If they were dry or wet,
 M.c.c, with his arms bedecked
 Bound ahead to get
 Of '93

(4.)

There hung the rope in air,
 Juniors thought it not fair,
 Seeing the freshmen there
 All the hall wondered.
 Plunged in to spoil the joke,
 Right through the crowd they broke,
 Never a word they spoke,
 Wires were sundered,
 Crest fallen, then were they,
 '93 blundered.

(5.)

Then they the Juniors chaffed,
 O, how the freshmen laughed,
 All the Hall wondered.
 Sadly the Juniors turned
 After that they had learned
 '93 blundered.

The next few weeks noted another novel departure. Last year the historian of '94 eulogized the nobility of his class for not having a "Sophomore Racket." Well, the whole truth was that they secured '95's assistance, planned and partly executed a "Sophomore Racket," but not taking due precaution in arrangements the matter came to headquarters and request was received that no noise be made on that evening; so the then Sophomores in the magnanimity of their hearts treated us, up in old 23, to a magnificent banquet of red hot peanuts, two bottles of lemon syrup, a peck of apples and some most excellent selections from their class poet.

Xmas. exams., vacation and the next term went rapidly with their usual hard study intermingled with trials. '95, although freshmen, made a very creditable showing at Professor Shaw's gymnasium exhibition; while at Field Day it was a member of '95 who took the greatest number of first prizes and the class records were unsurpassed. The baseball team was a marvel as all freshmen teams are. That wonderful double-barreled and double action battery and first-base made havoc while the roll of Short Stop Vincent's eyes would retard the progress of any man to first base.

Balmy Spring was upon us and '95 closed the books and retired from this struggle only to meet harder ones as preachers, farmers, gentlemen of leisure or apple tree agents.

The next year opened with a clear sky and a happy crowd of Sophomores. This year Prince Edward Island yielded us another of her sons. McLean cast in his lot with us and has remained during the varied vicissitudes of the class, sweetly warbling his poetic fancies in our ears, making sweet harmony with the Siren whistle.

We organized our foot-ball team early this year, hoping to regain our standing, for last year we had been defeated by the juniors by a magnificent score. Although we gave them a much harder tussle than before, they gained another brilliant victory while we endeavored to regain our prestige by several other combats in which we were eminently successful. This year our influence as teachers began to be felt. A

teacher of gymnastics was wanted for the ladies Seminary and where should the governors look but to '95 for the needed person : and they showed their wisdom in the selection of one of our number, who for the past year has done most excellent work in the department of physical culture in that institution.

That birthday in No 10 came round again and with it the oysters, pies, oranges, nuts, speeches and songs. It was at this time that we made the intimate acquaintance with our present class-mate, Gullison.

Will those who were there ever forget the shattered glass, the hole in the door and the rapid exit of Sophs, followed by the Masonic hatchet scene and the broken pitcher and that war of words? How quickly all was accomplished, how rapidly the scene changed and what a task to repair broken windows, broken cups and sore consciences. Gully liked the class so well that he dropped out of '94 at Xmas and joined in the following year.

It was during this term that we gave the first of a series of Barbarian Calathurpian Concerts. The first was a serenade to Steeves who had come back to us bringing a partner with him. But this was the Sophomore year and very early in the term there came up that question that troubles a soph's mind more than Trigonometry or Classics. The question before the meeting house is, "Shall we have a Sophomore Racket." Already four of the clan have given themselves over to Satan by forming what they call a devil's quartette with a watchword, "deviltry" and the watch-cry 1-2-3-4—God bless us four—no more. When one of the members of this band moved that we have a Racket it was promptly seconded by a Y. M. C. A. worker and a theological student was as promptly appointed as chairman of committee of arrangements. Details were quickly arranged. No doubt the faculty will be interested in hearing these details for in the past they have earnestly inquired for them but with very little success. The chairman of the evening's work was—Beelzebub. Committee on Spun yarn devils—Molock and assistants. But good and bad angels participated, so Uriel took charge of the colored fire and Gabriel with his co-laborer manipulated the horns with such success that some of the good people of the village thought their time had come. Com. on cannon was headed by chaos and that of lights was X & Z.

Two theologues were delegated to steal the old clock, take it pieces, distribute to the class for watch-charms, replace it

by a fine eight-day octogon which had been purchased for the occasion by the class. This can now be seen gracing the chapel walls. We did not "buy the powder at Pratt's." The cannon came from Grand Pre; the brass band from Hantsport. The bombs were manufactured by the students while the material for them and the colored fire were bought — within 10 miles of Wolfville.

The Racket was peculiarly unique. The chief novelties were the display of colored fire, the transparency, the enthusiastic and enlivening participation in the Racket by the Doctor whose hickory cane made sad havoc in our ranks, transparency and drum head; the midnight visit to Chipman Hall and the most hearty reception there; Sophs were debarred from chapel next morning, but consternation reigned supreme. By mistake, the striker of the new clock had been wound up and thus acted as our deputy, for as the President got along to that part of the Psalm which reads, "Woe unto them which say unto me, ha! ha! ha! ha! the new clock began to strike, tolling out 9 long deliberate bangs. It rather broke up the solemnity of the occasion. A pleasant four days vacation followed this, interspersed with numerous private interviews with the faculty. After a good rest from the former week's labor we were called into the Classical room and given a most interesting discourse on Calathumpian concerts: text taken from 2nd chapter of the Faculty's Lamentation; verse for '95— "Calathumpian Concerts cannot be countenanced as they are not consistent with the College Curriculum." We were then instructed to prepare for the examinations. The whole affair was so neatly planned, so well carried out with no damage to property or person, that we had the sympathy of all and I am afraid the most of us are wicked enough to look back on it with pleasure.

Exams passed off well, despite the difficulties we had met in Coit over the atom and the molecule, for up to date we had not caught an atom, and the next term passed off rapidly and quietly, special interest centering upon the special experimental work by individual members in the chemistry department— especially with H_2S and similar compounds.

Time glided swiftly and winter now gave place to spring, when the outside world began to call for '95's illustrious men. Chicago wanted two and Mass. one, so they departed, thus giving occasion for the grand class supper of '95 which took place in the grand and spacious dining room at Chipman Hall. Ties were sundered on that evening that were not to be re-

united, base ball, field day and spring loafing passed gaily forward and the sun set once more in a clear sky.

At the beginning of the Junior year, Higgins, Miss Faye and Mr Fred Coldwell joined us. Gully also joined us in the year and brought his wife with him. He is the only married man in the class, but there is abundant evidence that all the class do not intend to remain maidens or bachelors.

This year again the institution needed more teachers, so Miss Power left the class to succeed Miss Fitch at the Seminary while another was called upon to take charge of the college gymnasium. The College paper this year was put upon a firmer financial basis than ever, and under the energetic business management of Stuart, the way was prepared for the complete liquidation of its debt. It was this year that it came out with its new face. (If anyone in the audience is in arrears for subscription to the paper, now would be a most excellent time to help forward a noble work.) This year was instituted the "Star Course of Entertainment," regarding which the Athenæum makes the following statement. "The students are indebted to the Lecture Committee of the Athenæum Society and especially to one of the committee of the class of '95 for securing such an admirable course."

The Junior Exhibition passed off with its usual brilliant flow of eloquence. As usual, we were told that ours was the best ever held. The same terms are applied to each as it comes, so, members of lower classes don't be alarmed when you hear it.

After Xmas, came the season when the good people of Wolfville open their homes and their hearts to the students. How much we appreciate these opportunities it is impossible to relate. This year, instead of the usual number of Senior Parties there was a complete innovation, and Junior Parties were the order of the day, or rather the evening. With varying success, the different sections of the class, for we had been introduced to the option, made their way toward spring and the days of the Junior expedition approached. As this section of the class was small, no extended trip could be taken, so an exciting 3 days visit to Scots Bay, Amethyst beach and Split was taken. This visit to Split will long be remembered; when the lives of half the party depended on a 1½ inch cable attached to a small anchor which stood the awful strain of the Bay of Fundy current and held us only ¼ mile above those awful eddies, counter currents and whirlpools of the Split Rips, even the Prof's frantic appeal to "Pull for the Shore" was disregarded and we sat complacently watching the shore to

see if we dragged anchor. Joking at first was laid aside and even Archie forgot his French under exciting circumstances. After the awful strain of three hours, we managed to ship the anchor and get to the shore only to be more horrified to find that Jack had only that narrow margin of solid earth 10 feet wide and a half a mile long to travel upon. "Pretty narrow margin, Professor." We were glad to arrive home at midnight, after a 6 mile row against a strong current, wet, cold, hungry and happy. There is still a deep mystery hanging over the disappearance of those gull's eggs. The recentness of the senior year has hardly allowed time for the crystalization of its experiences into history. We cannot but feel elated at having the captaincy of the team that broke the long list of defeat by Dalhousie. The glory of that victory belongs to College and Academy, in the men they furnished for the team yet we cannot but be elated that this was the successful year. It was during this year also that the first intercollegiate debate of the Maritime Provinces was held, which resulted in a brilliant victory for Acadia. This year, '95 furnished another teacher for the department of Elocution, and during the sickness of the Instructor of Latin and English in the College it was a member of '95 who filled his place. This year a most successful Xmas number of the Athenæum Paper was issued for which the demand far succeeded the supply. But in the main, the year has been one of pleasantness and quietness and time has rolled on in its courses bringing no startling revelation. In Metaphysics we learned how to annihilate matter, space, time &c., and we had inculcated the Principal of Economics, to a degree that will prepare us fully for the stern duties of life. Thus have the years rolled by and now we stand on the threshold of the outer world. This has been a glance backward over the history of the class, essentially and necessarily egotistic in the unlimited meaning of that word, it was a glimpse of ourselves. If the historian has erred in his selections, pardon him, for far more has been left unsaid than has been attempted, and much put uncouthly that is worthy of a better pen.

The phenomena have been exhibited to the senses, and now they are in memory. In the main a most pleasant memory. This week '95 will bid adieu to these walls that have for the four years sheltered us, and will step forth into a new life with a more definite faith in each other, with a profounder sympathy for these institutions to which we are so much, attached with a deep love for our Alma Mater, and an intenser realization that

"FIDELI CERTA MERCES."

Advice to the Undergraduates.

Fellow students, it is with no presumption that we enter upon the duty and privilege of addressing you in the form of advice. We as a class have run our little round of time in this our beloved institution and now are called upon to enter a new sphere of labor. Sadly conscious are we of the fact that for us no more the college bell will remind us of student duties. The personal ties which have bound us together as one must now be severed. What more proper than, at this our time of bidding farewell to add a few kindly words of advice. We have drunk at one common fountain-head—we have been under the same discipline and have led one common life.

But there is another and more serious side to this commonality of life. A true acquaintance with life brings a knowledge of its imperfections. We are looking back to-day upon the history of the past, not that we may find faults; but seeing them might kindly suggest a remedy. To close our eyes against mistakes which have been made by us means to ignore the basis upon which our future success must depend. We as a class have an experience born of most varied sources. Hear us then as we speak with an authority, constituted, not by any legal powers but by personal experience.

We do not prescribe for you a code of rules for the guidance of action for that would be assuming too much. We would place before you the words of him who expressed the highest wisdom of his time: These words are "Be strong" let them take the form of a motto. This admonition does not merely express some copy-book maxim but the fundamental aim of all true life. This motto implies a sentiment which must be embraced in the basis of all true culture. It is the realization of the truest laws of our being. Strong men and women all what this world wants. The only fit representatives of our college are men of strength.

Now it must be remembered that we cannot command strength as we can certain forces under our immediate control. We must simply appropriate those powers within and around us if we desire true development. When we say "Be strong" there is carried with it the idea of earnest activity. Possibly on no point is there apt to arise such unfortunate misconceptions as on the question—what constitutes a strong man? Theoretically, men in general believe in a development of the whole man, practically they hold to a one sided education.

We would say—fellow students—in theory and in practice aim at a cultivation of the whole being. Starting, with

the training of the mind, we would say that brilliancy is not the one thing needful. What we do want is the genius for hard work. To mistake the means for the end is certainly a serious defect in our student life. The permanent residuum of all study is a certain habit of mind. It is this truth which makes our life here or in any other Institution of learning a serious matter. A student in the true sense of the word is one who possesses this habit of study. We would urge the necessity of a broader view of education. True culture must essentially have a broad basis. Mind development when viewed rightly must identify itself with thought of every kind. Mind manifests itself in no one form, but in a variety of ways. Our mental life, if at all deep, must be fed by many a stream. Then, fellow students, let us broaden the horizon of our mind's vision; let us launch out into the deep. Let us improve the chances that are given us and with a faithful use of these we shall find the five talents which will have increased to ten. We are the inheritors of all the wisdom in past ages. If we are true heirs we shall enter upon our lawful possession. The practical outcome of such a view of culture would largely modify our habits of reading. Those whose aim is the study of law would not confine themselves to a few political newspapers and the theological student would be convinced that there are religious truths outside of his denominational paper. But as stated before mind-forces present a variety of forms.

How impressive is thought when warmed by the presence of living souls. Thought, there, receives a fullness and a vigor which cannot be interpreted from the pages of a book. How much we often lose at "Acadia" by failing to commune with living minds. Appreciate I would say the advantages given in our Athenæum Society. Here, at times, is seen the best of our intellectual life. Here you may feel the influence of not one mind or two, but a power which comes through the united life of many, all aglow by the living individualities of each. Many other helpful suggestions might be given along this line, but time does not permit. With a correct view of culture and an earnest striving after its realization we cannot fail to abandon the unlawful aids to class standing and to cultivate those habits of thought and study which will guarantee true scholarship.

Let us look for a while on the moral side of our natures. To think lightly of that part of our intellectual life upon which rests all moral culture would be an unpardonable fault.

The college student is placed in peculiar moral relations. His is a special life because of its variety and closeness. Sharp moral distinctions must ever be made. Questions of right and wrong we are ever called upon to decide. We have a moral standing to support and a moral life to cultivate. Too often are we apt to forget that we move in a world where rules of conduct are as binding on us as upon other people. It is true we have peculiar temptations but no peculiar moral license. We have no right to condemn in others what we excuse in ourselves. The college cap and gown can by no means justify us in wrong acting. We need a pronounced moral sentiment against all infringements of gentlemanly conduct. Let such a spirit possess us in every walk of college life. Let us not do in the dark what we would shrink from doing in the light. Let us seek that moral courage which will enable us to denounce in our student life what would be considered improper in the townsman. We are students but also citizens; and no plea on the ground of being a member of the college can excuse us from acting in accord with moral laws, general and special.

But full development implies the cultivation of the whole being; we cannot therefore in justice omit the religious life man. We attach to the term "religious" no mystic significance whatever. We speak of the religious spirit as a constituent part of our natures. We affirm that its cultivation is the source of all true character building. No ideal is worthy of our manhood which ignores that by which true manly development is attained. Of such supreme importance is this element in our development that our whole college and future life must be largely determined by our religious aspirations. As well might you expect a high moral ideal without the sense of moral duty as to look for a completed man without the cultivation of that most vital part of our natures. The foundation of this Institution was laid in agonizing prayer and its future existence and success must have its source in the same cause. The demands of our life, fellow students, call for a deeper piety and more consecrated effort in all our activities on the Hill. To this end an introspection of our inner life is necessary; a submission to the highest laws of our being is indispensable. Then petty jealousies of classes will vanish. Striving after office will be considered supremely selfish. The forgiving spirit will be cultivated and the whole religious moral and intellectual life will have received a new start. We are told that the old order is changing at "Acadia" and giving place to the new. That may be true concerning the arts course; but it is not, it ought not, in cannot be true in

regard to the essential nature of mind itself. As well might we say that the real nature of the Infinite might change. It were as sound to say that necessary moral distinctions may give place to something foreign to themselves. When we consider that a sense of religion is as much an integral part of our being as reason itself how can we say the old order which has its ground in God Himself—can change to any thing new. If this is true—and true it is—then old fashioned repentance and unquestioning faith in a supreme moral order is as necessary as ever. The breaking down of stubborn wills and the renewal of the inner life will always be demanded, by reason of the constitution of our being. Then, my fellow-students, look well to the highest demand of your reason. Realize within you what is approved of by your highest powers. Many words of friendly advice might be given. My own experience could lead me to indulge in many personal remarks but I must refrain from doing so. I have stated broad truths instead of dealing with special facts. I have simply reminded you of that which you have already experienced. It is not the part of wisdom to parade before the public all the imperfections of our College life. It is sufficient to say that when we aim and strive to realize the high ideal expressed by the admonition “Be Strong” all other things shall be added unto you. When the idea of true development is received by us in the spirit of willingness no arbitrary rules of conduct need be laid down. The special acts of life will be in harmony with the widest and most perfect law for the guidance of all right action. Each student will regard himself not only as a member of the University but as a citizen. In our studies, right habits will be created and sustained. Our moral tone will be heightened. Our religious life will be fuller and richer. Each and all will constitute themselves, as those who by position and privilege, are demanded to realize to some fitting degree, the truth of the words “Be Strong.”

Class Prophecy.

“Perhaps the witch of Vendome may reveal wonders to you.” These were the parting words of the guide who having proceeded, with the others of our party, to examine some recent excavations, had left me behind to rest during their absence. It was Bengazi in Egypt, the mighty Mediterranean of which I had studied away back in my childhood days,

which I had so longed to see, was at last outstretched before my eyes.

Seated at the entrance of a cave, the billows surging with a tremendous slish slash upon the shore and the gentle undulating wavelets rolling their silver volumes had a soothing effect and soon I was lost in a deep reverie. It had suddenly occurred to me to-day was June fifth; yes, just twenty five years ago to-day our College life at Acadia ended. What would I not give to know where all dear old '95 are now!

How vividly I recalled that classical little town of Wolfville, on that memorable occasion, decked in all its vernal splendor, the carpet of refreshing green, the shaded nooks where the starry diadems seized from the early sobbing of the morn, still sparkled and gleamed, the summer snow of apple blossoms ladening the air with heavy fragrance, in fact everything from the simple bursting bud to the fleecy clouds, was highly expressive of joy and gladness; indeed even austere and distant Blomidon appeared to have assumed a gladsome look for this festive occasion. Yes! Nature seemed smilingly to usher us, the class of '95, into the broad, cold world, saying as we passed, "Go forth my sons and daughters, what I have been able that I have done, may this bright and joyful day be emblematic of your lives."

But at this particular point in my meditation a strange noise, issuing apparently from the interior of the cavern struck my ear. I listened intently, what could it be? An impulse to satisfy my curiosity induced me to enter and guided [by this unexplained sound] through the windings of the dark, damp cave, soon the whole mystery was disclosed to me. But what a striking revelation! A bright, crackling fire, to which the mysterious noise was due, tipped with its ruddy beams every pendant and peak of the cavern, casting weird like shadows over the recesses; above the fire was an immense cauldron, from which odorous vapors were issuing but the strangest feature of the whole spectacle was an antique form clad in red and green, long, uncombed black locks flying unrestricted over the shoulders and a face — well only the pictures painted by my childish imagination in eagerly drinking in the vivid and weird recountal of witch tales could in any way describe it. Now I was almost inclined to believe the guide's laughing joke.

Her back being towards me I resolved to make a hasty retreat before she became aware of my presence but the resolve was framed too late, for, turning, she faced me. Enchanted

I remained rooted to the spot. She advanced saying "Fear not child of the Western Sea, thy last wish shall be granted thee, the veil fall from thine eyes aside and the forms of '95 be spied."

Chanting these words she had led me to the steaming urn. The ebullient liquid seethed and foamed as she stirred and sang her wild incantations, then filling a silver cup with this apozeni, she commanded me to drink. Noicing my reluctance to accept this boiling draught, she hastily reassured me of its harmlessness, whereupon I obeyed.

The cup had not left my lips when, with a terrific thunder clap, the cavern vanished and the burning Sahara sands surrounded me. Assembled under a solitary tree were a group of savages excitedly jabbering and appearing always to refer to a small white man in their midst, with a copy of Clarke's International S. S. lessons under his arm. Evidently the morning's instruction was completed.

The sorceress told me what an important man he was, Pres. of Shelota el Boota Anti Tobacco Society, Vice-Pres. of Tamat Matamui Prohibition League, Sec'y of Wadi Halfa Shendi Y. Africans' C. A., Director of Kooka Messina Nunga Institute of Delsartian gymnastics, Treas. of Gummel Eshanti Home for Yankee sailors, the sinking fund being well exemplified under his thoughtful consideration for his own pocket, Fellow of Timbuctoo Ahhagar Missionary College, Active member of Wadan mite society, Principal of Gando Koroshi Conservatory of music, Chairman of Committee of International football league of Hamboonas and Boshuanas as well as honorary member of sixteen societies in U. S. and Canada. His leisure moments are occupied in religious instructions of the natives.

But now the jabber of natives had ceased and evidently the white man was to have his say. The voice sounded very familiar as he began, "Yes, yes I am highly pleased that you so enthusiastically join me in forming a branch of the Co-operative Bureau and still more am very grateful for your kind appointment of me as treasurer. Deeming it advisable to have our first lecturer at the earliest possible date, I suggest that Mr J. Pindar Bland be requested to give that ennobling, elevating and highly instructive lecture, "Happy Homes," which was listened to by a vast assemblage at my Alma Mater.

But the witch vigorously stirring the cauldron, a new scene appeared. The rows of narrow white beds, the solemn stillness clearly indicated an hospital. Standing by a bedside patiently counting drops of a dark colored medicine was a

middle aged man with black hair and dark eyes. Having taken his medical course at McGill and a year at *MacDonald* University, Edinburgh, he returned at the end of 1902 bearing away much knowledge and also an important part of the University to practice in Saratoga. During the first three years, his movements were closely watched by the undertaker, for the latter in seeing the Doctor's carriage drive by immediately rushed to the door and noting the house at which the steed was reined, re-entered his workshop, inscribed a name on a coffin plate that it might be ready when called for in a couple of days. But in accordance with the old maxim. "Practice makes the master" Dr. Coldwell now holds a prominent place among New York's leading physicians and possesses a wide and rapidly increasing practice.

Again the misty canvas shifted and suddenly I stood in a large library, with marble floor and beautiful oak book cases filled with richly bound volumes; in fact everything was highly suggestive of wealth and elegance. At a table of citrean wood, highly polished and delicately wrought with silver arabesques sat a lady writing. Her career had fulfilled our highest expectations. After graduating from Acadia, she took another course at Chicago University receiving there the degree of Ph. D. and thus enjoying the distinction of being the youngest lady possessor of this title in America. In 1900, having taken a very advanced course in Philosophy in Germany and realizing her sufficiency of suffixes, having acquired M. A.; Ph. D.; M. W. S.; S. P. A. S. she decided to add the prefix *M. R. S.* and otherwise alter the name, Roop. I longed to learn the contents of those manuscripts on which her pen so unceasingly scratched but was denied the privilege as the magic camera dissolved the view.

Now I stood in a vast assemblage; the dulcet notes of a tenor voice were floating; the fixed gaze of the enraptured audience was directed to the stage on which I was delighted to behold my old classmate, L. Miller. From a hand bill in the possession of one of the audience I learned that Signor Miller, having graduated at the best Conservatory on the Continent was now ranked among the best singers of the age.

The smoke from the tripod blotting out the theatre transferred me to a small meeting house. Standing on a large packing box, with his left hand thrust into his bosom and his right performing graceful gestures which must have been entirely lost on this rustic audience, was the speaker. But how changed! Certainly I should never have recognized that head so streaked with grey, the furrowed brow and sunken eye

as belonging to the once sprightly Gully. But it was impossible to be deceived in that grey suit and cap the same he had so often worn at Acadia. Poor Gully, how it grieved me to see him so reduced in circumstances, the world had shown him no lenient side.

Speaking on the Temperance Question he was entreating a number of small boys, arranged on a settee in front, never to smoke hayseed because it inevitably led to drinking soda water. The appeal was extremely pathetic and some of the little fellows were touched for tears were shed profusely. Then turning his attention to the adult members he discussed, very effectively, the evils of dancing and card playing. Fearing the effect of such persuasive eloquence I begged the Sibyl to change the scene and instantly I stood in a ball room, brilliantly lighted and filled with elegantly attired guests, who tripped the light fantastic to the music of the orchestra, whose slender bow waved like zephyr-tossed grain. But my attention was particularly called to a dignified lady, sitting under a palm. Before her upon his knees with hands upon his throbbing heart in an adjoining bower, wealthy Count Dumois was telling of his passion. The tender light in her eyes indicated plainly what the result of this demonstration would be. Ah! how little did we ever dream that our Mabel would become a titled lady of fashion.

I blushed for fear of being detected, but the witch relieved my embarrassment by dissolving the scene and the rising vapors shaped themselves into the Presbyterian Witness. In a column outlined with deep mourning I noticed this paragraph, headed, "Appalling Fate of a Nova Scotian." News has just been received from Amasana of a most horrible incident. The Kanawaloos, the most savage tribe in the island, in celebration of a cannibal feast served up on toast Rev. W. R. Foote. This true Christian brother spent his early life in Grafton, Kings Co., N. S. After graduating from Acadia and completing his theological course at Pine Hill with honors, he spent some time studying in Europe. Strongly convinced of a call to missions he loyally sailed for Amasana.

The past eleven years have been spent in active labor and his efforts richly blessed but venturing among the uncivilized Kanawallos he met this direful fate. Throughout the whole torture, it is said, he showed a perfectly Stoical endurance saying with his last breath, "When death is I am not, when I am not is death."

That our brother's career should close at this stage seems

to our dim vision as a life broken in the midst yet we must bow in obedience and believe all for the best. His wife, a convert of the Yokobas, has returned to her tribe. [N. S. papers please copy.]

The seething potion gurgled and sputtered as if endeavoring to express its sorrow but already the paper had become indistinct. Prof. Nickerson next flashed to view. In a classroom of Gresham University he was explaining with clear, convincing arguments a solution of some astronomical problem. Mindful of the great ability he evinced when connected with '95, intense curiosity seized me regarding his career. The witch, reading my thoughts, explained how after several post-graduate courses in science he had been appointed to this prominent position. He had discovered several new asteroids and indisputably proved Mars to be inhabited, but by men only. Receiving a new impulse from this very satisfying discovery, he is now devoting nearly all his energies to contrive some means by which he may himself join these much envied beings or transform this planet into a Mars by removing the fair sex to Mars.

Again the scene shifted and I was in a court room. Evidently a lengthy case was being discussed or at least one would imagine so from the tired and sleepy expression of the fleshy judge. How little did we think that he who figured as sheriff in Acadia's Mock Trial would some day hold so powerful an influence over one of his classmates and of all others, over MacLean. Yet it was true enough, there in the prisoner's box shone Musty's roseate countenance.

My weird companion explained how it was a breach of promise case between Malcolm A. MacLean and Miss DeWilliams-andercall. But the famous lawyer Lockhart was speaking in his accustomed clear, decisive tones. "We are called on to-day gentlemen, to decide one of the most important questions of the twentieth century. "Should men flirt?" I can answer most emphatically in the negative. Should man the strong, courageous independent noble hearted creation of wonderful deeds and magnificent thoughts be allowed to thus at his will cast his glorious eyes and tender babblings upon the kind, susceptible heart of woman. No, emphatically no. In the case of the prisoner at the bar we have a terrible witness how roseate cheeks and melting looks have crushed the tender heart of an innocent maiden. This has gone on far too long. Men even ministers of the gospel think to cast abroad their sentimental looks and cooing words and then are sur-

prised if they take root and grow in the bosoms of sweet women. No, I say emphatically a severe penalty should be imposed on the slightest exhibition of such a tendency.

Immediately upon Lockhart resuming his seat, Lawyer Parsons, with that half troubled expression I had so often observed in former days, began, "Gentlemen of the Jury, I will briefly refute my learned friends arguments by a summary of a few important points. Gentlemen of the Jury I ask you to turn your eyes upon the prisoner and ask yourselves if such rosy cheeks, if such true blue eyes, such a noble countenance, such a magnificently proportioned figure could be guilty of the terrible crime of flirting. Flirting, did I say? Nay not for one moment would the most innocent maiden in the world mistake those hearty tones, that clear silvery laugh for other than mere friendly feeling. If personal reference may be allowed I may say that I was intimately acquainted with Mr MacLean four years at college, and during all that time, though surrounded on every side in his class, in his boarding house, in the home a few doors down on the other side, in the Sem. by females, I never, *no* NEVER, I reiterate it gentlemen, saw this man so much as glance at the fair sex. In fact while we of the weaker minds and susceptibilities were laboriously explaining at receptions that we were Seniors not Freshmen, he, gentlemen, he was meandering his lonely way in the beautiful vale of the Gaspereaux. In the face of these sound arguments, this indisputable logic, these convincing facts I conclusively conclude and determine gentlemen, Mr MacLean is not a flirt.

The jury now left the room and bearing on their return the verdict guilty the judge arose. "I in the name of her Majesty Victoria, Sovereign of Great Britain and Empress of India declare Malcolm A. MacLean guilty of the contemptible crime of flirting and pronounce as your sentence two years five months imprisonment with hard labor."

But the fumes from the cauldron dimmed my vision and the court had vanished. Soon the misty vapours cleared again and I was in Tremont Temple. The earnest upturned countenances of the congregation were intently fixed on the pulpit while with burning eloquence Capt. Eddy opened his discourse:—"Stupendously esteemed and beloved fraternal kinsmen I propose for this morning's consideration a dissertation in the relation between religion and Cosmic Philosophy or the philosophy of the permanent possibility of sensation and

concomitant dissipation of the faculty of automatic movement ; during which matter proceeds from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity and during which the retained faculty of automatic movement undergoes a parallel transformation. The efficacious influence of the 'superficial undercurrents' I contumaciously maintain. The scene gradually vanishing, the witch related his history ; how he had taken his theological course at Rochester ; how having graduated with honors he studied in Germany ; how after preaching in several city churches he secured a unanimous call to Tremont Temple. Nor were these all the remarkable events of his life, realizing a long felt want he had compiled a dictionary comprising 7000 words more than the Century which held the prominent place on the library table in my College days ; any word whatever, even "sumpustuously" could be found therein yes an example for employing it was given "he fares sumpustuously every day," and endeavoring to secure a simple title for this work, had named it "Philosophical Diagnosis and Definition of Anglo Saxon Articulations."

Once more the scene had shifted and I was at Chicago depot. A stout, fine looking man with silk hat and smiling countenance advanced towards a rustic stranger who evidently had arrived in the city for the first time, exclaiming as he shook hands with this countryman, "How are you Mr Smith ? What ? have you forgotten me already ? Allow me to carry your valise." By this time they had disappeared around a corner. I was told this was Stuart who after graduating from N. Y. Med. College, having been rejected by the Missionary Board had become one of Chicago's most accomplished sharpers. When it occurred to me what a pious and exemplary young man he had been at Acadia, always present at the missionary meetings, church services, prayer meetings and active worker in the Y. M. C. A. I involuntarily exclaimed, "How are the mighty fallen."

The fumes arising, again I intently watched the shifting threads form themselves into a large study with immense book cases on either side. A tall gentleman known in College parlance as McKinley stood at the door saying as he handed a gentleman an umbrella which had evidently been forgotten. "I have an explicable conviction that the umbrella does not fall by clearly defined, civil and moral rights, to my individual self."

Mac had taken a course in Chicago University since he left "Old Acadia" and had won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He had been offered the chair of Philosophy

in that University which position he was filling with great acceptance. On the book shelves I noticed various works edited by the Dr himself; these were about as follows, "MacMillan's Improved Hand-Book on Psychology" "Idiosyncrasies of Human Intelligences" "Objectifications of Metaphysical Conceptions" "Darwinism Exploded" "The Rise and Fall of Uncritical Speculations" "Metaphysics made plain" "Metaphysical Incongruities the source of Hallucinative Intuitions."

All these things having been carefully noted I suddenly became aware of a fair lady wearing glasses and reading one of the Doctor's latest works. My weird companion told me how having taken an extended course in Philosophy in Europe and taught successfully in Wellesley she had generously decided to aid the Doctor in his philosophical studies.

But once more the scene had changed and now I stood before an unpretentious cottage before the door of which six kittens were gambolling in the sun. Through an open window floated the words "Here I am, here I am, here I am alive, here I am, here I am one of '95" sung in a cracked voice indicative of having possessed former sweetness. I approached and peered timidly in. What was my surprise to see quietly rocking one whom I thought must long ago have gone to Japan. Yet there she sat knitting thick woolen stockens to send to Mr. McCurdy for distribution among the infant natives of that hot Indian clime.

The witch now placed another scene before me and gave me a picture of Mormonism, its past and present. Great changes had been wrought at the Mormon headquarters in Utah. I was informed that the people were much improved in morality and advanced in civilization through the faithfulness and untiring energy of a certain reformer who devoted his life to the amelioration of this people. Indeed I was told that polygamy was nearly unknown. In wonder I listened to her story being unable to recall among my old friends the man capable of doing this great work. The telling influence of this man lay in his pulpit oratory and in his tact in a pleasant after tea conversation with the ladies of his congregation eliciting the current reports and announcements concerning anything relating to matrimony and engagements in particular. Any information acquired in this way he employed as a means to the end always held in view—to inculcate the principles monogamy. I further learned that my classmate had given the subject of marital relations careful atten-

tion while yet in College and more especially during the last two years of his course. But it was only when informed that this gentleman had reached his present state of enthusiasm on the subject from a sense of honor and his own personal experience that I recognized my old friend Rev. J. L. Miner.

Next what I considered a jockey driving a beautiful trotter arose before me. But I soon became aware of my mistake when informed that this was Rev. W. H. MacLeod who so ably administered not only to the spiritual needs of the Nau—congregation but also to their physical requirements. At the last field sports his class of athletes made a grand showing,

100 yd. dash in 7 sec.

440 " " " 35 sec.

1 mile " " 3 min.

Hop, step, and jump 71 ft. 9in.

Running broad jump 29. ft 4 in.

Changed though he may be in many respects he still retains that fondness for visiting Windsor but now he does not return there alone.

A scene of infinite calm next swept in upon my soul. I seemed to stand in a shaded churchyard among the willows, before a quiet grave. A plain slab marking the spot, I stooped and read "Here sleeps in peaceful slumber the mortal frame of Edgar Higgins a youth to fortune and to fame well known who could find on earth no quiet resting place. He suffered severely from palpitation of the heart caused by lengthy walks to the west end of the town. Whether this was the immediate cause of his death or not is unknown but the busy world was uncongenial to his quiet temperament and in the morning of Jan. 18, 1906 he never woke up."

But the misty vapors clearing again I was in LeGrand, Theatre, Paris. The curtain with its heavy fringe of gold was slowly rising. I could not imagine what classmate would appear from behind this grandeur but my curiosity was soon satisfied. Yes, there was our old elocution teacher Thomas Todd. Clad in broadcloth and immaculate linen he certainly made an imposing appearance as he pleasingly introduced his new play——— which was to achieve a world wide success. At the close of the first scene which called forth thundering applause the orchestra played. Such bewitching music I had never heard nor had my companion, evidently, for her feet began to move to the swinging of the melody and in graceful circles, as if borne aloft in the billows of sound she

swept by me, up through the grey mist and vanished from my sight. Instantly the fire died, the sputtering cauldron hushed its song and darkness stole upon me. Groping my way through the dim windings the bright noon day sky welcomed me back to realms of light.

But now you may ask is all this vision true. how did the witch of Vendome know the history of '95? Ah, I never troubled myself about that. The ways of the witches like those of the gods are past finding out.

Class Oration.

Fideli Certa Merces.

One of the first things a class does after its organization is furnish itself with a class yell and motto each of which is supposed to be unique and better than that used by any previous class. The former is kept prominently before the class and frequently, much to their annoyance, others are reminded that a certain class is yet dragging out an existence; the latter is necessary mainly to decorate the class banner which is unfurled before the class and public in general twice during the college course—at the junior exhibition and graduating exercises. The rest of the time motto as well as banner is laid carefully away and forgotten. "To the faithful reward is certain" is the motto which was selected by the class of '95 at the beginning of our course, and though our banner has not been continually unfurled before us, yet the spirit of our motto is such that we feel it should never be lost sight of.

Let us for a moment take a retrospective glance at our course and see if we have been faithful to the privileges which have fallen in our way. We came to Acadia seeking for culture which includes the education or training of all parts of a man's nature, the physical and moral, as well as the intellectual; each must be developed and yet each must yield something to satisfy the claims of others. Cultivate the physical powers exclusively and immediately there emerges an athlete or a savage; the moral only and you are an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual alone and the world possesses a conceited prig or a diseased oddity.

I do not deem it necessary that I should speak at any length on the fidelity we have displayed to ourselves and to our Alma Mater in physical culture. The class gives its own testimony. Two of our number have for three years been directors—one of the seminary—the other of the university

gymnasium—and it is much to their skill and untiring energy that such physical vigour and strength has been developed and preserved at Acadia. We also contributed liberally to the strong sturdy line of forwards, the sure and faithful quarters, the nimble and reliable half backs of our foot-ball team which this year has brought honor to itself and laurels to Acadia by winning the championship of the Maritime provinces. In order to accomplish this feat continued and patient practice was necessary.

But it is principally intellectual culture that we as a class about to be graduated are supposed to represent. While it is necessary, then in the first place to secure a solid foundation of physical health it must also be observed that sustained application is the inviolable price which must be paid for mental acquisitions of all kinds, and it is as futile to expect them without it as it is to look for harvests where the seed has not been sown. The road to knowledge is free to all who will give the labor and study requisite to gather it; nor are there any difficulties so great that the student of resolute purpose may not effectually surmount and overcome them.

We place confidence in our motto and if reward has not yet come to us on our college course and does not await us in the future it must be because we have not been faithful to our trust. If we have not been thorough and accurate in our work we have neglected a sacred privilege. The student who works only to favour his professor with an occasional recitation or to save himself from being plucked; who has not cultivated the habit of continuous application to any subject for the sake of mastering it thoroughly; who has not given attention to the appositeness of a study to the purpose for which it is pursued, to the concentration of mind for the time being upon the subject under consideration and to the habitual discipline by which the whole system of mental application is regulated, has no right to claim the rewards of the faithful. Whether or not we have been faithful in our intellectual life is a question which each one will have to answer as a personal matter. We came here four years ago when we were forming our characters and the way in which we have spent our time and talents will largely determine our success or failure in life. Some, and I hope all, have gained strength from year to year and have developed characters and intellects which will insure a happy and useful life to themselves and reflect credit

on our beloved Alma Mater. Yet let us remember that the education we have received here is but a beginning in life and is mainly valuable in so far as it trains us in the habit of continued application, facilitates self-education after a definite plan and system and enables the mind freely to exercise its powers. It is not what we know that is of so much importance as the end and purpose for which we know it. The object of knowledge should be, to mature wisdom and improve character, to render us better, happier and more useful; more benevolent, more energetic, and more efficient in the pursuit of every high purpose in life.

Ninety five has not only been before the public in the physical contest mentioned but in literary lines has shown herself worthy of a place in the institution. Two of our number had the honor of participating in a public debate with our worthy and respected sister institution—King's College and adding another to the list of victories which this year have fallen to Acadia. One of our number in the fall of ninety-three accepted an important position on the teaching staff of Acadia Seminary and discharged her duties in a satisfactory manner, another by his diligence succeeded last year in having his name placed among the list of instructors of his Alma Mater.

But our education does not cease when we have given attention to our physical and intellect alone. We have a moral faculty committed to our care which by the faithful is trained simultaneously with our other faculties, and although the study of ethics has held a prominent place in our course, our attention has not wholly been given to the contents of our text books in order to discover what are the mainsprings and motives of our actions, but we have had before us an exemplary life in the person of our beloved and revered professor whose character is the vital expression of all true ethical principles. Unless we have developed a noble and true character in our course we have lost the crown and glory of our lives.

A good character is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself and an estate in the general good-will; dignifying every station, and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than intellect or wealth and secures all the honour without the jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells: for it is the result of proud honour, rectitude and consistency—qualities which, perhaps more than any other, command the general confidence and respect of mankind. Classmates

tomorrow we go forth to face the hard busy world: We are young in years and full of hope. Thus far we have had a common interest, now our paths diverge and we enter different spheres of action. The tie that so long has bound us is at last severed. We have different aims in life and have chosen different professions. Some will enter the teaching profession and will spend their lives in moulding the intellect and character of those who are trusted to their care, others will pursue the study of medicine or law, others again will assume the position of pastors and thus lead a useful life. A few and we think them the noblest will give their lives and services for the benefit of the heathen.

Classmates tomorrow is the last time that we will all meet on earth and be able to look into the familiar and friendly faces of each other, yet when we are separated one from another, we will recall many a fond recollection of days spent pleasantly at Acadia. While our paths diverge as we enter the waiting world they will more and more converge as the years roll on to our home beyond and, as we pass from day to day, the truth will with increased assurance be impressed upon our minds that in the beyond we will all meet again if we remain true to our motto—*Fideli Certa Merces*.

Class Valedictory Poem.

BY

M. A. MACLEAN, ACADIA, 1895.

In the morning of life with its battles before,
 And its victories yet to be won,
 We impatiently stand in the wide-open door
 And gaze on the course to be run.

Before us the way leads to heights yet untrod,
 Which seem to defy all ascent;
 Behind us the plain, with its path smooth and broad,
 Where the past of our lives has been spent.

Past, present and future we reckon in time,
 Although but the present is ours;
 And, regarding the past with its mercies sublime,
 We look for more copious showers.

As with hearts all aglow with hope's fondest dreams,
 For success which the future contains,
 Our minds yet revert to the past as it seems
 But a foretaste of what yet remains.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

'Tis pleasant to think of the days that are gone, —
 Of the joys which fond memory reveals :
 How oft from the storehouse of mind when, alone,
 Through the darkness the light gently steals.

While the lowering clouds with their angry frown,
 And the thunders with horrible din,
 Tend to scatter commotion and darkness around,
 Still there reign peace and brightness within.

To-day, fellow-classmates we stand in array,
 While that army, with banners unfurled—
 Awaits our approach to engage in the fray,
 In a dark and tempestuous world.

Before lies a future in mystery hid,
 Our past deeds we ne'er can revoke ;
 We act in the present, while God's precepts bid
 That the Spirit Divine we invoke.

And ere launching forth on the broad sea of life,
 To act out our parts as assigned,
 Let us pause, looking back on our past joys and strife
 Then forward with prophecy's mind.

College life ! Oh how sweet when those days are gone by
 To recall the bright scenes of the past ;
 The dark gloomy hours we think of and sigh,
 While the joys of the present we taste,

By no royal road have we toiled up the steep,
 No triumphal possession was ours ;
 The gateways of knowledge ope not while we sleep,
 And revel in grandeur of flowers,

Each stage in the journey, each step toward the goal,
 Is marked by due effort and zeal .

Not vain fond desires can lift up their soul,
 And the streams of true knowledge reveal,

The soul's earnest longing, by which it aspires
 To enjoy sweet communion above,
 Is found not in purpose, but action requires,—
 Noble deeds ever prompted by love.

The dim dark recesses that lurk in the mind,
 Unreached by the brightness of day,
 The warm cheering presence of sunlight can find,
 But when ope'd to its comforting ray.

And as from our height, though an eminence small,
 We look back on the days that are gone,
 We see the black clouds on the mountain-tops tall
 Through which the sun's rays ne'er have shone.

But lo ! as we look, through a rift in the cloud,
The sunlight streams in from 'above,
And with life's cheering presence removes the dark shroud,
Filling nature with joy, peace and love.

The landscape is clothed in bright mantle of green,
The desert blooms forth with the rose,
Enraptured we gaze on the wondrous scene,
While hourly new wonders disclose.

By passing through darkness we come to the light,
Which brighter and brighter shall glow ;
The sunlight must follow the dark shades of night
To dispel earth's deep shadows and woe.

By such slow advances, by such measured tread,
And hearts oft o'erburdened with care,
We've pressed toward the beacon-light shining ahead,
Led on by its brilliant glare .

But a yet brighter aspect the past years reveal,
In the friendships and social ties,
Which bind kindred natures 'neath unity's seal,
And bid hope and promise arise.

If dark dreary shadows have shrouded our way
And ofttimes the gloom of the night
Filled the heart with despair, yet the sun's cheering ray
Shed around us its comforting light.

The precious truths here imbibed at the fount,
Have inspired hearts with lofty desires—
To press ever onward and upward to mount
Where the soul's fond ambition aspires.

But what of the future ? The years yet before,
Though shrouded in mystery dark,
With prophecy's eye we would fain now explore,
And the course of our lives' changes mark.

But the great Master Hand which the universe formed,
And measured life's swift-fleeting span,
Has strangely His great works of wisdom performed
And hidden the future from man.

And yet we would gaze o'er this broad open field,
Which the future yet hides from our view. —
The great busy world yet in darkness concealed
To be moulded by lives great and true.

This broad field of labor employment can give
To all willing workers who try
To make life-giving agencies ever to live
And death-working powers to die,

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

We enter its gate-way ; the landscape extends,
 Till far distant it fades on the sight,
 A murmuring brooklet its way gently tends
 Like a silvery thread clear and bright.

By its beauty enraptured we follow its course,
 As through far-reaching meadows it flows,
 And list to the music its waters discourse,
 While notes loud and discordant oppose.

On its banks far-extending the green open plains,
 Clad in nature's most brilliant attire,
 Fill our hearts with a longing to see what remains,
 And its e'er-growing beauties admire.

Still the stream onward flows, still its waters increase,
 And their bright silvery spray upward cast,
 'Till in the vast boundless ocean of peace,
 It has emptied its waters at last.

So the life nobly lived 'mid the darkness and night
 Which abound in this valley of tears,
 Like a murmuring rivulet, calm, clear and bright,
 Smiles of joy and true happiness wears.

Hearts and lives bound in darkness when touched by its glow,
 Rejoice in its heavenly light,
 And are raised from death's dark desolation and woe,
 To be clothed in love, meekness and might.

Still the life upward tends, still its influence grows,
 Until death's darkest shadows remove ;
 Then it blends when it welcomes the bright happy close
 In the infinite sea of God's love.

Life's tune success is not measured by days,
 But by deeds of love nobly wrought,
 Such deeds lift the soul on the swift wings of praise
 When the battles of life have been fought.

Oh then to the faithful, who at duty's post
 Ever nobly stand for the right,
 'Tis vict'ry secured o'er the vast marshalled host
 And the future is joyous and bright,

For 'tis promised that every kindred and tongue,
 On whose path shines the heaven's bright sun,
 Ere the last glorious pæan of triumph be sung,
 Shall in Christ be united in one.

Toward this grand consummation let each bear his part,
 As he enters on life's rugged way ;

And when this darkened veil has been sundered apart
We shall hail a bright, never-ending day.

But on times' rapid pinions the swift moments fly,
And our prospect must fade to the view ;
At duty's stern summons we hence onward hie,
And must utter our wonted adieu.

Dear professors, with hearts filled with sadness and grief,
We must bid you a last fond farewell ;
Our sojourn together was pleasant tho' brief,
As the tablets of mem'ry can tell.

Your kind words of comfort we ne'er can forget,
Your instruction we ever shall prize ;
And in days yet to come, when with troubles beset,
These fond memories will ever arise.

Farewell ! may the blessing of heaven descend
On the work where your lot has been cast ;
And when earth's dreary sorrows and partings shall end,
May we all meet together at last.

Fellow-students, we also must say now good-by,
As we start out on life's thorny way ;
The tear-drops of sorrow well forth to the eye,
As our last words of parting we say.

The sunlight of life here your friendship has been.
We shall cherish it now and for aye,
And those bright happy days, and those smiles now unseen,
Will drive life's dreary shadows away.

Be true to the one worthy purpose of life,
For which talents rare have been given,
And when shall have ended our battles and strife,
We shall all meet together in heaven.

To the townsmen of Wolfville we now say adieu ;
Tis not long since as strangers we met,
But to-day we must sever, as friends firm and true
And with feelings of lasting regret.

May your town ever thrive in this bright smiling land,
So richly by nature endowed ;
And your citizens ever for right firmly stand,
To proclaim truth's glad message aloud.

And now fellow-classmates, we also must part.
As on life's journey each takes his way,
The ways of our lives must diverge far apart.
While away from each other we stray.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

And yet these same lines will convege to life's close,
 Till that bright day of gladness we hail,
 Then will blend, when we've triumphed o'er earth's butter foes
 Behind this dark shadowy veil.

But the summons has come and we all must away,
 Why longer on parting-scenes dwell?
 To all loving friends here assembled to-day,
 A last and a long fond farewell.

Graduating Exercises.

The morning of June 5th, the day of days for the class of '95 dawned clear and bright and at an early hour the friends of the Institution and of the graduating class began to assemble filling to its utmost capacity the large Hall of the college. After the entrance of the usual procession of Professors, Governors, Senators, Alumni and Graduating Class, prayer was offered by the Rev. Ralph Hunt '79, and six essays were presented selected from the following papers prepared as indicated by the programme below.

The graduating class consisted of twenty-one members, upon whom were conferred the degree of B. A.

PROGRAMME.**PRAYER.****ORATIONS BY MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS.**

- * The Utility of Economic Studies,
 DANIEL P. MACMILLAN, South River, Antigonish Co., N. S.
- The Partisan and the Citizen,
 WILLIAM R. PARSONS, Halifax, N. S.
- The Effects of the Eastern War upon China,
 RALPH E. GULLISON, Beaver River, N. S.
- What is True Culture?
 JOHNSON L. MINER, Mt. Whatley, N. B.
- Poverty; its Causes and Cure,
 J. EDWARD HIGGINS, Wolfville, N. S.
- * The Revolutionary Effects of Speculative Thought,
 FAYE M. COLDWELL, Wolfville, N. S.
- Arguments in favor of European Disarmament,
 WARREN H. MCLEOD, Norton, N. B.

MUSIC.

- Napoleon III,
ROBERT R. GRIFFIN, New Minas, N. S.
- * Carlyle : The Man and his Message,
SELDEN R. MCCURDY, Lynn, Mass,
- The Industrial Outlook,
AGNES H. ROOP, Clementsport, N. S.
- The Influence of Greece upon Civilization,
NATHAN J. LOCKHART, Cavendish, P. E. I.
- Baron Von Helmholtz,
FREDERIC A. COLDWELL, Wolfville, N. S.
- * The Pulpit Expression of To-day,
THOMAS W. TODD, Calais, Maine.
- Life at Athens in the time of Socrates,
MABEL E. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville, N. S.

MUSIC.

- The Influence of Greek Philosophy upon Christianity,
NEIL E. HERMAN, Dartmouth, N. S.
- The Ethics of Matthew Arnold's Poetry,
MARGARET H. COATES, Kingston, N. B.
- The Function of the Statesman,
ALEXANDER H. NICKERSON, Ohio, N. S.
- * Blaise Pascal as a Theologian,
EVALINA K. PATTEN, Hebron, N. S.
- Milton's Purpose in Paradise Lost,
MALCOM A. MACLEAN, Montague, P. E. I.
- Religion as an Interpreter of the Life of a People,
H. RUFUS FOOTE, Grafton, N. S.
- * The Problem of Matter,
HERBERT A. STUART, Cumberland Bay, N. B.

AWARDING HONOR CERTIFICATES.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

ADDRESSES.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BENEDICTION.

The general verdict of the audience that listened to the graduating orations at Acadia last week was that they were fully equal to the high standard set by previous classes being characterized by maturity of thought as well as grace of diction and ease of delivery.

Mr McMillan presented a subject that is attracting much attention in these days and one that is steadily coming to the front at Acadia. His treatment of it was clear and philosophic, his ideas fresh and lofty and his style of delivery pleasing. He made strong plea for the study of economic science, and showed the high place which this department of study, commonly regarded as somewhat secondary in an Arts Course, should occupy.

Miss Faye M. Coldwell presented in an energetic and eloquent manner the claims of speculative thought as a dominant factor in all progress in knowledge. She held that thousands who know nothing of the dreams of the past are themselves in their mental and moral makeup the outcome of the speculative thinking of philosophers. This essay both in style of treatment and delivery was a highly creditable one.

Mr McCurdy followed with a well prepared and equally well delivered essay on Carlyle, in which he reviewed the character of the man and the force and import of his message. He criticized the tendency to depreciate the manly character of the sage and upheld him as a man of true though perhaps unique worth and considered his message a moral lesson meet for the present day.

Mr T. W. Todd set forth in a very interesting manner the criticisms to which preachers of the Gospel are subjected and gave some excellent hints on the way defects might be overcome and criticism avoided. He showed the need of elocution as a preparation for the gospel ministry, a need now coming to be recognized by all. He had a unique and interesting way of presenting so delicate a subject, which rendered the essay highly acceptable and profitable.

A careful analysis of the work of Pascal was presented by Miss Patten who in the brief time and space at her disposal gave a very comprehensive review of the intellectual legacy of this great thinker. She traced the effect of his work on the Jesuits and dwelt particularly upon his theology. This essay was interesting and instructive.

Mr Stuart dealt with the Problem of Matter. He traced the development of the atomic theory and then discussed the contents of this theory from a metaphysical standpoint, arguing that because the mind could not tolerate the quality in-

volved in conceiving of a thing as both matter and force, the only logical ground to take was that force was the only real thing in the universe and the phenomenal world about us, the manifestation of force. This line of thought led him into monism, which he favoured as being the true theory of the universe. Mr Stuart dealt with this abstract problem in a clear, comprehensive, philosophical manner reflecting great credit upon himself and the metaphysical department of Acadia.

Music was furnished by the Imperial Quartette of Boston. A selection was rendered by the College Quartette, and a solo by Mrs Wm. Jones of St. John, N. B.

Honour certificates were awarded as follows:

SENIORS.—Mabel E. Archibald, English; Margaret W. Coates, French; Faye M. Coldwell, Moral Philosophy; W. R. Foote, Moral Philosophy; R. R. Griffin, Constitutional History; N. E. Herman, Classics; N. J. Lockhart, Classics; D. P. McMillan, Moral Philosophy; S. R. McCurdy, English; M. A. McLean, Classics; Evalina K. Patten, Moral Philosophy; Agnes H. Roop, Economic Science; H. A. Stuart, Moral Philosophy.

JUNIORS.—Mabel E. Coldwell, Mathematics; Sadie P. Durkee, French; C. W. Jackson, Classics; A. H. C. Morse, Classics; F. S. Morse, Classics; Ingram Oakes, Mathematics; Alice R. Power, English; Matilda Stevens, Mathematics; Hattie Strong, French.

SOPHOMORES.—Emma Best, Mathematics; Stanley Jones, French; C. R. McNully, English; Lisbeth DeW. Mann, Classics; C. E. Morse, Mathematics; H. A. Morton, Classics; Etta Yuill, Mathematics.

The following were admitted to the degree of Master of Arts:—

IN COURSE.—Rev. J. A. Jenner, B. A., '91; Rev. E. L. Gates, B. A., '87; Rev. J. H. Davis, B. A. '93; Rev. J. W. Brown, B. A. '86; Rev. G. P. Raymond, B. A. '90; Rev. Oscar Gronlund, B. A. (Mt. Allison.), A. A. Shaw, B. A. '92.

HONORARY.—Rev. J. H. Foshay, Yarmouth, N. S.; Rev. F. G. Harrington, Tokio, Japan.

The following received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Prof. E. M. Keirstead, M. A., Wolfville, N. S.; Rev. W. B. Boggs, Ramapatan, India.

Prof. Silas McVane of Harvard University received the degree of Ph. D.

Miss Mabel E. Archibald of the graduating class received a diploma in Elocution.

In his usual address to the graduating class Dr. Sawyer impressed upon them the necessity of carrying with them through life the consciousness of personality. The higher the personal life became the higher the life of the whole. With congratulations and best wishes he sent the class forth to engage in the battles of life.

At the close of the ceremonies Hon. H. R. Emmerson of the Executive Council of New Brunswick gave an eloquent and interesting address. He complimented the authorities on the condition and work of the College, and expressed his surprise and pleasure that the Baptist denomination possessed such a large and flourishing institution of learning. He further spoke of the ignorance respecting both the size and work of the institution in some part of the province which he represented, and pledged himself to take a greater interest in making known to Baptists the advantages which they possess at Acadia.

Dr. Keirstead spoke briefly thanking the senate and governors for the honor conferred on him, and expressing pleasure in the fact that a real bond of union had thus been formed between him and an institution in which though not a graduate, he had spent so many years of his life. Further brief remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Boggs, Rev. Thomas Todd and Rev. Dr. Corey, and the exercises were brought to a close.



REV. A. W. SAWYER, D. D., LL. D.

The Acadia Athenæum.

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The Sanctum.

With many fears and apprehensions the editors entered upon their duties in October last; now with the consciousness at least of having done our best we give place to others. We desire to express our thanks to all who have aided us in our work during the year. The one suggestion which we would make is, that all the students take a more thorough interest in providing for the literary pages of the Athenæum. The editors sometimes feel that they are overworked in this respect, and it would certainly add to the interest of our paper if a wider distribution of labour were introduced, the editors acting as supervisors, instead of being compelled to produce most of the articles published. We notice that our exchanges contain letters and briefs on all subjects of college interest, sent in for publication by the students in general. This awakens greater interest in the paper itself as well as in the features of college life and work discussed. We would suggest to our successors that steps be taken to secure this condition of affairs. Subjects might be distributed among the students who have a genius for writing and a disposition to help. Thanking subscribers, contributors, friends who have given words of encouragement, one and all, we retire from the work so confidently entrusted to our care.

In this volume we have endeavoured to give brief records of the lives of the men from whom we have received our instruction, and whom we honour and respect. With the account of Prof. Haley in this issue we complete the list. In this issue also, in accordance with our promise made in the December issue there appears a portrait of President Sawyer. We have written these sketches and provided these portraits, with the hope that additional interest would be taken in reading the Athenæum, and also with the belief that they would form such a collection as each graduate of "Old Acadia" would like to possess.

The Athenæum hastens to extend congratulations and best wishes and to greet with words of welcome the appearance of the paper edited by the ladies of the Seminary. Its first appearance in printed form certainly reflects great credit on the editors under whose care it was issued. A beautiful cut adorns the cover. The whole appearance is excellent, and certainly no other encouragement than the unbounded success of their first effort, should be needed to induce the publication of *The Thistle* as a monthly during the Seminary year. An interesting sketch of the Graduating Class appears, accompanied by a lithograph. There is also a cut of the Seminary building. The literary matter is interesting and of a high order. *The Thistle* fulfils the purpose of giving the public a better idea of the work done and the privileges afforded at Acadia Seminary. Once more *The Athenæum* extends congratulations and expresses the hope that the paper will become a prominent monthly.

As the matter for our May number was in the hands of the publisher at the time of the closing of the School of Horticulture, we were not able to give a report of the exercises. Feeling, however that this is a most important work and closely allied with the work of the College, we cannot neglect making some mention of it here. The year has been one of marked success. In all, 67 pupils have been enrolled, 43 of whom completed the six months course and 9 the short course.

Twenty-five completed the first year and nine the second. Eleven counties of the province are represented. The closing exercises of the school, which were held in College Hall were extremely interesting. Papers were read by Messrs Crispo, Starr and Armstrong and Miss Coldwell. Certificates were conferred upon those who had completed the course. The programme was enlivened by music and speeches and a dinner at the American House at the close seemed to lend reality to the Scientific truth that "Nature abhors a vacuum."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Miss Maggie W. Coates, B. A., \$1.00; Miss Hattie E. Morton, B.A., \$1.00; Miss Jessie G. Trefry, \$1.00; T. L. Harvey, \$2.00; C. H. McIntyre, \$1.00; Dr. M. C. Smith, \$1.00; Rev. W. T. Stackhouse, \$1.00; D. L. Parker, \$1.00; B. W. Wallace, \$1.00; W. R. Parsons, B. A., \$4.00; H. C. Todd, \$1.00; E. A. Read, B. A., \$1.00; E. Freeze, 65c.; L. A. Fenwick, 15c.; H. D. Ross, B. A., \$2.00; H. M. Leonard, \$1.15.

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