



Os Wallace

The Acadia Athenaeum.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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Snowflakes

OUT of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded:
This is the secret of despair
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M. A.

WE are privileged in this issue of the ATHENAEUM to furnish our readers with a brief mention of Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M. A., the recently-appointed Chancellor of McMaster University, Toronto, whose portrait forms the frontispiece to our magazine.

Otis C.S. Wallace, on his father's side of Covenanter stock, was born at Canaan, near Kentville, N. S., in 1856. On his mothers side he is related to that William Witter, who figures so prominently in the history of the persecuted Baptists of the Massachusetts colony. As a boy he studied in the public schools of this province, where he secured a First-class Teachers license at the early age of fourteen. In the following year he began teaching in his native county, conducting school at Walbrook, and later at Greenwich and at Church St.

It was during this time that he became converted and was baptised, when in his seventeenth year, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, D. D. Realizing the claims of the gospel ministry upon him, he abandoned the teaching profession, and in the following spring, placing himself at the disposal of the Home Missionary Board, he began to preach at Dalhousie and Springfield, N. S.

In the Autumn of 1873, he removed to Massachusetts and for upwards of two years had a successful pastorate of the Baptist church in Chelmsford Centre, near Lowell. He then spent two years at Worcester Academy, preaching meanwhile in the neighboring towns of Boyleston and Spencer.

Returning to his native province in 1879, Mr. Wallace entered Acadia College, where his course was distinguished by marked success, taking honors during his course in Classics and Philosophy. Graduating in 1883 he at once proceeded to Newton Theological Seminary, whence he was called to ordination in 1885 by the First Baptist Church in Lawrence, Mass., (where President Sawyer had been ordained some years before). Here he enjoyed a most successful pastorate for six years. He received the degree of Master of Arts from this institution in 1889. In 1891 he removed to the pastorate of Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, where he has labored until the past summer, when he was called to the Chancellorship of McMaster University.

Since entering upon pastoral work, Professor Wallace has also devoted much time to Bible study and teaching. He is one of the charter members of the Bible Study Union and was chosen Vice-President of this body in 1893. He has greatly furthered denominational interests by conducting Bible clubs in connection with the American Institute of Sacred Literature. Also, for three weeks in the summer of 1894, he lectured for President W. R. Harper, at Chautauqua upon the Teachings of Jesus.

Nor do the above constitute the entire result of Prof. Wallace's work. From the beginning of the B. Y. P. U. Association movement he has been closely identified with its interests, and the first series of Lessons in the Sacred Literature Course were written by him and now appear in a bound volume. He has further published a most attractive volume entitled "The Life of Jesus," and at present is Canadian editor of the Baptist Union.

Of attractive person, pleasing manner, liberal culture, wide experience and thorough christian consecration, the

new Chancellor already has thrilled McMaster with a vigor which warrants the confidence reposed in his call to this responsible position.

Words as an Instrument of Mental Culture.

An address delivered by Prof. Jones at the opening of the College. October 7th, 1895.

EVERY word would have a message for the scholar—a message at once definite and quickening. The word comes and finds no one to read its secret. It seems to be dead, either because the dead hand has been laid upon it, or because it lies torpid in deadened faculties. The beauty and the fullness of the message are unfolded to the patient, loving, and sympathetic soul. The seed-wheat lies in the Egyptian mummy case for centuries. For centuries they lie inert and profitless until soil and sunshine and shower invite them to a resurrection of potency and beauty. So with words in the barren or passive brain. The conditions of life are wanting, how can they fructify? They are like pollen coming into contact with sterile stigmata. There is no life answering to life. The words come unto their own, but their own read not their messages. Not read, not assimilated, no life imparted. And yet there could not be a more soul-enlarging and soul-enlightening study than that of the origin, history and life of words. On the very threshold of this study a glimpse is caught of the wide fields awaiting exploration, and you begin to feel a beauty that grows upon you as you advance. You feel the soul that throbs within the body now made beautiful by its own indwelling light. To the earnest seeker only the revelation comes. To get to the central meaning of a word—at its very tap-root which often strikes so deep—from which alone the varied shades of meaning become explicable and clear—these meanings being the lateral shoots—to perceive all the manifoldness of meaning springing from unity—to note how words change with the changing conditions of the people—how they gauge the moral, intellectual and spiritual life, thus becoming a sort of national thermometer—to find yourself in intimate sympathy and fellowship with all past life by virtue of its organic connection with the present—to have a consciousness of our common life pulsing towards some grand and lofty purpose, or setting to lower standards of desires—to observe how fresh, pure words

leap into life as the national life grows stronger and purer,—all this brings its own recompense in the sharpening and strengthening of the faculties, in widening the mind and opening mines of intellectual wealth, thus making it clear to the reflecting that the history and life of one word may give far larger reward than can be gleaned from the chronicles of a revolution or the most comprehensive knowledge of a Sedan or a Waterloo. Still it is possible, nay it is common to walk up and down in the midst of intellectual marvels, and yet have no eye to see and no mind to perceive, moving in a region which, with insight to divine them, would be full of beautiful thoughts and images.

It may be remarked that in scholarship the tendency is ever to simplicity; if to the simpler, then to the clearer, the more precise and select. The advice of the critic ought ever to be, lop off, lop off, eliminate, castigate, for “true culture seeks the greatest ends by the smallest means, as the gods are said to hang the greatest weights upon the smallest wires.” See the immeasurable difference between the callow *orator* and the veteran speaker! As the horizon of the knowledge of words widens, the more extensive becomes the expression—*extensive* in range of thought and familiarity with words, *intensive* in utterance. The vague and the superfluous are mercilessly lopped from the sentences so that the thought may stand out in its sinewy strength. It is the keen-edged word that finds its passage to the heart: or, in another sense, every word is weighty. As was said of Webster, every word weighs a pound. As in painting and sculpture, so in words. As a small defect will spoil the picture or the statue, so a mischosen or redundant word may mar a thought. See how the masters of language describe tender, pathetic scenes! a few words and you have a picture. Dickens’ account of little Nell’s death brings the tears to the eyes because the expressive, vivid words bring one face to face with the scene. In the very white-heat of oratorical fervor, the words, consume the rubbish as they flame into expression. Sometimes a happy, well-chosen word has an effect akin to that produced by a keepsake or by the sight of a flag of one’s country. Tender memories are awakened; you seem to feel again the touch of a vanished hand and to hear the music of a voice that has long been still; or you live over again the victories and defeats of fatherland, and meet those noble men whose great hearts spent themselves in the battle for freedom and knowledge. The utterance of a word will thrill the heart of a nation. In the Bible, the words live in their deathless setting.

It is said that "men may try till dooms-day, they cannot better the New Testament statement of the golden rule. The *selection* has been made." Coleridge says of the great English poet. "You might as well think of pushing a brick or a stone out of a wall with your forefinger, as attempt to remove a word out of any of the finished passages of Shakespeare."

Following no logical order, let us consider some of the advantages to be gained from the study of words and synonyms. Some of these benefits have already been suggested, but they deserve a fuller notice. A student, when asked by his teacher to define the simplest term, may after a few feeble and ineffectual efforts, confess his incompetency to do it. "You have me there, professor," says the crest-fallen student. The poor fellow had a hazy, opaque idea of the word, but not the clear vision that could frame a definition. So the modest request was not complied with. Indeed it is an open secret that a challenge to define may cause hesitancy even in the professedly learned. You might put a class—even a Senior class—to their trumps by asking to give, in the light of their derivations, the difference between two so-called synonymous words. To define, to draw nice distinctions, to classify, require not only the continuous and rigorous exercise of the intellect, but make it imperatively necessary to go to the roots of words to find their radical differences. For you cannot understand the ramifications unless you stand at the roots to see how the words *diverge* or *converge*. This exercise is both a source of mental joy and exhilaration and arms the mind with a defining faculty of immense value. Definition is the condition of precision, and precision is one of the chief virtues of style. If the defining faculty is not strong and sharp, how are precision and accuracy in style to be reached? Almost interminable arguments have taken place between controversialists who never thought of first defining the terms under dispute. If they had first given definitions, there would probably have been no discussion, or at best but a short one. The definer and synonymist selects out of many the word which expresses the very shade and shape of the idea in his mind. Theology, Science, Ethics and Philosophy become absorbingly interesting studies in proportion as the terms of these studies are clearly and accurately defined and distinguished. When this is not done, teacher and pupil must grope in edifying darkness. The secret of large and broad scholarship lies largely in the power and readiness to define and discriminate. Language is not so much accommodated to Philosophy as Philosophy is applied to language.

The more perfect the language, the more perfect is the reasoning, and perfect language is ever dependent upon a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the life and origin and differences of words.

Another advantage of the study of words and their differences is the strengthening of the memory. Memory may be defined as that faculty of the mind by which it retains a knowledge of previous events and ideas. It should always be born in mind that it is a *mental*, not a physical power. Words should not be labelled and stowed away in archives of the mind as so much inert matter—a mere dead weight. There should be about each word the play of life, each should stand out in the beauty and significance of its own *aureole*. The precise meaning of each term is determined by a mental process, and when the word is employed, the process will be its luminous envelope. Examples may be taken as illustration: We may either *refute* or *confute* an argument. The difference between the two verbs can be seen only by deriving them. In each the physical image leading up to the mental notion is somewhat different. To *confute* is to cool down hot water by pouring cold water upon it, thus producing a tepid mixture; to *refute* is “to pour cold water upon hot cautiously, so as to prevent dissipation, but not boiling. The former means to *pour together*, the latter to *pour against*. To *confute* is, therefore, to neutralize an argument by opposing a reply, and to *refute* is to thwart continually without changing the character of the original statement.” Again: we are said to *forsake*, to *neglect*, to *desert*, to *abandon*. Let us get clearly into our minds the different ideas expressed by these verbs, according to origin. *Forsake* is either from *for* used in a privative sense and a Dutch verb collateral with the English verb, *seek*, or according to Skeat and others, from two words meaning originally to *contend against*. Taking the former derivation—which I prefer—*forsake* is primarily *not to seek*. To be *forsaken*, then, is to be sought no more. To *neglect* is from a privative and *legere*, to *pick*, to *cull*, to *choose*. These verbs closely approach each other in meaning, both involving *inattention*, but the one implies *contempt*, and the other only *indifference*. To *desert*—from *De* negative, and *serere*, to join, to link—was in the case of the Roman soldier, to leave his colors. There is in the word the idea of blame-worthiness and disgraceful separation. Pope says: “The mean deserter of thy brother’s blood.” To *abandon*—from the French at his own pleasure—involves the idea of giving up to *public blame*. Hence an *abandoned* character. In this

cause you forsake with formality and solemnity. We may now have a clear view of what it is to forsake a home or society, to desert a wife, to neglect to repent, to abandon a vice, or abodes to the spoiler. How intelligently the mind moves among these different shades of meaning, and how joyously and elastically memory does her work! Indeed at the mere mention of the words, is not your memory awake and at your service? Again, let us take *to die* and *to expire*, and ascertain their distinctive meanings. If to die is the Icelandic *ek det*, it means, I fall. Of course to expire means, to breathe out. *To die* is the more comprehensive term. It signifies the general decay of the functions of life of which to expire designates the last symptom. Trees, because they do not breathe, cannot be said to expire. But they die. The flame of a lamp expires, but it does not die. Hence, too, the appropriateness of "expire" in the last sentence of Macaulay's brilliant description of the Puritans: "It was for him (the Puritan) that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nations had shuddered at the sufferings of her *expiring* God." It is correct to say that "When Alexander died, the Grecian Monarchy expired with him." Here, as in so many cases, we cling to the root-idea—the falling and fading of the powers, *to die*, the breathing out as the last symptom, *to expire*. Let us next take to *extenuate* and to *palliate*. *Extenuate*—from *ex* and *tenuis*, to thin out, or very thin, akin to English thin—applies to moral conduct, and implies the act of mitigating the guilt of the offender. To *palliate*—from *palla*, mantle, or *pallium*, coverlet—also applies to moral conduct, and signifies literally to throw a mantle or cloak over a thing, covered as with a cloak, hence to cloak a thing. In the word *extenuate* there is implied the process of *thinning*, in *palliate* the act of cloaking. In this the law of language is observed: "every idea is to be matched with its proper expression, and every expression substantiated with its proper idea." Where this law is observed, the memory is wonderfully vivified and strengthened. How marvelously vivid and yet distinct are the ideas as set forth in the origin of *affront* and *insult*! You *affront*—*ad* and *frons*—a person when you stand *face to face* with him—strike at his forehead; you *insult* him when you leap upon him. The former is applicable to a haughty peer, the latter to an angry and contemptuous superior. The idea of the latter is found in *assail* and *assault*. The verb, *salio*, to leap, is seen also in *desultory*, *result*, *sally*, and *salient*. Each word makes a picture. *Desultory* refers to a rider in a

circus, hence jumping from one thing to another. When you make a sally you take a leap. A salient angle is an angle arrested in its leap, hence projecting outwardly. A salmon is literally the *leaper*. Dead indeed are words to those who never woo them by appealing to their sources; full of thought, suggestive, and palpitating with life are they to those who earnestly and lovingly press them to deliver their messages. Again, take the words *end* and *extremity*. Both refer to the last of the parts which constitute the whole. End is termination of length, extremity, the greater distance from the centre. The end is opposed to the beginning, and the extremity to the middle. Hence the *end* of a journey, the *extremity* of an island. A man whose health is failing is departing more or less rapidly from the centre, and as there is no chance of a return is approaching his end; if there is a prospect or chance of recovery, he is only approaching an extremity. A thing with no specific form may have an end; an extremity is applied to that which projects lengthwise. End seems to be connected with Sanskrit, *Enta*, death. Again: of *eternal* and *immortal*, that is eternal which knows no end, that is immortal which knows no death, what is inanimate may be eternal; only living beings can be immortal. Hence we speak of the *Eternal* God, of *immortal* angels. Immortal may also be applied to God. God, as having neither beginning nor end is eternal—the exact force of the Latin *Æternus*. A writer that influences the future destiny of man may be said to write for eternity rather than for immortality. The word eternal has stretched in its meaning beyond the bounds which its origin would suggest, as the origin of the word seems to be, *lasting for an age*. In immortal you have simply the negative of death. Of *definition* and *description*, definition gives the outline, description the coloring. To give a thing's own boundaries is to define it—define, to limit, *de*, down and *finire*, to end; to write the character of its contents—*scribere*—is to describe it. The one separates the other exhibits. Vagueness is fatal to definition, faintness to description. Haziness in writing is the inevitable outcome of ignorance as to the origin and life of words. Clearness of thought is largely the result of a good working knowledge and description as seen in the light of derivation. How lynx-eyed the scholar becomes who evokes from terms their inner and essential meanings! How fresh thoughts start as the words open up! It is the intelligent use of language that gives language. You may be ignorant of many things and yet excusable; if you lack an intelligent knowledge of

words you are without excuse. There is a vision that pierces the core, the inner meaning of things. This beauty is the key which unlocks the *Palace of Beauty*. If there is distorted vision, there is no clear revelation. It is only the intensely earnest soul that can divine the living word. Memory easily holds what the mind understands and loves. What is vividly and forcibly conceived by virtue of that intense vivification is easily remembered. In this faculty aids faculty in a wonderful manner. The darkness, too, of one casts a gloom over the others. The weakness of other powers renders memory weak and untrustworthy. It is a matter of quest and vision. If the scholar throw himself into the work, the vision will not long tarry. Let us discuss a few more synonyms. Of *prevent* and *hinder*, the former means *to go before*, the latter, *to go behind*. Then if two are in quest of the same thing, he who first gets it prevents the other from getting it; any interruption in the use of the thing when gotten is to hinder. We may prevent a man from beginning a work, we may hinder him from finishing it. Here the root-ideas are going before and going behind. *Pierce* and *penetrate* seem at first sight to be strictly synonymous. Origin, however, suggests a difference. *Pierce* is probably from an old French word signifying to *bore a hole*; *penetrate*, from root *pen* denoting internality and *trare*, to go, to pass as if through pores. To *pierce*, then, is the pointed instrument passing through; to *penetrate*, minute openings through which a fluid may be excreted. Robert Hall must have felt the difference between these words when writing the following impassioned passage in his sermon on Modern Infidelity. "Eternal God, on what are thy enemies intent! what are those enterprises of guilt and horror which for the safety of their performers require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not penetrate." "Did I write *penetrate*?" asked the great preacher of his amanuensis. "Yes." "Then blot it out and write *pierce*." Here the vision of Deity is viewed as sudden and pointed. This suddenness and pointedness are the characteristics of a piercing mind—a mind which cuts its way through an intervening object with *precision and speed*. To *pierce* a secret, to pierce the mist, as the sun does, may be taken as specimens of the correct use of *pierce*. To *penetrate* involves more the idea of thoroughness and comprehensiveness.

By an intelligent apprehension, then, of the words employed the memory becomes joyous, and strong, and trusty. Dull scholars—shall I say lazy?—are often the custodians of bad memories. They have never discovered the richness of

nature's endowment, because they have not yet shaken themselves from sloth. There is a sort of suspended animation that requires to be galvanized. Memory can be wonderfully developed by study. I mean genuine, earnest study. You can play study and thus sell your birthright for a mess of pottage. A word, too, for the teacher. By word-study you get at the scholar's mind. You understand its needs, and often become acquainted with its barrenness. Now the road is open. Without a knowledge of the disease it is difficult, nay impossible, to minister to it. By this study the teacher's mind is made clearer as he reveals it to the learner. There is no misunderstanding. There can be no real language-study without word-study. As we suggested before, does not a vital knowledge of logic depend largely upon a clear, penetrating, discriminating conception of words? Does not a knowledge of Philosophy? of Science? of Classics? If a word means one thing to the teacher, and another to the pupil, there may be much unprofitable discussion. You may go on in endless mazes lost. We have said that words are the index to mind and character. The quality of our ideas depends upon our fitness to use words. You have, or you have not, an idea according as you have or have not the meaning and spirit of the words. The erroneous conception at the start is worse than not to start at all. A multitude of erroneous conceptions and misty notions calls for retreat and reconstruction. The one uncompromising course is to get a clear conception and distinct idea of the proper sense and use of words. Every examination paper exemplifies and illustrates the student's mind. What tell-tales these examination papers are! What means this bad spelling, these loose, limping, and disjointed sentences, these scraps of thought clad in rags, this bad execution, this haze and mystery! The grammar is sometimes bad enough to conjure up the shade of Lindley Murray. How seldom it is you (find) or meet with in these papers choice diction, clean-cut, nervous, and well-conceived thought. Those papers which show a grip of the subject and smack of careful scholarship gladden the heart of the examiner. The paper is both judge and jury. If a student has a very limited vocabulary of words without ideas, his paper is likely to be indifferent or bad. This lack is the bane of true culture. Is not a good deal of so-called education attending to what you do not understand, and acquiring what you do not value? Is there a tendency at the present time to produce dullness by multiplication of studies and cramming? There is such a thing as

a busy brain without much growth of brain. Perhaps in nothing does the dead hand appear so often and with such deadly effects as in the schemes of education. How often is it laid upon tender, throbbing life! Upon this subtle, wondrous thing, the brain, what experiments are made! Are all educators experimenters of narrower or wider experience? Do some starve, some cloy the mind? Are the mighty interests of the intellectual life of our Province, of our nation, in the keeping of those who can best foster and promote them? Are politicians likely to be skilled workmen in matters of such high import? answers these questions as you please, but I believe that one chief purpose in education is to make the mind keen and sharp. If keen and sharp, then broad and clear. Recall the words of Horace: "I will perform the office of a whetstone which, though unable itself to cut, is able to make other things sharp." To this end is my plea for the study of words. It clarifies the vision, it purifies the taste, and expands the conception. It sends a thrill of life through the mental world. If you wish to deaden the faculties, be sure to neglect to encourage the student to sift and search the terms used in his studies, be these studies ever so abstract. Indeed the abstract themes all the more need search. It is not true that no rational education can be given which is not based upon the principles of grammar and a knowledge of the history, meaning and life of the terms used?

What meanings, then, are wrapped up in words? But they are dead, or alive, feeble or mighty, nerveless or sinewy, dark or luminous with meaning, according as the heart and mind are torpid, or loving and sympathetic. When the ideas are large within, the words which clothe them are large and they leap forth with living power. You cannot mistake a master in words. The thought and the words organically connected and throbbing with life become the keen and swift messengers of an earnest soul.

But you must draw near to the words. It is not a matter of the *outside*, but of the *inside*. The inner beauty and meaning must be reached. We study, and as we study the history and life of the words begin to be understood. Still we dwell upon them and still more fully does the revelation come until in very truth the words start into life and movement. We begin to translate the soul that is in them. Then these living things, the incarnation of spirit, enter into our hearts and dwell there. Then the grand old masters with their deathless thoughts live again. There we feel the sweep of those minds that have packed their riches into literature.

Indeed thoughts "locked in their magic web of words but await our touch to set them free again." What these noble minds thought we think; we awake into life at the thrill of a kindred touch, what joy is comparable to the joy of life interpreting life! we awake to the consciousness that we are the free men of the intellectual world. Words have their primal bloom and fragrance. They should flower again for each generation. The beauty of the past reveals itself today. What made men great in the long ago makes men great now. The words that breathed in the days of the patriarchs and prophets and apostles still breathe and prevail. I can think of words in the Book of books that to the preacher—indeed to any earnest, sympathetic student—open up vistas of thought that are really illimitable. The living word takes such a hold of the interpreter that his whole being is thrilled. These words with their life, their music and their marvels must "melt back into the aspirations out of which they grew," if the interpreter is ever to have large knowledge of the unsearchable riches. Said the great Teacher: "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." With these words which are spirit and life, we, as the heralds of divine truth have to do. To the extent that we enter into their spirit and life, or interpret their spirit and life, they are to us living and embodied realities. These words and these only reach the central forces of our nature and being. They pass on from the intellect to the heart and take captive the whole man. They breathe and live and move in the infinitude of their meaning. For nearly two thousand years these words have been the fortresses of God's immutable and immeasurable truth, or shall I say the She-chinaks or symbols of the divine presence. Who shall get at the power and significance and life and meaning of these words? Only the poor in spirit and the pure in heart. Into such hearts the words of Christ pass and in them make melody forevermore, and there receive their interpretation and work there in all their transforming power. It has been ever thus: The way to the heart of human words and language, the way to the heart of those symbols which guard and glorify the message of life to man, has been, and must always be won, through the agency of the great Interpreter of mind and life by the exercise of the child-like spirit, by tender and unswerving devotion to the cause of Truth, by getting low down that you may have power and prevail and receive visions that stretch down into the deeps and far off and far up into the heights.

The Class of '95

TIME in its rapid flight has wrought its changes in the circle of students at Acadia. Some whose presence here had formed such a large part of our life have gone from our numbers, while others have for the first time come among us. The classes move steadily forward, and here at least each must look for a successor. It now becomes our duty to step to the front with some mention of our comrades who have withdrawn from the sacred halls of Alma Mater.

With mingled feeling does the student plod his weary way to the day of graduation, when he must step forth to meet a curious world. With joy he receives his parchment—the symbol of his work: with trembling he thinks of what his fellowman expects from him as a result of his study and preparation; with confidence he reflects that nothing is so calculated to equip a man for usefulness as the college with its opportunities for broad mental culture, together with the influences and associations arising from the mingling of student with student.

From the beginning the Class of '95 was promising. A Freshmen they numbered thirty-eight—the majority of them representatives of the teaching department of the Maritime Provinces. The Christian element in the class was strong, while they hastened to make themselves known as athletes and foot-ballists.

As the years rolled on these germs of promise budded and bloomed, until as Seniors, though reduced in numbers, they yet stepped forth as praise-worthy exponents of the work and culture which obtain here. True, their turbulency as Sophomores collided with the fortitude of the faculty, in which strife each party claimed the resulting honors. But even this was forgotten as with some degree of satisfaction the President lined them up for graduation. As students the class stood high; as representatives of the social world they literally shone.

With the beck of our pen we now summon them before our readers.

Mabel E. Archibald entered the class after having completed the classical course in the Seminary. She was a good student, taking honors in French in her second year and in English as a Senior. She also took a certificate in Elocution. By her retiring manner and high Christian qualities, she won a large place in the esteem of her fellow students. We believe she expects to devote herself to foreign missionary work, but at present is teaching Modern Languages in DeMill's Ladies College, Oshawa, Ontario.

Margaret W. Coates joined the class upon matriculation from the Academy. She comes to us from N. B. Excellent natural ability, coupled with untiring industry, won for her a high place as a student. She took honors in Modern Languages throughout her course. Gay and entertaining in manner, she was a favorite with all. She now holds a good position as teacher of French and German in Columbia College—a prominent Presbyterian school in South Carolina.

F. Margaret Coldwell, daughter of our Science Professor, joined this class at the beginning of the Junior year. She was peculiarly a

favorite with all. She was a good student, graduating with honors in Moral Philosophy. She expects to teach, but at present holds a position in the Teachers Agency at Boston.

Fred. A. Coldwell was also closely related to our Science Professor. Living in the village, making a broken course, and naturally of a retiring disposition, he did not become fully indentified with college life. Nor did he allow its cares to weigh heavily upon him. His course throughout was marked with honest work, which showed itself as the time of examination drew near. He expects to enter the medical profession, but is now teaching near his own home.

William R. Foote comes to us from Grafton, N. S., and a royal good fellow he was. As a student he stood high and was rewarded with an honor diploma in Moral Philosophy in his Senior year. He took a prominent place in the college life, played on the foot-ball team, led in the intercollegiate debate with Kings College and was Senior Editor of this paper. He is now studying Theology at the Presbyterian College in Halifax, preparatory to entering the gospel ministry.

Robert R. Griffin will long be remembered for his friendly humor. Quiet and unassuming in manner, he steadily pursued his purpose as a student, where he took a good place with honors in Constitutional History as a Senior. He made himself famous last year when he led his foot-ball team to victory over Dalhousie. He is now studying law in Toronto.

Ralph E. Gullison, married and ordained, entered this class in the middle of the Junior year. Industrious, jolly and pious, "Gully" was liked by all. He was president of the Y. M. C. A. in his Senior year and discharged its duties grandly, notwithstanding the fact that he was pastor of a church at the same time. He is now preaching at Tremont, N. S.

Neil E. Herman entered college after two year's preparation in the Academy. As a student his work was done with conscientious application, for which he was rewarded with an honor diploma in Classics in his Senior year. His eloquence in the Athenæum will not soon be forgotten, as with righteous indignation he foiled the attacks of uthless assailants. He had at his command an exhaustless store of paralyzing words, which, *sometimes*, were used in a right connection. He was a grand fellow, and we bespeak for him much success. Since graduation he has filled the position of assistant pastor at Pugwash, N. S., where he has "fared *sumptuously* every day."

J. Edward Higgins, son of our Mathematical Professor, took two years with the Class of '94. Joining '95 his course has been completed in his usual easy manner. In class and at church he was seen, but at other times he was an imaginary quantity. It is thought that meanwhile he was attending to domestic duties at thé further end of the town. The students but regret that they were unable to get better acquainted with him. He yet remains in concealment, but we believe he is at his home for the winter.

Nathan J. Lockhart was peculiarly noted for his careless manner and utter indifference to his personal appearance. He represented the

Island of which he often spoke. His ability was good and to this he awakened during the latter part of his course. He took honors in his Junior and Senior years. Nathan's place was always filled on the campus, and in the Athenæum room, where he often held *spell-bound* his eager hearers. He expects to enter the legal profession, but at present is teaching in Cornwallis, N. S.

Selden R. McCurdy figured as the only Yankee in his class, and possessed a peculiar combination of qualities. From the first, he strove to have himself recognized as an integral part of the University. He took an active part in everything that happened, either by day or by *night*. His capacity for work was extraordinary. He was a member of the foot-ball team during his entire course, where he did effective work as a quarter. As an athlete he excelled, and during his last two years he was director of the gymnasium. Nor must we forget his successful management of the Star Course in his Senior year. His long experience in Y. M. C. A. work made him valuable in that department here. And in the Athenæum "Mac" could always be depended upon for a speech whether he had anything to say or not. Language for him was a convenience for *concealing* his ideas. He graduated with honors in English. He expects to become a foreign missionary, but at present is preaching at Princeton, Me.

Warren H. McLeod towered high in his class, at least with each succeeding "field day," whence he returned with a fair share of honors. The prophet bespeaks for him a record of 3 minutes. "Mac" took a deep interest in the *sister* institution, to which his nocturnal visits gave an unbecoming witness. Since his graduation there has been no need of a Sem police. He never allowed the pressure of work to worry him, nor to detain him from the monthly receptions, where, *in his own way* he had a good time, and procured a theme of conversation for the next four weeks. He expects to get married and to enter the ministry. He is now at his home, Norton Sta., N. B.

Daniel P. MacMillan was the singer of his class, "Mac" was also a philosopher and delighted "to retire within himself and think." His ability as a student was quite up to the average. This, coupled with diligent study, gave to him a high place in his class. Particularly was he noted for his proficiency in the scansion of *prose*—an art hitherto unknown in this school. He took honors in Physics as a Junior and in Moral Philosophy as a Senior. He is now taking a course in Philosophy at Cornell, preparatory to university teaching.

Malcom A. McLean entered this class from Prince of Wales College at the beginning of the second year. "Musty's" roseate cheeks, winning manner and biting sarcasm will long linger in the memories of his fellow students. His forte as a student was Classics, in which he graduated with honors. He was president of the Athenæum Society, in his Senior year. He now studies at the Divinity School in connection with Chicago University, preparatory to entering the gospel ministry.

Johnson L. Miner held a large place in the religious life of his class. His place in our meetings was always filled, while his sympathetic

manner made every one feel that he had a friend in "Jack." His ambition was not marks, but he did good work and received an all-round culture. He has long since proven himself to be a good pastor, and was ordained last summer at Arcadia, N. S. He now studies at the Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

Alex. W. Nickerson was a student of rare ability and a true gentleman—a man of few words but of great judgment. He possessed good qualities as a debater and was one of the speakers in the inter-collegiate debate with Kings College. He was also a good writer and held the position of Senior Editor of this paper. He looks forward to the legal profession, but is now teaching at Ohio, N. S. We look for success to attend his steps.

William R. Parsons was distinguished for his profundity (?) of thought, which, however, always defied his most laborious effort to clothe it in adequate language. In Athenæum he was always fore-armed with a motion or an amendment, or both; and upon matters of Parliamentary usage was an authority? He lived in constant dread that some of the *theologs* would "pull his sleeve." He took a great interest in receptions and stood first in his class for the number of Sems. he could meet in the given time. He has designs upon the legal profession and articulated with the firm of Henry, Harris and Cahan, he now studies in Dalhousie Law School.

Evelina K. Patten was one of the strong students of '95. Her especial delight was mathematics, in which she took honors in her Junior year. She also graduated with honors in Moral Philosophy. Quiet and retiring in manner, she was a favorite with the entire class. She filled with great credit the position of instructor in gymnastics in the Seminary, after preparation at the Harvard School. She expects to teach, but is now resting at her home in Hebron, N. S.

Aggie H. Roop belonged to the class of '94. Securing an Academic license at the end of the second year, she remained out and taught. Joining '95, she did the Junior and Senior work in one year. She had a rare faculty in accomplishing work, graduated with honors in Economic Science, and was very pleasant and genial in manner. She now holds a nice position as teacher in the Lunenburg Academy.

Herbert A. Stuart was an all-round man, and filled a *large place* wherever he was. He took an active part in all that had for its end the furtherance of college interests. He had a hard head as knew his comrades upon the foot-ball team where he played each year. He represented the Y. M. C. A. at the international gathering at Detroit, and was Business Editor and Editor-in-chief of the ATHENÆUM respectively during his Junior and Senior years, where his work speaks loudly of his skill in that line. During the latter part of his course he found a more congenial place than Chipman Hall to pass his leisure hours, and the steward reports his bill for coal and oil to be the least by far in the building. Of good ability, unassuming manner and profound thought, "Stu" stood high in his class and graduated with honors.

in Moral Philosophy. He expects to become a Medical Missionary, but at present is resting at Chipman, N. B.

Thomas W. Todd possessed a peculiarly free and easy manner, especially in reference to his daily tasks. How Tom got his standing remains an unsolved problem unto this day, and, it is said, his books were often mistaken for new ones when he had done with them. His interest was always somewhat divided, but mainly centered in the village, where he spent the greater part of his time. In his Junior year he conceived the idea of teaching elocution, and took a course at the Boston School of Expression. In his Senior year he discharged the duties of Instructor in Elocution here with great satisfaction to *himself* and to the Freshmen. Since graduation he has studied further in Expression and now holds the position of Instructor in Elocution and English at Shurtleff College, Ill.

We are sorry that more space cannot be devoted to this illustrious class. But to those whose interest has been awakened by the above, we commend the reading of the ATHENÆUM, June 1895, where upwards of forty pages are *misappropriated* in an effort to give an adequate idea of their superior attainments.

Echoes of Chipman Hall

THE prevailing tendency in college journalism is perhaps scholastic; its tone largely academic. Moral, classical and philosophical themes find place to the exclusion, sometimes, of matters which would probably interest at least part of the paper's constituency in a greater degree than these. This suggestion is not ventured in any spirit of criticism. On the contrary, to the graduate who has been at hard knocks with the world for ten or twelve years, his college paper, conducted as it is, reflecting as it does the college life, comes to him as a refreshing vision of his happiest days. The "Athenæum" is in its true orbit; and, representing as the writer does, in point of time, the graduates of fifteen years ago, he cheerfully usurps the floor as their spokesman, and says so. None of the paper's readers, for instance, would wish to see it enter the sphere of the general press and load its columns with heated discussions on the Manitoba school question; nor on the elevating theme, whether professional-politician A is an unmitigated scoundrel and professional-politician B a high-souled statesman, or whether the converse of this proposition be true; while the interstices of the journal would be stuffed with the choicest cullings from the calendar of contemporary crime. To the "modern" (save the mark) "daily" let us reserve such uninviting ground and cheerfully recognize the fact that there are peculiar fields for the varying types of journalism.

It is noticeable, however, to one who looks through what may be called the lighter columns of Acadia's literary mirror, that their features are almost wholly for the entertainment of the student of to-day. A desire to reinforce this department for the benefit of the students of

a day gone by has prompted a retrospective glance at "the Hill" in the expectation that certain of "the old fellows" may be led to enjoy their "Athenæum" the more in some realization of the oft quoted and somewhat hackneyed phrase of *pius Aeneas: forsau et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

Chipman Hall was opened in 1875 as an Academy dormitory and boarding house. For five college years, from September 6th, 1876, the writer was a resident. It must be premised that in those days we did not know it by its present pretentious title. It rejoiced in the simpler and cruder name, "The New Building;" and, for example, we would date our correspondence from "Room No. ——— New Building." Its distinctive feature was the boarding department. The majority of the college students roomed in the old college building, until the fire of December 2nd, 1877, which terminated its life, and they took their meals, some at Mrs. Murphy's famous "Village House" and elsewhere in the village; but the majority of them, especially after the fire, became boarders in the "New Building;" and previous to the fire a number who were crowded out of the college building, roomed here. The Hall thus soon became fully occupied. The old Academy building, situated immediately west of the College, and which had previously been occupied in part by the Academy boys, was now wholly given over to the Female Department of the Academy and became known as the Seminary, or "Sem."

The new life of Chipman Hall with the novel and prominent feature of its boarding department, gave rise, as a matter of course, to much freedom of discussion on the merits or demerits of the "grub." Owing to a (perhaps imaginary) undue prevalence of "hash" on the bill of fare the building in its early history became known as the "Hash Mill" and its denizens as the "Hash Brigade." In this connection I submit the following parody, which in its day (1875-1876) found much favor among us. The author is "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

THE CHARGE OF THE HASH BRIGADE.

Half a ton, half a ton,
 Half a ton. Onward!
 All at the hash tureen
 Met the one hundred.
 "Forward the Hash Brigade!
 Charge for the dish!" he said.
 Into their plates of hash
 Went the one hundred.

"Forward the waiting maid!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the student knew
 Someone had blundered:
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to eat and die:
 Straight at their smoking plates
 Went the one hundred.

Hash to the right of them,
 Hash to the left of them,
 Hash right in front of them
 Shook, steamed and crumbled;
 Thoughtless of pies and buns,
 Boldly they ate the crumbs;
 Into the mouth of each,
 Into the jaws of all
 Went the hash mixture.

Flashed all their ivories bare,
 Flashed as they rose in air,
 Sabring the gistle there,
 While all the Hill wondered.
 Plunged in the foul hash smoke
 Right through the bones they broke;
 *Cad and Collegian
 Spattered and hungered.
 Then leaned they back, yes all,
 All the one hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the Hill wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Hash Brigade,
 Noble one hundred !

Later, the tidings of frequent goose in the Seminary while our steward's mind ran much in the channel of soup, became insupportable to another of our poets, who in his "fine frenzy" became the author of a threnody, of which, I regret to say, I have only preserved one stanza:

There is a word in every house
 To mortals ever dear;
 In Sem it is cold goose and pie,
 But always *soup* in here.
 Then gaze upon us mortals thin
 And breathe for us a prayer;
 Do we not speak of better days
 Before t'was "soup in here."

If I mistake not, the perpetrator of this was the same young man who, during an epidemic of mutton, carving knife in hand, would pronounce the dinner open with the interrogatory: "Gentlemen; lamb, ram, sheep or mutton?", and after dinner, systematically, but irreverently, return thanks in the words: "Thank the Lord for this little bite; many a poor devil would call it a meal." But a time came when the tide of goose set toward us and there was a famine in the Seminary. I remember well the day when, in expression of their sympathy for the "Sems," certain collegians returning from dinner carried with them the bony framework of the fowl remaining on their table, as an offering to the girls, who gratefully and triumphantly drew it up to the window of "Locksley Hall" by means of a cord and a bent hair pin.

The writer would conclude this somewhat prandial dissertation by

*The Academicians, for brevity only and not in any opprobrious sense, were called "'Cads."

giving in his testimony to the wholesome character and bountiful supply of the food afforded in the Hall during the term of his residence. Once, indeed, he recollects crossing the dining room, plate in hand, and asking the presiding genius of the establishment (the Academy Principal and a College Professor) whether he considered a sample of beef fit to eat; but in that instance his objection was sustained, and, it ought to be added, the quality of the meat forthwith improved. As an offset to this, he remembers being cited before the president of the College upon a charge, preferred by the steward, of scrambling at a side table for two pieces of pie. This complaint, he gratefully remembers, was dismissed, although he could not but "admit the soft impeachment."

Yes, the fare, upon the whole, was healthful and strength giving, well adapted to nourish our growing bodies as study developed our growing minds. If this deponent could now boost the digestive system which he unconsciously and thankfully enjoyed while he was a private in the "Hash Brigade," he would gladly surrender all the hard-earned dollars upon which he has since been heavily drawing in the hope of restoring such a *statum quo*.

'81.

The Late E. A. Corey, M. D.

A GAIN this dread messenger has broken the ranks of "Acadia," and it becomes our painful duty to record the death of one of her esteemed sons.

Dr. E. A. Corey was the son of Rev. W. T. Corey of Havelock, N. B., and a most highly respected member of the Class of '82. After graduating from this institution he taught for three years in Richmond Institute, then under the direction of his uncle, Dr. C. H. Corey. Later he studied medicine and has since been practising his profession at Chesterton, Ind.

During his course here he was converted under the preaching of the late Rev. Stephen W. deBlois, D. D., and his life has since been adorned with the beauty of the christian graces. Thoroughly temperate, industrious, persevering, talented, faithful to home and friends, a son of God, he has gone at the early age of 37 years, a victim to hard work.

To the bereaved parents, family and friends we extend the truest sympathy of the sons of "Acadia," and the fullest consolation of the christian faith.

The Acadia Athenæum.

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The Sanctum.

THE recent Educational Convention held at Truro was of more than ordinary importance. It is some years since the Teachers' Association of Nova Scotia met for deliberation; and questions of interest, if not concern, to the general education of the province needed discussion. The several departments of the educational service were well represented. The Colleges sent members of their Faculties and the Academies and High Schools were brought into prominence by the speeches of their teachers.

We were glad to know that Professor Haley of Acadia made so good an impression and assisted in important discussions. His paper upon: "The conditions in which Classics may become a better training than Natural Science" was pronounced an able and comprehensive treatment of the subject. It would have been well if the work of the College had permitted other members of our Faculty to attend the Convention. Acadia has a profound interest in the education of these provinces. Her work is for the people and her prosperity largely depends upon the degree to which she can hold the sympathies of the general public. She cannot afford to be the College of a section only, however large, of the constituency she claims. Nor has she any desire to work for only limited interests. Her students come from various schools and different parts of the provinces, and she sends her graduates into the teaching profession as well as into other departments of public life. She has trained two Superintendents of Education for Nova Scotia and one for New Brunswick. She has been ably represented in the Faculties of the Normal Schools of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and some of her sons are doing good work in the Academies and other schools. There is room for others, and we hope the desire to teach may possess more of the men now in College. If,

as is said, the teachers of the world are the world's masters the struggle for knowledge may well be accompanied with the desire to impart it.

As we note the inconvenience to both professors and students in the present arrangement of class rooms, it occurs to us that the attention of the Governors might be called to the contemplation of a much needed change. The room occupied by Prof. Haley has never met the requirements of his department. In size, it is unsuited to the entire class of the first two years; moreover it is unfitted to delicate experimenting because of necessary (?) disturbances in the corridor and in the room directly over it. Nor is this the only case of inconvenience. The English and Classical professors must so arrange their hours as to share the same room, while the President must resort to the library to meet some of his classes.

Now is a grand opportunity for some good friend of the College to establish a monument to himself by erecting a building to be devoted exclusively to the scientific departments, including the work of both Professors Coldwell and Haley. This is not a mere whim, but a case of dire necessity. Then, with little change, the rooms of the College proper, thus vacated, could be adjusted to meet the demands of convenience and comfort.

Fitting mention may be made of some of the recent additions to the Science department. Under the direction of Prof. Coldwell, the room adjoining the old Laboratory has been fitted up to meet the convenience of students in Mineralogy. A series of suitable desks, each supplied with the necessary implements, has been placed in this room. Now each student has his own desk, implements, lock and key, and thus is enabled to pursue a process of investigation by experiment under the careful direction of the professor, without interruption from a neighboring student.

Also two Joly balances for the determining of specific gravity have been constructed by Mr. Haycock, of the Senior class, and placed at the disposal of the student body. These, together with other additions, are rendering the science department one of the most attractive in the institution.

The place of the College Y. M. C. A. cannot be too highly estimated. But it often becomes a problem to know how it can best meet the

requirements of the student. The Association organized here in 1888 has made steady progress, and has been fruitful of many pleasing results. It has received the sympathy—more or less marked—of the entire body of students. This year some important changes have been made in the public services. Hitherto our monthly public meetings have been held, with considerable disadvantage, after the other services of the sabbath. This tended to interfere with the evening worship in the churches of the village; and as, a result, was satisfactory neither to pastor nor student. Hence it was determined to change our hour of meeting from 8 p. m. to 3.30 p. m. Since this change but one meeting has been held, and if the attendance upon that occasion may be taken as an index, we think that nothing has been lost in numbers by the change, while we are certain that an afternoon service, finding the audience less exhausted, must be productive of more lasting effect.

In the missionary meetings also, a change has been instituted. Two years ago the old Missionary Society of the College was merged into the Y. M. C. A. Though losing its identity as a society, it has yet been represented by a Missionary Committee of the Association, and once each month a public meeting in the interests of Missions has been held in College Hall. This year it is resolved to link the missionary interests of the College and the village Church in an effort to secure the strength of union. As now arranged, the missionary meeting each month is held in the village Church—at one time under the direction of the pastor; and the next under the direction of the students. The financial outcome of our efforts is to be equally divided at the close of the college year. We trust that the success of this change may warrant the hopes now entertained.

The applications for Honors have been made, and as usual a large proportion of the student body aspire to this distinction—if such it may be styled. Commendable advance has been made by Acadia along general lines, but in the matter of Honor Courses she certainly is open to severe criticism. A review of the Calendars of the past four years shows that the number of aspirants to Honors has grown from twelve to thirty, while this year fully half the latter number may be found in the Senior class. Now this speaks one of two things:—either the general curriculum is too low and allows extensive outside work, or the student has discovered a way to *pull* an honor diploma without earning

it, that thus he may appear to the world as "graduated with Honors," or, what is worse, as "having taken honors throughout his course"—meaningless phrases! It is time that such an adjustment of work were made that this number should be reduced and an Honor Course be opened only to those of marked superior ability. Then further, the course itself should be so arranged that a regular system of study along some particular line should constitute Honors, and that this must be followed throughout the last three years of the Arts Course, the student receiving one Honor diploma as a reward of his continued study. And finally, that the present treasury of the Honor Courses may not suffer, charge for each parchment a larger figure. He who values a diploma will pay for it. We sincerely trust that a hasty remedy may be applied to this manifest shame of meaningless Honor Courses.

A college is very much what its alumni make it. This is true in many ways. The scholarship of an institution of learning is largely determined by the scholarship of its graduates, No matter how learned the professoriate, if the scholarly attainments of those instructed be mediocre, the scholarship of the school will to most judges be only mediocre. "By their fruits ye shall know them," applies in the educational as well as in the moral world. The success or want of success that characterizes the larger number of a college's graduates, rightly or wrongly, attaches itself to the college, and the college is to a considerable degree judged successful or unsuccessful according as its graduates win fame and renown for themselves and their Alma Mater.

While all this is true of Acadia in common with other schools of learning, in a very special sense the interests of Acadia are bound up in those of her alumni. When the institutions at Horton were founded, the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces were dependent upon these institutions for all but the simplest rudiments of education. As a consequence Acadia for nearly seventy years has been most intimately connected with the development of the Baptists of these Provinces, and to a very large extent the present social and educational status of our people is due to the work of Acadia. But with the general advance in education there has grown a correspondingly increasing danger to our institutions. The very efficient system of common school education now in operation in our country, renders it possible for a large number of our people to give their children an education at home nearly as good as could have been obtained sixty years ago in any academy or college. Acadia to-day is not, in one sense, so necessary to the edu-

cational life of the Baptists as it was in the earlier days of its history. Hence the bond of union between Acadia and the mass of our Baptist people is to-day not nearly so strong as it once was. Acadia's hold upon the people is at present very largely determined by the attitude that the alumni maintain towards their Alma Mater. The graduates and former students naturally furnish one of the best possible tests of the work done and of the inspiration received at Acadia. To those who have been in close touch with the life of the college, outsiders turn for proof of the advantages to be obtained from participation in that life. Such testimony, voiced in words of commendation and kindly appreciation, or manifesting itself in deeds of worth and noblest endeavour, exerts an influence mighty in power and far reaching in extent. The college lives in the lives of its graduates. Acadia's future depends very much upon what the alumni shall make it. And this not only in the way of reputation, but also in the way of pecuniary assistance. For with the weakening of the bonds connecting the college with the masses comes not only a decrease in interest, but also, because of this lessened interest, a decrease in benevolence. Whether, then, the alumni are doing what they ought becomes a pertinent and exceedingly important question.

Autumn Sports.

THE foot ball interest at Acadia has been quite up to the average this year. Immediately upon the opening of the college a team was organized and put into training under the vigorous discipline of Capt. Cutten. The Class of '95 had figured largely among the champions of last year, and now their places had to be filled with new men. This occasioned some apprehension of weakness, but the team, when chosen, though in some points inferior to that of their predecessors, yet presented a most formidable appearance.

The main interest here has always centered about the annual tournament with Dalhousie. And this year, mainly to remedy a long-felt defect in lack of practice preparatory to this contest, a series of games was arranged with the teams of New Brunswick. A week was spent in the neighboring province, and considering the circumstances under which our team was met, this trip upon the whole was highly satisfactory. After eight hours spent in inconvenient travel by steamer and by rail, our boys lined up with the team of Mount Allison on the 28th of October; and, notwithstanding unfavorable weather and extremely slippery ground, a good game was witnessed resulting in a victory of 8-0 in favor of Acadia. The plays of note were made by Parsons and Cutten of the visiting team. Then followed a game with St. John city—the

most unsatisfactory in the trip. Our team, exhausted with the previous day's toil together with a night spent in travel, proved unequal to the issue and suffered a defeat of 11-0. Thence Acadia proceeded to Fredericton there to encounter the U. N. B. and city teams. The game with the former resulted in a victory of 12-0, with the latter, a defeat of 5-3. Our team returns enthusiastic in their praise of the reception accorded them in Sackville and Fredericton where every pains was taken to render their visit pleasant. Also they desire to acknowledge the kindly hospitality of Messrs Rhodes of Amherst, Spencer of Parrsboro, and Churchill of Hantsport, at each of whose homes they were royally feasted.

After their return two weeks were spent in untiring practice, and on the 16th of November they lined up with Dalhousie as follows:

ACADIA.			DALHOUSIE.	
Fenwick,		Full Back		Turner.
McLeod, Dimock, } Purdy, Parsons, }		½-Backs		{ McIntosh, Wood, McNairn, Maxwell,
Moffat, Morse,		¼-Backs		Barnstead, McLean, C.
Cutten, Rose, } Rhodes, Tupper. } Hall, Jonah, } Foster, Tufts. }		Forwards		{ Grant, D. K., McRae. Reid, McLean, L.. Robb, Putnam, Archibald, Cooke.

W. G. Robertson refereed and Messrs Mackinnon and Lockhart were on the touch line.

The weather was very favorable and the grounds comparatively good for the season. Both parties, determined to play their best, were sanguine of success. But the ruling deity of foot-ball, before whom they agonized, decreed a division of honors, and a draw was declared. The game throughout was mainly with the forwards and consisted of vigorous scrimmaging. Both parties, pressed in the conflict, were obliged to touch down. In dribbling Dalhousie excelled, while in tackling Acadia far surpassed.

Thus has been fought another inter-collegiate match with kindly feelings on either side. Capt. Cutten hopes to conclude his year of sport with a game with the Wanderers at Halifax.

The Month.

ON the afternoon of Sunday, October 3rd, Rev. J. H. Foshay of Yarmouth N. S., addressed a large audience in College Hall. His text was taken from the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and his subject was: "Applied or Practical Christianity." Mr. Foshay pictured the story of the parable very vividly, showing us that Christ was full of mercy and compassion; and while the Jews pondered over the meaning of passages which they did not remember to apply to their own lives, Jesus, the Master, was going about doing good. The speaker warned us as students against educating only our intellect at the expense of what there may be in our natures of compassion and Christ-likeness. Mr. Foshay's language was good, and his address very plain and inspiring.

The concert given by Bernard and Madame Walther in College Hall on Friday evening October 25th was much enjoyed by all those who were present. Madame Walther sang with an expression and sweetness of voice which is characteristic only of the finest in the art of Solo singing. Mr. Walther rendered on his violin, with much skill and proficiency, several of the nicest among classical selections. Miss Barker, the teacher of vocal music in the Seminary, sang a solo with pleasing effect. We are glad to note that Mr. Walther has taken a class in the Seminary for instruction in violin.

On the evening of November 4th a most pleasant reception was given by the residents of Chipman Hall to the foot-ball team on their return from New Brunswick. The large dining hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. A sumptuous feast was spread in the shape of an oyster supper; and, to supply a long felt need in these pleasant quarters, an invitation was extended to the ladies of the Propylæum Society. Dr. and Mrs. Kierstead and Miss Read were also present representing the Faculty and Seminary respectively. After a pleasant season of informal greeting and the usual outburst of college music, the supper was served with TOASTS as a dessert.—

To our Queen—Response by National Anthem.

To Acadia Foot-ball team - Response by Capt. G. B. Cutten.

To the Faculty—Response by Dr. Keirstead.

To the Seminary - Response by Miss Read.

To the Propylæum Society - Response by Miss Andrews.

To N. B. Foot-ball teams - Response by F. M. Fenwick.

To Brotherhood of Chipman Hall—Response by A. H. C. Morse

To Managing Com.—Response by Rev. W. J. Rutledge.

Then followed pleasant conversation and music, after which the guests withdrew greatly pleased with the hospitality of the *Solitaires* of Chipman Hall.

Exchanges.

THE Presbyterian College Journal comes to us in good form and containing a number of articles of the usual high standard. Prominent among them is a sermon by Rev. D. J. Fraser, of Harvard Trinity School. The passage of scripture upon which this discourse is founded is in II Timothy 3: 16, 17. Mr. Fraser claims that the proper sphere of the Bible is its use as a religious text-book "for practical religious purposes, to teach us how we may be restored to a right relationship to God; to be a lamp to our feet and a light to our path; to point out to us the way to God, to holiness, to Heaven." It is taken out of its proper sphere when it is made an authority in science, philosophy, etc. In particular he notes that this extended and improper use of the Bible, by its being accepted as a text-book on physical science, has led to an unseemly dispute between science and religion. Further, it is a misuse of Scripture to make it responsible for the inferences drawn from its statements by speculative theologians, which has led to ugly quarrels between different denominations.

An article "On the Comparative Study of Religions" makes a strong plea for this line of study in the training of students for the Christian Ministry. In the first place this class of students should be acquainted with other systems of religion, because in the past there has been, and to a certain extent there is yet, a tendency to belittle other religions, to assert in a dogmatic intolerant way that there is no truth in them, that they were invented by man." Thus a resentment is raised against Christianity and an injustice done to God by thus indirectly asserting that he has had no interest in, nor care for the vast numbers having other faiths. The true view of the matter is that every religion has some truth of God in it, otherwise it would never have existed and maintained a hold upon millions of our race for ages. Those who would propagate the Christian religion must recognize the truth in other religions, but show that the Christian religion contains all this truth and much more, that its truth is a later and greater revelation of God and that it alone satisfies the spiritual wants of humanity. Secondly, we should study other faiths, because a reaction has set in on account of this haughty contemptible treatment of other religions, and certain writers are attributing too much light and truth to them. This principle is exemplified in the "Light of Asia," which claims more for Buddha and Buddhism than for Christ and Christianity.

The October number of the Kings College Record is an interesting and instructive one. The sketch of the life of the poet Burns and the analysis of his character found in one of the articles is deserving of the attention of all who take an interest in the life and poetry of this Scottish bard. We are glad to learn from an editorial that our sister institution has begun another year with such favourable prospects.

The November number of The Dalhousie Gazette presents a good appearance and contains much interesting matter. In an editorial on the University of Toronto, sympathy is expressed with the students of that institution in their strained relations with the governing body. An

article on foot-ball testifies that the usual interest is being taken in that vigorous sport. In the "College Notes" we learn that the number of students attending the university this year is unusually large.

The November number of *McMaster Monthly* comes to us with its usual attractive appearance. Fitting mention is made of Chancellor Wallace, and also a kindly remembrance of the late and revered Rev. John King of Dalesville, both of whose portraits accompany this issue. The editorial comments bespeak a prosperous year for *McMaster*.

We have also before us the *Harvard Monthly*, glowing in its usual literary lustre. This magazine certainly fulfils its design in "preserving the best literary work" produced by undergraduates.

The editor gladly welcomes such remaining exchanges as come to him, and mentions with pleasure *The Owl*, *McGill Fortnightly* and *Argosy*.

De Alumnis.

I. E. Bill, '93, is preaching at Poplar Hill, Ont.

A. E. Dunlap, '94, is taking the law course at Harvard.

W. F. Parker, '81, is practicing his profession in Hartsdale, N. Y.

H. G. Estabrooks, '91, is taking the first year at *McMaster Hall*.

G. E. Chipman, '92, now fills the position of principal of the Academy and professor in Latin and Political Economy in Shertleff College, Upper Alton, Ill.

J. C. Chesley, '93, has established himself as a merchant in St John, N. B.

F. E. Cox, '92, editor of the *Middleton Outlook* has entered the blissful stage of matrimonial life.

D. H. McQuarrie, '91, has resigned from the Baptist Church at North Sydney, and will spend the winter in quiet study.

H. L. Beckwith, '79, was married during the latter part of September. For some time he has been the junior member of the law firm Eaton & Beckwith of Halifax.

E. H. Borden, '92, was ordained at Chicago last June and at present is pastor of a church at Bay City, Mich. He has recently completed a three years' Divinity course at the University of Chicago.

The list of Acadia students at McGill this year is as follows: fourth year, L. R. Morse, '91, J. L. Churchill, '92; third year, L. H. Morse, '91, A. C. Jost, '93, E. S. Harding, '93, F. C. Harvey, '93; first year, W. B. Burnett, '91.

Observations of We Two.

It is customary for any person in addressing his audience to mention first the ladies and afterward the gentlemen, and in our observations we will not depart from this established rule. On the last night of October the ladies of the Seminary, as is their usual custom, held their masquerade. The costumes were many and beautiful, and varied from a gentleman's full dress suit to the flowing robes and sandals of Trilby. The masquerade was witnessed by a choice and select number of spectators, reserved seats sold very high, standing room was eagerly sought after, and the audience was constantly changing.

In imitation of the Sems the Freshmen arraying themselves in caps and gowns, masqueraded through the town, showing off to the best advantage, their borrowed plumes to the awe-struck citizens. As they journeyed through the streets, a photographer's sign attracted the notice of the president. "Methinks," said he "it would be well, my children, for each of us to have as a life long reminder of our happy days spent here, a photograph of this our illustrious class." No sooner said than done. The freshies mounted the stairs and soon quieted by their explanation the fears of the photographer who thought it was a Fenian raid. '99 was at once lined up at the back of the room, but upon the production of the camera consternation reigned supreme. Several members of the class, led by the moustached gentleman from Lockport, fearing the machine would go off, immediately made for the window. The photographer by explaining the workings of the camera and by producing a large nursery bottle soon quieted the fears of the freshies. The artist finally arranged them to his, but not to the satisfaction of them all. The camera having been screwed to the floor and all other possible precautions taken against breakage, he pulled the cord and '99's picture was a reality.

Not to be outdone by either Sems or Freshies, the ladies of the college (especially those of '98), have organized a foot-ball team practising every Wednesday evening immediately after prayer meeting and using with great success the celebrated flying Yale wedge, continually baffling the attempts of their opponents to obtain possession of the long desired prize. The captain of the opposing team *burns* with a desire to retrieve his lost honors and a hot contest may be expected next game.

The foot-ball craze seems to have affected others beside the ladies. A certain member of the Seniors who, on account of an unhappy accident, was unable to obtain his otherwise certain position as half-back on Acadia's first fifteen, elected himself captain of the Wolfville city team, and mainly by his prowess defeated the Acacia Villa foot-ballists. Spectators say that in their judgment, no such individual foot-ball playing had ever been seen in Wolfville before and they hope never would be again.

Last but not least in our catalogue was the interesting little episode which took place on the night of the 16th. in which the boys, Fen.

and the city chief of police were the main actors. The cop of whom we hope soon to be able to speak as "our dear departed brother, the late John Toyser, Esq.," hearing a noise, proceeded according to his custom to pounce upon the most innocent and the least pugnacious man in the crowd, who happened to be Fen, a ministerial student of '98, and ushered him into the drawing room of the lock up and told him to take a seat and make himself at home. Finding himself left alone Fen lit the gas, and taking a book, "The laws which govern the town of Wolfville," from the well filled shelf, he amused himself for about twenty minutes with its contents. A mass meeting of the boys was called, and to soothe their angry spirits the first, second and last stanzas of that sublime hymn "The cop climbed over the mountain" were sung by the college quartette, the whole audience joining in on the chorus. Fen finally was released on bail, and on his examination before the magistrate no fault was found in him. The cop's remarks concerning the parentage of the boys were given with considerable emphasis, but with little regard for politeness.

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