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"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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## THE DOOM OF THE GODS.

O gods, dethroned and decessed, cast forth, wiped out in a day,  
From your wrath is the world released, redeemed from your chains, men say,  
New Gods are crowned in the city, their flowers have broken your rods,  
They are merciful, clothed with pity, the young compassionate gods.

*From Stieuburne's "Hymn to Proserpine."*

I sing of gods whose immortality  
Was won by men who at their shrines adored.  
O love of beauty, heavenly power, vouchsafe  
To tune my voice in somewhat loftier tone,  
To celebrate the most supremest type  
Of beauty, moulded by the minds, that wove  
O'er Grecian mountains and o'er Latian plains,  
A spell that clothed them with divinity.  
The loveliness that comes when day smiles out  
Refulgent on the world, or when the night  
Glooms in her solemn majesty, and all  
The soul delights in of the seasons' range:  
The life-awaking Spring, the gorgeous bloom  
Of Summer and the Autumn's perfect prime,  
Tell to the mind, that, ever round us yet,  
Hover the spirits of the bards of old.  
As when at night within the darkling deep,  
The sky with all the glittering host of stars  
Is mirrored, and the mariner beholds  
The all-ensphering heaven, he knows and feels  
The universal presence of his God.

Upon that day when Mary's Son redeemed  
Man from the powers of Hell, on many-peaked  
Olympus, in the golden house of Jove,  
The gods with all their consanguinity  
Were gathered; for the earth, and air and sea  
And realms beneath the earth, by force did yield  
Their various rulers up. High on a throne  
Resplendent all with gold, whose dazzling form  
Blazed like a mirror in the noonday sun,  
Hiding its structure, but in bold relief  
Showing the mighty occupant, he sat:  
The All-ruling Sire; the head, whose awful nod  
Shook earth to her foundations, on his breast  
Declined, a leaden weight; the crown had fallen  
Upon the jasper pavement and there lay  
Like beam of light upon a asanguine sea,  
His hand no longer held the glowing bolt;  
Which, falling, idly lay anear his feet,  
Lifeless and cold. Beside him Juno sat,  
In deepest sorrow, with her clasped hands  
Reclining on her lap; her head upraised  
And looks cast forward and steadfast as though,  
Through golden pillar and amethystine wall,  
The vision pierced; encountering far beyond,  
The horrid features of Despair rise up  
From utmost chaos. Her ambrosial locks  
Fell o'er her snowy shoulders and her breast

And swayed but with its heaving. Many more  
 Were there of the divine ones : girded still  
 In adamantine mail, the warrior Mars,  
 But shorn of all his fury ; trident-armed  
 Neptune, and the wise Aegis bearing one,  
 Minerva, but her Aeg's was bereft  
 Of its Gorgonian terrors ; sad she stood  
 With hand upon her upright massy spear ;  
 While from beneath the helm, her tresses gold  
 Streamed backward, and majestic sorrow dimmed  
 Her large blue eye. The Queen of Love was there ;  
 And He, the Archer of the silver bow,  
 Apollo lovely in immortal youth,  
 Around whose form, the Sacred Sisters nine  
 Gathered with all their tuneful harps unstrung.  
 While, thronging the long corridors, or clinging  
 Around the mighty columns or the throne  
 Of some celestial power, all the beings  
 That ever flamen taught or poet dreamed—  
 Dryad and Faun, and Satyr, Grace and Nymph,  
 And many a Naiad fair, their native haunts  
 Deserting, there were gathered. Oft before  
 Had Jove's high dwelling brightened with the glow  
 Of deities assembled, when the world,  
 Youthful, obeyed them all in youth and knew  
 Naught but obedience ; then Celestial might  
 Was in their limbs and glory all divine  
 Gleamed from their faces ; now how changed ! how changed !  
 Sorrow possessed each heart, and on each brow  
 Despair was written ; while a silence deep  
 Brooded like magic spell among them all.  
 But grief cannot remain in silence long ;  
 And must expression find, when the first stroke  
 That numbs the soul hath passed ; for words bring balm  
 To pang they body forth ; e'en when we hear  
 The sad relation of another's woe,  
 It seems to share and lighten thus our own ;  
 And weakest spirits first this comfort seek.  
 " Apollo, sing some sorrow-laden song ;  
 That these black hours which stagnate into years,  
 May move more quickly by." So sighing, spake  
 Calliope and turned appealing looks  
 Upon her deity ; but no response  
 Parted his lips ; and in short interval  
 Again she cried : " Apollo, sing, oh sing !"  
 At this he lifted up his head and gazed  
 Around, beholding every vision bent  
 Upon him ; even the far-piercing eye  
 Of the still awful Jove in mute appeal  
 Echoed the words : " Apollo, sing, oh sing !"  
 Apollo answered not ; but o'er the harp  
 His melody-awaking fingers passed.  
 Thrice he essayed the unwilling strain to raise,  
 Thrice failed his voice and touch ; then straight he flung  
 The shell aside, and breathed his accents thus :  
 " I cannot sing : for tongue and chord alike  
 Refuse their duty ; but I may the tale  
 Relate of my dread downfall and, mayhap,  
 This aching time will haste its slow career.  
 Throned on the blazing car which bore of old  
 Hyperion, through the sapphire orient gates,  
 I late came forth, bringing the blushing morn.  
 Far through the limitless demesnes of space,  
 Rushing with thunder speed, my chariot passed ;

The ethereal coursers from their nostrils blowing  
 The flaming hours, and with their dreadless hoofs  
 Treading the ambient winds, and bearing day  
 To mortals and immortals, chasing night,  
 That fled before in terror, to his cave  
 Deep in the Occidental ; on, on, on  
 They sped, until with tireless feet they trod  
 The empyrean ; when, behind, I heard  
 A sound as of the sweeping of great wings,  
 Or as a forest on some mountain side  
 Swayed by the tempest, when Euroclodon  
 Wakes raging. Rearward straight my vision turned.  
 And lo ! an unknown one ; whom like a god  
 I'd call, but for a god he seemed too bright,  
 Too glorious ; rainbows circled all his form ;  
 And, wildly waving from his shoulders, wings  
 Supported him ; before him, the right hand  
 Did grasp a blade, that, like the lightning's beam,  
 Jagged streamed forth afar. His countenance  
 Majestic past all utterance ; Jove might ne'er  
 Gaze fearless on that brow. Onward he came,  
 Doubling my coursers, speed, his mighty vans,  
 To two great clouds of purest white, outspread  
 Fanning the air to whirlwinds. He o'ertook  
 Me soon, and with a voice as of the sea  
 Lab'ring in tempest, " Phœbus from thy car  
 Descend and yield the guiding reins to me,  
 The minister of him who rules supreme.  
 The old gods are too weak for sovereignty ;  
 And from beneath their feeble grasp hath passed  
 The empire of the universe ; descend !"  
 And by his word, stricken as Phaeton  
 By Jove's hurled thunder, down through the abyss,  
 Earthward I fell—down, down ; the aerial mists  
 Stroke on my form, as, by my horrid speed,  
 They seemed to harden ; till, with dizzy brain,  
 Upon Olympus' top I ceased my flight,  
 Leaving my coursers guided by new hands  
 And terrible. But whence that being came,  
 Where nurtured, by what hidden power sent forth,  
 I know it not." Then with a sigh that choked  
 His further utterance, Phœbus ceased ; and straight  
 The harmonious sisters seized their lyres and strung ;  
 And singing soothed awhile each paining heart.  
 " Mourn for the beauty gone, the glory lost."  
 This the refrain ; and when it died away,  
 The voice of Maia's Winged Son was heard  
 Cleaving the silence and his accents these.  
 " The power that hath unsceptred us, to me  
 Hath been revealed. Thou knowest, father Jove,  
 Thrice did the Lord of Day through Scorpius pass,  
 Since One within the far Judean land,  
 Whose birth was marked by all the elements,  
 Although a mortal did proclaim himself,  
 God and the Son of God. But not in guise  
 Godlike He came, on sunbright car enthroned,  
 Begirt with flaming hosts ; yea, nor in state  
 Of earthly monarch, clad in starry splendor  
 Of jewelled robes keen sparkling, but was born  
 In lowly manger 'mid sweet breathing kine  
 That knelt adoring ; meekness and gentleness  
 'Bode with him ever ; more than human love  
 He bore for those by sin and woe oppressed ;

And many hearts were by his precepts swayed  
 To offer prayer at other shrines than ours.  
 This day, the clouds dividing with swift wing,  
 O'er land and sea toward Tithonus' realm,  
 I sped ; but paused above the wind-swept plain  
 That erst knew Ilium. Fond remembrance came  
 Of deeds by gods and godlike heroes done,  
 When gods were young and great, and ruled unchecked,  
 And humankind were like the gods in might.  
 Thence onward passed, and, on the formless winds  
 Riding, I came, where, on her ancient hills,  
 Jerusalem gleamed forth in regal pride.  
 When sounds, such as ne'er reached mine ear before,  
 Came on the breeze ; and, from the horizon far,  
 Uprose in rank on rank of order true,  
 In countless myriads, a shining host  
 Of beings never viewed by heavenly ken.  
 Winnowing with plumes immense the yielding air,  
 They came, thought-speeded, with great faces turned,—  
 Oh, how impotent are the loftiest words,  
 E'er syllabled by created tongue, to tell  
 What beauty and what majesty sublime,  
 Shone radiant on them !— toward Jerusalem.  
 Each orb of sight fixed steadfast on a hill,  
 The goal of their advance ; and so intent  
 Their eager gaze, unnoticed, me they passed.  
 As birds, that, numberless, with steady wing  
 Circle some broad based tower e'er they alight,  
 To build new homes when Spring bids earth smile ;  
 So in vast gyres moving, these at last  
 Encircled all the hill, rank above rank,  
 Receding as they rose, till high above  
 Calvaria's mount they formed a living crown.  
 No sound arose as that ethereal host,  
 With folded pinion and transfixed gaze,  
 Hung in mid-air. My sight did follow theirs ;  
 And round the hill and from the city gates  
 Still pouring, multitudinous as the leaves  
 In Latmian forests, a tumultuous mass  
 Of mortals came to look upon the pangs  
 Of the pale Galilean, on a Cross  
 Fixed writhing in enormous agonies.  
 Curses and mockeries and insults vile,  
 Were yielded by the crowd ; when suddenly  
 The sun was gloomed in unforetold eclipse,  
 And darkness rushed across the trembling orb,  
 Making a dreadful silence ; broken soon,  
 As the deep sigh rang from the suffering lips :  
 " Eli, eli lama sabathani."  
 Another pause succeeded ; then again  
 " 'Tis finished," was the cry, for death was come.  
 Then earth in horrible convulsions shook,  
 Groaning in earthquake travail ; and huge rocks,  
 Torn from their beds, hurled echoing around.  
 Made universal din ; and from the tombs,  
 The dead, long mouldering, in their cerements,  
 Came forth, a ghastly band, to tread once more  
 Paths erst familiar. From its body freed,  
 The prophet's spirit lingered not but rose  
 Upward, as born by its unbounded will,  
 To that aerial band which moveless hung  
 Like cloud that waits the breeze by summer blown.  
 Forthwith in adoration, every brow  
 Declined ; and from the serried ranks arose  
 A song of triumph loud but strangely sweet ;

As nor Apollo, nor the mases nine  
 Forth from their throbbing throats have ever breathe,  
 Then when the melody had died away,  
 He who but one short hour's space before  
 Had been the weakest and the scorn of men,  
 But now the adored of the supernatural powers,  
 With majesty spake : " All is finished now,  
 The grave is conquered, death of sting bereft,  
 Hell's empire overthrown, and man made heir  
 To an eternal glory. The false gods  
 Who have seduced his spirit from the right,  
 To them unworthy worship, must be driven  
 From all their realms : that earth no more deny  
 Me and My Father. Ministers of light,  
 Forth on your mission ; may none tarriance show."  
 They heard His voice ; and on the nimble wing  
 Wheeling, like sun rays from the centre east  
 They tracked the course of all the winds of heaven.  
 The event we sadly know ; and who can tell  
 That our dread conquerors may hither come  
 To this, our latest refuge ?" At that word,  
 All eyes instinct towards the portal rolled.  
 When lo ! a light as of the rising sun  
 Shone in the palace, and the galleries,  
 And columned vistas, and colossal walls  
 Glowed as the clouds that cradle the young Dawn.  
 And as the day flames upward to his noon,  
 The lustre grew, till every countenance  
 Its wonder vined and its deep dismay.  
 When, through the lofty archway's ample space,  
 The Living Splendor entered. From his form,  
 Such radiance came as e'en immortal sight  
 Could scarce endure. His stature passing far  
 Earth's hugest sons, or in the northland dark,  
 Whose wondrous deeds in many a saga live,  
 The brood of Jotenheim ; Typhæus dire,  
 He might have seized and with one hand unnerved.  
 Around his head a golden crown blazed forth  
 And seemed a circling fire. The majesty  
 Of stainless strength, with passions all unmixed,—  
 Save of a love lit on no earthly shrine,—  
 Reigned on his countenance ; and plume on plume,  
 Down from his shining shoulders, his vast vans  
 Like alabaster towers, on either side  
 Guarded his form ; nor sword, nor sheltering shield  
 Bore he, nor of such argument had need  
 To aid his conquering glance ; and every god,  
 All mute before this flaming messenger,  
 Instinctive waited for the doom proclaimed.  
 Nor long ; for like some organ swelling vast  
 Its volumed tones and deep, the Glory spake :  
 " The doom pronounced by Heaven's Eternal King  
 On you, now justly driven from those thrones,  
 Whereon for ages ye have fed mankind  
 With dire deceits and warped the living truth,  
 Hear and abide ! Ye are adulterous gods ;  
 And all unworthy 'twere that man should bow  
 And worship more at such polluted shrines,  
 Offending the Most High. No longer then  
 Your reigns endure ; and coming years may bring  
 No hope of rule returned ; but, since the minds  
 Many, that to the Olympian mountain bent  
 Adoring, drew an inspiration grand,  
 And with their concourse of immortal thoughts,

An intellectual realm of glory formed,  
 Sublime and beautiful ; where lovely forms,  
 And forms majestic, heroes and heroines,  
 And mighty demi-gods, forever move  
 Amid those flowers, which though born of me,—  
 Shall bloom the comrades of Eternity.  
 Thither ye shall retire ; and, while mind  
 Endures, through untold ages yet to come,  
 Over that wondrous land when man shall tread,  
 He pales before the blazing bolt of Jove.  
 And feels the trembling spheres confess his nod.  
 Still in that mythic world as here of old,  
 Apollo shall engild the Orient ;  
 Great cities quake before the Warrior's voice,  
 And fall beneath his spear ; and Pallas breathe  
 Her words of wisdom, and Diana roam,  
 Brightening the groves with rays of Chastity.  
 But, evermore may odorous incense rise  
 From altars reared to you ; and men shall blend  
 Their voices swelling loud the tuneful praise  
 Of the true God, eternal, infinite,  
 Perfect in wisdom, goodness, and in mercy.  
 The past is dead ; a newer, better time  
 Dawns on a world, freed from the iron rule  
 Of gods whose only attribute was strength.  
 A better time, when love, displacing might,  
 Dwells chiefly ; and as ages roll along  
 Shall strengthen, till, all nations and all tribes  
 Soothed by its power, with evil passions lulled  
 To endless rest, a single glorious hymn  
 From all the earth shall rend the echoing skies,  
 Attuned to God ; and universal peace,—  
 Unknown since Eden's lords obedient moved,—  
 Shall with a flowery wreath the planet bind.  
 Depart, O heirs of sorrow, to that land,  
 Where change may enter not." He spake, and straight  
 He stood alone upon the verdurous height,  
 His snowy pinions folded to his side,  
 His shining hands clasped steadfast, and his head,  
 Decked with its crown of light, was lowly bent  
 As if in sorrow. Musing, last he spake :  
 " Why should a shade regretful touch my frame  
 For these fall'n powers ? All which they inspired  
 Of beauty, lives forever, and their reign  
 Of myriad ages never yet removed  
 A single pang entailed on human hearts."  
 He ceased ; and spreading his wide-shadowing plumes,  
 And floating down the day-star's western track,  
 Vanished and left to night the world redeemed.  
 In that same hour, across the orb there rang  
 From Grecian valleys to the Lybian sands,  
 Beyond the Pillars to the Blessed Isles,  
 Thence o'er the listening ocean westward far,  
 Where Cotapaxi's mountain, roaring, shakes  
 A continent, and with ambitious flame,  
 Daunts the pale stars, and every nation heard  
 The far resounding voice : " Great Pan is dead."  
 And where Olympus' form slopes to the sea,  
 Upon the forest lyre the sad winds smote,  
 Waking melodious murmurs that swelled sweet  
 And soft and mournful till the notes conjoined  
 In one weird cry : " Great Pan is dead, is dead,"  
 Then sank again to silence as before.

EDWARD BLACKADDER.

## JOSEPH HOWE.

"During the old times of persecution, four brothers, bearing my name, left the southern counties of England, and settled in four of the old New England States. Their descendants number thousands, and are scattered from Maine to California. My father was the only descendant of that stock who, at the Revolution, adhered to the side of England. His bones rest in the Halifax Churchyard. I am his only surviving son; and whatever the future may have in store, I want, when I stand beside his grave, to feel that I have done my best to preserve the connection he so valued, that the British flag may wave above the soil in which he sleeps." Such is the eloquent manner in which Nova Scotia's greatest son states his lineage and the ruling principle of his whole political career.

Joseph Howe was born in the year 1804, in a pleasant cottage, since burnt down, on the banks of the North West Arm, Halifax, where he resided the first thirteen years of his life. He received no regular education; walking two miles to school in summer, and in winter staying at home. At the age of thirteen he entered the *Gazette* office and for ten years worked at the printing business. The popularity arising from his successful defence in his famous libel suit, caused his election to the House of Assembly in the year 1836. From that time onward to his death in 1873, he was constantly engaged in the noblest work that can occupy the energies of a statesman: namely the securing of justice and the fullest political liberty for his fellow-countrymen. Howe's life and political work are so inextricably interwoven, that, to relate the former apart from the latter, is impossible. We, therefore, feel ourselves under the necessity of stating a few of the acts which he accomplished to the benefit of Nova Scotia, and which in all honest minds prove him foremost by far of all her statesmen. He—

Opened the Council doors, and separated the Legislature from the Executive Council.

Removed the judges from politics; made them independent, and only removable from office by addresses from both branches of the Legislature.

Reduced the number of judges from eleven to six.

Passed the Quadrennial Bill, by which the right was secured of electing members every four years instead of once in seven.

Passed the Qualification Act, by which a man owning property in any county could be elected in all the others.

Passed the Civil List, by which the expenses of Government were largely reduced.

Passed the Registry Bill, by which the expenses of recording deeds is reduced one-half in all the counties.

Passed the Post Office Act, by which the whole department was transferred from the Imperial to the Provincial Government, and the rate of postage varying from 9d. to 2s. 1d., were reduced to a uniform rate of 2d. all over the British Provinces.

Passed the new School Act, by which a superintendent of education was appointed to visit and inspect the schools.

Passed laws combining the two revenue departments into one, saving time to the merchant and expense to the Province.

Opened fifteen or twenty new ports for trade and commerce.

Passed the Departmental Bill.

Passed the law by which every man who has paid taxes or voted at an election, can plead in any of Her Majesty's court, for himself or his neighbor.

Established a Commissioner by which all the laws of the Province were simplified and consolidated, and published in a cheap single volume, which everybody can read and understand.

Passed the law by which Halifax was incorporated, and invested with all the privileges of an English city.

Built the electric telegraph across Nova Scotia.

Passed the law by which every man who pays rates is entitled to vote at elections.

Established responsible Government, by which a majority of the people's representatives can turn out a bad Government whenever it has lost the confidence of the country.

Mr. Howe was also probably the first Nova Scotian who suggested and spoke upon a Union of the Provinces. In truth he never was opposed to the fact of confederation; but was decidedly an antagonist of the indefensible and disgraceful manner in which Nova Scotia was brought into the Union. He was always a fierce opponent of Annexation and a strong advocate of Imperial Federation. He said:

"I believe Annexation would be unwise, would be dishonorable; what we require is union with the empire; an investiture with the rights and dignity of British citizenship."

But Howe was not only an orator and statesman; he was a man of marked literary talent besides. His lectures are masterpieces of philosophical and critical insight; and as a poet he stands in the foremost rank of Acadia's singers. As an orator Howe ranked high; we doubt if Canada has yet produced his superior. He possessed a vast wealth of historical illustration; a wonderful power of giving a practical application to philosophical principles; great strength and rapidity of marshalling in logical order all his resources of argument; he was quick to see the weak points of an opponent and as quick in taking advantage of them; he had a keen perception of the ridiculous and the ability to show it forth; was ever ready with a witticism appro-



prate to the occasion, and, sometimes by means of it, distracted the attention of his hearers from a troublesome argument of his adversary; a cutting sarcasm too was not wanting when occasion demanded; and interruptions by others never disturbed him while speaking. His style was forcible, logical, direct and simple; his fine memory served him well, and a conclusion was often clinched by a pertinent quotation from his favorite Shakspeare. Eloquent he was also in a high degree. Often rising as the case required, he poured forth noble passages that would in no way dim the fame of a Pitt, a Webster, or a Gladstone. Howe commonly stuttered in the exordium; and, in speaking, usually had his thumbs stuck in the armholes of his waistcoat; and, while listening, he always wore a good natured smile. We first select some passages from his speech on the Organization of the Empire, delivered in 1854:

“Sir, the first question which we men of the North must put to ourselves, is, have we a territory broad enough of which to make a nation? I think it can be shown that we have. Beneath, around, and behind us, stretching away from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are four million square miles of territory. All Europe, with its family of nations, contains but three million seven hundred and eight thousand, or two hundred and ninety-two thousand miles less. The United States include three million three hundred and thirty thousand five hundred and seventy-two square miles; or seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand, one hundred and twenty-eight less than British America. Sir, I often smile when I hear some vainglorious Republican exclaiming:—

“No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,  
The whole unbounded continent is ours!”

Forgetting that the largest portion does not belong to him at all, but to us, the men of the North, whose descendants will control its destinies forever. Sir, the whole globe contains but thirty-seven million square miles. We, North Americans, living under the British flag, have one-ninth of the whole, and this ought to give us ‘ample room and verge enough’ for the accommodation and support of a countless population.”

“Charmed by her classic recollections, how apt are we to magnify everything in the old world, and to imagine that Providence has been kind to her alone. Yet the noble St. Lawrence is equal in proportions to the Nile—the greatest granary of the East, which from the days of the patriarchs, has fed millions with its produce. Take the Italian’s Vo, the Frenchman’s Rhone, the Englishman’s Thames, the German’s Rhine, and the Spaniard’s Sagus, and roll them all into one channel, and you then only have a stream equal to the St. Lawrence. The great lakes of Canada are larger in volume than the Caspian Sea; and the Gulf of St. Lawrence (with which we are so familiar that we forget what it is), contains a surface of one hundred thousand square miles, and is as large as the Black Sea, on which the proud fleets of four hostile nations may at this very moment be engaged. Accustomed to think and feel as colonists, it is difficult for us to imagine that the Baltic, illustrated by Nelson’s achievements and Campbell’s verse, is not

something different from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and yet it is not. Its dimensions are about the same ; its climate rigorous ; its coasts originally sterile, and the sea-kings and warriors who came out of it, made of no better stuff than are the men who shoot seals on the ice flakes of Newfoundland, till farms on the green hills of Pictou, or fell trees in the forests of New Brunswick."

"Sir, a country must have resources as well as breadth of soil. Are we destitute of these? I think not. Nova Scotia, being nearly an island, has no mighty rivers, but she has what is better than them all,—open harbors throughout the year. She has old ocean wrapping her round with loving embracements ; drawing down from every creek, and cove, and harbor, her children to share the treasures of an exhaustless fishery, or to carry commodities across her bosom. Though not large, how beautiful and diversified are the lakes and the streams which everywhere glad the eye, and give to our country water carriage and water power in every section of the interior. Already Nova Scotia has shown what she can draw from a soil of generous fertility, what she can do upon the sea. Sir, I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, and my head will be cold long before my prediction is verified ; but I know that the day must come when Nova Scotia, small as she is, will maintain half a million of men upon the sea."

After turning from England, whither he had gone to seek aid in building colonial railways, Mr. Howe in a speech at Halifax, thus expressed his feelings on reaching the land of his forefathers :

"When I steamed up Liverpool Harbor, and saw the noble docks stretching for miles along the shore, ships gliding past every instant like birds upon the wing, and all the evidences of the dense population and restless activity of a great commercial emporium, I may have doubted the possibility of an unknown colonist obtaining a hearing upon any subject. And I must confess that when I found myself in the heart of England's great metropolis, with its two millions of people around me, of whom I knew not ten, I sometimes felt that if I ventured to raise my voice at all, amidst its aggregate industry, and high domestic excitement, I would probably resemble the man howling in the wilderness. But the light that led to other victories led to this. It flashes into my mind, I know not whence, and I have been accustomed to follow it wheresoever it leads. My heart is ever strengthened when my country has work to do."

In a special at Montreal occurs the following noble passage dealing with the race question in Canada, and its difficulties :

"The distinction of race is the insidious theme upon which alarmists love to dwell. Perhaps you will hear with me when I say, that to a stranger coming among you, these very distinctions supply most of the variety which charms. We Anglo-Saxons, proud of our race and achievements, are too apt to forget how largely the Norman French element entered into the composition of that race. We forget that Frenchmen lorded it over England for centuries ; that their laws were administered in her tribunals, and their language spoken in her courts. Gradually the distinction faded, and out of a common ancestry came that new race

which has given laws and civilization to the world. So it will be here. Springing from two of the foremost nations of the earth, speaking two noble languages, copying from each other the arts of life, the varying lights and shades which give it expression, who doubts that a race will grow up, in North America equal to the requirements of the country, and proud of the characteristics of the great families from which they have sprung? Let us respect each others' peculiarities. Let us copy from each other till that time arrives when,

"As the varying tints unite,  
They'll form in Heaven's light,  
One arch of peace."

Howe's loyalty to the Mother Country amounted to a passion; but it was not a slavish and cowardly loyalty, which, under any circumstance would be found preaching the doctrine of non-resistance. It was a manly attachment to the home of his forefathers, and well expressed by the statement: "Not that he loved Britain the less, but Nova Scotia the more." In his speech on the organization of empire, while strongly urging Imperial Federation, he states what must come in time if that is refused:

"If then, Mr. Chairman, the British and Colonial Statesmen of the present day, cordially co-operating, do not incorporate this people into the British Empire or make a nation of them, they will, long before their numbers have swelled so much, make a nation of themselves. Let me not be misunderstood, sir, I shall say nothing here that I would not utter in the presence of the Queen. If disposed to declare our independence to-morrow, I do not believe that Her Majesty's Government would attempt to prevent us by force. If they did they would fail. But what I want them to understand is this: that they lost one-half of this continent from not comprehending it; and that just so sure as they expect the sentiment of loyalty to attach the other half to England, while the people of two small islands divide the distinctions and the influence of Empire among them, they will by and by be awakened by the peaceful organization of a great country, whose inhabitants must be Britons in every sense of the word or something more."

Some of Howe's witticisms have become famous. One of them specially is well known. At one of his meetings with Tupper, the latter had, while violently attacking Howe, drunk a great deal of water as a refreshment. When Howe arose to answer, he stated, that never before had he seen "a wind mill run by water power."

And now we must draw our paper to a close; feeling that on a subject about which volumes should be written to do it justice, a short essay like this must necessarily be totally inadequate to do justice, even to the salient points of the life, character and works of the noblest of our statesmen. No proud monument of stone, the gift of a loving and admiring people, marks his last resting-place in the little Halifax Churchyard. But a nobler, grander monument; the recognition and fadeless

memory of his high patriotic labours, exists and shall exist undimmed in the hearts of the present and all future generations, who may claim as their birth-place, the hills and the valleys of his own loved Nova Scotia. The members of that generation who watched his rise and progress are now few and far between. But we still hear old men speak with love and reverence of the simplicity of manners, and the high intellectual resources of him, who, whether negotiating with ministers of state in presence of his Sovereign, or conversing familiarly beneath the lowly roof of the humblest farmer in the land, was ever the same—Joe Howe.

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### HAWTHORN AND THE WITCH CITY.

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GREY, quaint, historic Salem : the old Witch City of romance and mystery, the birthplace of Hawthorn and the cradle of his future fame. Around the old stone dwellings there linger stories of superstition and legends of other days, and the links that bind the present to the dark and cloudy past are guarded with a jealous care.

This is the oldest of New England cities, and the prestige which time has given unto her she maintains with an outward show of unique solemnity. A church of pre-revolutionary type is preserved as a memorial of her early days. About the antique and dusty carvings there is cast a curious halo. The sounding board, a necessary adjunct to all ancient abbeys, seems to have been forgotten by the designer of this interesting specimen of church architecture: the most distant auditor could not have been removed very many leagues from the preacher, while the gallery, built no doubt for the sake of sudden emergency, would have made for the most fastidious church-goer an admirable family pew.

Those were the days when broomsticks served as vehicles of aerial locomotion, and upon the dark storm-cloud of the night might be seen transporting their freight of laughing witches with unearthly, rustling, moaning sound and strange mysterious lights of bluish color. The determined raid of the inhabitants finally put an end to their supernatural manifestations. A number of witches were caught and brought to judgment. The dingy walls within which their tribunal sat, are still standing as a sad memento of one of the wildest superstitious rages that ever infested a civilized and sane people. During seven months of the year 1692, nineteen witches were hung on Gallows Hill. Times have changed since then; the witches of the old school have fled but witch-craft prevails; no longer a weird, uncanny spirit, but a strange, subtle, captivating power. The little elf no longer is summoned before the council of

justice, but the witch and bewitched proceed voluntarily to the clerical bar and the ill-fated latter condemned to a life-long servitude beneath the sway of the old-time broomstick.

Gallows Hill is a high mound just outside the city, where holiday fireworks and general illuminations are often indulged in. It is this Hill that Hawthorn speaks of in his introduction *The Scarlet Letter*, and when upon the "glorious fourth," 1804, young Hawthorn was ushered into life with the booming of cannon, no doubt the hill was all aglow with the bonfires of Independence. An old gable-roofed house upon Union street is pointed out as the birth-place of Hawthorn. After a few years the family moved to a house on Herbert street. The author's room was situated in the S. W. corner of the third story, removed upward away from the noisy turmoil of life along the streets below. "In this dismal chamber fame was won."

In the *Dollive Romance* there is made mention of the Old Burial Point, and although there does not seem to be anything akin between the dark hobgoblins that hover over a graveyard and the joyous spirits flitting about in the fairyland of courtship, yet near here is situated the Charter Street House, with which was associated the name that was dearest of all to the heart of the young man Nathaniel. No doubt that under the inspiration of this association, the hideous shapes and phantoms with which superstition had populated that corner of the country, were transported by the buoyant fancy of Hawthorn into nymphs and graces and naiads of delight.

There is a tradition connected with a residence in East Salem, that it is identical with *The House of Seven Gables*, but it is highly probable that it is not founded on fact. *The Custom House* has been well enough described in the words of the writer himself. There are other spots in the old city which his original genius has made of more than passing interest, and as long as Nathaniel Hawthorn maintains his lofty position among the men of imagination, so long will these places be a source of interest to all true admirers of him who caught a vision of life from a point of view upon which no other author has ever stood. Within the present Town House Square, stood the old Town Pump. The misty haze of years has gathered around its site, and only to the older ones does it remain in memory. If there had not been cast about it the halo of beautiful romance it would have been forgotten long ago; but now that this familiar object is seen no more, the words of the pure and simple author comes back with their full significance. "It may be however,—O transporting and triumphant thought!—that the great-grandchildren of the present race may sometimes think kindly of the scribbler of by-gone days, when the antiquary of days to come, among the sites memorable in the town's history, shall point out the locality of *The Town Pump*."

INGRAM BILL.

## EPHEMERIDES.

## OUR IDEA OF MAN.

'Tis not a dwelling in a mansion fair,  
 With riches spread profusely everywhere,  
 And costly furnishings that well might bring  
 Honor and glory to an orient king ;  
 'Tis not proud coursers prancing with life's fire,  
 Nor gilded chariot, nor proud attire,  
 Nor royal feasts displaying untold wealth,  
 Stealing from man that first of blessings, health ;  
 'Tis not possession of proud rank and birth,  
 That is in man criterion of his worth.  
 Great only, he, to raise mankind hath tried ;  
 Truth for his aim and reason for his guide.  
 For mighty mansions to the ground may fall,  
 And climbing ivy mock each mouldering wall ;  
 And man himself expire unsung, unknown ;  
 Only remembered by the mossy stone.  
 But deeds, to truth that nearer bring mankind,  
 Forever last, within the world's great heart enshrined.

THE following short passage from one of Joseph Howe's lectures is very much to the point ; but we are sorry to say that the maxim is quite often neglected ; especially during election time :

" If asked, then, by any youth in this assembly, how he should become an effective and impressive public speaker, I would answer :—" Speak the truth and feel it." I know of no rule better than this,—I know of none so good."

WE now—begging Homer's pardon—present to our readers, a metrical experiment, in the form of the opening lines of the *Illiad*, translated into English hexameters :

Sing, Goddess, the ruinous wrath of Paleus' offspring, Achilles,  
 Which, to the martial Achaians, brought numberless woes ; and, fulfilling  
 Jove's unrelenting decree, hurled down to the prison of Pluto,  
 Many a mighty soul ; but delivered the bodies of heroes  
 Prey to the vultures and dogs ; when the King of Men, Agamemnon.  
 With noble Achilles awoke the unquenchable fires of Discord.

## SOME APHORISMS FROM DEAN SWIFT.

" Truth, though known a thousand years,  
 Is ever fresh and young."

MEN of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke ; and desired he would observe that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divid a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even,

only requiring a steady hand ; whereas if they should make use of a sharp cutter, the sharpness would make it often go out of the crease and disfigure the paper.

WOULD a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this;" "this shall be famous to all posterity:" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

I HAVE known some men possessed with good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves: like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.

THE reason why so few marriages are happy is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

THE power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit. Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

#### APHORISM FROM HOWE.

WITH nations as with individuals, much depends upon the principles and the resolves with which they set out, and the strength of their determination to surmount the un-toward accidents of birth ; and command by energy and perseverance, the honors and rewards which circumstances would seem to have denied.

#### SONG.

Ye, who from care and toil would flee,  
Come to the vales of Acadie !  
Come to her lucid streams,  
Come to her sunny gleams,  
Come, oh ! come and happy, happy be.

*Chorus.*—Acadia the home of the Mayflower,  
Acadia the pearl of the sea,  
Entwined with the Shamrock and Thistle,  
And Rose, may that flower ever be.

Babbling brooks, and leafy groves,  
Verdant meads, and sunlit coves,  
Mountains that rise on high,  
Lakes that enfold the sky,  
Every scene the minstrel spirit loves.

## The Acadia Athenæum.

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## The Sanctum.

FREQUENTLY in our Canadian periodicals we see appeals for the formation of a Canadian literature. Many are the regrets expressed that our country has been so barren of production which could lay claim to this designation. While a literature can not be made at will, still it is clear that circumstances may be so unfavorable as to seriously hinder the development of such. It was only under those auspices presented by the Olympic festivals of Greece, by the Augustan age of Rome, and by England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that such brilliant manifestations of genius as characterized those times blazed forth. Genius though inborn, is dependent seemingly upon circumstances to be evoked. If aught can be done by Canadians to develop a native literature, to call forth native genius, gladly should such be done.

\* \* \*

THERE is one characteristic perhaps ever present in a people before literary genius manifests itself. An appreciation of literature must exist in the minds of that people. This appreciation must be present first in him who has the power, yet undeveloped, to produce it, or otherwise the gift within him unknown will remain unknown and unheeded. But even if the presence of this genius is in some measure comprehended by its possessor, unless some appreciation shall be shown its productions, in small measure will it be exerted. It is not difficult to discover a reason for the absence of a literature in the early history of a colony. There is work to be done of so much greater urgency that the importance of letters becomes in comparison insignificant. Literature is not appreciated. The minds of those even who are possessed of literary genius are attracted to other things, and in many cases perhaps



they do not discover the gift that is within them ; or, conscious of their innate powers, their productions treated with disdain, they must of necessity turn their attention to other things. The country advances. Prosperity increases. The people have time to relax their engrossing industry and look upon the beauty about them. Their thoughts turn to other things. Their horizon broadens. Circumstances become more favorable to the appreciation of literature. In the proportion that the appreciation of literature in a country increases, will the tendency toward the production of a literature in that country increase.

\* \* \*

THE history of Canada as a colony has reached a stage at which it should no longer be said that literary interest is wanting. Although not so general as might be wished, we can plainly see that the interest is widening. The frequent articles in Canadian periodicals appealing for a greater interest to be taken in the literature of our country, for greater encouragement to be shown colonial writers, testify to this fact. At the present time no Canadian writer need be discouraged through fear of not finding on the part of many deserving recognition and appreciation. If his productions possess merit they will be read and read gladly. From the very fact that they are the productions of a Canadian, they will obtain from many a reading prejudiced in their favor. If then a Canadian literature is not produced it will not be altogether through lack of appreciation on the part of Canadians. Possibly indeed there is a danger at the present time in our native authors receiving unmerited praise. It is not enough to commend a literary production that it is the work of a Canadian, yet it is evident to a critical reader that much of the praise showered upon the writings of our own poets may be traced to this fact. Let not Canadians deceive themselves. A poem must stand or fall on its own merits. It is well to encourage rising authors ; but let us be honest. Prolificeness is not genius. An author owes it to the world to bestow his best. If praise begets carelessness of thought and diction or self-complacency which paralyzes improvement, let praise be turned to censure. Honest criticism can be productive of nothing but good. Dishonest criticism, however well meant, is pernicious. The works of Canadian authors are not wholly without appreciation. If he is unable to obtain sufficient remuneration for his productions from his own countrymen, he need not despair, for if they are worthy he will not have serious difficulty in finding those who will remunerate him. The world is his reading public if that which he has to offer is worth the reading.

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WHILE much appreciation has been shown Canadian productions by Canadians, still it must be admitted that little interest is taken in literature by our people as a whole, to what might be wished. Canadians are

perhaps too practical to be poetical. There are other things of so much greater importance, we are apt to think, that the claims of literature are lost sight of. Even in our colleges the study of the English poets is given an inferior place. The result is that very few entertain for a moment the idea of distinguishing themselves as litterateurs. The martyrs among us who devote their lives to the literary profession, we feel in duty bound to praise. We want a Canadian literature—oh, yes. We wish somebody would make it for us! The appreciation for the productions of our own authors though seemingly genuine enough, is, in many cases, we are afraid, mere hypocrisy. If we are to have a Canadian literature which shall stand on its own merits, there must be an appreciation, real and true, for literature on the part of Canadians. When the people as a whole become lovers of poetry and critics of poetry, when they adjudge literature as the greatest and sublimest creation of the mind and understand what literature is, then will each look into himself to learn if the gift of genius has been bestowed upon him, and those to whom it has been entrusted will to the greatest extent employ it.

\* \* \*

How shall such an end be reached? It is to the college that we naturally look. A more prominent place may be given to the study of English literature in the curricula of our colleges. Why should the assignments, in literary composition to students be confined to one class of literature? No student is surprised, although having little taste for mathematics, on being asked to work out a number of difficult mathematical problems. With what consternation however, would many a student, although having a decided taste for literature, receive an assignment to prepare a composition on some subject in verse. It is evident to any thoughtful mind that the assignments are equally just. The small number of graduates from our colleges who can correctly compose a dozen lines of verse in any stanza would no doubt surprise many, if known. It is not to be wondered at however. Exercises in Latin verse are sometimes assigned so that the students can better enter into the spirit of Latin poetry; but exercises in English verse are not deemed necessary. While such a state of things exists, how can we look for much intelligent appreciation of poetry on the part of our people? The same criticism might be made on other branches of literature as taught or rather not taught in our colleges. As a rule the only kinds of literary composition demanded are essays and theses. These no doubt are the most important to the general student of literature. But important though they are, why should they be given to the exclusion of all others? If the colleges are to educate their students to an intelligent appreciation of literature, the present system must be radically changed.

ACADIA has shown that she has to some extent realized this fact. Different kinds of literary composition have been received for essays. While perhaps not encouraging as she might the production of descriptive and narrative articles in either prose or verse, she has not discouraged such. Although assigning definite subjects for articles, these subjects have been frequently changed to suit the tastes of the students. This we believe an excellent course to pursue. If the student is especially interested in the subject assigned him, he will discuss it to the best of his ability. If it is one in which he has no interest, it will be drudgery. He can not do justice to himself or to his subject. If the tastes of the individual students were consulted more and the subjects for essays accordingly assigned, much improvement in literary production we believe would result. If honorable mention were given to the best class essayist or to the author of the best literary production submitted by a class, this would be additional incitement to excellence in literary work. Anything that would tend to educate our people to a more intelligent appreciation of literature and invite our writers, young and old, to greater excellence in their productions, should receive the most careful attention by all who have the best interests of our loved Canada and her literature at heart.

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THE initials, E. B., which appeared at the bottom of the Collis Campusque department in the December issue of the ATHENÆUM, were placed there by those who then had the matter of that department to collect; and they were signed there without the consent or even the knowledge of the person whose signature they were; and they only appeared there because the proof sheets were not handed in to the proper authority. We shall see that nothing of the sort shall happen again in future.

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## The Month.

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VERY creditable was the Junior Rhetorical Exhibition of '93. On the last night before the students disperse for the Christmas holidays, the annual Exhibition is ever a long-looked-for treat. The class of '95 put forth their best efforts to make the evening's entertainment under their auspices a success, and proved themselves quite competent to do so. Eight orations were delivered. Mr. Lockhart in his usual vigorous style, denounced the wrong and praised the good in the present political condition of Spain, taking an optimistic view of the nation's future. Miss Archibald, in graceful language, pictured the present condition of high-caste women in India. Describing their wretched state even in the present time, she showed what improvements have been made

in their condition since the advent of missionaries. Miss Coates discussed the position which Comenius occupies in the history of education, tracing the influence of his views upon the work of educationists since his day. The essay showed careful study and was in every way creditable. Mr Foote discussed the "Plebiscite in Canada." Showing that the enforcement of a prohibitory law by a majority is justifiable, the speaker pointed out that the probability of such resolves itself into one of public opinion. To ascertain this, a plebiscite is necessary. The essay was well written and well delivered. Mr. Griffin discussed the "Organization of Labor." The benefits of such were treated intelligently. His ideas were well formulated. Mr. Minard, in impartial but conclusive treatment, discussed the "Social Value of the Church." Such men as he are needed in the work of the ministry, for which he is preparing himself. "The Literary Value of Virgil's Georgics" was the subject of Mr. McLean's essay. The work was treated in its theological, ethical and philosophical aspect. The subject was well handled and presented in an interesting manner. The last essay was delivered by Mr. Stuart and his subject was "Puritan Ideals." Recognizing the Authorship of law, ready to yield obedience to it, and characterized by strong faith, those men who threw their lives into the struggle for liberty during the English Revolution, entertained and embodied the highest ideals of liberty, life and progress. We may with confidence trust in the future of our nation if into it are carried those Puritan ideals. The essay was good. If the class of '95 may be judged by the eight who delivered essays, it has the right material. During the evening musical renderings, vocal and instrumental, were given by the class quartette—Messrs. McMillan, Miller, Stuart and Nickerson,—Misses Trefry, Sawyer and Fitch, of the Seminary, and Mr. Margeson, of Kentville, all of which were highly appreciated

THE Y. M. C. A. held its first<sup>\* \* \*</sup> meeting of the New Year in College Hall on Sunday evening, 14th. They had the good fortune to obtain Rev. W. F. Parker of Truro Immanuel church, to address the society. A large and appreciative audience assembled to hear the speaker. His text was chosen from 1st Cor. ii. 14,—“But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned.” The sermon discussed the necessity of a cultivated spiritual nature, to appreciate the things of the Spirit. He proved his point by a series of analogical reasonings. An artist would not ask a blind man to criticise his darling painting. To appreciate a long elaborate mathematical treatise, one must cultivate the power of correctly valuing close and logical reasoning. It requires an æsthetic nature to estimate the things of beauty, poetry, sculpture, painting and music. The introduction of outside life and

thought, through the medium of the first-class men of the denomination, is a great factor in the educational advantages of an institution such as ours. For its good work here the Y. M. C. A. should have the hearty thanks and co-operation of all the body of students assembled at the Acadia.

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R. E. Gullison, a former member of '94, after a successful pastorate of a year at Beaver River, where he took to himself a partner for life, has returned to join the Junior Class. Athenæum extendeth greetings to both.

## Exchanges.

THE December issue of the *University Monthly* has a truly literary air. Articles on such men as Dante, Ruskin, and one of our most popular Canadian poets, Bliss Carman, are subjects little dealt with in our College journals, and cannot fail to be of interest to all lovers of literature.

THE Christmas number of the *Argosy* presents quite an artistic appearance. Our Mount Allison friends certainly possess that originality and spirit of enterprise so often lacking in college papers and yet so essential to their success. The Ladies' College notes are worthy of special mention.

WE are glad to place on our list of exchanges *The Nova Scotia Normal*. The December number, which we have before us, does credit to the school, both as regards matter and general appearance. The historical sketch of the school should be of interest to all who are interested in the educational system of our Province. The address of Dr. MacKay, delivered before the students on December 19th, should be in the hands of every teacher in the Province. The School of Agriculture under the supervision of Prof. Smith will no doubt receive further notice in the *Normal*. We do not think the aim and scope of the department, which is so clearly stated in this issue are fairly before the public. From the vital connection of this institution with all parts of the Province, and from the nature of the knowledge imparted our Normal School should issue one of the most valuable journals of the Province.

THE Christmas number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* reflects great credit on all concerned in its production. The design of the covers displays artistic taste in a high degree, and the literary articles are, as a whole, excellent. The cuts of the Dalhousie celebrities are certainly very fine; but we do not like the way of framing them in by the print, since it makes the reading rather awkward. Among the articles which we particularly

admire are "The Irish Students at the Opera," and "A Spectator Paper." The latter presents in an interesting and vivid manner the figures and characteristics of Steele and Addison at Button's Coffee House, in the immortal evening when the latter wrote his immortal "Vision of Mirzah." The ending paragraph is very fine, and well expresses the friendship of the two famous authors; it contains a remarkable sentence from Steele which at once gives a just criticism of the Vision, and shows his own admiration for his co-writer's genius. We quote:—"I think," said Addison, . . . "'twas a happy thought, that Eastern Leer. I shall write another paper like it next Saturday, Dick." "No," said Dick, boldly, in rather a thick voice. "Thou wilt not. Even Mr. Addison cannot write a second Vision of Mirzah." And Dick was right. We agree with Idler in his estimate of the "Psalm of Life" as a poem. But we do not think that his criticism of "Excelsior" is at all just. The poem "A Retrospective Glance," shows considerable power of expression.

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### De Alumnis.

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I. M. LONGLEY, '75, is now Principal of Digby Academy.

T. M. SHAW, '90, is attending the Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass.

ERNEST M. FREEMAN, '87, has entered upon the practice of medicine at Lampec, Cal.

J. B. HALL, '73, was in attendance at the last Teachers' Convention, held at Wolfville.

REV. J. B. CHAMFION, a former member of '95, has charge of the Church at Chegoggin, Yarmouth County.

REV. A. C. CHUTE, '81, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Halifax, has published lately a book on "Thomas, the First Missionary."

REV. T. A. BLACKADAR, '65, has been enjoying revivals in his churches at East Village and De Bert.

REV. H. H. STEELE, '65, Pastor of the Amherst Baptist Church, has secured \$30,000 toward the erection of a new House of Worship.

REV. A. F. BAKER, '93, Pastor of the Woodstock Baptist Church, has been enjoying a glorious revival there.

REV. C. W. WILLIAMS, '33, Pastor of St. Martins, has been quite ill, but is now recovering.

REV. G. J. C. WHITE, graduate of Newton Theological Seminary, '93, has assumed the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Annapolis, N. S.

DR. A. DEW. BARSS, who for the past six months has been abroad for the benefit of his health, has returned home looking hale and hearty.

REV. J. W. KIERSTEAD, a former member of '77, has assumed the pastorate of the churches at Uigg and Alexander, P. E. Island.

REV. H. H. SAUNDERS, '93, recently married Miss Annie Caldwell, of Wolfville, and is now Pastor of the Baptist Church at Elgin, Albert County.

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## Collis Campusque.

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WHY are good jokes like greased poles or a man with a broken back?  
They are hard to get up.

AN OLD ONE.—Why is going to reception like attending a trial at law? Going to court.

A VERY YOUNG ONE.—“ Say, chappie, did you see Ferg’s auricular appendage?” “ Yes, it is very mortifying to him.”

WE have at last found a solution to that great problem,

### THE ORIGIN OF MATHEMATICS.

A grim misanthropist, long, long ago,  
Lay on his death-bed; and though all his life  
He had engaged in hate-inspired strife  
With man, and tortured him with many a woe,  
E’en now, though dying, still he wished to know  
A greater, yea, the greatest curse wherewith  
To plague poor mortals—every kin and kith,  
And called on poisonous names such curse to show.  
When lo! there flashed a flame of livid blue,  
That dazzled all the chambers with chromatics;  
And in his ear a fiend-pronounced name  
Was whispered, then with face of lurid hue  
He roared: “ my last bequest is mathematics!”  
Then grinning hurried to eternal flame.

BERHAPS you ton’t know me righd away, booty soon, nor a long dime ago. Vell! I dells you den mitout no foolishness. Mein name vas shust de same ash mein vater’s. I vos be his only son eggscept ten broders und fibe sisters, mostly kirls; and eggscept fibeteen others I vos always de oldest. Ven I vos a fraby I vos fery young; und de peebles all say dot ven I pe e. man I vould haf a goot abbetite, because ven I obened mein mouf it look ash if my het vos cut in two; und de virst vord I sait vas sauerkraut. Ven a poy, I vos habben a great many dings I vos so fond of gabbage, dot ven I shlept, dere vas always a beece in mein mouf, so dot ven I vake, I could pegin und eat righd away soon. Two or dree dimes I vos shoked to death, but mein mutter she heard me yells and she say, “ donnervetter! dot Herman’s vos die mit gabbage head,” und todge in und dooh him outen mein mouf und made me so alive ash nefer.

Vell affer dot I git trownded more dedder nor dot. Von tay ven I vos pe a leetle girl mit dires on, mein vader shuck a beece of kraut in te bigshwill, und I told to myself, "py all dot's goot! I bicks hin. oud und eads him." So, ven I pe alone, I go to dot parrel und shtand on a box, und pend me offer in. I pend pooty dubbler und see dot beece of kraut shust swimmin around, like ash it pe alive mit shweetness; und my eyes shtuck oud und mein mouf oben so vider ash a parn toor. I makes a crab and—donder und shlime! kosh! I ton't geep mein ecqualamity at all, but ven hed firshlong, mit a sblash in dot swillparrel, und dot beece off kraut hits me righd petween te nose. Shimmany! dere I vos shtant on mein het, und kick und holler mit mein veet ash I voud vake te dead. Den der big he squeal ash he vos swearin dot I eats his tinner; und mutter cum oud, dook me py te dop of te pack bart ov mein bants, und quicker ash a fat man falls on te ice, she bull me oud und said, "Hermans it serfes you righd ash you vos trownded, for tryin to sheat dot big oud of his tinner a good many somedimes." A great many beeples vos git trownded by tryin to git shush a leetle taste mitout fallin in te swillparrel. Now I dells you Meishter Upundtree'em, dot mein visdom vos a pig heaps better ash Soloman's; but ish nod equal mit a college students. So I vill dell you how wise ash I nefer vos, by saying somedinks dot vosn't voolish. Ven some man's ties ton't say he kicks te pucket, but dot he kicks te swillparrel.

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