

The Acadia Athenaeum.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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Light and Shadow.

Art weary with life's struggle, friend?
Too faint to more pursue?
The sun which brightens all the world
Makes all the shadows too.
Often from the selfsame fountain
Joys and woes alike descend,
And the strength we gain in struggling
Makes us victors in the end.

E. BLACKADDAR, '97.

The Canadian College and Canadian Life.

It is sometimes said that the glory of the Canadian college is that it makes effective men. In support of this statement, instances are not wanting of men that have contributed to the moral, intellectual, industrial or political growth of our country, who are graduates of one of her colleges. That there is something of permanent value in our colleges is beyond dispute. That it stands for something enduring is shown by the fact that time, which proves all things, almost always permits universities to endure. Yet discussion can do no harm, and amidst a multitude of counsellors, we ask ourselves the question, does the education received at our colleges do all that it might to fit men or women for every day life and the achievement of the greatest good.

It is generally believed that the most important knowledge required for a man's life, will come to him after graduation, if he has had at college a sufficiently vigorous training in the required course of instruction. Reflection on our part and observation of life does not confirm this theory. The student having received his degree, is despatched into the world to perform the duties of a station, important by reason of the large fortune at his command. Brought face to face with life, he finds himself amply supplied with knowledge of Mathematics, or Greek, but in the great problems of life that concerns his future he is as a mere child. No courses of a practical nature were given to the student while in college.

It may easily enough be said of him that his mind is a *tabula rasa* in respect to life's affairs. It is true that some may have an ideal of life, but it is necessarily abstract, and not so perfect, but that on application to human affairs it need not be modified. Thus a most undesirable state of affairs exists. Our educational institutions in their method of instruction, proceed upon the hypothesis "that somewhere in previous or in subsequent conditions, important missions have been or will be in due time made good. The actual facts should be confronted fairly and squarely, and our college education should be provided upon a basis of, not what ought to have been taught, but what has been taught in the case of the average young man; not what the graduate may with effort acquire in the world, but what he actually needs for the immediate battle of life."

What then should be the nature of our college education, that it may fit us for life in Canada. Of all things that the college should do for the man, the most important is to put him in possession of the materials for a systematic criticism of life, materials that bear directly upon such practical matters as a man's usefulness as a citizen, and his influence and acceptability as a member of society, in other words how to live completely. And this, being the great thing needful for us to learn, is by consequence the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the only function which education has to discharge and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course.

We come now to the more difficult part of the discussion. What shall be the principal study taken up during the college course that will secure the desired results? The scientific and the classical methods, in academic institutions, hold their votaries very rigorously to a single point of view, and the more this spirit is submitted to, the more restrictive does their mastery become. On the one hand the students, who have been inducted into classical literature, have obtained very little marketable knowledge. They have breathed and analyzed the thoughts that the best minds of the ancients have lived in. They may have in greater or less degree become citizens of the intellectual world, and examined with some critical care, and a little discrimination the documents by which that citizenship was evidenced and secured. Graduates cannot by such means make themselves immediately useful in the practical tasks of Canadian life. On the other hand the scientific method, for all but a few constructive minds, is analytical reasoning. It picks things to pieces and

examines them in their ultimate elements. It is jealous of all traditional views, will receive nothing, but tests everything. The pure reasoning faculty is the only umpire. Now it happens that the pure reasoning faculty, whose only standard is logic and whose only data is put in the terms of force is not a very pleasant instrument for reforming our society.

Colleges which train men to use their minds without carefully establishing the connection of their thoughts to the past are instruments of social destruction, not because they are scientists, but because they are only scientists. They are as much pedants in their narrowness as the men trained exclusively in the classics, whose thoughts are in the past. What training will bring these two extremes together?

The only way it seems to me is by a thorough familiarity with the masterpieces of English and Canadian thought, and with the effort of human genius in the field of institutions. A class of men made acquainted with their species is needed, to give us at the centre of our social and political, a class with definite and elevated ideals, and a real capacity for understanding the conditions of progress. It is a mistake to regard the services of literature as merely aesthetic. In the literature of our nature there is nothing less than the annuals of the best thoughts of our race upon every topic of life and destiny. As for reading in the literature of institutions, no self-governing people can long hold together in order and peace without it.

With the spirit of our literature in us and the strong flavor of our institutional principles in all that we do or attempt we shall be broad men enough, be our training, in tools or books, what it may. Without this we go astray alike in private judgments and our public functions.

H. A. MORTON, '97.

Influence of Imagination on Life.

In our attempts to understand the meaning of imagination, does the psychologist's exposition of it as "the power of representing by images," as well as the process of "purposive putting together of elements for the attainment of an end of use or beauty," appeal to us with one tenth the force, as when the poets who are creatures of fancy, say it is that which sees "the light that never was on land or sea," and "bodies forth the form of things unknown? Not only, as shown in the above, but how many people are unconscious of

the influences imagination exerts. In view of this fact, and for the purpose of making these effects more apparent, let us consider the subject standpoint, taking for our starting place this fair country of Nova Scotia, which we will suppose in some imaginary way, cut off from all relations with all nations, and peopled with a race who possess every faculty which we enjoy except imagination. Conscious of the difficulties, which attend this undertaking, because experience has never afforded us with even one human being who was devoid of this quality; it will, therefore, understanding the general principles, only attempt to indicate, wherein there must necessarily exist a marked difference between this hypothetical land and our own, for any particular affirmations would be wholly speculative.

In order to get a clean conception of the condition of this imaginary people, we will take for the basis of our considerations the home, for here can be found, in miniature, every phase of life, and from this as a centre, we will follow the radiating lines, till we obtain a bird's eye view of the whole land.

Enter with me one of these dwellings. As we look about us in our strange surroundings, the first thing which attracts our attention, is the evident lack of all those conveniences, which are the products of invention and science, and which contribute so materially to the happiness and health of our own families. If we stop to think what this apparent destitution has to tell, we will at once be lifted from the sight of the family hearth and a broader view of the whole race will arise. Ay, with very little reasoning, we can infer, that these two departments of study, as they exist for the nation, are either unknown or else in their very infancy; for by our supposition the only tools this people have to work with are memory and reasoning powers. Therefore, whatever is acquired outside of experience and judgment must come by chance; as it is a well known fact, that the discoveries of the inventor or the scientist have been through an "enquiring searching mind," which "has always passed from the known to the unknown in the form of conjectures which cannot be reduced to conscious reasoning." Such being the mental road, which must be travelled before great attainments in invention or science can be reached. What this may mean to this people, we dare not think! There might be no advance in either of these directions, and thus the life would be more or less stereotyped, the son repeating, in his manner of living, the history of his father.

Having noticed in a very inadequate way the general principle which must underlie the conditions of the dwelling, we will next turn our attention to its inmates. What can be said of the little one? Is its life different from that of the natural child's? In one respect there is a marked divergence, and that is in its play. We would not see the little fellow treating a straight stick, as though it possessed many forms of animal life, vigorous and untiring, from the patient donkey to the untamed horse of the prairie. If you placed a doll in its hands, he would not invest it with life and play with it as a companion. He could have no such experience as Mr. R. L. Stevenson, in his child songs, the Land of Counterpane, describes, when speaking of the various transformations of the bed scene by a sick child:—

“And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills
Among the bed clothes through the hills.

“And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets ;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.”

From what has been said, we can easily understand, that the play instinct, which depends upon fancy for its spring and source, would be taken away from the little one, and whatever amusement it wrung from life, would come from imitation of the actions of its parent.

The next question which comes to us is, how do they teach their children? Time will not allow us to tarry in our investigations at the family circle; but if we can gain an understanding of the method used in their educational institutions, it will suggest to us the manner of training in the home. Therefore let us go at once to one of these imaginary schools.

Naturally our attention is first directed toward the teacher. This person would instruct the children under his charge, as were the “Little Gradgrind” in Dickens’ “Hard Times.” No little Gradgrind had ever associated a cow in a field, with that famous cow with the crumpled horn, who tossed the dog, who worried the cat, who killed the rat, who ate the malt, or with that yet more famous cow, who swallowed Tom Thumb, it had never heard of these celebrities, and had only been introduced to a cow as a graminivorous ruminating quadruped with several stomachs.” Like these little folk,

who had been treated all their life as though they existed expressly as receptacles for analytic statements of truths; so the students under consideration are regarded as vessels, into which the teacher should pour imperial gallons of facts, until they are full to the brim.

So much for the materials composing the instructor's theme; this, however does not constitute the sum total of his work. It complements his art of imparting these truths. But alas, no such word as art can be found in their dictionary. In his expressions, he must frame his thoughts in strict accord with reality. There will be found in speech, no exaggeration, as we have in the hyperbole. All figurative expressions and fanciful illustrations, which we use for making a thought clear, will be unknown. In the teacher's attempt to convey ideas from himself to the pupil, there is brought up to us the broader subject of oratory. If the public speaker has taken away from him all these helps which imagination gives, namely, a right apprehension of many of the highest and noblest themes, a clear and vivid style, the form of description of absent objects and the forcible statement of truth, what would the orator be reduced to, but a monotonous machine rolling out encyclopaedic statements.

We must now turn from the instructor to the student. In the latter's attempts to learn, he will be deprived of one of the most important aids when he is devoid of imagination. Learning is not simply memorizing; it includes the exercise of the imagination as well. To be able to grasp the meaning of words read or heard, we must frame clear and distinct pictures of objects described or events narrated. Thus, when reading of a desert, the child begins with familiar experiences called up by the words "plain" and "sand," and from these reproduced images, he can build up the required new picture. Without this constituting power, he will never be able to pass from his immediate experiences to an appreciable understanding of lands and events, as given by the testimony of others.

Having spoken of the teacher and pupils, we must not forget the books used. Let us take up a history and glance over its pages. And verily, it reveals itself, as a collection of strict statements of character and incidents, following one another in their exact order of time. There can be found, no art of narration, no art of interesting the affections on presenting pictures. What is true in one example, is not only applicable to all the remainder of the text books, but extends to the world of letters. Literature as an art will be un-

known. We dare not think of them having a Thackeray or a Tennyson; for the much less pretentious productions, as "Little Red Riding Hood," or "Mother Goose," would be far beyond their reach. Fortunately, in their books, could be found none of those "blood curdling adventures, as portrayed in the dime novel of this land, and which have wrought such havoc in some of the lives of our high spirited youths. On the other hand, it is a sad thing to think that their libraries would only be collections of statistical books, devoid of all coloring or beauty of expression.

There is a last thought arising in connection with this school life, and that is concerning the condition of the political world this being suggested by the government exerted over the youths by their instructor. What their parliaments might be, we cannot tell, but that there would necessarily be a difference between their statesmen and our own we can affirm. Their minister would be deprived, to a great degree, of that faculty of foresight into the future, which depended so materially upon the power of accurately constructing the possible movements of his opponent. And the testimony of history is, that such an office will be attended with success or failure, in the degree with which the man filling it is endowed with this faculty.

We have gone far from our starting point, namely the home, and to this we must now return for the purpose of studying the religious attainments of this people. We are sure that in such a dwelling the religion of its inmates will not be tainted with superstition. Witches, ghosts and uncanny spirits will not roam through its rooms making "the air lurid and thick with things weird and fantastic." Neither could there be any idols at the family altar, to receive the adoration of blind belief. There are indeed inspiring thoughts but we must enquire further. What will be their conception of God? It is through the imagination that we are enabled to represent the invisible by the visible, the infinite by the finite. Ideas cannot exist except by this power. This being true, they could have a logical demonstration of a creator and director of this universe; but with only these syllogistical conclusions would not the very heart of the religious life be cold and still? If one placed the Bible in their hands, they could understand many things, for that book addresses itself to the reasoning abilities of man; but it also contains a great deal which appeals to the imagination, and if one was lacking in this quality much of revelation would be a sealed book.

Having traveled with me through this imaginary land, and, having noticed, in but a very imperfect way, the cheerless life of the little one, in its home, the monotony and colorlessness of their school life, the dull weight of their literature, and their God, who is but a logical conception, can we not understand in a very slight degree, the vast influence imagination exerts upon our lives? Let us not belittle its office, for in doing this we may be casting reproach upon that factor which gives the rosy tint and joy to life!

JENNIE COBB '97.

The Light of Nature

Tell me not that Nature's lifeless!
 That man is born but to decay!
 That things of sense are but a phantom,
 A flower to-day to-morrow clay!
 That while with lavish hand she strews
 Her varied tints o'er wood and lea,
 Her beauty's but concomitant
 Of earth, or air, or sea!
 That while from grove or cloister pours
 A flood of song most rare,
 Their harmonies are but effects
 Of oscillated air!
 That all things happened thus by chance!
 That through their course no purpose runs!
 That time and space are only terms
 To mark the bounds of worlds and suns!
 That we who know our bodies are
 But garments of our soul,
 Should find therein the only mind
 In this great nature's whole!
 Vain vaunting man, when thus you see
 Reason in countless shapes,—
 Can you deny that wisdom vast
 And infinite creates?
 He does! He does! and ever is
 Creating, doing good,
 Renewing now where yesterday
 Decaying systems stood.
 Lighting the boundless night of space
 With flashing showers of suns;
 Clothing in pristine verdure new
 Their trains of lesser ones.
 But whether seen in whirling space
 Or microscopic germ,
 An ever working hand appears
 Willed by a purpose firm.

J. E. F

Form and Spirit.

THE spiritual is the one sweet chord in the human harmony. The notes are low and sweet and the melody wanton,—as though the soul of Circe and her sirens were ever floating down the stream of Sorrow unto the still waters of Death. It is the destiny of man to see through a glass darkly. It matters not that the Knight lies mouldering in the chapel corner. It matters not that the Lady slumbers in her tomb. The harmony is old but never hackneyed. It is the same human nature only in another garb, the familiar old tune as it were with a new set of variations.

It was always so. The human heart has ever thrilled with ecstasy. The human hand has ever picked the strings and placed the notes with sweet precision in a melody it could not guide or key. "One touch of nature makes the world akin," and the Israelite by the waters of Babylon, the Grecian maiden on the shores of Aulis, the Christ on Calvary all caught the wild cataract and drank the sweetness of Self till the flesh became as it were a gossamer web, and that blown out to sea. What is most beautiful will be most melancholy and the shepherd that pipes on the hill-side for his Phyllis, the sailor lad that whistles for the mermaid will some day know that of all the tremulous stings, that which gives the sweetest music is one man are wont to call grief.

We discover one star by the movements of the others. May bursting with flowers presses back with both hands the shades of the evening. That is only an allegory, the voices whisper, and if you had us take it in the literal we would have a poet's phrensy and be the strange creatures of a dream-land. You would wish us in the "honey pots of optimism."

The World Form is co-relative with the World Spirit,—beautiful shapes and airy figures, soft leaves and green herbage, delicate buds and dim colors. Representations of what are may become symbols of what is to be "What is he but a brute whose flesh has soul to suit" and if the stars be numbered will the flesh-frame be found empty? "Half dust, half deity" is the echo of the answer and the silent voices are already hushed upon the harp and the fingers numb with waiting.

There is more about than you are aware of. Nature is a kindly mistress and her foot-steps across the void are isles of loveliness. Upon the shores of shell and sand waves of the finite wash. If the head of man was as clear as his heart he would know who it was that sent them forth on their mis-

sion. The Zodiac is the path of the perishable in the eternal. The wild dance of dead leaves are bodies without souls carried away by the wind. There is more in life than many get out of it. By the wayside falls a lily. The foot of the reveler crushes it; the heat and toil of the day withers it; the dews of the night dampen it. Spots of decay appear. Soon that which came up will be cut down; and only the elfin winds will whisper "though after the skin worms destroy this body yet in my flesh shall I see God."

The World Form is the World Spirit. Conformity with law is the only freedom. If your ears were not dulled with the clinking of so many coins, if you did not sing so utterly out of tune you might hear the far off murmur of the distant Deity and the Worlds moving in a celestial melody. To know God is to know the flower of the field. Not that it is of a certain colour, not that it is of a certain species, but that the silken petal, the slender stem, the tint, the tone are all parts of one divine melody proceeding from the throne of Grace. Indelible truth is stamped upon perishable nature, indelible nature upon the same perishable truth.

Man is of doubtful parentage. As flesh and blood you may call him the man in God. As soul and sympathy you may call him the God in man. Perhaps the fingers are stiff and useless, the throat parched and broken, the heart hard and furrowed. If you could only strike the right note the nerves of a dead nature would glow with vitality and the tongue be wild with music. As it is he is such a senseless creature,—dumb as the brute beast, blind as the day owl, weak as the young willow. Only the hand tells the hour and the head indicates that life is a play of few acts and love but a song piped in the intervals.

Resurrection from the dead is in one sense Resurrection from the living. The Flesh Frame is as much a grave as the Earth, the World Frame. If the creeping creatures of the sod are absent you have the evils of the body. If the damp and moisture is a vision then the slime of a mouldy conscience is a great reality. Were it not better to sever the fateful cord with one swift blow than to slip into the great deep strand by strand? You think not because then it would be written that he who passed away was twice buried and but once died. He might have wakened, the voices whisper, if the rain of mercy had been spilt and the winds of wisdom overcome. Aye, he might have wakened and then the New Born would have turned his face to the breaking East

and cried with a loud voice—"On this day is Christ risen from the tomb."

The Church Form and the Church Spirit are co-relative. Eighteen hundred years have left their lichens on the gable and their mosses in the crannied wall. Eighteen hundred years have filled the forest with the leaves of a myriad summers and the land with a multitude of graves. The mystical body of Christ crystallized in those that watch the sanctuaries and feed the altar lamps, the breath of the Blessed Virgin embodied, the Holy Father incarnated is to-day the Church triumphant and to-morrow will bind the four corners of the Earth "in the unity of faith, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life." Beauty is truth. If the Indian would bear his idols abroad he must deck them in a fairer vesture and found them in a surer faith. "We are the sowers and the harvest is the end of the world." Good Art is good religion. Bad Art is bad religion. Truth is not a mathematical demonstration. Truth is not a metaphysical determination. Truth is not a theological deduction. Truth is that which cometh out of the heart. Truth is that which goeth into the heart. Beauty is Truth. The Church Form is the Church Spirit. The cross of Christ is in more than one sense Christ himself; and the monk who clutches the crucifix in the cold watches of the night and lifts up his voice unto the hills from whence cometh his help, —

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat filius,

is in more than in another sense in the immediate presence of God.

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. Like strange birds they fly over the sea, and if mariners recognize them they know them not. Birds of passage if you will, but their destination is still undiscovered. Birds of passage if you will, but from whence for what the mariners see are stormy petrels and stormy petrels are homeless. The lamp of Reason burns so dimly. It is madness to look behind and misery to look forward. If the form was not so formless; if the spirit was not so spiritless it might be better. It would be better, the voices whisper, for them Elysium would be the Earth and a useless dualism lost in the righteousness of life.

Anniversary Exercises.

With her streets thronged with visitors and her fields clothed in blossoms and verdure Wolfville at Anniversary time indeed presents a gala appearance. It seems fitting that the culmination of a long year's work should be so in harmony with nature, and blend that which is aesthetic in the spirit with that which is aesthetic in the form. Nothing could be more appropriate than that the bloom of the intellect should be concomitant with the bloom of the physical. The White College on the Hill once more opens wide her doors that the calm of her corridors may be resonant with footsteps and the quiet of her living broken with the murmur of the world. On Sunday May 30th commenced another round of Anniversary Exercises. The following account is mainly taken from the *Acadian*.

The baccalaureate sermon delivered by the Rev. W. H. Hinson on Sunday morning was a most impressive one. The subject of the discussion was (1) Whence came man? (2) What is man? (3) What shall man do? The materialist's theory as to the origin of man was ably criticized and the first page of Genesis was declared to be a more satisfactory explanation of man's existence than science could devise. The importance of man was eloquently discussed, and his highest aim was found to be the living up to the purpose of his existence. The address was closed with effective counsel to the young men and women for whom the service was held. They were advised to devote themselves to some noble purpose or to some sanitary reform, and above all to make sure of God.

The field sports which were held Tuesday morning, on the Campus, were witnessed by a large crowd. All of the events were well contested and resulted as follows:

Throwing Base Ball—1st, Gordon; 2nd, Hall. 89 yds 14 ft.

100 yards dash—1st, Conrad, 2nd, Crandall, 11 sec.

Putting Shot—1st, R. Morse; 2nd, Ferris. 33 ft. 11 in.

Running High Jump—1st, Hall; 2nd, Wallace. 5 ft. 4 in.

220 yards Dash—1st, Conrad; 2nd, Hall. 27 sec.

Pole Vault—1st, Wallace; 2nd, Crandall. 8 ft.

440 yards Run—1st, Conrad; 2nd, Archibald. 50 sec.

Running Broad Jump—1st, Hay; 2nd, Conrad. 18 ft. 4 in.

High Kick—1st, Hall; 2nd, Bill. 8 ft. 9½ in.

120 yard Hurdles, 1st, Crandall; 2nd, Conrad. 20½ sec.

Half mile run—1st, Conrad; 2nd, Archibald, 2 min. 20 sec.

The gold medal offered for the highest number of points made, was won by Conrad, with an aggregate of 26, out of a possible 36. Hall, with 17 points to his credit, carried off the silver medal. Mr. W. W. Robson's prize, (a half dozen photos) for the third largest aggregate, was won by Crandall, with 9 points.

Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock a recital was given by the Glee Club of Acadia Seminary in College Hall. An excellent programme was given, which was greatly enjoyed by the audience and testified to the proficiency of the musical staff of the school. Miss Barker, the talented teacher of vocal music, had the affair in hand and is deserving of great praise for the manner in which the programme was performed.

Hon. Mr. Longley's address to the Senate on Monday evening, drew a large audience. It was well delivered and reflected great credit upon the speaker. Before taking his seat Mr. Longley paid an eloquent tribute to the scholarship and worth of Rev. Dr. Sawyer, the retiring President. A vote of thanks on behalf of the Senate and the audience was presented by Dr. Sawyer, who presided, to Hon. Mr. Longley for his most elevating and inspiring address.

The annual re-union of alumnae of Acadia Seminary took place in the seminary building Monday evening. A large number of the alumnae were present. There was much greeting of friends, renewal of friendship and welcoming of new members to the society, The President, Mrs. Brough, opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks, after which an excellent programme was rendered, and ice-cream and general conversation followed.

Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock the graduating exercises of Horton Academy took place in College Hall, Principal Oakes presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. A. Gordon, of St. John. The six essays delivered showed careful thought and preparation, and the excellent music furnished was much enjoyed. The following is the attractive program:

Processional.

Vocal Duet: Sweet Bells..... Denza
Miss Conrad and Miss Prat

Essay..... The Jew
* John Hardy, New Richmond, P. Quebec.

Essay..... The Cuban Rebellion
Wallace I. Hutchinson, Wolfville, N. S.

- Essay..... Is Labor in Itself a Pleasure?
Miss Mildred K. Bentley, Halifax, N. S.
- Essay..... The Public School System of Nova Scotia
George A. Blackadar, Pleasant Valley, Yar. Co., N. S.
- Essay..... The Relation of Environment to Character
*Charles E. Atherton, Woodstock, N. B.
- Essay..... The Novel
Charles F. Morton, Clementsport, N. S.
- Essay..... Benefits of a Fixed Purpose
Herman W. Cann, Ohio, Yar. Co., N. S.
- Vocal Quartette; Kathleen Mavourneen Crouch
Messrs Bashaw, Cann, Richardson, Spurr.
- Essay..... The Victorian Era
*Arthur H. Taylor, Wolfville, N. S.
- Essay..... The Russian Siberian Exile System
Miss Mabel S. Coldwell, Wolfville, N. S.
- Essay..... The Manitoba School Question
William C. Anderson, Salmon River, St. John Co., N. B.
- Essay..... The Expulsion of the Acadians
*Marshall S. Richardson, West Jeddore, N. S.
- Essay..... The Cretan Dispute
Arthur J. Atkinson, Advocate, N. S.
- Essay..... Charles Dickens
Ralph M. Jones, Wolfville, N. S.
- Essay..... Experience of an Amateur Photographer
Andrew R. Cobb, Greenwich, Kings Co., N. S.
- Essay..... The Growth of the British Empire
Heber S. Corey, Penobsquis, N. B.
- String Quartette
Messrs Goudy, Cobb, Wyman, Hutchinson.
- Essay..... Technical Education
*Edgar H. McCurdy, Clinton, Mass.
- Essay..... Small Beginnings
George P. S. Keith, Havelock, N. B.
- Essay..... Glaciers
Enslie Young, Blandford, N. S.
- Essay..... Brutus and Cassius as Portrayed by Shakespeare
Walter F. McLatchy, Grand Pre, N. S.
- Essay..... The Apostolic Church
Naum Young, Blandford, N. S.
- Cornet Solo: Elite Polka Fred Boardman
Ernest Goudey, Yarmouth, N. S.
- Valedictory.....
*Miss Georgie E. Heales, Wolfville.

Presentation of Diplomas

Addresses

God Save the Queen

* Speakers

Short addresses were given at the close by Rev. W. B. Hinson and Hon. H. R. Emmerson. Exercises closed with the national anthem. The school has been well attended during the year, there being 85 enrolled. The senior class numbered 25, of which 17 received diplomas. Some changes will be made in the staff for next year, as Mr. S. J. Case, teacher of English and Latin, and Mr. G. W. Bashaw, of the manual training department, both sever their connection with the school.

The senior class presented Mr. Case with a gold headed cane and Principal Oakes with a study chair. The middle year presented Mr. Case with a fine edition of Tennyson, and together with the juniors presented Mr. Bashaw with a gold headed cane.

At the close of the Academy exercises many of the visitors inspected the work of the manual training department, carried on by Mr. G. W. Bashaw. A variety of articles were displayed, showing not a little skill on the part of the students.

The closing exercises of the Seminary took place Tuesday evening. College Hall was very tastefully decorated, and well filled before the hour of opening. As the young ladies of the Seminary and the staff of teachers marched in to the processional march performed by Misses Dobson and Flemming on the piano and took their seats, the former in the centre of the hall and the latter on the platform, the effect was very pleasing. President Sawyer, of the University, presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, of Springhill. In announcing the programme Dr. Sawyer stated that the object of the different parts to be presented was to give as best could be done a sample of the work performed during the course. The following programme was carried out:

- 1 Piano Solo: Sonata op. 7 Grieg
Florence Seabourne, Wolfville.
- 2 Sketch: The Cliff Dwellers.....
Mabel Louise Wortman, Wolfville.
- 3 Vocal Solo: In Seville's Groves.... .. Handel
Hattie May Masters, Wolfville.
- 4 Piano Solo: Faschingsschwank aus Wein op. 27... ..Schumann
Rosamond H. Morse, Lawrencetown.

- 5 Essay: The Power of Expression
Sadie Faulkner Jamieson, Truro.
- 6 Piano Solo: Ballade op. 47..... Chopin
Lola May Bishop, Wolfville.
- 7 Vocal Solo: Come unto Me Handel
Hattie May Masters.
- 8 Essay: Sixty Years' Reign of Our Gracious Queen
Agnes Jane McCart, Economy.
- 9 Piano Solo: Sonata op. 49..... Weber
Annie Haseltine Cohoon, Wolfville.

The bronze medal presented by the Governor General for the highest record in scholarship and deportment was awarded to Miss S. H. Jones, of Prince Edward Island.

Ten former members of the Seminary having offered a prize for the encouragement of scientific study, it was awarded to Miss Emily R. Christie for excellence in physiology.

Diplomas were awarded to the following five members of the graduating class. In the collegiate course, Mabel Louise Wortman, Agnes Jane McCart, Sadie Faulkner Jamieson; in the musical course, Miss Rosamond Harriet Morse in piano, and Miss Hattie May Masters in voice. Certificates in music were also awarded to Miss Lola May Bishop in the graduate course and Misses Florence Seabourne and Annie Haseltine Cohoon in the post graduate course.

Two valuable art productions, one a representation of "Aurora," the other of the Roman Forum, were standing veiled on either side of the platform. At this stage two of the ushers stepped forward and unveiled them and simultaneously Miss Mabel Smith, of St. Stephen, stepped upon the platform and in a neat address presented the former in the name of the graduating class and the latter in the name of the general body of students to the Seminary. These gifts it is expected will be the beginning of a number of such art donations to be presented in the future by members of the Seminary. Dr. Sawyer in well chosen words, representing the Seminary expressed the pleasure with which the gifts were received.

The address of the evening was given by Mrs. Grace Dean McLeod Rogers. In introducing her to the audience Dr. Sawyer referred to her literary reputation and the pleasure with which she had been greeted from that platform on a former occasion. Much was expected from this talented lady and no one was disappointed.

The closing exercises of the University took place Wednesday morning at 10.45. As soon as the faculty, alumni and students had marched in and taken their seats, the hall was quickly filled to overflowing. President Sawyer presided and called on Rev. W. B. Hinson to lead in prayer, after which the large gathering arose and joined in singing the national anthem.

The following is the unabridged programme :

PRAYER

Orations by Members of the Graduating Class.

The Veto Power	Arthur C. Archibald, Wolfville, N. S.
The Purpose of the Poetic Art	L. Eva Andrews, Wolfville, N. S.
The Earth's Unrest	Robert K. B. Knowles, Milton, Queens, N. S.
Man "The Roof and Crown of Things,"	Isobel Davison, Wolfville, N. S.
Egoism and Duty	D. E. Hatt, Hantsport, N. S.
Machinery and the Wage Earner	William W. Conrad, Wolfville, N. S.
How shall the Burdens of Government be equalized ?	Max A. Bowlby, Port Medway, N. S.
Representation of Minorities	Axard L. Davison, Wolfville, N. S.

MUSIC

The Grecian Horoscope,	Frank W. Nichols, Digby, N. S.
Schiller's Marie Stuart	Statira P. Caldwell, Wolfville, N. S.
The Relation of Chemistry to Medicine	W. Reginald Morse, Lawrencetown, N. S.
Justifiable Intervention	Churchill L. Freeman, Milton, Queens Co., N. S.
Educational Progress in the Empire from A. D. 1837 to A. D. 1897	Stephen H. Rogers, Wolfville, N. S.
The Poet as Representative of his Age	William I Morse, Paradise, N. S.
The Eastern Question	George A. Martell, Newton Centre, Mass.
Ruskin as a Moral Force	Lisbeth DeW. Mann, Milltown, Maine.

MUSIC

Influence of Imagination on Life	Jennie Cobb, Short Hills, N. Y.
Religion "The Vital Tissue of Society,"	Harry C. Todd, Milltown, Me.

The Herbartian Principles of Education,	Etta J. Yuill, Great Village, N. S.
Railway Abuses	William E. Jonah, Eastport, N. S.
Russia in Eastern Politics	Burpee L. Bishop, Greenwich, N. S.
The Unity of Truth	Lizzie McH. Crandall, Wolfville, N. S.
The Economic Value of Education.....	Charles E. Morse, Paradise, N. S.

MUSIC

Commercial Crises	Stanley L. Jones, Wolfville, N. S.
Clear Thought and Clear Expression.....	Emma J. Best, Somerset, N. S.
The Canadian College and Canadian Life.....	Howard A. Morton, New Germany, N. S.
Form and Spirit.....	John D. Campbell, Weymouth, N. S.
Spencer vs Darwin	Chesley D. Schurman, Summerside, P. E. I.
The Worth of Philosophical Study.....	Charles R. McNally, Fredericton, N. B.
The Works of Henry Drummond	Simeon Spidle, Mahone Bay, N. S.

Awarding of Honor Certificates

Music

Conferring of Degrees

Addresses

God Save the Queen

Benediction

Of the class of thirty, seven were chosen to deliver orations. Miss Eva Andrews spoke on "The Purpose of the Poetic Art." Mr. Avar L. Davison discussed "Representation of Minorities." Mr. Churchill L. Freeman's theme was "Justifiable Intervention." The subject of Miss Lisbeth DeW. Mann's oration was Ruskin as a Moral Force; of Miss Etta J. Yuill's "The Herbartian Principles of Education." Mr. C. E. Morse discussed "The Economic Value of Education." and Mr. Simeon Spidle reviewed "The Works of Henry Drummond." The essays were all meritorious and reflected credit on the class.

Music was interspersed at appropriate intervals to the great enjoyment of the audience. Mr. J. A. Macdonald, of Halifax, gave a delightful rendering on the violin. Miss Flor-

ence Shand, of Windsor, delighted the audience with a vocal solo which was accompanied by Miss Mary Harding Fith. violin, and Miss Caldwell, piano. The class quartette, Messrs Spidle; W. I. Morse, C. E. Morse, and Conrad also favored the audience with a song. Mr. A. C. Archibald, of the graduating class, rendered a much appreciated piano solo.

The degree of B. A. was conferred on the following : Arthur C. Archibald, L. Eva Andrews, Robert B. Knowles, Isobel D. Davison, D. E. Hatt, William W. Conrad, Max A. Bowlby, Avar L. Davison, Frank W. Nichols, Statira P. Caldwell, W. Reginald Morse, Churchill L. Freeman, Stephen H. Rogers, William I. Morse, Geo. A. Martell, Lisbeth DeW Mann, Jennie Cobb, Harry C. Todd, Etta J. Yuill, William E. Jonah, Burpee L. Bishop, Lizzie McH. Crandall, Charles E. Morse, Stanley L. Jones, Emma J. Best, Howard A. Morton, John D. Campbell, Chesley D. Schurman, Charles R. McNally, Simeon Spidle.

The degree of M. A. was conferred in course on Rev. H. H. Saunders, Misses Sadie P. Durkee, Adela G. Jackson, Hattie B. Strong and Alice R. Power. The degree was also conferred in course on the following who were absent. Wm. A. Spinney, A. J. Pineo, H. H. Hall, Margaret Coates, Geo. E. Cutten, H. Hogg. The master's degree (honorary) was conferred on W. E. Roscoe, Q. C., Kentville, Rev. W. B. Hinson, Moncton; Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Fredericton.

The degree of D. C. L. was conferred on Hon. J. W. Longley, and of D. D. on Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace, of McMaster University.

The following honour certificates were then awarded :

SENIORS.

Miss Mann, Classics; Mr. W. R. Morse, Chemistry; Mr. H. Todd, Chemistry; Mr. W. Jonah, Economic Science; Mr. F. Nichols, Economic Science; Miss L. Crandall, Modern Languages, Mr. S. Jones, Modern Languages; Mr. H. Morton, Mathematics and Physics; Mr. C. Morse, Mathematics and Physics; Mr. G. Martell, Moral Philosophy; Mr. S. Spidell, Moral Philosophy; Miss E. Andrews, English Literature; Miss Tira Caldwell, English Literature; Miss E. Best, English Literature; Mr. J. Campbell, English Literature; Mr. W. I. Morse, English Literature; Mr. C. McNally, English Literature; Mr. C. Schurman, English Literature; Miss E. Yuill, English Literature.

JUNIORS.

Mr. P. Gorden, Classics; Mr. A. Newcombe, Classics; Mr. G. Hemmeon, Classics; Miss J. Burgess, Classics; Miss C. Blair, Modern

Languages; Mrs E. Kierstead, Modern Languages; Mr. N. Spinney, Modern Languages; Mr. R. Richardson, Mathematics.

SOPHOMORES.

Mr. A. Bill, English Literature, Mr. McNeil, Classics; Mr. A. Dodge, Mathematics.

The graduating class was addressed by the President in thoughtful and inspiring words. The popular sentiment that that which we do with the most pleasure is the object to which we should devote our attention is true and false. Duty should be the controlling principle of our actions. While duty may be a pleasure, pleasure may by no means determine duty. God acts not because He enjoys His actions; but because His actions are right. The class were urged to work with some definite and worthy purpose, and to find a worthy object, the accomplishing of which will make the lives of others better.

The anniversary exercises at Acadia were fittingly terminated on Wednesday evening by a *conversazione* given by the alumni of the college. In the course of the evening a eulogistic address was presented to Dr. Sawyer on the occasion of his resignation of the presidency. This was very happily and feelingly replied to by the veteran educationist to whom Acadia is so largely indebted. An address of welcome was tendered to Dr. Trotter by the Rev. Dr. King, which was also appropriately responded to.

Stirring addresses in reference to the schemes of the university were delivered by the Rev. R. O. Morse, of New York, representing the alumni resident in the United States; Rev. J. A. Gordon, of St. John, representing the New Brunswick alumni, and Jonathan F. Parsons, of Halifax, as the representative of the society in Nova Scotia. Sweet music was discoursed during the evening by the Woltville Orchestra, while at the close delicious ice-creams were served. Dr. Keirstead at the close of the evening presented the medals won in the field sports the day before.

God's Smile

A mist came creeping from the hills,
 All the earth seemed dark and gray,
 But as I turned my eyes to watch the rain—
 And thought how Mother Earth this day was like to lives

Which are enrapped in misty shrouds of doubt and strife—
Suddenly the black clouds parted,
And over all the earth there spread
A brilliant, gleaming burst of sunlight,
Dispelling all the mist and grayness,
Beautifying all the earth.
Thus will it be with lives of darkness and despair,
God's smile will break, through all the clouds,
And make our lives beautiful, entire,
If we but lean upon his mighty arm,
And learn to whisper throughout
All the changing scenes of life,
"Thy will be done."

--Exchange.

The Acadia Athenæum

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The Sanctum.

TIME has now come for definite action with reference to the generous bequest of the late G. P. Payzant, Esq. That such a large sum of money demands careful handling is the foremost thought in the minds of all those closely connected with the College. That such a large sum of money will be carefully handled is assured by the standing and ability of those who have the matter in charge. If the expression of a quite prevalent scheme be permitted it would be to the effect that the full amount be left at interest for the period of say seven years in order that any chair established might be unincumbered by reason of the added interest and the increase declared upon the sum total. With reference to the terms of the bequest a word of caution is current among true educators. Acadia maintains her high scholarship through a strong and thorough arts course. Anything that endangers this or tends in any degree to lessen its value strikes a poignant blow at the prosperity of the College itself. Theology is undoubtedly an ingredient in a perfect culture but Theology is not all.

* * *

Once more it becomes our duty to make a stringent reference to unpaid subscriptions. A college is known to a great extent by the journal it publishes. Such a journal can not be published without a substantial backing. Why the comprehension of the subscriber should be so dense with regard to this truth is a matter hard to conceive. One dollar a year is not a very large amount for the ordinary man to expend especially when he receives a paper in return and advances his Alma Mater in the literary world. We are to-day forming the artistic destiny of Canada. If the material, the movement, the coloring are not to come out of the Colleges out of what institutions are they to

come? Topsy may have "grewed up" but literary significance is only the product of painstaking effort and a broad and liberal culture. On these grounds and many others we make a final appeal. Pay your subscription now as the last number of the ATHENÆUM for the College year passes into your hands that the debt that has threatened the existence of your journal may be completely removed and the management enter upon a new year of prosperity and peace. Men are principally known by their works and all that they accomplish in this life may be summed up in the one word—justice.

* * *

Another year has rolled around and the immortality of Spring has brought forth blossom and verdure and fragrance wafted after its kind. When the snow lies thick upon the ground and the waters cease their flowing all nature typifies what man has been slow to recognize and only now partially understands though the Shepherds that kept watch have perished and the Christ has risen for an age. Quiet work is the soul of an infinite immensity. The silent forces of nature intellectual as well as physical slumber though they will in the embraces of an Arctic apparition in the Southern zephyrs awaken and fan th' heart with a fervour of activity. The crazy weavers are not absent. Over all memory throws her veil of melancholy. Like the gossamer webs in the early morning a silver strand brings into relief here familiar haunt, a hallowed corner; here a by-way trodden only by the feet of those who are pilgrims to the Sanctuary of Calm. It is no longer to be. It has been and the footsteps of the living linger but faintly in the empty streets of the city of the dead. A fond farewell and the traveller passing another milestone in the valley of existence feels perhaps for the first time the force of what was once only the jarring chords in the wayside revelry,—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar * *

* * *

With this number the ATHENÆUM completes the twenty-third year of its existence. A somewhat precocious child from its birth it has baffled the comprehension of successive parents to determine its growth and predict its maturity. It was with considerable reluctance that the present management undertook its development for the period of one year. Whether it has kept in the paths of virtue or succumbed to the

evils and vagrancies of the literary world, out of compassion for ourselves and other aspiring mortals we will not say. With many a tearful adieu, however, and with best wishes for its final perfection we consign our protege to the wisdom of those who will hereafter chide this impish scoffer of conventionality and lead it through the flower strewn fields of editorial significance.

* * *

Errata

It was with much regret on the part of the Editors of the ATHENÆUM than an admirable review of Dr. Rand's recent volume of poetry through some mistake in our last number was not attributed to its writer. We beg to say that Principal I. B. Oakes of Horton Academy whose taste for literary pursuits is appreciated by all kindly undertook the review and the omission of his name to such an able sketch of Dr. Rand's work was an unfortunate occurrence.

In our last issue we stated that D. L. Parker '94 was doing the first year's work at Rochester. We understand that this is not so but that Mr. Parker is pastor of a prosperous church in the neighboring Republic.

Benedicite

AMONG the many June weddings we notice particularly the names of several former students of Acadia College. It seems as though Cupid like the boy Alexander of old is continually sighing for new worlds to conquer. Not even the realm of the scholar is free from his incursions. To J. F. Herbin '90, Rev. I. E. Bill '93, Rev. A. A. Shaw '92, Rev. J. L. Miner '95, B. Wallace '98, R. Stevens and F. Schurman formerly of the class of '96 the ATHENÆUM extends sincere congratulation.

Personal

The two following appointments have given much pleasure and satisfaction to the faculty and graduates of Acadia College.

At the annual meeting of the board of trustees at Drew Theological Seminary the Rev. J. A. Faulkner of the class of '78 was elected to the chair of historical theology. The position to which Mr. Faulkner has been called is one of considerable importance and the honor bestowed upon him well merited for his zeal in denominational work and high scholarship.

The appointment of T. S. K. Freeman to a Chaplaincy in the U.

S. navy has recently been gazetted. Mr. Freeman graduated from Acadia in '87 and his advancement is a source of much gratification to friends and class-mates.

Verse.

AMIALE ADVICE.

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 Settle,—or it might be known
 Even though you graced a throne.

Please not have us use our sabre
 As on hawk or thieving mink,—
 You who read this caustic jabber.

Undertake to own your own
 Paper pulp and printer's ink.

I was asked to give the wink,
 Not to say we want your jink.

Action brings our ships to harlour
 Dreadful though the billows moan,
 Visits with the axe each arbour
 All asleep and overgrown;
 Nor should some subscribers think
 College papers run alone
 Earnestly I ask you;—think.

SEA SHELL.

Acknowledgments

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