

College Library C. E. McInnes

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE NOVA SCOTIA

Prodesse Quam Conspici.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Editorials	185
Noblesse Oblige	190
Dr. Trotter's Lecture	191
Is the World Growing Better?	192
Sketches by the Way	193
The True Basis of Empire	202
Dr. Drummond	204
The Canadian "Country Doctor"	205
The Truth Line	207
Scott's Best Book	211
Correspondence	215
Our Exchanges	218
Archibald Lampman's Poems	219
Dr. Rand's New Book	219
De Alumnis	220
Personals	223
Obituary	224
The Month	224
Locals	227
Acknowledgments	228

APRIL 1900.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

REV. THOMAS TROTTER, D. D.,
President.

REV. A. W. SAWYER, D. D., LL. D.
Professor of Psychology and Metaphysics

D. F. HIGGINS, M. A. Ph. D.
Professor Emeritus. Lecturer in Mathematics

R. V. JONES M. A., Ph. D.
J. W. Barss Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. E. M. KEIRSTEAD, M. A. D. D.
Professor of English Literature and Moral Philosophy

L. E. Wortman, M. A.
Professor of French and German.

J. F. TUFTS, M. A.
Mark Curry, Professor of History and Political Economy

F. R. HALEY, M. A.
Professor of Mathematics

E. W. SAWYER, B. A.
Assistant Professor in Latin and English.

E. HAYCOCK, M. A.
Instructor in Chemistry and Geology.

C. C. Jones, M. A.
Instructor in Mathematics and Physics

W. E. ROSCOE, M. A., Q. C.
Lecturer on Contracts

EDGAR McCURDY
Director of Gymnasium

E. HAYCOCK, Curator of Museum

E. W. SAWYER, Librarian.

Come to Us For **SUITS** Best Work and Goods. **Overcoats.** At Best Prices **WALLACE.** The Tailor.

GLASGOW HOUSE.

THE DRY GOODS STORE OF WOLFVILLE

Gentlemen's Department

Fancy White and Colored Shirts, Clothing, Underwear, Hats, Caps, Collars, Cuffs, Hdkfs., Scarfs, Coatings, and Pantings.

Ladies' Department

Dress Goods, Mantling, Jack ets, Furs, etc., Underwear in White Cambric and Wool Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ribbons, Hdkfs., etc.

Men's and Boys' Suits made to order.

"Kid Gloves Guaranteed" **O. D. HARRIS**
Discount to Students,

H. PINEO, OPTICIAN **DR. H. LAWRENCE**
SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS. DENTIST,

Also Agent for White Sewing Machines and Thomas Organs Office Hours—9.30 to 1, 2 to 5.30.
OFFICE

Wolfville, - Nova Scotia. Vaughn's Bldg, Main St., Wolfville.

FINE PHOTOGRAPHS

All sizes and Kinds.

GOOD GROUPING AND POSING

Studio open every working day. Am here myself Mondays and Tuesdays.

PHOTOGRAPHER - - - - **W. W. ROBSON**
WOLFVILLE

Do you believe that the students of Acadia University should publish a paper

WHERE TO BUY

Razors	Hammers	Knobs
Scissors	Hatchets	Glass
Skates	Harmonicas	Putty
Guns,	Stoves,	Nails
Revolvers	Hods	Screws
Ammunition	Shovels	Brushes
Pocket Knives	Locks	Whips

and all other articles usually kept in a well furnished hardware store is at

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,

WOLFVILLE.

ABERDEEN HOTEL.

The leading hotel of the Annapolis Valley

KENTVILLE, - - - NOVA SCOTIA.

H. L. Cole, Prop.

ROYAL HOTEL

J. W. BECKWITH, Proprietor.

Recently Rebuilt and Furnished, Hot and Cold water Baths. Permanent and transient Boarders. Good Sample rooms and stabling. Free carriage to and from

Depot. Telephone 37.
Electric Bells in all Rooms.

Main St., Corner Station St., Wolfville

J. M. SHAW.

Hair Dressing Saloon.

126 Main St., = = Wolfville

NOVA SCOTIA.

R. H. TWEDELL

Manufacturing

-GOLDSMITH AND JEWELLER-

Wolfville, N. S.

Every description of Jewellery Made and Repaired

Bought
Right

Sold
Right

SHOES

Our Specialty.

Peoples' Shoe Store.

*N. M. Sinclair, Prop.
WOLFVILL.

Fit
Right

Wear
Right

The Students of Acadia should not forget that we carry one of the finest lines of

CHOCOLATES

in town.

Our Goods are always fresh.

E. B. BISHOP & SON.

Cor. Main & Station St. Wolfville.

Mme Andrews,

Fine Millinery

Millinery Parlors,
Opp. Hotel Central,
Main Street, Wolfville.

Are you helping to make the Acadia Athenaeum a real success?

J. D. CHAMBERS,

DRY GOODS
AND MILLINERY

Headquarters for Carpets, Curtains, Oilcloth, Clothing, Ties, Ribbons,

LACES AND COLLEGE RIBBONS

We aim to keep the latest styles in Dry Goods, and Fine Prices.

Anything not in stock can be procured speedily at city prices.

J. D. Chambers, = = Main St.,
WOLFVILLE.

T. L. HARVEY

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

China, Glass and Crockeryware.

Students of Acadia will receive prompt attention.

J. F. Herbin,

Optician and Jeweller

Honor Graduate of the Ontario Optical Institute.

Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.

Eyes Tested Free.

W. H. DUNCANSON,

DEALER IN

Fresh Meat, Bacon, Ham, Sausages
Poultry, Etc.

Prices Right to Students.

H. M. WATSON

Choice Fruits and Confectionery.

Opp. American House.

Wolfville, - - Nova Scotia.

E. M. ARNOLD,

Watchmaker, Jeweller

Graduate Optician

A full line of watches always on hand

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
Satisfaction Guaranteed, Special rates to students

Kentville, - Nova Scotia.

If you are a student ought you not to subscribe for your own paper?

THE ONLY SPECIALTY STORE

IN WOLFFVILLE IN

OUR LINES

MEN'S FURNISHINGS,
CLOTHING
BOOTS AND SHOES
HATS AND CAPS,
TRUNKS AND VALISES.

Our Stock is Large

in all departments and up-to-date in every line.

STUDENTS

will find we carry just the goods they want.

"SLATER SHOE AGENCY.

FOOT BALL GOODS

We keep them, Jersey , Padded Pants, Laced F. B. Vests, Foot Ball Boots Belts, Etc.

C. H. BORDEN,

WOLFFVILLE.

A. J McKenna, DD. S.

GRADUATE OF

Philadelphia Dental College.

Wolffville, N. S.

OFFICE HOURS 9.30 to 1.00, 2.00 to 5.30

W. E. Roscoe, Q. C,

Barrister, Solicitor, Proctor, Notary
Etc.

Kentville, - - Nova Scotia.

W. P. SHAFFNER,

BARRISTER

—AND—

SOLICITOR.

KENTVILLE.

E. S. CRAWLEY,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
PUBLIC ETC.

Telephone No. P. O. Box 234.

Collections made in all parts of the Province.

MAIN ST., - - - - - Wolffville.

J. W. WALLACE.

Solicitor, Notary Public

Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
Wolffville, N. S.

If you are a subscriber have you paid your subscription? We need it.

The Acadia Athenæum.

Published by the Athenæum Society of Acadia College.

WOLFVILLE. N. S.

Editorial Staff :

E. C. STUBBERT, '00. W. E. MCNEILL, '00. S. S. POOLE, '00
W. H. LONGLEY, '01. MISS A. A. PEARSON, '01.
L. L. SLIPP, '02. MISS M. S. COLDWELL, '02

Managing Committee.

R. J. COLPITTS, '01. W. F. VERGE, '02. F. A. PRETZSCH, '03.

TERMS—One dollar per year in advance.

BUSINESS LETTERS should be addressed R. J. Colpitts, Wolfville, N. S

CONTRIBUTIONS to be sent to Editor Athenæum.

STUDENTS ARE REQUESTED TO PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

VOL. XXVI.

APRIL 1900.

NO. 6.

Patriotism.

During the past months Canada has been liberally praised. She has been and is being called patriotic because in the hour of Britain's need she eagerly afforded help, and when victory came to the imperial forces she rejoiced as heartily as even the Motherland. But now that the pealing of bells and the booming of cannon have died away even to the echoes, and street-processions along with patriotic concerts have ceased for a little, one may venture to ask whether any of these stirring events of the past weeks, or all of them, in themselves constitute indubitable evidence of the patriotism of Canada. They do affirm that Canadians regard the enemies of Britain her own enemies, and rejoice in their downfall. They affirm that in Canada there are those who will not shrink from the hardships and perils of war when the national honor is to be defended. They affirm many things, but do they affirm in any specially distinct way the patriotism of the people? One may venture to question that they do, even though one feel like perturbation with those unfortunates whose distorted vision has betrayed them into seeing something of justice in the Boer claims.

The circumstances that evoked first the ready offer of aid, and afterward the demonstrations of joy were not such as call out expressions of highest sentiments. Men were needed, it is true, in South Africa to kill other men who were obstinately arrayed against the Empire, fighting, as they said, for freedom and home, as England averred for the maintenance of a cruel despotism entrenched in selfishness and greed; and when many men had been slain on both

sides, many homes darkened, many lives blighted, victory came to relieve the strain upon mind and heart, and succour was afforded brave garrisons long cooped up in beleaguered towns. But these things stir other emotions quite as much as they stir patriotic feelings, so that it is not improbable that a fair proportion of those who were so demonstrative over the surrender of Cronje and the relief of Ladysmith, rejoiced because an enemy had been defeated rather than because righteousness which "exalteth a nation" had been defended. Neither courage nor enthusiasm is an exact synonym of patriotism.

For after all it is an impelling wish for the best prosperity and advancement of one's home-land that constitutes true patriotism, and the expression of this sentiment is quite as clearly seen in times of peace in the consistent efforts of citizens to establish and maintain right standards of living, as in times of war in assuming arms for the national defence, or even in singing patriotic songs, lighting bonfires and contributing to relief funds. By persistency in the former way, the demands of the latter will ultimately be made impossible. Beyond question, they who previous to the declaration of war were true patriots, were no other after Kruger had broken the peace, even though they dared to question the justice of the position taken in Downing Street; and just as truly were very few converted by this appeal to arms from indifference or enmity to national advancement, to a condition of eagerness for the common weal. Canada will need patriots just as truly after the peace has been declared as she does now. She will need, as she always has needed, men wise to see what is best for the large increase of her life moral, intellectual and political, and very many men who will faithfully address themselves to realize the things that seem to make for national honor and righteousness even when their personal interests temporarily suffer thereby. Such men are patriots. Are they not the only patriots? They will bear arms if need be, but better than that they will seek in the times of peace to raise the nation above the possibility of war.

Other things being equal, in the very nature of things, the first place among patriots belongs to men of broad mental culture. There is the mind keen to estimate needs and wise to select means to meet these needs. This quickened intellectuality when controlled and directed by the spirit and teachings of Jesus of Galilee, affords the basis of the highest patriotism. There is the ever-enlarging conception of man's intrinsic worth, his relation to his brother-man and the purpose in his creation. The humble cultured follower of the Nazarene is of all men the most patriotic. So is every effort made to disseminate the *truths* of Christianity, as also every movement toward broader intellectual development, a step in the perfecting of the ideal citizen, the patriot.

But while it is *my* country that demands first of all the thoughtful consideration of every man, true patriotism defies the limits of

meum and *teum* when these mean "mine" at the expense of "thine" or regardless of "thine." It is mine in order that thine may also be preserved and increased that patriotism in its last analysis must stand for. Only on this ground can Britain defend her present war, and her sons be found free from blood-guiltiness. After all, patriotism is only one expression of the one law of life in home, in community, in commonwealth, and the true citizen is *de ipso facto* a patriot.

Is It
Best?

He would be rightly called beside himself who dared to question the value accruing to the community life from the frequent social events, popularly denominated "receptions." But having conceded the worth of these functions one may perhaps be allowed to question the wisdom, to put it charitably, of expending comparatively large sums of money upon them. True enough fifty dollars does not appear very great when apportioned among a hundred students, but when considered in the light of its possibilities if applied in certain ways it becomes a very respectable amount. For instance at a daily expense of two cents for each fifty dollars will support at least twenty starving Indians until the hoped-for rains bring relief. If it be objected that home needs are quite as pressing as those of far off India, then the ways to spend most advantageously the sum mentioned are neither few nor hard to find. It would mightily hearten and bless some wistful soul, and there are more than one or two, who turns his face toward the college as toward a hope only remotely to be realized, if the amount spent on two receptions held here within two years could be given to him. It would do much in ten years, this meagre amount of fifty dollars per year, if it were handed over to the Librarian that he might work his will with it.

Of course if it were needed, the expenditure involved in so large an amount, there were only folly to irk because of it. If the cost were necessarily so great there would be in that fact a somewhat serious objection to the perpetuation of receptions. But social events esteemed most enjoyable have occurred not infrequently since the college received its charter, the expense of which was only nominal, a few dollars. Is Acadia less able than formerly to furnish entertainment within herself or are her tastes developing in the direction of luxury? It is nonsense to affirm that music, for instance, can not be furnished by the schools for every social gathering under school auspices. Topic cards may be absolutely essential to-day, they were not at one time, surely. Invitations sent far and wide ought surely to go at the expense of the individual sending and not of the society. To adopt this plan of asking each one to defray the whole cost of his invitation, would be materially to lessen the number of invitations, for the most prodigal are not always the readiest to incur personal ex-

pense. But it is urged with considerable force that other schools spend far larger sums than we upon their social events. Let them do so if they will. *Is it best for us*,—is the question we have to settle. And truly it seems not best.

Scholarships for Women.

In announcing the awards of the three European fellowships of Bryn Mawr College President Thomas gave some interesting facts regarding fellowships and scholarships which she has been collecting of late. Out of the twenty-three colleges and universities in the United States which give graduate work leading to a Ph. D. degree, sixteen admit men and women. Bryn Mawr and Wellesley admit women only, and Clark, Princeton and Johns Hopkins men only. In Johns Hopkins women are admitted to the Medical School, but nowhere else. In 1898-99 the number of women studying in these schools reached 1021, or twenty-seven per cent of the total number of graduate students in the country. This is an increase from the thirteen per cent of 1889-90, which shows what the last eight years have done for the higher education of women. The change as to fellowships and scholarships is even more remarkable. When Bryn Mawr was opened in 1885 there was no fellowship in America opened to women and no fellowship open to men which was exclusively for European study. There are now 319 scholarships, of a value from \$100 to \$400, and fifty of which are exclusively for women; two foreign scholarships, one of which must go to a woman; eighty-one resident fellowships of \$400 and over, eighteen of which are for women only, and twenty-four foreign fellowships of \$500 and over, one-half of which are exclusively for women.

The following clipped from a leading American paper will have an interest for all our readers.

President Schurman.

A well-rounded man has two sides, equally important—the contemplative and the practical—his times of retirement from the world for study and meditation, and his period of active work among men. The president of Cornell University is a man of unusual ability, forceful and progressive, “one of those Canadians who have done honor to their country under another flag.”

Jacob Gould Schurman (pronounced in Canada as if spelled Skurman) was born at Freetown, Prince Edward Island, May 22, 1854, and is descended from an old Dutch family that came to New Amsterdam (New York) about the middle of the seventeenth century. His grandfather was born at New Rochelle, N. Y., in 1782, and carried by his father—an unbending Tory—to the British provinces when two years old. The subject of this sketch lived on his father's

farm until twelve years old, attending school regularly. When thirteen he became clerk in a general store at Summerside, P. E. I., a position which he filled for about two years. Determining then to obtain the best possible education, he went for a year to the Summerside grammar school, and in 1870 won the first of the six scholarships established by the Government at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Three years afterwards (1873) he entered the sophomore class of Acadia College, Nova Scotia, where he stayed for a year and a half, leading his class in all subjects and winning several money prizes. In 1875 he won the Gilchrist scholarship, awarded to the Canadian who stood highest among the Canadians passing the University of London (England) matriculation examination in the honors, or first division, his place being "Honors, 10th." This scholarship was worth \$500 a year for three years. In 1877 Schurman graduated B. A. at the University of London, with the university scholarship in philosophy (\$250 a year for three years.) He was also the first man in Greek, English, logic, philosophy and political economy in University College, winning in the last-named subject a scholarship of \$100 a year for two years.

In 1877-78 he was a student in Paris and Edinburgh. He received his doctor's degree in philosophy in 1878 (when only twenty-four years of age) and was the only successful candidate of the five who applied. In June of that year he won the Hibbert travelling fellowship (\$1000 a year for two years), which was open to all graduates of British universities, and was competed for by over sixty men from Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin, etc. Dr. Schurman spent the next two years of his life (1878-1880) studying as Hibbert fellow at Heidelberg, Berlin, and Gottingen, and in Italy. It was in 1880 that he became acquainted with President White, then American minister of Germany, who recommended him in 1885 for a chair at Cornell. From 1880 to 1882 Dr. Schurman was professor of English literature, political economy and psychology in Acadia College, Nova Scotia, and from 1882 to 1886 professor of metaphysics and English literature in Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S. From 1886 to 1892 he was head of the philosophy department at Cornell University—first as Sage professor of philosophy and afterwards as dean of the Sage School of Philosophy. It was in 1892 (at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight) that he was elected third president of Cornell University, succeeding Charles Kendall Adams. At the founding of the Leland Stanford University Dr. Schurman was appointed non-resident lecturer in ethics. He holds the honorary degree of LL. D. from Columbia University, New York. In 1895 he was elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. As an author, President Schurman is known by his "Kantian Ethics and Ethics of Evolution" (1881); his "Ethical Import of Darwinism" (1887); his "Belief in God: Its Origin, Nature and Basis" (1890); and his "Agnosticism and Religion" (1896). All these works dis-

play original thought and disclose the possession of a vast store of valuable erudition. He is also familiar to the literary and teaching world as editor of the *Philosophical Review* and joint editor of the *School Review*.

When in Canada he discharged his professional duties most acceptably, winning the entire respect and confidence of professors, students and the public, who regretted profoundly his departure for this country. He has been a decided success at Cornell. In his selection as president of that university the directors departed from the prevalent, but not always wise, rule that the head of an institution of learning should be more eminent for business qualities than for the temper of a scholar.

Although non-resident in Canada now for fourteen years, Dr Schurman still takes a warm interest in everything that effects his native country. Addressing the students of Cornell in 1896 on the Venezuela matter, he spoke of the future emancipation of all America Commonwealths by the withdrawal of European Powers from this country, and predicted that, when that came, Canada would use her newly acquired independence to seek admission to the America Union. As chairman of the Philippine Commission, President Schurman has done excellent work, and it is well known that he is extremely conservative touching our future in the Far East.

Dr Schurman has a compact head and a clean-shaven, strong, intellectual face. In religion he is a Baptist. He married, in 1884, Barbara F., eldest daughter of the late George Munro (who was a Nova Scotian), the New York millionaire publisher of the "Seaside Library" and similar literature. He is barely forty-six years of age, and in full enjoyment of his remarkable powers.

Noblesse Oblige.

Canadian, therefore proud ; as he whose race
 Hath builded greatness out of pain and toil,
 Planted the fleur-de-lis on frozen soil,
 Or feared the king, but did not fear to face
 The gibe of them who held obedience base,
 Not seeing, freedom-dazed, the serpent-coil
 Of revolution—execrable foil
 To liberty's bright lustre and fair grace.

Canadian, therefore proud ; and therefore bound
 By honour, strength, and knowledge of the truth,
 Still more by patriot-love, intense, profound,
 To serve the mother-land, to stay her power
 With ready blade and fervid force of youth
 When war shall wake, and carnage claim his hour.

JOHN EDMUND BARSS, '91.

Dr. Trotter's Lecture.

Dr. Trotter's subject was THE OXFORD MOVEMENT, OR THE UNDOING OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

The lecturer said that among the most radical and far reaching Movements of religions thought in recent times is that Movement within the English State Church, which has been variously styled The Oxford, The Tractarian, The Puseyite Movement. These terms were explained. Dr. Trotter examined first of all into the causes of the Movement, and set forth three of these. The first cause assigned was the Liberalism which asserted itself so powerfully in the early years of the century, and which bore the impress of the deeper seriousness breathed into the minds of men, not only in England but in all Europe, by the great convulsion of the French Revolution. This Liberalism assailed the established order both in Church and State. The second cause was the inadequacy of the existing church parties to meet the new situation. Neither the High Church nor the Evangelical nor the Liberal party within the Church was equal to the demand of the times. At least, so thought a group of rising young Churchmen, who were filled with a passion for the preservation of the Church and religion as they understood religion. The third cause was found in Romanticism, which was represented in Britain by the Lake poets and Sir Walter Scott. While the Liberalism without and the condition of the church within supplied the occasion and opportunity respectively for the new Movement, it was Romanticism that furnished the positive factor, the creative impulse, which determined what the character of the Movement should be.

The lecturer then sketched the three chief figures among the group of Churchmen who became leaders of the Movement: Keble, Newman, and Pusey, who were respectively the poet, the thinker, and the scholar of the Movement. These personal sketches were full of interest.

After the personal sketches, the lecturer examined carefully into the essential nature of the Movement, and proceeded to justify the description of the Movement given in the title of the lecture, namely:—"The Undoing of the Reformation." He pointed out that it was an effort to restore the Catholic idea of the Church. The leaders of the Movement contended that the Reformation had not stopped with the correction of abuses which had developed under the ægis of Rome, but had by its Protestant excesses destroyed the true conception of the Church and Christianity. To restore what they conceived to be the true conception was the conscientious and earnest purpose of the Oxford men. If it seems strange that the Catholic ideal could have had any marked force with the English people of this century it must be remembered that the Protestant Reformation in England was never a radical thing. It was from the first a compromise. The compromising spirit is manifest in the Prayer-

Book, and the Thirty-nine Articles, the formulated standards of the English Church. The Prayer-Book was framed to conciliate the Catholics, the Thirty-nine articles to conciliate the Protestants. The Tractarians, therefore, in their efforts to restore Catholic ideas and practices were restoring what was implicit in Church formularies and could make their appeal with great plausibility.

Dr Trotter then discussed the growth of the Movement and its status at the present time. He showed how there has been a steady and continuous growth from 1833 until now. To-day, according to Mr Bryce, the historian, more than half the clergy are in sympathy with the Catholic Revival, and most of the theological colleges are in the hands of the Ritualistic party. There has been a corresponding growth of positive sympathy with Roman doctrine and practice. The sacerdotal idea of the ministry, the doctrine of transubstantiation, the practice of auricular confession, the worship of the Virgin, prayers for the dead, the use of incense in public worship, all these have been very largely restored. Only recently, however, has the enormous development of the Movement been popularly realized. The awakening of the public has been provoked by various agencies; the publication of the book "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement", the campaign of exposure conducted by Mr Kensit, the discussion of the question in the House of Commons, a series of trenchant articles in "The London Times" by Sir William Harcourt, and other agencies. As the result of the agitation, the government ultimately called upon the Bishops to assert their authority and prohibit the illegal teaching and practices; and so matters stood when the South African war broke out—the Ritualists at bay, the Protestants filled with new hope and courage owing to the unexpected and favorable turn of events.

The lecturer pointed out that whenever the war would be over the Oxford Movement was bound to become again a subject of first class interest, and indicated the lines along which he thought future developments might be expected. He recommended the cultivation of an intelligent interest in the Movement, as one which was bound to score very deeply the religious life of England for centuries to come. He closed by quoting two or three stanzas of a spirited song expressing the confidence that, whatever the future might bring, the Protestant light kindled in England by Latimer and Ridley was there to stay, that however the wind might blow it about it would never be blown out.

"Is the World Growing Better?"

Our inquiry is concerning the progress of the world towards goodness. Is it approaching that splendid goal which the New Test-

ament presents to us in that magnificent conception of the Kingdom of God or of the New Jerusalem the city of God? The question is not, is the world perfect, the best it can be? but, is it making any progress towards bet'er things?

There are two ways of looking at the world's condition, the pessimistic and the optimistic. The pessimist, like the Greek cynic, Diogenes, is trying to find an honest man. To him the world is moving rapidly on to destruction. Political corruptions moral pollutions, social evils, individual immoralities, wars and anarchism, make up the sum-total of the life of our age. These monstrous evils, with all their allies—and their name is legion—are hastening the world on to that day when the trump of judgment shall sound and this planet be shrivelled up to a black mass of ruins. Now it must be confessed that there is much, exceedingly much, to support this view. We must be honest and no honest man can shut his eyes to the evils which are everywhere rife. But the view from the mount of pessimism is circumscribed, partial, one-sided: and to stand on the mount of pessimism is to stand where one fails to all the essence and power of Christianity.

On the other hand, the optimist is one whose heart is full of the cheery belief that the world has made some progress in good things that, however slowly it may be, it is nevertheless surely learning of Him who was sent into the world because the Father loved the world. The journey of the human race upwards may be beset with innumerable evils, but the end is not black despair, but bright hope. And this hope is no more a "will o' the wisp" of the optimist's brain, than was that glorious kingdom of the messiah which the prophets fore told at times when it seemed as if the world was on the verge of ruin, because of the awful ravages of vice, pestilence and war.

These two ways of looking at the world's condition should be combined, if we wish to have any adequate conception of the world's progress. We must face the facts of human vice and crime and misery, on the one hand; but on the other let us remember that "through the ages, one increasing purpose runs."

In this paper let us look at four specific directions in which undoubted progress has been made towards "the better." I do not mean that these four are all the ways in which improvement has been made but simply that the progress in these four matters has been clear and unmistakable.

First, take the matter of temperance, I mean temperance in the popular sense, although progress could be shown in other matters of temperance as well. Is the world more temperate?—especially the Christian world? Intemperance is the curse of Christendom still, but have the so-called Christian nations made any improvement in this matter? There is only one answer to that question and it is in the affirmative. There was a time, and that not very long ago, when drinking was looked upon with

favor, a time when magistrates, preachers, laymen, all, drank, not only what they wished but apparently all they desired. Referring to this period in New England, the Rev. Theodore Parker writes ; "At the funeral of Mrs. Mary Norton (1678) widow of the celebrated John Norton, of the First Church, Boston, fifty-one and a half gallons of the best malaga wine were consumed by the mourners." A little later (1685) according to this same writer "at the funeral of the Rev. Thomas Corbett, of Ipswich (Mass.) there were consumed one barrel of wine and two barrels of cider, and as it was cold there was some spice and ginger for the cider." These things occurred in Puritan New England at a time which our grandfathers regarded "as the good old times of yore."

In 1730 with the manufacture of New England rum the drink-curse began to increase, and it increased with such amazing rapidity that at the close of the Revolutionary War a European, travelling on this continent is reported to have said that drinking was the leading characteristic of the people.

In the United States intemperance was at its height during the decade 1821-'30. Describing the intemperate habits of this period, a writer in the old American Eyclopedia says: "Distilled spirits were a universal provision everywhere. The richer sort drank French and Spanish brandies; the poorer, West Indian; and the poorest, New England rum. The South favored whiskey. * * * A fashion at the South was to take a glass of whiskey flavored with mint soon after waking. * * * At eleven o'clock mixtures under various peculiar names as sling, toddy, slip, etc., solicited the appetite at the bar of the common tippling shop * * * Women courted an appetite with medicated rum, disguised under the chaste names of *Huxam's Tincture*, or *Slaughter's Elixir*. The dinner hour arrived * * * whiskey and water, curiously flavored with apples, or brandy and water introduced the feast; whiskey or brandy with water helped it through; whiskey or brandy without water often secured its safe digestion, not again to be used in any more formal way than for the relief of occasional thirst, or for the entertainment of a friend, until the last appeal should be made to secure a sound night's sleep. Rum seasoned with cherries protected against the cold: rum made astringent with peachnuts concluded the repast at the confectioner's; rum made nutritive with milk prepared for the maternal office, and under the Greek name of Paregoric, rum doubly-poisoned with opium quieted the infant's cries."

In England the condition of things was no better. There the curse had a more social aspect. It is claimed that a guest in honor of his host, must drink till he could drink no more. We may say that these pictures are over-drawn; that is, they are exaggerated descriptions of what was (as it still is) a monstrous evil. But making all due allowance for exaggeration, and choosing the very worst

cases of our times, it is simply impossible in our day, to match the drinking customs in England and America during the first quarter of this century.

In 1826 began that movement in behalf of temperance reform, described by DeQuincy as "the most remarkable instance of a combined movement in society which history, perhaps, will be summoned to record." Originating in Boston, the movement spread rapidly far and wide, crossed the Atlantic and found a home in the United Kingdom, and also on the continent of Europe. Drunkenness is now a crime in Great Britain and on this continent, and a strong temperance sentiment prevails over large sections of the Anglo-Saxon world. The people are becoming educated in temperance principles. The minister of the gospel—if he may sometimes smoke a cigar in the solitude of his attic, no man seeing him—may no longer drink the "social glass" and maintain his ministerial dignity and influence.

Every young man knows that he stands no chance of success in life, if he is given to strong drink. He knows, too, that not only drunkenness, but drinkingness as well, is under the ban of the best public sentiment.

Thus we may clearly see that the history of the temperance movement shows a most decided advance in the ideal and in the life of the people, especially within our present century.

Again, take the political world. Is the political world any better than it was a century or more ago? This question, I answer with a yes. There are political corruptions and machine politics and demagogism—no sane man can fail to see them. Yet, notwithstanding these things, I have no hesitation in saying that the political economies of all Christendom, of all the world wherever Christianity has gone, are better, immeasurably better than they have been during any past age of the world's history. Nineteen centuries ago, the political maxim was, "A man's a wolf to the man he does not know." Jesus introduced a new maxim, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and the leaven of that principle has been working in the political economies of the world and some progress has been made towards political salvation. Of this progress, possibly, the "Peace Congress" at The Hague is the most recent illustration.

Seventy-five years ago England and America were cursed with slavery, which has been described as "that fountain of all injustice * * * the sum total of all villanies." But today this curse has been removed. In 1833 England, and thirty years later America freed the slave. Certainly in this respect the foremost peoples of the earth are better politically than they were a century ago.

The peoples of christendom are learning the lessons of man's brotherhood, even though they stand armed to the teeth and ready for the use of rifle and sabre.

The crusades in the large cities—to speak of the very centers of political life—for purity in municipal government and the movement

for the betterment of the industrial classes and for the uplift of the slums are among the most hopeful signs of our times and produce but one impression on my mind, and that is, the political world is moving in the direction of "civic righteousness."

Thirdly. Take the moral world. Is the world better morally, than in past days? And again we must reply, yes. Professor Lecky in his *History of European Morals*, beginning with the time of Augustus Caesar, endeavors to show a decided improvement with the passing of the centuries. He undoubtedly proves his case. This does not mean that the monster, Immorality, has lost any of his hideousness, but rather that as the ideals of the people of Europe have been uplifted and purified, the monster has slunk into the dens and holes of the earth, so that some things, which in the former days were openly countenanced, and no larger tolerated.

But let us narrow our field of inquiry. What can be said regarding the progress of England and America within the past three centuries?

Describing the former century of England's social life a writer in "Blackwoods Magazine" has said; " * * * It was an age when delicate young women of the best blood and best manners in the land talked with a coarseness which editors of the nineteenth century can represent only by asterisks; and in which the most polished and dainty verse Pope's most melodious, correctest couplets, were interspersed with lines which would damn forever and ever any modern poetaster, * * *. The public liked the wicked story, * * and laughed, not in its sleeve, but loudly, at blasphemy and indecency and profanity."

Sometimes we feel that the readers of our day are patrons of what may be justly termed "Dirt in ink"; and we are well aware that the morals of any people are largely governed by what they read. Yet when all has been said that ought to be said about this matter, the public morality of our day would not tolerate such novels as were most popular in the 17th and 18th centuries. The whole of the title of one of DeFoe's most widely read novels, read too by the high and noble, one would hardly like to repeat even to his most intimate friends. In our day it is even necessary to have an expurgated edition of Shakespeare before we introduce our boys and girls to the greatest of all dramatists. There are some sections of the King James Version of the Old Testament which no preacher would read to his congregation. If we compare Tennyson and Longfellow with Pope and Bryan we may see that the modern poets of the people set before us at all times a moral sentiment, far purer and nobler than that found in the former day poets.

The great moral reform movements in England, as on this continent, have been carried on within the limits of this century. Under the benignant influence of a godly queen, a noble woman and a true mother, English civilization has been making mighty strides towards the Christian ideal in the matter of morals.

And the same thing has been illustrated in the United States. One hundred years ago, lawlessness and crime stalked abroad at noon-day. Coarseness in thought and speech existed where the very opposite should have been expected. Scurrility characterized the press. Even Washington did not escape, and he, himself, is reported as saying, that the representations of his administrative acts were in "such exaggerated and indecent language, as could be applied to Nero, or to a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pick-pocket." Duelling was a national vice. Slavery, "that fountain of immorality," had full play. But to-day there certainly is a healthier, better, purer, moral tone among the people, and with the passing of slavery, passed also the national curse, and the people were given the opportunity to turn their attention to other moral dangers.

There are still in our Anglo-Saxon civilization, a thousand and one moral evils, full of awful heart-breaking woe ; but that there has been a progress in public and private morality, no reader of history can doubt. And when we compare the Anglo-Saxon world with that world of vice and iniquity called Roman, or Egyptian, or Phœnician, or Babylonian civilization, of the ages long past, every vestige of doubt passes away touching the moral progress of the human race towards the morals of the New Jerusalem, the City of the living God.

Once more. Look at the religious world. Is the world better religiously than in the former days ?" Again we must answer, Yes. We do not mean that the world has received a new religion, but simply that it is continually making new and fresh interpretation of the religion of Jesus. With each new light, the hearts of Christians have been mellowed and have been drawn nearer together, as they have been brought nearer to the Christ. The sentiment of brotherly love makes new conquests with the flight of time.

"And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." In a former age the church-life was quite as much responsible for a Voltaire and a Tom Paine, as any inherent disposition of their own may have been. The humanitarian, philanthropic and ethical aspects of the Christian revelation have in our day been so much emphasized that all thinking men may see that Christianity is a power which makes for life and righteousness. The Christian groups are no longer opposing camps, fighting one another with religious madness, and each year renders the possibility of flatant infidelity less and less possible.

We have but to think of the Spanish Inquisition ; of Bartholemew's Massacre : of the days of religious intolerance, through which our fathers passed, in order to have a glimpse of the progress of the religious life, of the past three centuries. When we think of the history of witchcraft ; and remember that delusion continued down to the very beginning of our century ; that during the craze, according to a somewhat mild estimate, 300,000 women perished as witches, and

that both Catholic and Protestant Theology believed in witches and in destroying them, we have a most convincing proof of the betterment of the world in religious matters.

This century has been the time of the great missionary movements of the churches. And since the beginning of these movements a new spiritual energy has been at work in church-life. It is hard for us to conceive the un-christian spirit of Christians of two centuries ago, or the separation then between religion and righteousness. One needs only to read history with his eyes open to know how he ought to answer this question, whether the world has been making progress in matters of religion. As I read history I find no century, no period better than these last days of the 19th. century. The light shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

But after all, the question as to the world's growing better is the personal question of our own progress towards "the better." For—says Phillip Brooks—"no man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, pure and good, without the world being better for it."

"Sketches by the Way."

"Sunset and evening star
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea.

 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark."

Into the darkness, away from the shimmering lights of the city the good ship carried its small company of passengers, Oct. 5th 1899. We watched the last glimmer fade from Citadel Hill, and then with feelings of mingled sorrow and joy, we turned our faces towards the Orient. The voyage was uneventful until we were within three days of port, when the ship encountered a heavy gale. We had already paid due tribute to Neptune so that we were free to enjoy the temptuous buffetings of the Eurus, as he came rushing upon fresh us from his recent struggle in his escape from the Aeolian Cave! Up on the summit of a huge billow we mounted only to descend the next moment into the seething trough, down, down, till we could almost see the sand at the bottom. Then with a shudder, like a great human sigh for breath, the poor ship bounded forward for a like encounter with the next wave. Often the wind caught off the crest of the billow, and whirled the spray into fantastic wraiths and nymphs, with beautiful trailing draperies and mystic forms. With such figures before us it was easy to account for the growth of the legends concerning the water spirits.

But grand as the storm was, it was an anxious time and everyone was delighted when we saw the gleam of the beacon light through the mist and the rain. A day and a half more landed us in the metropolis.

Although greatly disappointed when we learned it was impossible to obtain passage en route to India within a month, we decided to make the best of what couldn't be helped and see all we could of London. The weather was at its worst and the fog—yellow-black mist peculiar to that city—and the drenching rain kept us housed often when we had planned a delightful trip. However we had a few days of glorious autumnal sunshine, enough to show us Sol can shine in Old England.

One of these days we wandered through the pretty grounds and under the stately trees of the Kew gardens. The flowers outside had faded but within tropic verdure made a fairyland of the large glass building, while in others we walked through avenues of chrysanthemums of all varieties—great creamy white, delicate pink, gorgeous yellow and royal crimson.

From that building where we saw nature's handiwork we went to a small Art Gallery, where are paintings of the Flora of nearly all lands—the gift to Kew of the life work of Marianna North. Another day we visited the Royal Mint where we saw one hundred and twenty golden sovereigns manufactured in a minute. Close to the Mint looms up the oldest mark of England's greatness, the Tower of London. The pile stands on the banks of the Thames which is here spanned by the Tower Bridge, a perfect dream of architectural beauty. All around the tower runs the moat, its moss covered walls still firm as in the olden time. Since the days of Roman Agricola its foundations have stood here, a bulwark to the nation. For a thousand years it has been the arsenal of Britain and the safe for the crown jewels. Grim and dark and bristling with defence, it was the dwelling house of William the Conqueror, the prison of Elizabeth and the death chamber of Anne Boleyn and the gentle cultured Lady Jane Grey. No persons are now incarcerated in its ivy-mantled towers. As we stood at the foot of the stone steps where the little princes were secretly buried by the stony-hearted Richard III, a company of the Royal Guards, clad in khaki drill with flashing weapons and flying colours, marched through the grounds to the music of fife and drum, bidding their farewell to the Tower Guards as they left for service in South Africa. I thought, even as my heart swelled with pride for the flag we love, the cause of freedom has still more victories to win, until liberty shall be so firmly established that right shall be might and the "nations shall learn war no more!"

There were many other places which awakened our sympathy, aroused our patriotism, and touched the fountain head of laughter and of tears. Most interesting of all was Westminster Abbey, the

Mausoleum of England's heroes. It is situated as it were at the pulsing heart of the nation. On one side are the Parliament Buildings with their stately minarets and towers, on another, Trafalgar Square with its famous statue of the yet more famous Nelson. As we entered the Abbey a hush seemed to fall upon us, and although we had come in a party, we wandered off one by one to let the great spirits speak to us. Every statue and bust and tomb is of interest, but I shall mention only those that stirred me most.

Near the door which we entered is a slab of dark-colored stone which marks the last resting-place of the Grand Old Man. Near it is a statue of Disraeli, on the other side a monument to the great Chatham. Though all their eloquence is hushed, yet

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

It seems as if the footprints of such men are left not in the sands of time, but in the granite rock of the ages. Turning to the wing on the right, the next one of vital interest was Wilberforce, his very name a synonym for liberty. In my thought I could see the flash of triumph in his eye, as he felt his work accomplished and slavery abolished. Near him was a life-like statue of Fox accompanied by two slaves whose hands have been stripped of their manacles, and who stand radiant in their first moments of glorious freedom.

"When a deed is done for freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic trembling on from east to west ;
And the slave where'er he cowers feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the stony stem of time.

.
Though the cause of evil prosper yet 'tis truth alone is strong ;
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels to enshield her from all wrong."

In a modest little corner almost hidden from view, I found a lovely bust of Wordsworth, his face calm, serene, with a far-away dream in his eyes, as if he still were watching the "hills grow larger in the distance" and the stars flash in the eternal blue, or as if he were gazing upon a tiny flower with the "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Here too, I found the helpful face of Thomas Arnold, strong, stern, and yet with the loving sympathy that drew the hearts of so many boys to him, and influenced them so powerfully for good.

Passing again across the main Hall I came to the poets' corner. Here I was greeted by the faces of Scott and Burns, of Johnson and Byron, Shelly and Keats. Though the "Cursed be ye who move

"my bones" has kept the ashes of Shakespeare in their first resting place in the church in Straford, a beautiful statue of the great dramatist adorns this corner where Britain delights to do honour to her illustrious dead. In the same line with Shakespeare is a bust of the late Laureate and just at the base of its pedestal, lying side by side are two modest slabs, one chiselled Browning, the other Tennyson. Here more than anywhere else the air seemed full of beautiful spirits, and voices of song, legend and story seemed to speak to my inmost soul. I know that what rests there is dust, mere dust, but sacred because of the great spirits that animated that dust and breathed through it such wonderful poems for the uplifting of humanity. Each a poet of the soul, the one inspired with a great love and thought for the Individual, while in the other "The Individual withers and the world is more and more."

"Speak to Him thou for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet;
Closer is he than breathing and nearer than hands or feet."

I could not help feeling His nearness, and praying for the hope of the one and the faith of the other, a faith and a hope which were stronger because of the struggles which their final possession entailed.

"God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face
By faith and faith alone embrace
Believing where we cannot prove"

On the left of Browning I looked for another slab or at least a statue, but in all the great resting place, I found no mark of remembrance for the poet-wife. It seemed just a little sad, that these two so united that their life together was a poem worthy of two souls so rare in genius and in song, should rest, the one under Italian blue, unnoticed in the great "Temple of fame" while the other receives all the honour that the nation can bestow! Just above Browning is an exquisite bust of Longfellow.

" . . . His fatherland must be

As the blue heaven wide and free."

In the lapel of his coat there rested a withered rose, mute token of the love of some of America's sons or daughters.

Not far away, in the greatness of heart which England *can* show, is a beautiful window to the memory of Lowell. Not only her children, but her children's children are crowned with the laurel wreath. As I turned away from the wonderful old place, a feeling of gratitude was uppermost in my heart for every lesson I had learned in History and Literature and every lesson that has helped me to understand what I read and see; and I thought, how gladly would I spend again those months and years of toil for the joy of that one day, with all that it means to me, which would have been impossible without the knowledge gained in the years gone by.

Again embarked and saw the receding cliffs of Albion, and thought of our heritage of liberty and culture, I could but repeat,
 "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land."

As I have settled in my new home in this dark, pagan country, I have thanked God for my citizenship in a Christian land, and again for the privilege of co-working with Christ for the evangelization of the world.

"Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
 Where're a human spirit strives
 After a life more true and fair,
 Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another,
 Thank God for such a birthright, brother,
 That spot of earth is thine and mine :
 That is the true man's birthplace grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland."

M. HELENA BLACKADAR, '94.

Mission House, Vizianagram, India, Feb. 12, 1900.

The 'True Basis of Empire.

The bold dash of a Canadian regiment has sounded the death-knell of a seventeenth century despotism, masked in the form of a republic. But it has taught the world anew that the real basis of an Empire, rests upon the affections of its subjects. No matter how much money or how many ships, guns or shells, a nation may have for the protection of its dominions, they will be of no avail, unless they are in hands of strong men, inspired with loyal hearts. It is true that in ancient times, kings and rulers frequently employed alien soldiers to fight their battles for dominion, but it is equally true that such conduct has contributed little to the permanent happiness of mankind. And why? Because an adventurous and mercenary spirit is absolutely opposed to the growth and perpetuation of high and holy achievements. The two things cannot permanently exist together.

The recent contributions of the colonies to the army of Great Britain, have not only disclosed the wonderful resources of the Empire but they have astonished the non-Britannic world. They have established beyond peradventure, that the strength of the British Empire lies, not in solemn agreements or written facts, but in the golden chord of love, which has entwined itself about the hearts of grateful peoples, and belted the earth with its beauty. More than this,

I hold that these manifestations of devotion constitute one of the highest and most convincing proofs of the wisdom and beneficence of English rule. Where in all history can you find such a spectacle? Do you find them in the conquered provinces of Rome? Do you find them among the subject races of Charlemagne? Has a Persian or Assyrian king left on record any such tribute to his glory? Where is the national altar of a medieval ruler or potentate upon which such spontaneous offerings have been laid? Where in the wide world to-day, can you find such colonial devotion? A truthful answer compels us to say, that no-where-else can such solidarity of affectionate regard be found.

But how shall we account for this unusual exhibition? I can only say that it seems to me, it is because Great Britain and the English race have been endowed with singular fitness for governing and assimilating subject peoples, that they understand the needs of a community and proceed to supply them, that they appreciate the value of law and order, and above all by a just and even hand the priceless boon of liberty is accorded to all classes of men alike. During the last one hundred years, Great Britain has learned very much. She has learned how to treat and command the respect of men and communities sprung from English stock. She knows that they are as jealous for the preservation of the fundamental rights of the individual, as she is. She abstains from needless and irritating interference with local self-government, so long as it does not become a sham and a humbug, or completely abridge those common and inalienable rights of civilized men all over the globe. But she does not stop here. For to her honor be it said, she holds out a protecting arm to the weak and defenceless members of the human race. If they are grossly oppressed, or their lives threatened without just cause, she insists with all the power of Empire, that no man shall deprive them of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness", unless for some adequate reason. While saying this, I do not forget that she has a kicking, bucking Ireland on her hands, that does not seem to appreciate the liberal provisions already made for the tenant-farmer. But even here we must discriminate between true and false Irish sentiment, between public opinion founded on intelligence and that which is dominated by venomous hatred and crass ignorance. If there is Irish blood flowing in the veins of those who would destroy the Empire, the world now knows that the crimson fluid has been shed by heroic Irish regiments for its consolidation.

But what of the future? Will this wonderful outburst of imperial sentiment be permanent? Will the colonies rally round the flag in the hour of England's need? Will they demand a *quid pro quo* for participation in world-wide wars? These questions are now arousing much discussion, because a new era has dawned upon British dominions. But if I do not mistake the temper of the English race, such questions will be answered by a just solution of the

problems involved. Hitherto the colonies have received the protection of England's navy, and if need be, her army, without contributing one penny to their cost. Is it right that this condition of affairs should continue indefinitely? On the contrary is it not the moral duty of self-governing colonies to redress this balance, when the stability of free institutions and the integrity of the Empire are at stake. I do not know, nor do I care, what political scheme or device may be evolved for colonial representation, so long as the basic principle of mutual affection is maintained. Without this deep-rooted feeling, constitutional formulæ, or pretty schemes of legislative apportionment, will be but so many fetters of iron, rather than bonds of union. But time will bring out the proper plan, suited to the needs of the race. No colony will be selfish, when the mother country has been generous. If a large and high-minded patriotism controls the actions of the old land, it is certain to win support and co-operation in the new. With that fitting frame of mind, will spring up more intimate relations, founded on natural and popular institutions, which shall federate the Empire and encompass British dominions from sea to sea. Heaven forbid that lust of power or greed of gold should control that establishment; and if history be any guide to the ideals of a race, she tells us with a certainty beyond cavil, that this will be an Empire in which our religious and intellectual qualities shall ripen into glorious fruition, where the weak shall be protected with the strong, where right shall be supported by might, where the waste places of the earth shall be reclaimed for man's improvement, where opportunity shall steadily be made equal, and complete liberty be accorded to every man beneath the stars.

CHARLES A. MCINTYRE.

Boston, March 9, 1900.

Dr. Drummond.

Amongst the many good things of the month, 'by no means the least was the evening with Dr. Drummond. Though the notice was short, yet a fairly good audience greeted the author of *The Habitant*, and certainly left him in no doubt of the appreciation with which his interpretation of his own poetry was received.

There is a peculiar charm in the naive, "broken English"—the ingenious inversion, the admixture of French words and idioms which characterize our French fellow countryman's use of our language. The result is not picturesqueness merely, but an appearance of simplicity, even when the speaker's feelings may be deep or his sentiment pathetic. His speech strikes our ear somewhat as do the accents of childhood. The man's intelligence is inadequately represented: his heart, perhaps, appears with less retraction through the medium of imperfect language.

Dr. Drummond has availed himself of familiar acquaintance with the mixed tongue to appeal to the love of dialect story which has recently—perhaps always—been so strong. But he has done much more than to master and reproduce the habitant's forms of expression. This alone would not have held for over an hour and a half the unbroken interest of an audience. He has studied sympathetically—or perhaps his sympathy has led him without conscious study to understand the French Canadian countryman. He shows him to us from different points of view and in various relations. As we sum up our impressions gained through the Doctor's eyes, we have to say of his habitant, first that he is a simple-minded man. Openness and frankness everywhere characterize him. When he intends to be sly, he takes you fully into his confidence, rather expecting you to admire his diplomacy.

The Doctor's hero is a lover of nature. He quaintly expresses this in "De Habitant," "Le Vieux Temps" and other pieces. His love of home and native land is very evident. He is an amorous man, and, in his mellow years, retains some sympathy with the girl who sees the moon which "isn't dat side de house."

His light heartedness leads him, in youth, to many a scene of jollity, which in later years, he recalls with easy complacency. His friendship is strong, his religious feeling is deep and not lessened by the superstition which is never absent; his patriotism is beyond question.

Dr. Drummond's rendering of his poetry gave much pleasure. He has a good voice and presence, a genial face and manner, and no little dramatic power. The raconteur whom he personifies is always the rather nonchalant habitant, who conceals his emotions, especially dissembling his satisfaction when he relates what he evidently considers a very funny incident or an excellent joke. This is without doubt a correct representation of one type: might he not perhaps read some of his poems in the person of a younger Frenchman, with less of apparent phlegm—more of vivacity and action?

We have to thank the Doctor for seizing, in his poetic and appreciative instinct, upon the salient points in the character of our compatriot of French origin, and presenting him to us in a light at once interesting and amiable.

The Canadian "Country Doctor."

I s'pose mos' ev'ry boddy t'ink hees own job's 'bout de hardes'

From de boss men on de Gouvernement to poor men on de town

From de Curè to de lawyer, an' de school-boy to de farmer

An' all de noder feller wat mak' de worl' go roun'.

But dere's wan man got hees han' full t'roo ev'ry kin' of wedder,

An' he's never sure of not'ing but work an' work away,

Dat's de man dey call de Docteur, w'en you ketch heem on de contree,
An' he's only man I know, me, don't get no holiday.

If you're comin' off de city, spen' de summer tam among us,
An' you walk out on de morning, w'en de little bird is sing,
Mebbe den you see de Docteur w'en he's passin' wit' hees buggy,
An' you t'ink "Wall, contree Docteur mus' be very pleasan't'ing.

"Drivin' dat way all de summer, up an' down along de reever,
W'ere de nice cool win' is blowin' among de maple tree,
Den affer makin' visit, confín' home before de night tam,
For pass de quiet evening wit' hees wife an' familiee."

An' w'en off across de mountain, somewan's sick, an' want de Docteur
"Mus' be fine trip crossin' over for watch de sun go down,
Makin' all dem purty color lak' w'at you call de rainbow"
Dat's way dee peep is talkin' w'en dey're leevin' on de town.

But it isn't alway summer on dee contree, an' de Docteur
He could tole you many story of de storm dat he's been in ;
How hees coonskin coat come handy, w'en de win' blow off de reever,
For if she's sam' ole reever, she's not alway sam' ole win'.

An' de mountain dat's so quiet, w'en de w'ite cloud go a-sailin'
All about her on de summer w'ere de sheep is feedin' high,
You should see her on December, w'en de snow is pillin' roun' her,
An' all de win' of winter come tearin' t'roo de sky.

Oh ! le bon Dieu help de Docteur ! w'en de message come to call heem
From hees warm bed on de night-tem for visit some poor man
Lyn' sick across de hillside, on noder side de reever,
An' he heer de mountain roarin' lak de beeg Shaw-in-i-gan.*

Ah ! well he know de warnin' ! bnt he can't stay till de mornin',
So he's hitchin' up hees lettler horse, an' put heem on burleau
Den w'en hee's feex de buffalo, an' wissle to hees pony,
Away t'roo storm an' hurricane de contree Docteur go.

Oh ! de small Canadian pony ! dat's de horse can walk de snowdreef !
Dat's de horse can fin' de road, too, he's never been before !
Kip your heart up, lettler feller, for dere's many mile before you,
An' it's purty hard job tellin' w'en you see your stable door.

Yass, de Docteur he can tole you, if he have de tem for talkin',
All about de bird was singin' before de summer lef',
For he's got dem on hees bureau, an' hees doin' it hese'f, too,
An' de las' tam I was dere, me, I see dem all mese'f.

But about de way he travel t'roo de stormy night of winter,
W'en de rain come on de spring-tem, an' de bridge is wash away,
All de hard work, all de danger, dat was offen hang aroun' heem
Dat's de tam our countree Docteur don't have very moche to say.

For it's purty ole, ole story, an' he alway have it wit' heem
Ever since he come among us on de parish Saint Mathieu,
An' I s'pose he's feeling', mebbe, jus' de sam' as noder feller,
So he rader do hees talkin' about somet'ing dat was new.

*The Niagara of the St. Maurice River.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M. D.
Author of "The Habitant," etc.

The Truth Line.

Great and manifold as are the works of the Divine Creator, as shown in the Universe, yet that intelligence which we recognize as the Soul, answering to us through eye and lip and nerve must ever remain the most wonderful, as God has shown it to be the most precious of them all.

If we go back as far as the morning of that first great Day when

“Beyond the glimmering limits far withdrawn

God made Himself an awful Rose of Dawn.”

and as the Dawn slowly opened into day and the Rose unfolded its heaven tinted petals, when the first intelligent God-created human soul dropped like a globe of heavenly dew upon the bosom of the waiting earth, and God's great perfect man into whom He had breathed the breath of His life, lifted up his face to Heaven and felt bone and muscle, nerve and flesh, answer to the Divine ideal, the morning stars must have sung together in praise and gladness. After the first human soul had watched alone for successive days, the sun rise from the outer limits of the world and wrap itself at evening in clouds of amethyst and gold, God brought to him in the afternoon of a wonderful day the first fair woman, then we do not wonder that the Creator saw that it was “good.” Straight from the Divine Heart, made in His image how fair and perfect was the human soul ! How beneficent in its morning tide were God's thoughts of it ! How unspeakable the loss and wreck which it so soon encountered, when sin threw its malign shadow over its star of life and the long train of evils which followed began their miserable march around the world ! Long has been the way traversed by the human race since the closing of the outer gates of Eden. Bravely it has borne its ceaseless sorrow and unlifting blight. The perfect was left within the gates. Yet as amid the ruins of a beautiful temple one may find a shaft or an arch, a strong column or a sculptured lily unbroken, so amid the wreck there remains much that holds the impress of the finger of God. The Divine spark was not all extinguished. Its Creator has shown us how precious is the human race in His sight, and with all reverence we say we do not wonder that Christ died for this fair lost world swept over by the surging seas of sin and sorrow. Mists thick and dark have come between us and the beginning, yet sometimes the veil grows thin and the soul reaches with dim longings back to its first home amid the beautiful eternal. As knowledge unfolds before effort is there not often a feeling as of working our way back to something once ours but lost long-ago ? Something vaguely familiar in the morning of the soul.

How the sense of “loss” inherent within us awakens at the sight of a beautiful ideal, perfected in Art, where the lines of truth seem fashioned by an inspired workman ; and stronger and deeper it

comes when harmonious chords of music respond to the touch of a Master. The consciousness of the "Lost Chord" is alive within us then.

As we watch the dropping of night's curtain, with ourselves shut in with the darkness,

Long sweeps of evening grey
And sunset story,
Revive in us the dreams
Of our lost glory.

The great seas moan the lullaby
But have no word ;
From that Atlantic's shore
No voice is heard.

Thank God that the power of evil could only becloud, not extinguish His light in the soul, and that rekindled again it shall glow upon the Hills of the Home Land forever.

"Oh never doubt that God yet loves His world." He has not left us to find our way back to Him without a guiding line. The architect, the sculptor and the painter all study the lines of proportion, of grace and beauty. By closest attention to these they achieve success. To each one of us God has given the "Truth Line" as our guide back to Himself. Indistinct and often obscured by earthly exhalations, the Truth Line is always to be distinguished amid the mists of selfishness and worldly interests, by the intelligent man or woman who lives in the light of Christian civilization. Fastened in the child conscience if we follow it and make it our rule of life it can only lead us to the Kingdom of our Father. It must be followed carefully and all our words and acts must be guided by it. Its demands are inexorable, and must be obeyed if we desire to achieve the highest life. Truth to ourselves, to the best that is within us, no matter how soft and sweet and musical the call to what is worst. Truth to our friend. True justice to our enemy if we have one. Truth to society. It has little to do with policy ; nothing with cunning or that which fears the light. Nothing with questions of success or failure.

"Whether losing whether winning
Trust in God and do the right"

To this we do not say that there will be any visible reward,

"Any plaudits of the people
Any crownings of the victor"

Yet the consciousness of integrity, the strengthening of the character, the recognition in the soul of the eternal kinship is enough. We are not supposed to make a bludgeon of truth and with it menace the countenance of our friend. "Be courteous" is as much a divine command as "Be honest." The best way to serve the world is to cultivate within ourselves all the virtues which will make home and

society places where the sweetness of God's love can manifest itself. "To grow strong enough to be content to be what we should be simply for the sake of the Right. We do suppose that it is possible for any individual with the light of God acting upon an educated conscience so to follow this truth line that he may grow strong with the consciousness of having the best that life can give within himself, and so become a dispenser of strength and elevated motive to others instead of an absorber of thinly scattered vitality.

Any position in life may afford an opportunity for this achievement because the situation is not arrived at by outward help.

How long will we have before us on the pages of The New Testament the picture of that wonderful incarnation of the Divine love as manifested through the human before we fully understand the supreme importance of the inner to the outer life. We want a kingdom in this world and are as slow as were the disciples of old to understand that the Heavenly Kingdom is a kingdom out of sight; a kingdom that finds its subjects alike in the poorest hut and in the king's palace. Where a mason squares a wall by the truth line, or a maid makes tidy the room of her mistress, where the judge renders his judgment by the line of right, or a young queen kneels before God and asks for His light by which to guide her people,

"All service ranks alike with God
With Him there is no last or first."

"No earthly crown for the victor" we say, and yet—we recall the face of a woman whom we used to see in early life. A pure, unselfish soul looked out from her eyes. The lines of her face were unconsciously pathetic, for she found herself placed in a path beset with thorns and among those alien in nature to herself; yet so perfectly was her life guided by that line of truth that she always seemed to wear a crown. In influence quiet, but always strong for the right; daily communion with her God gave her the supreme consciousness of His help through the tangled way of life. Among the faithful sentinels who stand, not on the watch tower, but in the more sacred shrine of home, who are doing more for God and the world than all the armies of all the nations, may be counted many thousands of such women. The lines which the true artist follows so closely all converge in the line of Truth.

It is this which he strains muscle and nerve to reach while his garments grow white with the marble dust that falls before the sharp edges of his chisel. When we look upon the perfected ideal with its rounded curves, and symmetry of outline, and then remember the squareness and ruggedness of the block do we count the fallen dust that obscured them as worthy of a thought. There was never an age of the world in which truth was as earnestly sought after as the present. Buried truths, forceful and dumb as the stones upon which they were written are being unearthed. Fabrics of undreamed of ages are coming up from their long silent graves and the world reads with

eagerness their voiceless history. The earth is old, old. Is it not written in this inspired record "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" and yet we are surprised when those story records are unearthed telling of ages of which we have no other knowledge. The heavens are being scanned with the telescope while the world waits, eager to hear any new fragment of truth that may have been found among the stars. What truths, great in their simplicity are being discovered in the art of healing while disease falls back and humanity rejoices at the skilled touch of the strong hand of knowledge. Hidden forces of earth air and water are being brought to our service as the light of intelligence falls upon the works of the Creator. All this is well. Yet, if into our hearts and thoughts and to our lives does not come a fuller recognition of our personal and individual duty to live true to all right principles our knowledge will be all in vain.

The truth line in Science is being more nearly reached than in the hot noon of the century when prominent leaders in scientific thought threw their glamour of words before the young eyes of the knowledge seeker. They were men of strong and doubtless of honest intentions, but they thought to find in force and matter the source and motive of its power. Has not God come again in the cool of the century's day and made plain by the words of His witnesses that science is simply a finding out and an adjustment of the laws by which he governs the universe. The two greatest poets which the century has produced, found within the truth line unfettered scope for thought and imagination. How triumphantly ring their farewell words to the world, when with glad response they answer to the "one clear call," as compared with the melancholy strains of an earlier poet, as highly gifted by nature, but who chose to sacrifice his high gift on the low altars of self and sensualism. At the close of life he tells us:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
 The flowers and fruit of life are gone,
 The worm the canker and the grief
 Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom burns
 Seems lone as some volcanic isle.
 No torch is lighted at its blaze
 A funeral pile."

If the truth line in nations were conscientiously followed would our world be so far from the millenium of peace and brotherhood. How obscured in diplomatic study of "situation," in balancing of "power," in dual and tripple alliances may become that central idea of "Might" around which the nations gather.

In all life how much effort is wasted, how many lordly pleasure houses are built, how much is lavished in enriching what will not only perish but which fails to give the desired satisfaction.

The simple every day joys of life are the best if we but bestow on them the care that is lavished on what is less valuable. To us all God has given the gladness and light of the Dawn, the rest and shelter of the fireside at evening, the response from the heart of the true friend, the sweet "you and I" of life, the consciousness of duty done, the ever new opening avenues of thought, the power of volition. If guided by the unerring line of truth in every thing, we cannot fail to gather of the best of life.

O truth of God thy power and might
 Alone can guide us to the mark,
 Uplift us from the earthly dark
 Wrap round our ignorance Thy light.

Irene Elder Morton.

Scott's Best Book.

Should an ignoramus ask "who is Scott?" in nine cases out of ten he would be told "Scott is the man who wrote Ivanhoe." That he is also the author of *Old Mortality*, *Kenilworth*; *Waverly*, *Guy Mannering* and many other works of great excellence seldom if ever enters the mind of a casual informer. In a word Chang was not more necessary to the life of Eng than Ivanhoe is to the popularity of Scott. Destroy all the author's books except this one and we scarcely lower by one peg his place in popular esteem; but throw Ivanhoe away and Scott might be described in curt biographical phraseology as "an writer of acknowledged merit whose books although much admired by a select literary clique, are generally little read." Now we do not mean by this statement to depreciate the many works of genius which with Ivanhoe comprehend the complete mental output of the great Scotch Novelist; what we mean is simply this; that one cannot read his most enthralling story without feeling at once that no futher testimony is needed to establish beyond controversy the splendid powers of it's author; and also that Ivanhoe by it's unique magnetism attracts numberless person; who would otherwise know little or nothing of Scott, many of whom are tempted to penetrate deeper into his enchanted garden of romance only by the bewitching nature of these early revelations—seductive promises (alas! somewhat illusive also) of equal and perhaps superior beauties farther on. It is not our purpose to discourse at length upon the good qualities of Ivanhoe; even a sneering generation cannot be blind to virtues so apparent. To point them out would be like showing to an Asiatic traveller the mighty Himalayahs which tower straight in front of him, and we have no ambition to act the part of an officious-guide. But a few words regarding the possible faults of the story will be permissible; partly because these are not by any means so obvious

as it's merits, and partly in order that his enlogry may appear in it's true and proper character as the work of an unprejudiced although enthusiastic lover of the Scottish Wizard. And truly we need not apprehend fatigue in the execution of our purpose.

Many readers condemn the style of Ivanhoe as heavy and monotonous, only obtaining life from the vivacious nature of the material with which it deals ; like to a stiff unyielding coat of mail upon lively Wamba. The charge is not, it must be admitted unreasonable. There is nothing light and airy about the humour of Scott ; his jokes are solemn long-winded carefully dressed creations, moving with slow, precise and dignified demeanor,—far too corpulent to break into a tro.. But we would shudder at the thought of handing them over for revision to Mark Twain or any other modern wit. Indeed they seem to suit the rather ponderous dignity of Sir Walter's composition. A flippant expression in Ivanhoe would sound very much like a joke from the pulpit—not displeasing perhaps but just a wee bit out of place.

Another element in this heaviness of style is the superfluity of detail. "Here" says Sir Walter "is a ream of paper. Yonder is a quire of plot. How can I best manage to cover the paper with the plot ?" and he proceeds to throw into the vacant space all manner of descriptive odds and ends. His long-drawn-out unimportances fatigue us at times like the incessant patter of a book agent. Wamba's fantastic habiliments are detailed with such fastidious minuteness that we could undress him in a jiffy and button him up again in a similar suit of our own tailoring. We marvel at the power of memory which Prior Aylmer of Jorvaulx Abbey must exhibit in the performance of his morning toilet. Beyond doubt this characteristic of Scott's makes everything clear and realistic, but the mind is sometimes wearied by it's accumulated burden and tempted to sing out "Stop Sir Walter, and make my lazy son Fancy do a little work." But Scott is not alone in this ; indeed it appears so be a weakness common to the major novelists. And who are we—mere grovelling unintelligent digesters—to pass judgement upon these demi-gods ?

Another querulous complaint is that Scott's people talk too well. And this is true. Gurth is only an illiterate swine-herd, and yet (Marvel of Marvels !) his sentences are models of accurate English—in fact they smell strongly of a professional class-room. Fool Wamba converses with the easy grace of a finished rhetorician : manipulates great word battalions as readily as he can dance a jig or crack a joke. Characters of higher caste (from whom we of course anticipate superior linguistic dexterity) display most elegant diction under conditions most adverse to such an exhibition. Rebecca, no doubt gifted with prophetic fore-sight, describes the Torquilstone battle with a graceful perfection of style, evidently the result of frequent previous rehearsals, and even ventures, as opportunity presents itself, upon the sweetest and most daintily dressed little moral disquisitions im-

aginable. Isaac of York, writhing in the torture chamber of Front de Boeuf, cannot forget for a moment that "correctness and perspicuity are qualities of a good style." How happy the people who can cool their excited emotions upon an ice block of rhetoric!

Despite these small defects—these tiny sun-spots—Ivanhoe will always be a source of pleasure unalloyed.—Sweet pabulum for young and old alike. We whose younger school-days are a recent memory, recall, how stumbling through the weary land of Royal Readerdom, we happened at times upon certain succulent bits of tender herbage, which we cropped and masticated with the keenest relish; how we fell in love with Sweet Rebecca and yearned impotently to resuscitate the premature, defunct Bois Guilbert, in order that Ivanhoe might "pink" him and send him off in a legitimate way; how fondly we doted upon the light-fingered but incomparable Locksley; how in company with the Black Knight we thundered upon the gates of Torquilstone and struggled with gallant de Bracy in the breach; and how our small souls, swelling with a fond desire to emulate those deeds of wonder, chafed against the restrictions of a barbarous civilization which vetoes the commission of heroic murders and builds penitentiaries for the merry disciples of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck. Now that we have come to years of scepticism and fault-finding, we still love to saunter amid the Gallant Knights, the winsome ladies, the sturdy Saxon thanes and noisy outlaws, who charmed the uncritical hours of early boyhood. And I doubt not that when we are old men with shiny temples, stiff joints and hollow jowls, a reperusal of Ivanhoe will be to us like a sip from the "Elixir of Life," a rejuvenating draught sending the scanty current dancing through our flabby systems with something of its old time impetuosity.

"Ivanhoe," declares Mr. James M. Barrie, "is the finest thing in English fiction." But be moderate Mr. Barrie. Ivanhoe, we grant you is the finest thing in English romantic fiction ("Westward ho!" is not far behind it), but we cannot yield our "Pickwick" even to the lance of Wilfred. And yet (because it is impossible to compare books of such very opposite qualities) we would be equally reluctant to place Pickwick above Ivanhoe. As to the precise place which 'Scott's Best Book,' should occupy, that of course, depends altogether upon individual taste. Some prefer love in a less heroic setting, many (out of sympathy for poor Rebecca), would like a more satisfactory, although, perhaps impossible denouement; but, accounting for all possible objections, it is obvious that any reader with wholesome literary instincts (tastes unperverted by sickly Gallic sentiment and "Nick Carter" rubbish) must give the book a conspicuous place in the very van of English fiction.

But whatever doubts we may entertain as to its exact niche in literature, Ivanhoe is, beyond question, the most *fascinating* of all stories. And why? Simply because it is an incomparable panegyric on brute force and courage. We may utter all the fine sentiments we

please about the higher element in man which raises him above his little dust-bin of a body, and relates him to divinity, we may compare him in his physical instincts with the beasts, and in his moral nature with the angels, but in our heart of hearts, we have nevertheless placed physical prowess upon a pedestal higher than any which moral courage will ever stand upon. An act of moral intrepidity is to us very grand and beautiful, but only (and this rarely happens) when it is not ambiguous or too exalted for our clay-covered souls to comprehend; our admiration at the best of times is a shrinking shame-faced thing which blushes to show itself, and expresses approval in a timid whisper. But physical courage is unmistakable. We see it with our eyes. Let a strong, brave blow be given, and we can crack the very heavens with our vocal thunders. For the "Hero" who turns the other cheek we have little sympathy, but we love with all our hearts the "brute" who knocks his adversary down.

Ivanhoe—the prose Iliad of Medieval Chivalry—appeals with subtle vehemence to this preference in human nature. It is a book of blood, turmoil, hard knocks, and valiant deeds, a book in which certain muscular animals called knights endeavour in various ways to show which one has in him most of nature and sinew of a bull. We admire the unflinching fidelity of Wamba, we revere the sweet womanly purity and gentle heroism of Rebecca, we respect the venerable Jew when for one brief moment his little soul shakes off its golden shackles and rises on the wings of parental love to altitudes of truest nobility; but it is Richard, Bois Guilbert, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, deBracy.—Magnificent brutes, splendid specimens of animal pluck and power—who are made the idols of our almost servile adoration. To them the book owes its popularity.

What character in Ivanhoe is best? Well, it is hard to choose a gem in a jeweller's window where so many rare brilliants scintillate rival charms, and it requires the hand of a specialist to select with any certainty. I think, however, we may venture to divide the palm (with perhaps an extra twig, out of courtesy, to the lady,) between Rebecca and Bois Guilbert, the two characters which to our minds seem most subtle in their drawing, and symmetrical in their proportions. Ivanhoe, apart from his military prowess, is a trifle commonplace. So is the lovely Rowena. The Saxon Thanes are little more than vitalized characteristics; they lack sphericity, if we may so express it. Divorce the Saxon from his dinner, and where is Athelstan? Check the hasty current in the veins of Cedric and find me my Lord of Rotherwood? The Jew is good—excellent indeed—but Isaac was born several hundred years before Scott adopted him: his first father called him Shylock. Isaac is Shylock in his dotage—Shylock enfeebled and unbrutalized by the passage of years. Scott is very happy in his portraits, and perhaps his genius is best in its subjective office. The Wizard takes

the cold, stiff effigies of history and breathes into their nostrils the breath of life giving them vigour, warm blood, genuine muscle, reality. Richard is not a dummy figure worked by ingenious mechanism in his stomach, nor is Robin Hood, nor is Prince John, nor is Friar Tuck (a perfect dream of clerical bacchanality). Certain over-particular persons, who will have their portraits exact even to the tiniest pimple, assert that the Richard of Ivanhoe is not the true Richard, but an idealized character crowned with a halo of romantic falsehood. The charge is superficially correct; but shall we call a man idealized merely because he cuts a very pretty figure in his best coat? History, of necessity, deals to a very large extent, with Richard the King—and it must be conceded that Richard as a sceptre-wielder was a most egregious failure. Scott paints for us the Military hero, Richard Knight-Errant—the very impersonation (if testimony lie not) of fine courtesy and chivalrous intrepidity. Richard the first must not be confounded with Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

Yonder sits Ivanhoe upon the book shelf, third row, thirty-second volume (we know just where he is) hobnobbing sociably with that dignified looking Shakespeare in the gold-laced uniform, who certainly does not seem to resent the familiarity of his shabby neighbour. What a mess he is in to be sure! "Must be as old as Methuselah" you say, with a delicate use of the hyperbole. Well, he *is* a dissipated looking chap, we grant you, but not half so old as you think him. That ragged coat (the back of it hanging down like the empty sleeve of a veteran) is really something to be proud of, for we have loved him as the Maiden in the poem loved, "Not wisely but too well," and the dear old fellow has fallen to pieces beneath continual caresses. Take him up tenderly, sir, or he will slip away from you, leaving his coat behind him—as he would have done two years ago but for needle, thread, and ingenuity. Next week we shall take him to a book binder's and get him a nice new coat of red morocco with gilt trimmings. Surely he deserves it.

R. J.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR :—

Your request for a short sketch of Yale life came to hand. Your paper has recently published such an article from the pen of a graduate of Yale who has attained goodly fame among his fellows, both on the ground of scholarship and prowess upon the Athletic field. In consequence I shall confine myself to a brief description of the advantages of the "Divinity School."

First I would notice the men making up the student body for these are even potent factors in university life. You may have the

best faculty in the land, but without well prepared and progressive students the influences of the school life will not be the most helpful. The men influence one another vastly. We are a truly cosmopolitan body, having among us representatives of twelve or more nationalities. This of itself is a broadening influence. Then these men have come from some of the best colleges of the land, and with but few exceptions are of high intelligence and excellent preparation. No one can enter into competition in such a body without having his ideas freshened and his faculties quickened. As may be learned from the catalogue many classes in Academic and graduate work are opened to the Divinity Students; in this Yale offers an advantage not found at any Divinity school this side of Chicago—that of mingling with the broad life of a great University.

We will take up in order the departments of instruction, and first we find—Old Testament Literature and History.

Hebrew has from time immemorial been the bug-bear of the "Theological Student," but with the coming of the inductive method of instruction, light has been thrown upon the intricacies of the language in the beginning of its study which seems to allure the student on, and the celerity with which some men acquire a reading knowledge of this difficult language under this system is amazing.

Prof. Curtis, who has charge of this department is thoroughly conversant with all methods of instruction and has the excellent faculty of making his men work. He was a class-mate at Union Theological Seminary of Prof. C. R. Brown of Newton, whom he much resembles in spirit and modes of instruction. This will be sufficient recommendation to all who know the latter gentleman.

The New Testament department is under the leadership of Prof. Bacon. As this is now the chief battle ground of critics we meet here all the most modern views with regard to composition and doctrine. The men are supposed to have a sufficient knowledge of Greek for exegetical purposes, so that little time is spent on what should be done in the college course. The lecture system is largely used in this department, while the men are required to do an amount of original research work. Some of the results reached would doubtless startle the brethren of the ordaining councils in the provinces, but a knowledge of the newest thought when not swallowed whole is most provocative of original thought.

One of the most popular courses of the school is that in Biblical Theology under Prof. Porter. This of course must be the ground work of all Theological Study, and in Prof. Porter we find a man peculiarly fitted to give a grounding in fundamental biblical principles, utterly devoid of prejudice and bias, deeply religious and reverential by nature, with true courage of his convictions he has reached some ground which may be considered radical and yet one cannot but feel that he may still be classed as a conservative. Such honest endeavors after truth as his lectures disclose cannot but

develop in the student the ambition to find and know that truth for himself.

In the department of History of the Church and of Doctrine we find the venerable Dr. Fisher, who is so widely known from his voluminous writings upon the subject. Writing a free easy style, the perusal of his works is a pleasure rather than a task.

Passing on rapidly to Systematic Theology, Dr. Stevens is a young and vigorous man, who follows the same school of thought as Dr. Clarke, of Hamilton. He has been spending this year abroad and will return to his work with added vim and material in the coming year.

In the line of Practical Theology or Homiletics, the student is most fortunate who sits under Prof. Brastow. His work is marvelously suggestive to the preacher. He is of the rugged, manly type of man, forceful in utterance and illuminative in his thought. His criticisms on the efforts of the student are ever just and helpful.

The matter of delivery is not forgot, but is cared for by the same instructor, who serves Newton and Harvard, Dr. Curry. He is widely known among Acadia men.

One department remains untouched—: Sociology. This at present most popular and yet inevitably most indefinite course is ordered by Prof. Blackman. He has spent the past twenty years in close study of social problems and being a man of independent mind he is amply qualified to guide young men in attaining such knowledge the subject as will be indispensable to them in the pastorate.

Having sketched thus briefly the working faculty, we might glance at the "plant." The reference library is convenient and commodious, and the best written thought on any subject covered in the various courses may be found there. The University libraries are also open to Divinity Students for any books they may need. In addition to this there is a most complete missionary library of 7000 numbers. The rooms provided for the students are in the same building with the class rooms, library and chapel, and are large, airy, and well heated. I may add an item of interest to some, that it costs less to live in New Haven than in Boston.

Acadia has at present only two representatives at Yale, but we cannot get away from Acadia's influence. We were surprised, again and again as the students returned from their homes at Christmas, to receive messages from Acadia men whom they had met during the recess. And right here, within the narrow limits of New Haven County, we have no less than six Acadians, whose names it may not be out of place to mention, in this informal article. They are, Rev. G. B. Cutten and wife, (nee Miss Minnie Brown) who are settled over the Harvard Ave. Church, New Haven, Rev. J. R. Stubbert, '71, Pastor at Southington, Misses Keirstead and Blair, teachers in the High School of Middletown, and

C. W. Jackson, '96.

Our Exchanges.

EDITOR :—W. E. MCNEILL.

Notwithstanding a statement in the editorial column of the last issue of the *McMaster Monthly* extolling its articles as "equal to the best offered by any magazine in the country," we are inclined to think that the usual high standard of the *Monthly* has not been maintained. The "Address at Alumni Meeting" by a representative of the class of '99, is in no way remarkable, while the writer of the article on "The Boer-British War" though actuated by a noble desire to justify Great Britain is merely rehearsing what for months has been the topic of all our magazines and newspapers. "The Greatness of England" is likewise somewhat stale but has the merit of being well written and free from all suspicion of bombast.

With the February number of the *Argosy* begins a series of articles addressed to those students who purpose entering professional life. The subject of the first paper is "The Christian Ministry" from which the following extract is made :—

In these days when church organization is so well established, a clergyman should have, bodily, mentally, and spiritually, very few peers . . . Many go into the ministry poorly trained and poorly read, and what is worst contented to remain so. John Wesley advised one of his preachers to read more. The reply was, I have no taste for reading or study, whereupon Wesley told him that he had better seek some other employment . . . I knew a theologian who said he could see no use for colleges as he knew enough to save souls. Very good, that was some years ago . . . The ministry would be much more respected everywhere and would retain its hold on the masses more powerfully if it were better educated. Drink deep then of the fountain of learning.

The chief feature of the last issue of the *King's College Record* is a thoughtful and well written contribution entitled "Technical Education." Arguing from the experience of England whose industrial status among the nations of Europe was attained only after the establishment of schools for the Technical Education of her workmen, the writer advocates such institutions for Canada as the great safeguard of her material interests.

The policy of every government has been to make the nation self-supporting. Everything has been done to build up great agricultural, manufacturing, and mining industries by means of a protective customs tariff, and a system of bounties and subsidies; but success is only partial and will be but partial so long as our workmen are uneducated, and foreign skill is required to fill the most important posts in mines and factories, and while a Chinese wall of tariff is necessary to protect our industries from the skilled labor of other countries. Indeed it may fairly be proposed that Technical Education is the key to that much agitated question of free trade *versus* protection. Give us workmen as skilful as those of other countries, and with our great natural advantages, and splendid resources we can hold our own against the world.

Very few of our exchanges have made any reference to the death

of Ruskin. In the *Manitoba College Journal*, however, is to be found a most reverent and sympathetic tribute to the life and work of him whom someone has called the last great Englishman.

In addition to his money, he gave himself. All his powers of mind and body were concentrated to one end, the physical, intellectual, and spiritual uplifting of humanity. Like Browning, he taught the soul; with him character was first; a man's life was not in the abundance of his possessions, but in *himself*. When a little lad in white frock and scarlet sash, he used to stand on a chair playing preacher, and he always preached the same simple sermon. "People be good, people be good." The child is father to the man. In just such straight words did he tell the British aristocracy its lofty privilege, and the British millionaire and manufacturer his plain duty. We see him standing before his generation, a prophet, serene, stern, and sorrowful, with kindness in his face and reproof and pity; and we hear his tread as the footfall of the immortals.

Exchanges received: *Manitoba College Journal*, *McMaster Monthly*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Queen's University Journal*, *McGill Outlook*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Argosy*, *King's College Record*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Niagara Index*, *Kulamazoo Index*, *College Review*, *Theologic*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Excelsior*.

Archibald Lampman's Poems.

The literary friends of the late poet Lampman, who, as a Committee of Publication, undertook to compile and publish a memorial volume of his poems, have done their work with most commendable promptness, and with entire success. The tangible result is a handsome volume of five hundred pages from the press of Morang & Co., Toronto. Little more than a year has gone by since the poet passed away, and it is most gratifying that so soon the public are in possession of the gathered results of his too brief life, and in a form so satisfactory every way. The portrait of the vanished face at the beginning of the book is a pleasing work of art, and an excellent representation of the original. The memoir from the pen of Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott is discriminating, sympathetic, and in the best taste.

The volume includes the contents of "Among the Millet" published in 1888; "Lyrics of Earth" published in 1893; "Alcyone" which was in the printer's hands when the poet died; besides numerous Sonnets, Ballads and other poems, which appear in collected form for the first time. The book is full of poetic insight and artistic expression, and deepens the reader's regret that a life which promised so well should have been caught off before the meridian was reached. Lampman was a true if not a great poet. As one reads he is exhilarated by the absolute purity of the atmosphere, and charmed by the artistic beauty and finish of thought and expression. Had the poet lived to riper years it is conceivable that a deeper philosophy of life and nature might have become his, and that he might have

risen to greatness. As it is, his name and work will hold a permanent place in Canadian literature. We agree with Lampman's own judgment that his sonnets embody his finest work.

Dr. Rand's New Book.

We have received from the William Briggs Publishing House, Toronto, the prospectus of "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," by Professor Theodore H. Rand D. C. L. This book will appear in May next, in London, Toronto, and New York. It will be not a voluminous work, designed for companionship with encyclopedias, and for use only as a book of reference, but a compact manual of 400 pages, for the table and everyday perusal. It will contain worthy specimens of English-Canadian verse, largely lyrical, chosen from the entire field of history. Many of the poems will appear here for the first time. A valuable feature of the book will be brief biographical notes of authors. With his broad sympathies, and critical and chastened taste, Dr. Rand cannot fail to give to the public a book at once catholic, simple, and pure every way. We shall await the new-comer with great eagerness.

De Alumnis.

EDITOR : S. S. POOLE.

Said John Stuart Mill: "Put your son apprentice to a shoemaker, there is little doubt of his learning to make a pair of shoes; but send him to study the law, it is at least twenty to one if ever he makes such proficiency as will enable him to live by the business." The natural inference is that only those of exceptional ability attain success in the profession, and it is fair to add that if to ability be coupled those high moral qualities that characterize the *true man*, the chances for success are thereby enhanced.

ACADIA can point with pride to the number of her graduates who have achieved this success and risen to positions of influence at the Bar. Four of her sons are Judges, and a large number of others are practising law successfully both in Canada and the United States. Among the latter are H. A. Lovett of Truro and H. T. Ross of Bridgewater; they stand in the front ranks of the young lawyers of Nova Scotia. Their rise at the Bar has not been a phenomenal thing, it has been rather a steady growth, and is the result of that conscientious and upright dealing that wins the confidence and patronage of the people. Their past career is a guarantee for the future, and as our country and legislative halls need just such men, they will doubtless, ere many years pass, be called to positions where their influence will be even wider and more potent than at present.

We have been fortunate in securing for publication this month interesting sketches of both these men ; these sketches will be doubly interesting when it is understood that the one of Mr. Lovett was written by Mr. Ross and *vice versa*, neither gentleman knowing that the other was writing such a sketch. The ATHENÆUM wishes to thank both for their kindness in adding not only to the interest of this column, but also to its usefulness.

HENRY A. LOVETT.

The subject of this brief sketch was born in Kentville in the year 1867, and is now in his thirty-fourth year. His father Henry Lovett, comes of Royalist stock, and is a man of energy and independence of character. His mother (*nee* Johnstone) is a lady of refined tastes and gentle manners, whose Christian charity knows no limits.

Mr. Lovett commenced his studies at Wolfville with the class in Horton Academy that matriculated in June, 1882, and thereafter continued in due course until graduated in 1886. During the first two years of his college course, serious studies cannot be said to have had the chief place, though a respectable standing was maintained. Always fond of sports and the society of friends, a considerable portion of time was devoted to these. In the third and fourth years of the undergraduate course new ideals came into view, and he addressed himself to his work with zeal, to his own immediate advantage and the delight of his instructors. The year following was spent in the law course of the University of Michigan, where the Nova Scotian's talent was recognized, and a leading place in a secret society comprising the best men in that great school was soon his. The three following years were spent in Halifax, in the law offices of Graham, Borden & Co., and in this time also the L. L. B. course was successfully compassed in Dalhousie University. During these years he acquired the reputation of a tireless worker. No labour was too great to bestow upon anything assigned him to do, and when admitted to the Bar in April, 1890, Mr. Lovett stood equipped with habits of industry, knowledge of legal principles, and that rare mental make up which the Mistress of the Law demands as a passport to success in her precincts.

In the autumn of 1890 the firm of Cummings and Lovett commenced a general law business in the Town of Truro, and acquiring a good clientele continued in business until 1897, when Mr. Cummings retired for other pursuits. Since that time Mr. Lovett has carried on a large practice in that town with profit to his clients, and to himself. His rise at the bar has been rapid and few practitioners in Nova Scotia can point with greater satisfaction to cases appealed and argued in the last eight years, and found in the Supreme Court of Canada Reports. In the case of Morse and Phinney, 24 Supreme Court of Canada Reports, Mr. Justice Taschereau in giving the judgment of the majority of that Court, reversing the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, adopted in the substantive part of his judgment as a statement of the

law governing the matter in dispute, the argument verbatim in the appellant's factum as written by Mr. Lovett. The latter when complimented by a friend at the bar on this adoption of his argument laughingly said "Probably his Lordship was somewhat indolent and was satisfied to take it as he found it."

And while the law occupies the first place, the domains of literature and philosophy claim attention, and to the comprehension and discussion of these there is brought that acumen and closeness of thought which a training at the bar affords.

But better far than all this is the possession of integrity and good name, and to these "immediate jewels" Henry A. Lovett can lay claim.

HENRY T. ROSS.

The subject of this sketch was born and spent the years of his youth and early manhood at Margaree in the County of Inverness, Cape Breton. I would I had the pen of a Blackmore so that I might furnish the reader a glimpse of that little hamlet and its surroundings. He would have made you see the neat sweet dwellings dotting a "quiet vale shut out by Alpine Hills from the rude world," the clear river running like a silver thread through the rich green meadows and beyond the purple hills in whose bosom, the valley seems to rest; he would have made you hear the music of birds and running water, the lowing of the cattle, the hum of contented labor, the whir of the Sportman's line and the music of his reel; and he would have made you feel the strength and beauty of a life removed from artifice and close to nature.

The environment in which Ross was reared and in which I afterwards learned he delighted was no doubt responsible in some degree for the manner of man I found him when I made his acquaintance during my undergraduate years at Acadia College. He was my senior by one year. From the beginning he took a first place, not only in the different departments of study, but also in the estimation of Professors and Students alike. Modest, studious and retiring he was nevertheless a delightful companion, a sympathetic listener, quickly responsive to the beautiful in literature and in nature and expressing his thoughts with marked clearness although with diffidence. I must not forget his sense of humor and his rare laugh. Never had I heard truer laughter; it welled up from the inmost recesses of the man, and the most cross grained or depressed could not withstand its infection. It followed naturally that Ross became the confidant and fast friend of many a wild lad at college. That friendship always foreboded well for the lad.

Ross received his B. A. degree in 1885 and also holds certificates for work done in several subjects outside those specified in the curriculum. I have omitted to state what was the fact that Ross paid his own way through College. After receiving his B. A. degree he became Master of the Academy at Bridgewater, Lunenburg County, where he taught for a year with marked success previous to commencing his reading for the bar. In 1886 he entered the office of Messrs Eaton & Beckwith as an articled student and afterwards became a student at Dalhousie Law School working in vacation and out of hours at other employment to pay his way. At Dalhousie Law School he maintained a high place during his whole course and in 1889 received the degree of L. L. B. and a few months later in the fall of the same year was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia. He immediate-

ly opened an office in Bridgwater, the scene of his former labors as a teacher, where he has since acquired the confidence of the community in a marked degree and enjoys a large practice.

His love of literature is still undimmed and if you could enter his home on almost any evening when his business does not call him to his office you will find him in a comfortable little room surrounded by the cream of the world's best literature and deep in the pages of a well bound volume. Neither has his native Margaree lost its spell. In the summer vacation, with his good wife and three sturdy boys he journeys back to the old haunts and with rod and line easily falls into the old companionship with the friends of his boyhood both human and natural.

Henry T. Ross is a man of whom Acadia College may well be proud.

Personals.

The following is from an American paper:—"At a meeting of the directors and the society of the Brookline Baptist Church, held last evening, Rev. Avery A. Shaw of Windsor, N. S., was unanimously called to assume the pastorate of the church. Mr. Shaw is a young man of promising ability, and when supplying the pulpit of this church last December made a very favourable impression upon the congregation. It is thought very probable that Mr. Shaw will accept the call."

Mr. Shaw was graduated from Acadia in 1892. He studied theology at Rochester and in his senior year at that institution was called to the pastorate of the Windsor Baptist Church where he has since been laboring. His work there has been very successful. It will be remembered that in the great Windsor fire the Baptist Church edifice was among the buildings that went down in the flames. With his characteristic energy Mr. Shaw threw himself into the task of rebuilding; his enthusiasm and earnestness put strength into many fainting hearts and to-day, largely as a result of his untiring efforts the Baptists of Windsor have an edifice that compares favourably with any in the province.

If Mr. Shaw accepts the call that has been extended to him the Baptist Ministry of Nova Scotia will lose one of its strongest men.

C. W. Jackson, '96, is taking the middle year Divinity work at Yale University, and filling the pastorate of the Union Baptist Church of Montowese, Conn.

W. F. Verge, '02, H. C. Mersereau and V. Saunders, '03 have enlisted in the provisional battalion for garrison duty in Halifax. We wish them success and a safe return.

Arthur S. Burns, '98, is studying in the McGill Medical School preparatory to entering the medical profession.

We regret to learn of the severe illness of Rev. C. W. Rose, '98. Mr. Rose, who has been labouring in Nelson, B. C., has been compelled to resign his charge and return to his native province. It is hoped that an extended rest may restore his health.

Obituary.

It is our sad duty to record the death of one of Acadia's noblest sons, Fred M. Shaw, who died at Denver, Col. on the 17th. of March.

Mr Shaw was born at Waterville, Kings, N. S., May 25th., 1868. During his youth he attended the public school in Berwick and very early gave promise of exceptional ability. He applied himself to his work with such diligence that before leaving the school he had successfully compassed the work for the C. and B. licenses.

In 1886 he was matriculated into Acadia College where he carried his work uninterruptedly till his graduation in 1890. While in College he did a large amount of extra work and at the close of his Junior year successfully passed the examinations for the A license.

After graduating he accepted a position on the staff of Instructors in Horton Academy where he taught for two years. While there he partly decided to enter the ministry, and during the summer of '92 supplied the pulpit of the Antigonish Baptist Church. In the fall of '92 he entered Rochester Theological Seminary and completed the first year's work in that institution. The summer vacation of '93 was spent in Parrsboro where he filled the pastorate of the Baptist Church. But ere the summer had passed Mr. Shaw concluded that his life work was to be in the teaching profession; accordingly in the fall of the same year he entered the State Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass. After graduating in '95, he taught for a time in Avon, Mass. severing his connection with the school in this place to accept a position in Paterson, N. Y. During his stay in Paterson in addition to his regular work, he taught a night school three nights in the week, a Sabbath School class of one hundred men in the First Baptist Church and carried the Ph. D. course in the University of New York City taking his residence work on Saturdays. This heavy load of work proved too great for his already enfeebled health which finally broke down under the strain and he was ordered by his physicians to Colorado. After a short rest he was appointed Principal of the Grammar School in Castle Rock where he remained for a few months. Early in '99 he accepted the Principalship of the Columbian School in Denver, which position he held till his death teaching up to three weeks of the end. Mr. Shaw was married on Christmas day, 1898, to Miss Edna Lincoln of Dorchester, Mass., a graduate of the Bridgewater Normal School. He leaves one son two weeks old.

As a teacher Mr. Shaw had few equals; his work in the classroom showed that same care and thoroughness that was always characteristic of him. The breadth of his mind and keenness of his thought have enriched many a young life and inspired it to nobler ideals. He was a good thinker; a careful student; an indefatigable worker. A man of integrity, frankness and sincerity, he was known only to be loved.

The *Athenæum* sympathizes most deeply with those who have thus early been called to mourn the loss of one for whom such a bright future was opening.

The Month.

EDITORS :—W. H. LONGLEY AND MISS A. A. PEARSON.

The patriotic spirit of which so much has been said and written

has been very manifest in Wolfville of late both in connection with town and institutions. The first outburst occurred on the receipt of the news of the relief of Ladysmith. A procession of horse and foot, headed by the W. B. B., marched through the streets of the town and cheered enthusiastically at the homes of Wolfville's representatives in the contingents now at the front. Much ardor was shown at the Sem., where the procession was greeted by teachers and pupils. After the retreat of the calvary of the town contingent Capt. Mersereau withdrew his forces to a small Kopje at the rear of the college, where they were drawn up in fighting order. The Sems. under Commandant MacDonald and various field-cornets made a reconnaissance in force. By admirable strategy and skillful manoeuvres they were surrounded and forced to surrender unconditionally, but were later let free on parole. The Chip-Hallers were foremost in the charge and their gallantry has received merited praise.

As a conclusion of the celebration, there was a large bon-fire on the Campus in the evening. Patriotic citizens were there, and by fire-light, in a hail of snow-balls renewed their youth by playing "Boer." At each salvo from the riflemen the pseudo Boers fell promiscuously and were collected by the ambulance-corps under the able direction of R. E. Harris. The efficiency of this corps was especially noticeable in the celerity and tenderness with which the wounded were carried from the fighting-line. While the embers smouldered, the crowd dispersed bearing in mind many laughable incidents and singing songs more or less fitting to the occasion.

On March 2nd, a reception the old yet ever new was given by the Acadia Amateur Athletic Association to the college and affiliated institutions. College Hall was very prettily decorated for the occasion in red, white and blue, the national colors. Guns with fixed bayonets, and tennis rackets tranquilly reposed side by side on the platform. The hall, indeed, presented a martial appearance. Notwithstanding the warlike preparation no serious encounter occurred and the ten engagements, as far as is known, were brought to a peaceful issue. This reception is the second which the Association has given. Its success makes it hoped by many that in future this function may be anticipated as one of the pleasant innovations in the routine of college life.

A Patriotic Concert was given in the college Hall on March 9th by amateur performers of the college, town and seminary. The nature of the entertainment as well as its philanthropic object combined in securing a large audience. Although the door was not to be opened until half-past seven, a great multitude long before this time, had assembled in such numbers, that probably many years have passed since Wolfville has witness such a scene. All the varied characteristics of the mob were set forth and when the door was at length opened many were thankful to have escaped with their lives. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags, rifles and the national colors. The program for the most part was well selected and executed, and it is deeply regretted that because of the value of the limited space at our command the different numbers cannot be published. The military character of the programme was well calculated to arouse enthusiasm and loyalty for our country and the "Soldiers of the Queen". Among the numbers most appreciated, by the audience, may be mentioned a tableau, "Rule Britannia," rifle and bayonets exercises and a thrilling patriotic address by Dr. Trotter, who so vividly portrayed the ability and courage of England's Statesmen, Army, and Generals, that the conviction settled deep in every breast

that "Britannia rules the waves" and "Britons never shall be slaves."

An evening, full of enjoyment, was spent in College Hall on Friday, March 16th. The occasion was the annual "At Home" of the Propylæum. The guests of the society were received by Misses Colwell and Perkins. Music by the town orchestra accompanied each topic. The decorations of the corners occupied by the different classes and festooned with their colors, together with the red white and blue of the patriotic decorations recall our early ideas of the hues of that well-known garment mentioned in our most ancient history and, though we cannot state that harmony was preserved as well as in the tints of the rainbow, we can say that the combined effect was certainly pleasing. After the usual two hours had but too quickly passed the familiar tones of "God Save the Queen" declared the reception at an end, and having left the room and inspected the weather with some the vital question seemed to be "Who's to look after the girl?"

The third of the "University Course" of lectures was delivered in College Hall by Dr. Trotter on Friday evening, March 23rd. Dr. Trotter was at his best and with careful preparation and an interesting subject "The Oxford Movement" held the attention of his audience to the process of the undoing of the Reformation in England. In preface he dealt with the origin of the movement, which arose from the liberalism of the early years of this century, had its opportunity in the character of the church and took its form from the spirit of romanticism. Passing over the leaders and their respective connections with the movement, he fully discussed the nature, growth and future prospects of this reflux of the wave of the Reformation. Such lectures cannot but have an educating influence upon any audience and fully justify the pains taken by the students to recure them for themselves in particular and the public in general.

With hockey ended for the time, it seems not out of place to give an epitome of our season's sport. The league if it may be so called included the classes of the college—the Seniors excepted—and the Academy. No team as results stand has the honor of being either first or last, since the Academy and Freshmen teams tie with one win and the Sophs. and Juniors with two each. Each of the latter claims the championship, and supports its claims by reasons conclusive to its own members. As words in this case fail entirely in producing conviction the burning topic of pre-eminence must be left to arbitration of stick and puck of next season and with as honest play as there has been this season may the better team win.

Saturday evening, March 24th., Dr. W. H. Drummond, the well-known Canadian poet, in his "Evening with the Habitant" aroused and for two hours maintained a state of lively interest in his hearers. The readings and recitations in the French Canadian dialect, of which the speaker is a master, were delivered with a clearness of voice which made them extremely plain, when the broken character of the language is taken into consideration. Each selection had something tending to excite attention and from the variety of the programme, a well-defined idea of several phases of the life of the habitant might be formed. While the poem "The Cure's Bell" was probably the best, all were redolent of nature and life and running through the whole gaunt of feeling from humor to pathos they afforded pleasant entertainment for a few hours relaxation from mental exertion.

Locals.

EDITORS :—L. L. SLIPP AND MISS M. S. COLDWELL.
Baseball and sups.

The eternal fitness of things—Freshmen adorned with St. Patrick decorations.

Sem. (watching procession of students and spying freshmen in the rear)—“Oh here comes the infantry.”

New version of the parable of the prodigal son—Fell on his neck and killed him.

College Girl (in the throes of introducing)—“Oh is your card full.”

M-n-n-g, “I am very sorry but I have no topic for you.”

Verdant Sem. at reception, “Are those young men who wear the roses ministerial students?”

It is rumoured that the bouquet tendered to the lady soloist at the patriotic concert was composed wholly of *Coliflowers*.

HOCKEY.

Sem. vs Co-eds.

May 24th 1900.

A good game is expected.

Proceeds in aid of the Sem Measle Fund. Admission 15cts
Reserved Seats 35cts. Freshmen admitted free.

All Come

Good Heckey

Good Ice.

(Prof. in Chemistry)—What weights would you use most advantageously?

Freshette (eagerly) “*Franklins*.”

Sem. to Sc-rm-n—“Have you ever read the book entitled THE LITTLE MINISTER.”

Poole going away to preach and having a heavier sermon than usual was obliged to take the freight train.

Soph at reception—“Say Hutch have you met Miss Ditto yet.”

Hutch—“Yes I have six topics with her.”

The epidemic of looking up at the sem. has indeed spread very rapidly and is now reigning supreme among the kindergartens of the Academy.

Prof.—“Why is it that our college is such a learned place?”

Freshman—"Doubtless it is because the freshmen bring a little learning to it and the seniors never take any away."

It appears that a brilliant Junior has been giving much time of late to mathematics. He reasons in this way. If the cost of one topic is x then $2x$ would be the *price* of two topics.

GREAT IS THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A Ministerial Junior is in danger of losing his reputation, during a recent session of the history class he walked directly to the *bar*.

The prayer of a certain sem. Genesis xxiv chap. 12th. verse 2nd clause.

P-it-zh, after reception, "It is pretty hard luck when a fellow asks four Sems for the pleasure of taking them to the conversazione and is refused every time."
Sympathizer. "Well if I was you I would ask no *Mo(o)re*."

1st Sem "Why my dear you look ill."

3rd Sem. "Yes I have an awful pain about my *Temple*."

Prof. in German—"Well Mr. Boggs suppose we put this sentence into German, Where does Mr. Brown live."
Boggs.—"I don't know, ask Haley."

Stranger at Dr. Drummond's lecture—"Who are those fellows up in the gallery."

Student,— "Why they are Chip *Hollers*."

Sem. on Ladysmith day,— "Who has charge of the student's company."

2nd Sem.— "General Debility I guess."

The time has at length arrived which stands out in the history of every freshmen class, the time for the class picture. Every day we see these verdant youths decked in cap and gown (borrowed plumes,) parading the streets. We hope that this rehearsal will soon end, as the upper class men are beginning to despair about every seeing their regalia again.

Acknowledgments.

E. E. Faville, \$2.00 ; Miss A. Pearson, .85 ; A. H. M. Hay, \$2.00 ; Prof. E. Haycock, \$1.00 ; C. W. Jackson, \$2.00 ; Miss J. O. Bostwick, .75 ; Max Bowlby, \$1.00 ; O. C. S. Wallace, \$1.00 ; C. L. Vaughn, \$2.00 ; Rev. G. E. Whitman, \$1.00 ; C. L. Borden, \$3.50 ; O. D. Harris, \$3.50 ; Starr Son & Franklin, \$2.50 ; E. S. Crawley, \$1.00 ; H. M. Watson, \$1.00 ; Minto Care, \$1.00 ; W. S. Wallace, \$2.00 ; W. W. Robson, \$2.00 ; N. M. Sinclair, \$1.75 ; E. B. Bishop & Son, \$1.00 ; Extra Copies, .30—Total \$33.15.

ON
MONDAY

of each week, Laundry parcels received till 9 30 a. m. for Globe Laundry, St John, at our different agencies in Wolfville Room 5 Chip Hall, Room 29 Academy, Seminary, and at Wallace's Taylor shop and return each week.

ON
WEDNESDAY

LOOK

A few of the many Text-books kept on hand at

HALL'S BOOK STORE

in the goodly city of Fredericton, N. B.

THE FOLLOWING GREEK AND LATIN AUTHORS

with Notes and Vocabulary for 40c., Postage Extra.

Horace Odes, Books 1, 2, 3, &c &c.
Homer, Iliad, Books 1, IV, VI &c.
Cicero, De Senectuti, De Amicitia &c.
Virgil, Aeneid, Book 1—VI.
Caesar, Gallic War, Books 1, 11, 111.
Xenophon Anabasis, Books 1, 3, 4, &c.
Euripides Alcestes,—Heebua—Medea.

Livy,—Books 1 to 21.
Aeschylus—Prometheus Victus.
White's Eng.-Lat. and Lat.-Eng Dictionary \$2.00 post paid.
Liddell & Scott, Greek-Eng. and Eng. Greek Lexicon, \$2.00 post paid.
French-Eng. & Eng. French Dictionary \$2.00 post paid.

M. S. HALL, FREDERICTON.

WM. REGAN

HARNESS MAKER.

Dealer in Horse Furnishing Goods
OF ALL KINDS.

LOWEST PRICES.

Sleigh Bells & Robes

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

MISS GRACE J PATRIQUIN
ELOCUTIONIST.

Teacher of Reading, Vocal Culture
Physical Culture
Graduate of Boston School of Expression.

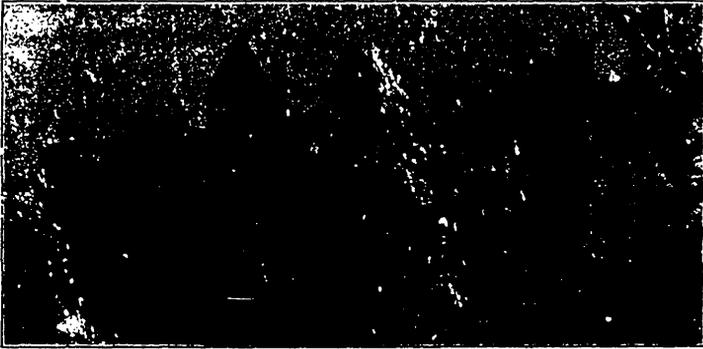
FLO. M. HARRIS

Removed One Door West of
Rockwell and Co's

Headquarters for School Supplies.

Teachers & Students.
Should remember that I offer them special Inducements on School and Stationery Supplies.

For financial success any paper is largely dependent upon its advertising columns.



ACADIA SEMINARY

(FOUNDED 1879)

Offers Unrivalled Opportunities to Young Ladies seeking a
FIRST CLASS EDUCATION.

The Location is delightful, the Influences the best, the Efficiency of
the Teaching Staff Unquestioned.

STAFF OF INSTRUCTORS.

Rev. J. H. MacDonald, B. A., Principal, History, Bible,	Mabel E. Hall, A. T. C. M., Elocution, Gymnastics.
Evelyn O. Johnson, B. Ph., Vice-Principal, History of Art, Geometry, Physiology.	Lita A. Gillmore, Director of Piano.
Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D.D., LL. D., Ethics.	Mrs. M. A. Chubbuck, Piano.
Adella G. Jackson, M. A., Latin, English, Science.	Grace B. Reynolds, Piano.
Ida E. MacLeod, B. A., French, German.	Minnie E. Chipman, Drawing and Painting.
Flora L. Chute, Assistant in English and Mathematics.	Maysie I. Ashtenau, Voice.
	Herr Bruno Siebels, Violin.
	Nenee S. Caider, Stenography and Typewriting.

The object of this school is to provide a broad and thorough education for young women, which will prepare them for the different walks of life. It seeks to train and develop the mind, to cultivate the heart, to mould the character, and to impart lofty aims and ideals. It recognizes Christian culture as the basis of true womanhood, and therefore, constantly surrounds its students with the ennobling influence of a Christian home.

Autumn term opens Sept. 6, winter term January 10.

For Catalogue and further information apply to the Principal,

J. H. MacDonald,
Wolfville, N. S.

You can make our paper more valuable as an advertising medium.

The Nova Scotia School of Horticulture.

Open Each year from November 1st to May 1st.

This school now opening upon its sixth year's work, offers a liberal and thorough course to those students desirous of obtaining a practical education with a correct and complete knowledge of Horticulture and its kindred branches. The course in Botany is a strong one.

A school that is to the farm boy what the city academy or the business college is to the town boy who is to devote himself to a trade or profession.

A well equipped green house and laboratories make the work thorough and practical.

The following chief points of advantage necessarily present themselves:

1st—Free Tuition to all Students.

2nd—Situated in a University Town with good influences.

3rd—Library and Reading Room containing the best literature of the present time.

4th—The Nova Scotia School of Horticulture is the only free one of its kind in Canada.

A visit and thorough inspection of the workings of the institution is solicited.

Those desirous of attending should write for circulars and information to

F. C. Sears, Director.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

School Supplies

And Where to Buy Them

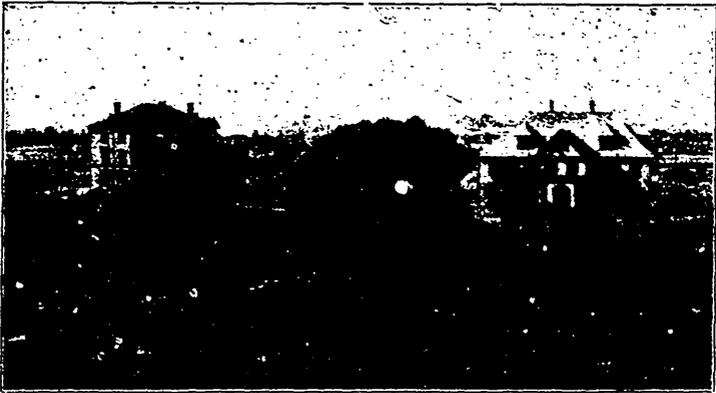
THE WOLFVILLE BOOK STORE

We are selling Scribblers, Note Books, Tablets, Etc. at lower prices than you can buy the same for elsewhere. Call and see for yourself. Books not in stock ordered at lowest prices.

Rockwell & Co.,

Wolfville, N. S.

By noting carefully who do and who do not advertise with us.



ACADEMY HOME AND MANUAL TRAINING HALL.

STAFF OF INSTRUCTORS.

H. L. BRITTAIN, M. A. Science, English, and Ancient History.
 E. W. SAWYER, B. A. Greek Latin, History
 CHAS. E. MORSE, B. A. Mathematics, English
 LESLIE W. FAIRN, Manual Training, and Architectural Drawing.
 L. E. WORTMAN, M. A. French.
 WARREN STEELE, Geography and Arith.

The Academy prepares for Matriculation and Provincial Examinations, and for business.

The Manual Training School gives instructions in drawing Carpentry, Wood Turning, Iron Work at the Forge, etc. preparing students looking forward to Applied Science Engineering, Mechanics, etc. With this course are co-ordinated Mathematics, French etc., of the Academy Course.

Write for Circular and further particulars to H. L. BRITTAIN, PRINCIPAL.

W. J. BALCOM

LIVERY  STABLE

GOOD TEAMS

Single or Double. Competent Drivers

Accommodation For Transient Feeding

MODERATE

E B SHAW

CUSTOM MADE

Boots & Shoes

of all kinds made at short notice
 Repairing a speciality Terms cash on delivery of Goods

You can get all kinds of

Correct Job Printing.

At the Office of the "Acadian", McKenna's Block, next to the Post Office
 Special attention is paid to College Work.

And then giving the preference in every case to those who patronize us

C. M. VAUGHN.

F. W. WOODMAN

The Wolfville Coal & Lumber Company.

GENERAL DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling Wood, Etc., Also Bricks, Clapboards, Shingles, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood Flooring, Rough and finished Lumber of All Kinds.

Discount to Students.

AGENTS FOR

The Bowker Fertilizer Co. of Boston.
Haley Bros., Builders' Supplies.

WOLFVILLE, N. S

A. E. COLDWELL,

W. G. BORDEN

COLDWELL & BORDEN,

DEALERS IN

All kinds of Hard and Soft Coals,

Kindling Wood always in Stock.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS.

WOLFVILLE, - - NOVA SCOTIA.

MINTO CAFE

We keep the largest and best assortment of Confectionery in town.

Oysters Temperate Drinks, etc.

On a cold night try our Baked Beans or Clam Chowder.

A. C. MORE,

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.

Corner Main and Aberdeen Sts.,

Kentville N. S.

Acadia Students are invited to call and see us

A. L. HARDY

PORTRAIT AND
VIEW PHOTOGRAPHER.

Special Discount to Students at various Wolfville Institutions

FINEST ASSORTMENT OF VIEWS.

of all points through the Land of Evangeline from Digby to Halifax

AGENT FOR ENLARGING PORTRAITS

Views on sale at J. F. Herbin's & R. H. Tweedell's, Wolfville; R. L. Fullers', Kentville.

The Acadia Forward Movement

Is one of the greatest events in the history of the College and has done a great deal for Acadia; but it has not done as much for the Student as we have.

We offer him the latest styles and cloths at prices that cannot be competed with by any tailoring establishment in the Province.

Our Terms

Are easy and enable the student to keep himself properly and stylishly clothed which he cannot do with ready-made clothing. How much nicer it is to have a perfect fit and satisfaction than to have them hang loose and not last any time.



Our Stock.

Is complete in every line. We carry a fine assortment of English, Scotch Irish & Canadian tweeds and worsted overcoatings, suitings and trouserings. We are the local agents for the famous Tyke and Blenheim Serges.

Come and see them.

Fine Laundry Agency in Connection—We call for your parcels Tuesday and deliver them Friday or Saturday, any finish you want.

WOLVILLE CLOTHING COMPANY,

Gent's Fine Tailors,

NOBLE CRANDALL, Manager.
Telephone No. 35.

 WOLVILLE, N. S.