

The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. XVIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 4.

THE Acadia Athenæum.

Chief Editors:

F. A. STARRATT, '92. A. V. PINEO, '92.
C. E. SEAMAN, '92.

Assistant Editors:

MISS A. MCLEAN, '93. A. F. BAKER, '93.
B. K. DANIELS, '94. H. S. DAVISON, '94.

Managing Committee:

H. H. SAUNDERS, '93, Sec'y.-Treas.
F. M. YOUNG, '94. J. L. MINER, '95.

TERMS:

One Copy per Year \$1.00. Postage prepaid.

Business letters should be addressed to H. H. SAUNDERS, Sec.,
Treas. Upon all other matters address the Editors of the
ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

The Sanctum.

THE college library received a very valuable acquisition during the holidays, in the shape of the Century dictionary, lately published by the Century Publishing Company. This voluminous work is now considered to be the finest dictionary obtainable, and will be a great boon to the students in their researches.

THE future of any educational institution is largely in the hands of the students. Outsiders may give money for building and equipments, teachers may exert themselves to the utmost to lead and instruct, yet if students do not avail themselves of the opportunities thus offered, and leave school with an imperfect preparation for their life work, the standing of that institution will never be very high. For a school or college obtains its status, not by any display it may

make in the way of buildings and equipment, nor by the number of students it sends out each year. These may be signs of prosperity and advancement, but the actual test is the character of the work done, the sort of education her men possess, their preparation for life.

That institution which has representatives in positions of trust and influence in the world, and especially in the communities from which she draws her students is the one which gives evidence of a successful past, and whose future is bright with promise.

Then to the student, while at college, is given the privilege to endow his *alma mater* with more zeal and lasting benefits than is possible to the richest nabob in the land.

THE world expects more from a University man than from one who has obtained his education among the humbler pursuits of life. The former is looked upon as the leader of the latter in intellectual advance. He, above others, should be the one best fitted to carry on the reforms, guide public opinion, and mould the public morals.

Realising what is expected of him and appreciating his opportunities for advancement, it seems quite natural that a student should have certain aims or ambitions by which he seeks to shape his life. All are, more or less, desirous of holding a place of honor and esteem among their fellows.

As to the nature of the education best qualified to fit one for this desired place, men hold different opinions. Many have the notion that they ought to know nothing outside their own particular line of study or profession. These do not realise the value of the broader culture, the true education. Some, on the other hand, think with Goethe, that man exists for culture; not for what he can accomplish, but for what can be accomplished in him."

The world of to-day is calling for specialists, it is true; but the man who aims at being a specialist and

yet has no sympathy with the doings of those outside his individual sphere of life, and overlooks the practical questions of the day, will find his influence narrowed and himself placed at a decided disadvantage when he comes in contact with men of broader minds. The man who would exert a noble influence in the world must have his mind broader than mere self-interest. To intelligently attempt the public good, he must have a clear insight into the public needs. To have his influence strongly felt, to be popular with all classes, he must be in sympathy with those classes; and this sympathy, to be true, must be based on a thorough knowledge of their circumstances.

To enable a man to become interested in the thoughts and doings of others should be one aim of education. In these days books are the great trainers of men. In reading them one can enjoy the results of much time and thought spent in patient labor and investigation. "Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation." Thus the student can obtain easily what others have labored hard for. Another fact, and one too often overlooked, which renders books valuable, apart from the fact that they are sources of knowledge, is the moulding influence of reading on the mind. Wise reading develops the ability to follow a thought and at the same time stimulates the mind to independent thinking. A wide course of reading gives breadth and liberality to the conceptions and feelings. Through the reading of books can be lived the lives of many and various classes of men. By thinking their thoughts the still powerful influences of noble minds can be enjoyed. "For," as Milton says, "Books do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of the living intellect that bred them. A good book 'tis the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasur'd up on purpose to a Life beyond Life." Thus by this contact with others the mind is broadened, freed from prejudice, enobled, and fitted for life and intercourse with fellow minds. Only by looking at them in this light will books be seen in their true value. And only in this way will a wisely arranged plan of reading be fully appreciated as an indispensable element in a liberal education. Yet it should be remembered in reading that he—

"Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains;
Deep-versed in books, but shallow in himself."

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No.—17.

Agathon in Aristotle says: Of this alone is even God deprived—the power of making that which is past never to have been. Emerson says: We cannot overestimate our debt to the past; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the present. Shakespeare says: What's past is prologue.

It would be silly to deny our indebtedness to the past. Let us manfully acknowledge it, and leave to the decision of others the deeper question of the degree of our obligation. In the Echo we essay an easier and humbler task. We merely wish to bring before the readers of the *ATHENÆUM* a few gleanings from "Words from the Mustapha's Chamber." This paper is a precious relic of the past. In it, the student of to-day may find something to stimulate and suggest, and its words may stir in the hearts of some of the "old Boys" the memories of thirty or thirty-five years ago. We want to know how aspirants to literary honors thought and wrote when the college was younger, and trusting that, as we read, there may be an immediate recognition of our debt to the past.

WORDS FROM THE MUSTAPHA'S CHAMBER.

Tu. 21 May. (Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.) 1853, No. 3. Vol. 1.

"Words from the Mustapha's Chamber" is published daily. Terms one penny per day from each reader. All communications intended for the "Words" must be addressed to T. H. Rand, Editor and proprietor of the "Words," Room No. 5, East Wing.

SUBLIME EGOTISM.

An impersonal and Pantheistic way of thinking does not accord with nature. We live self-centred. *I am more than life.* I am the somewhat who has the life and means to keep it. This little word *I* has a wonderful meaning and potency in it. All our heroism or greatness dies out if this little word loses its power with us. What is our immortality but a sublime egotism? Keep your faith in the mystical *I*. Each individual man stands eternally face to face with a created nature. He receives it all, learns from it all, and stands in clear contrast to it all. That seeming contradiction is the secret of his greatness.

LIFE ECONOMY.

Value everything not according to the popular estimate, but as you find in it a power and adaptedness for the growth of your manhood. A child prefers a newly minted copper to a dim six-pence. And why? It is worth more to him for what he wants of it. Here is wisdom—here is a true life economy. Herein older children might learn a lesson.

NATURE ON NON-RESISTANCE.

The principle of defence is typified in the rose, the thistle and the thorn. The weapons of defence are not very effective in themselves, but rather a type of that plan which nature acts on throughout, since every creature that is attacked has some instrument or method of defence and preservation. How comes this about ye non-resistants?

OBSERVE AND TEST ITS TRUTH.

There is one line of diversity which will run its eternal zigzag thro' the most uniform community you can lay your finger on—oneness of opinion between those who are in the summer of their lives and those in mid-winter.

JOGGING FASTER.

The present rocking of the kingdoms to and fro, the oscillations in the great monarchies and papal states do but prove to you that Time is hurrying on his pageant somewhat faster than usual.

IMMORTALITY.

We are immortal—we “shall not all die.” The principle of resurrection in us helps us every day—keeps us alive—being largely diffused in our natures, we are satisfied with nothing final, we never finish anything. When we build a house or plant a tree, we must plant and plant more trees. To-day we strive for something which, we say, shall satisfy us; but to-morrow finds us improving the acquired object with one hand, the other stretched out to grasp something more. What nonsense to call this a weakness, to cry out *vanitas vanitatem!* This is our glorious immortality—this lonely longing, this silent, solemn, everlasting yearning. Let it be a “hunger and thirst after righteousness,” and we are true to our immortality.

DOTAR.

A WORD FOR EVERY DAY.

Speak out, my fellows, and be honest. If you do not depend upon it your *faith* in man, in government,

in everything, will not long remain a verity. You cannot be a hypocrite with your tongue and at the same time say with power to your faith *este propitius*. Talk out your thoughts true to life or they stagnate. Close your *mouth*, and your thoughts will soon be closed up. But, for mercy's sake, don't be forever belching forth windy speculations as to how the world will get itself governed a hundred years hence. Look here! To-day this Nova Scotia and this “Hill,” you, yourself, want regenerating sadly. Now sound the bugle of Truth and Honesty and marshal your own squads—these your fellows, and then go forth. We are in blood earnest about this matter. Stop lying lips and vile hypocrisy. If you will not, if you will *talk* twaddle and show, it will not be a very long day before you will think *twaddle* and show.

THE KEN OF MAN.

Neither beginning nor end do we ever catch sight of. Some small portion of the thread as it passes from the distaff to the shears, we handle and examine, but to us it comes out of darkness and goes into darkness.

OUT OF THE HIGHWAY.

A generous Burns, smitten by the scorn of that false nobility which had smiled on him, swears in his heart to gain the standard by which they are measured, as a school boy would to have a jackknife like his fellows. By baser emotion, how many an unfortunate Byron must struggle revengeful in a foreign land, like the lover apart from his beloved, fondly dream himself in his native land, and awake in the misery of his loneliness; deem that he has a pleasure in his spite, yet each day feel that he is wearing out his heart and blasting all hopes of joy forever; and in the spasms of death, give the lie to his wretched life.

When sordid ambition turns a Burns out of his eternal course, and spite rules the master passion in a Byron's heart, how hardly will one less gifted keep his feet in the true way.

THE GREAT SENSE.

Common sense is what is needed here. “All sorts of sense but common sense” have we. No greater boon could be bestowed on Acadia than the endowing of a chair for a Professor of this common but yet very uncommon thing. If there is any of it here it must be latent and hence needs a robust professor to bring it out of its nether cranny. If there

is none here then so much the more need of a professor, a strong, muscular man, to sledge this rock sett into each fellow. Assuredly something must be done and that quickly.

REST NOT BUT WORK.

My friend with kindly nature born
And nurtured in the glow of life,
Reach forward in the nobler strife
And take the sunshine and the storm.

Strike wider bounds and plant thy thought
On the bold hills of this poor earth,
In the far times, the Day of Dearth,
Will show a garner richly fraught.

Break through the wet of sluggish times,
And free, climb thoughts far reaching peaks
To take the glow from purple streaks
That break along the horizon lines.

For, Truth is mighty in its play
And struggles sure with Error's Night,
E'en now the heights are red with light
The breaking splendors of the Day.

Draw in the clear and larger wave
That beats it crystal-shining tide
Against the banks which lie beside
The winding pathway to the grave.

Hold to the true—a faith shall chime,
Smoother and sweeter, with the soul,
And lure thee to the nobler goal
That lies beyond the bounds of time.

We obtained the above through the courtesy of Prof. Jones, who also wrote the introductory note. We understand that the "Words" was issued in manuscript form by the class of which Prof. Jones was a member.—Eds.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Jost, of the Junior class, has been suddenly called home by the death of his brother. The following, moved by A. R. Tingley and seconded by W. T. Stackhouse, was unanimously passed by the Athenæum Society:—

Whereas, Most High God has in his wisdom removed from the earth, the beloved brother of one of our fellow-students, and,

Whereas, we hold feelings of the deepest regard for our school-fellow, Mr. Jost, on whom this affliction has come,

Therefore Resolved, that we, the Athenæum Society of Acadia University extend to Mr. Jost our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, his sad bereavement, and,

Further Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Jost, and that they be published in the ATHENÆUM paper.

Acadia University, Jan. 22, 1892.

Literary.

SONG.

Love sayeth : " Sing of me !
What else is worth a song ? "

I had refrained
Lest I should do love wrong.

" Clean hands and a pure heart "
I prayed, " and I will sing."
But all I gained
Brought to my word no wing.

Stars, sunshine, seas and skies,
Earth's graves, the holy hills
Were all in vain ;
No breath the dumb pipe fills.

I dreamed of, splendid praise,
And beauty watching by
Gray shores of pain ;
My song turned to a sigh.

I saw in virgin eyes
The mother-warmth that makes
The dead earth quick
In ways no spring awakes.

No song ! In vain to sight
Life's clear arch heavenward sprang.
Heart still or sick !

I loved ! Ah then I sang !

B. W. LOCKHART, '78.

Chicopee, Mass.

AMERICAN POETRY.

The earliest development in the ancient literatures was poetry. Verses were written by the race in its infancy ; the first literary attempts having metrical form. The verse of those by-gone ages was in a very crude state, and yet it laid the foundation of the greater poetry which was to follow. In most of the modern nations also the first spontaneous outburst was in rhyme. In Germany, the " Niebelungen Lied," and in England, " Layamon's Brut," mark the birth of literatures rich in gems of poetry and prose.

America forms an exception to the rule that poetry comes first in a literature. But though not first, the

poetry appeared. Even stern Puritanical notions had not been able to crush all sentiment from the New England breast. Men's minds were then filled with theological speculations and, as a natural result, the first poetry partook of a religious nature.

About the middle of the seventeenth century "the Bay Psalm Book" appeared. It was merely a metrical translation of a few of the Psalms from the Hebrew, by a number of ministers living in Massachusetts. Literary merits, it had none, and is now looked upon as a curiosity. Some interest is attached to it, however, on account of its being the first book printed within the bounds of the great American Republic. Such was the beginning of American poetry, which, as some one said, "was sure to rise because it could not sink lower." The next step was taken by Anne Bradstreet, who was considered a great versifier by her contemporaries. Though dignified with the title "Tenth Muse," she wrote nothing that could properly be called poetry. Mrs. Bradstreet's name is remembered chiefly because she was the first in the country to lay claim to poetic talent; and she was also the pioneer among American literary women. In those early times, a little Negro girl, Phillis Wheatley, whose years numbered not a score, joined the list of writers. She published a small book of "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral." The girl was an African slave, uneducated, and having but few friends. Her one small talent she carefully cultivated, and set an example to her race, which has never been followed to any extent.

The eighteenth century dawned on a new class of poets, represented by Timothy Dwight and John Trumbull. Their verses were heavy, unpleasing and laden with Calvinistic doctrines. A host of versifiers belong to this age, but they did not contribute anything of value except a few patriotic poems.

Different from the rest were Halleck and Drake, who wrote at the beginning of the present century. Intimate friends and lovers of poetry, their friendship was similar to that of Shelley and Keats. Halleck, like Shelley, was forced to yield to the cold clutch of death. His young associate Drake, fired with love for his growing country, wrote a lyrical poem, "The American Flag," which, if nothing more, inspired childish breasts with patriotic feelings. Halleck was not by any means a great poet, and yet he felt rather than saw the dawn that was to be.

Numerous were the poets of this time but it would be impossible to mention them all; they flashed like meteors through a darkened sky, then disappeared, leaving no trace of their brightness behind.

Passing on to those who really contributed to the growth of American poetry, we come to William Cullen Bryant, so truly called the poet of nature. With the publication of "Thanatopsis" a new era dawned in the poetry of this country. Bryant's mind was filled with the grandeur of the universe, and, wrapt in wonder at the harmony in nature, he wrote:

"Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

His poetry breathes the life he loved, and but seldom does he wander from his "chosen woodland path." As a writer of blank verse Bryant has not been surpassed in his own country, and his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey have a stately grace that is not often reached.

From Bryant we pass to Longfellow, the loved poet of America. He did not follow in the beaten track of other writers but preferred to pave a way for himself. This is seen, especially in the metres he uses. He successfully employed unrhymed hexameter and unrhymed trochaic tetrameter, two measures seldom used in English. His long poems, "Hiawatha," "Evangeline" and "The Spanish Student" rank high in literature and form a golden setting for the rich jewels of his shorter pieces. Longfellow's style is pleasing, for his thoughts come from the fulness of a great heart. What he has done for his country's poetry is of priceless value.

Born about the same time but living scarcely more than half as many years as the poet just mentioned was Edgar Allan Poe. As a writer of poetry he differed from his contemporaries as well as from his predecessors. His thoughts delighted to ponder on the mysteries of the future world, and the possibility of friends being re-united there. His name seems to be more intimately associated with the stately stepping of the "Raven" than with any other piece he has written.

Of a very different type is the work of Emerson. His pre-eminence as a prose writer is acknowledged by critics; but as a poet he is not so popular. This may be due in part to a lack of flowing melody which one expects in poetry.

Emerson believed that "there is a music of strength as well as of sweetness," and to that he aspired.

Lowell, too, is an American poet of note. His aim was to be the poet of the people, and to be praised for simplicity and clearness rather than for greatness. He wrote on both serious and humorous subjects with ease and grace; but he made his fame on his humorous poems alone.

Other poets there were, but their work was not of a lasting character; and, even now, short poems and long are accumulating without number and adding but little of value to the New World's poetry. The songs are pretty, and attract the ear for a time, but then are forgotten. At the present period, the country boasts no master poets, and it seems as though the poetry which had its sunrise light in Bryant were destined to sink to its setting without the full glory of the noon-day sun. But this darkness may be no more than a passing cloud which will soon clear away and reveal bright lights in the firmament of poetry.

THE MAN WONDERFUL.

On such a subject as this, what can be said that is not unworthy? However, let us contemplate a few of the marvellous characteristics of this unique and crowning work of creation.

"We wonder through the earth," says one, "yearning to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instrument through which we see it." Scientists tell us that there are eight hundred contrivances in every eye. Time forbids to tell of the optic nerve and its expansion, the retina, with its rods and cones; of the outside casing, with its window; and of the iris, with its pupil. Suffice it to say that the waves of ether pass in through the pupil of the eye to the retina, where the rods and cones transmit the vibration through the optic nerve to the brain, and we can see the stars myriads of miles away, the prismatic colors of the rainbow, the delicate tints of the flowers, and the forms, lights and shades of all the beautiful things that God has made. Surely, a being endowed with a telescope and microscope in the same contrivance is deservedly called wonderful. In him we find also the most marvellous of all musical instruments: a flute, a violin, and an organ combined; yet,

capable of producing sounds that can be heard distinctly above a thousand singers and instruments.

Some one has said, "The human voice is God's eulogy to the ear."

The ear,—what is it? Is it merely the visible cartilage? No! "The cartilage is only the porch of the great temple which lies out of sight, next to the immortal soul." That mysterious pathway to the human ear has never been fully trodden, but by sound and God: Yet men have seen enough of its infinite over-mastering architecture and divine machinery to lead them to exclaim, "How complicate, how wonderful, how passing wonder."

St. Charles Bell, in accepting an invitation to write an essay on the power and wisdom of God, as manifested in creation, selected the hand, "which," he says, "ought to be defined as belonging exclusively to man." In many respects the sense of touch, as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses; while all the others are passive, it is active, when necessary, it becomes eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and tongue to the dumb. As a piece of mechanism it is indubitably wonderful. It can pick up a needle, yet there is no implement which its muscular servants cannot wield.

The hand, indeed, the whole body is in touch with a telegraphic system—the nerves. Besides which there is a system of healing, which does its work so quietly and mysteriously, that it took man five thousand years to discover its process.

To-day, although men have been so long exploring this temple of life, they are only beginning to understand how it is being torn down and built up perpetually. Yet, long before Guyers fine comparison of the human fabric to a whirlpool, and Leibnitz's simile of a river, it had been likened to the famous ship of Theseus, which was always the same ship, though from being so often repaired, not a single piece of the original was left.

Let us turn, for a moment, to the consideration of that instrument which rules the world—the human intellect. "Gladly," says Emerson, "would I unfold in calm degrees a natural history of the intellect, but what man has yet been able to mark the steps and boundaries of that transparent essence." The intellectual man is nevertheless, himself, continually unfolding his own history, and marking the steps and boundaries of the intellect. The being of a day

has penetrated backwards into primeval time and detected those gigantic forces by which our seas and continents have changed places, by which our mountain ranges have emerged from the bed of the ocean, by which the materials of civilization have been brought within the reach of man, and by which animal and vegetable life have been embalmed and entombed. From being a citizen of a small corner of the earth, he is able to say, in this world of science, with greater truth than Socrates, "I am thinking myself to be a citizen of the whole world." Not content with harnessing steam and thus transporting himself across continents and seas, he has compelled electricity to bear his commands with lightning speed over mountains and under oceans, or by chaining it, has made it his midnight sun. Not content with constructing armor and machinery, by means of which he dives to the depths of ocean and walks among the finny tribes apparently as much at home as they; he has converted a drop of water into an ocean swarming with life. Not content with the study of one world, he has raised his telescope to the heavens and dared to look into the private chamber of worlds infinite in number. Not content with looking in upon his own wondrous frame, and handling in his thought the mysteries of his own nature; "He assumes to discuss the power and attributes of the Great Final Cause, and to lift the veil from the great unknowable."

Yet this marvelous body of flesh and blood is not half the human being; another underlies it which far transcends the material body in glory and power.

"What a miracle is man to man!" "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

D. L. P.

OUR STANDARD OF MATRICULATION.

With improvement comes the need of improvement; previously strong points become relatively weak and in their turn need attention. Acadia, by her rapid growth and increasing facilities for students the past few years, illustrates this principle. Amidst the throng of pressing needs now demanding the attention and taxing to the utmost the efforts of Acadia's friends, there is one calling for immediate action. This is

especially true if the interests of *every* department that might be designated under the term "Acadia" are to be promoted. Promoting the interest of *any* department must conduce to the advantage of *all* departments.

The point, to which reference is made, is the necessity of a uniform standard of matriculating into college. On consulting the College Curriculum for the past five years, one cannot fail to see that the standard of *matriculation into college* has not kept pace with the standard of *graduation from college*. While many are heard to remark on the increased difficulty of passing safely from one class to another *in college*, very few complain of difficulty in *entering college* by the door of the college matriculation examinations. There has been, it is true, an addition to this standard of 23 chapters of Otto's French Grammar and of a part of Stewart's Primer in Physics, but, both these subjects being very elementary and the latter, in fact, not insisted on at all, the addition has not increased the difficulty of matriculating to any appreciable extent.

Horton Academy has, however, during this period of time, very much enlarged her curriculum, and has raised her standard far nearer that really needed for entering college. Students of the Academy are required to do work of no trifling nature, and work which would puzzle any but the best prepared or cleverest students to accomplish by private study at their own homes. A glance over the Academy curriculum as actually employed in the school will show this to be true.

(a.) In French the route into college via H. C. A. corresponds with the direct route, and also in mathematics excepting that where the college prescribes no fixed standard in Arithmetic H. C. A. specifies a text book.

(b.) In Classics, H. C. A. has a decided advantage especially in a severer course in Grammar and Composition, prescribing a course that extends through a period of two and a half years.

(c.) In English, H. C. A. gives much the heavier course using a superior text in Grammar and Composition, and requiring beyond the college requirement one term's study in English Literature and an extended series of essays.

(d.) In Physics, H. C. A. requires one term's study. That is all, practically, beyond the college requirement.

This difference in the two standards of matriculation is greatly increased from the fact that the *element of time* enters more fully into the Academy course, the success of the student not depending upon the issue of examinations through a period of a few hours but upon a long series of examinations and of daily recitations, all of which are necessary to final success. Again, ability to make a required percentage on an examination may not be a fair evidence of sufficient knowledge of the subjects embraced in the examination, if several subjects are included in one paper, in which case, the candidate may not touch some of the subjects at all.

The effect of the discrepancy pointed out between the two standards of matriculation at once becomes obvious. If young men and young women can enter college one year earlier by *not* attending H. C. A., they will quite naturally follow the easier plan without counting the cost of harder work and lower standing in the future. To look for immediate benefits and to neglect those more remote, though greater is a characteristic of humanity. Hence, so long as no remedy is applied, the attendance of H. C. A. must remain at a low ebb. The College will be reinforced yearly by a large number of poorly prepared students, to whom the intellectual and religious life of the Hill is entirely new. Behind at the start, the whole College course will be an uphill task with but little leisure for mental digestion.

The disease suggests the remedy in this case. If the Academy standard of matriculation requires no more than sufficient thoroughness of preparation, let the examination set for matriculation by the college authorities require, at least, *as great* preparation. Indeed, if either standard is to be higher, let that one be the college standard. No more than an equality of result would be thus produced. If this keeps away some students from entering College in a given year, it will not keep away those who are *fit* to enter and fit to intelligently and successfully cope with the College work. But there will not be, in the end, any diminution of attendance at college. The Academy enrolment will be increased, and through this the college enrolment will be sustained with a *better* and *steadier* attendance.

In order to stimulate work on the part of would-be candidates for matriculation, and to give them a definite idea of the work they will be expected to meet, it would be almost necessary to have the exami-

nation papers prepared by a committee of the Senate, appointed for that purpose, and to have the last year's papers open to distribution on the plan followed in the provincial examinations for teachers. What has proven effective in the one case cannot fail to be equally effective in the other case.

This article does not dictate to the college authorities, but arises from a *real* conviction of a *really* needed improvement.

FOOTBALL AT ACADIA.

The story of life at Acadia tells of considerable excellence in athletic sports. When cricket was the popular game in the Maritime Provinces, her victories were numerous and she distinguished herself by defeating that leading club, the Wanderers. In football has she won her chief laurels, and it has ever been a question whether the Abegweits, Dalhousie, the Wanderers or Acadia should take the van among the many teams of the lower provinces.

We go back to '76 to find the first football on an Acadia campus. In that year Rupert G. Haley, now engaged in business at St. John, entered the sophomore year from McGill, where he had filled a position on the Varsity team. He agitated strongly toward the introduction of the game and that year a football club was formed. Granville B. Healey, now practising law in Iowa, was the first president, and Everett W. Sawyer, secretary. The style of game adopted was Association, the team being composed of 12 forwards, 2 half-backs and a goal. For the first three years, however, it did not flourish as well as might have been desired, on account of inability to get on matches with other teams.

It was not until '79 that Acadia met any outside club. On Nov. 1st of that year a team from Kings College came to Wolfville, and met a fifteen of the sophomores and freshmen, captained by E. A. Corey. The Acadians won with the very handsome score of 2 goals, 1 touchdown to nil. In 1881, H. R. Welton was chosen 1st Captain and A. L. Calhoun, 2nd Captain.

On Nov. 25th, '82, Kings revisited Wolfville to redeem their lost laurels, but again met with defeat by a score of two goals to none. The Acadia team was as follows:—

Forwards—F. Cline, (Capt.), T. S. Rogers, H. R. Welton, H. B. Ellis, Whitman, Sr.

Half-Backs—F. R. Haley, Whitman, Wallace, S. L. Walker.

Backs—C. W. Bradshaw, Lockhart, Lovett, Eaton.

Goals—J. W. Corey, Magee.

The same year witnessed the first contest with Dalhousie. It is probable that Association was still played at this time. The college team came from Halifax, and on Dec. 2nd met Acadia in a draw match, no points being scored. The team was almost the same as that which met King's, except that W. Wallace and O. C. S. Wallace appear in the half-back line displacing Whitman. McDonald captained the Dalhousie team and the redoubtable Henry played half-back.

On Nov. 28th, 83, Dalhousie again came to Wolfville, and though the game was a draw with no score the *Dalhousie Gazette* announces that "Acadia pushed Dalhousie very hard and had decidedly the best of the game." About thirty students accompanied the Halifax men. It is probable that Rugby was played this year. The home team was:—

Forwards—Magee, J. S. Balcom, Tingley, A. C. Balcom, Miller, Locke, Armstrong, Prescott, Corey.

Quarter-Backs—Ellis, F. R. Haley, (Capt.), Walker.

Half-Backs—Cummings, Lovitt.

Back—Lockhart.

In '84 the "garnet and blue" for the first time appeared on alien ground. The team this year went to Halifax and met Dalhousie. It was with considerable trepidation that they lined up before the sturdy Scotchmen, but the fates were propitious and they were rewarded with victory. In the first half Magee made a touchdown but no goal was kicked, and so Acadia won by a try to nothing. A feature of the game was a maul in Acadia's goal between Prescott and Creighton, but the herculean strength of the former made him the victor. Prof. Jones accompanied them to Halifax, and Henry officiated as umpire. The team:—

Forward—Knapp, Eaton, Corey, Wallace, Miller, Freeman, Smith, Tingley, Prescott.

Quarter-Backs—Cummings, (Captain), Walker, Lovitt.

Half-Backs—Haley, Magee.

Back—Anderson.

In '85, Kings again appeared on the Acadia campus, captained by Prof. Hammond, and was again defeated.

Seven touchdowns were made by Wallace, Anderson, Lovitt, Sawyer and others.

On Nov. 21st. Dalhousie came to Wolfville and a very unsatisfactory game was played. Within a few minutes of time Henry, who captained the Dalhousians, kicked the ball which went over the head of his quarter-back, McKay, who attempted to catch it, and it fell into hands of Raymond, who claimed a fair catch. Dalhousie's captain and Troop, their umpire, protested, while Cummings, Acadia's umpire, said he did not see the play. Prescott had the ball placed and kicked a goal and the Dalhousians left the field. Neither the *ATHLETICUM* nor the *Gazette* tells how the game was awarded by the umpires and no referee is mentioned, but it would appear that it should go to Acadia, by default, through their opponents leaving the field. It seems to have been a perfectly legitimate goal and it is said that Dalhousians now admit that the game was won by Acadia. The same year Dalhousie defeated the Wanderers. The team:—

Forwards—Balcom, L. Eaton, Knapp, F. L. Eaton, Corey, Raymond, Wallace, Smith.

Quarter-Backs—Prescott, L. Lovitt.

Half-Back—Knapp, H. Lovitt, Anderson.

Goal—C. H. Eaton.

(Continued next issue.)

RECEPTION.

On the evening of Jan. 7, the students were the guests of the "Fruit Growers' Association." This society has been holding its annual meetings in Wolfville, and concluded the series by a reception given in College Hall. A splendid collection of fruits was tastefully arranged for inspection. After about an hour spent in the way common to all such gatherings, the programme was announced as forthcoming. It is needless to say it was well carried out. After this was ended, speeches were given by the following gentlemen:—Attorney General Longley, Dr. Sawyer, A. McN. Patterson and C. R. H. Starr. The witty suggestion of the Attorney General, "By their fruits ye shall know them," materialized in the conclusion, when all were invited to partake of the fruit which had been so greatly admired. A very pleasant evening was spent; and we venture to hope, with President Bigelow, that we may thus meet again.

Exchanges.

In looking over the improvements, which have taken place in the literary world of the Canadian Universities this year, we are pleased to see that the *McMaster University Monthly* has assumed a share in the advance. The number at hand is well gotten up. The subjects of its articles are interesting and the treatment of them is good. We notice in the number a poem, entitled "Christmas Morn," by Miss Blanche Bishop, B. A. Acadia '86. The "students' quarter" of the *Monthly* is especially well conducted and contains an interesting record of the work going on in the different departments of the University.

The *Queen's College Journal*, a sprightly weekly, comes a welcome visitor to our table. In it is given a good account of the weekly life at Queens. "De Nobis" and "College News" are brisk and enjoyable. The literary notes of the *Journal* are brief but to the point.

The *Varsity* continues to maintain its high degree of excellence. In the "Editorial Comments," of the issue of January 12, some sound advice is given to writers in general, and to writers for college papers in particular. Among other things is found the following, "Let us be plain. No high-flown, classical-sounding words and phrases, but good 'every-day' English, which will beget a truer response from the heart of the student, a firmer belief in the truth of your statements regarding the scheme or reform you are advocating, a greater sympathy on your behalf than any long-worded, heaven-piercing dissertation which the ordinary reader has to puzzle his brains to understand." This touches a point on which young writers are frequently at fault. In writing for college papers the aim should not be to display our knowledge of language, but to express our thoughts in a clear and forcible manner.

Among others we have received the Christmas numbers of the *Owl*, the *College Times* and the *Argosy*.

Our Societies.

MISSIONARY.—The monthly missionary meeting on Sunday, 17th January, was well attended. The choir rendered very appropriate selections, and three excellent papers were presented.

Miss Cunningham's essay on "Livingstone and African Missions" was carefully prepared. In the face of difficulties, Livingstone laboured for the uplifting of mankind and left a beneficial impression on all who came in contact with him. He loved mankind and had steadfast faith in the God of Missions.

The China Inland Mission was the subject of a paper by Mr. A. M. Wilson. The incipency and growth of a Mission started by Rev. Hudson Taylor was shown to be doing effective work among all classes, by men and women who are willing to work without any promise of reward. This Mission is supported wholly by prayer.

Prof. Tufts in his paper treated the past, present and future of China. The nation, hoary with antiquity, has much to be proud of. She has constructed many works of art of gigantic proportions. The conservative spirit and aversion to everything Western, produced an isolation which hindered national development. The opium war and decline of exports taught China that there was much to be learned from Western life. The internal changes, such as decline in the ancient belief, has further influenced that nation which is now, in the morning of a new life, arousing herself from the slumber of centuries.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing term: J. B. Ganong, '92, President; H. H. Saunders, '93, Vice-do; A. Murray, '93, Treasurer; B. S. Bishop, '94, Recording Secretary. Executive Committee: O. N. Chipman, Miss Healey, J. West.

PROPYLÆUM.—The Propylæum Society continues to meet regularly, and is increasing in interest. The line of work followed exerts a wholesome influence on the members. Of late much attention has been given to the study of living authors, particularly those of Canada. This society will probably become a great educative factor among the young ladies of Acadia.

The newly elected officers are as follows: President, Miss Annie McLean; Vice-President, Miss Archibald; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Parker; Executive Committee, Misses McLean, Blackadar and Power.

Personals.

We notice that Dr. T. H. Rand finds time amid his college labors to do some literary work. His article entitled "Lime Labor" in the June number of the *McMaster Monthly* was well received. The *London Athenæum* reviewed it quite favorably and copied a portion of it. Oliver Wendell Holmes inquired for the magazine containing it, and Lord Tennyson, the character of whose poetry the article dealt with, wrote Dr. Rand an autograph letter, thanking him for his kindly references. The Doctor also received many letters from strangers who were interested in his scholarly comments, upon some of Tennyson's greatest poems.

In the latest *McMaster Monthly* there also appears the following little poem from the Doctor's pen.

UNDER THE BEECHES.

The sibyl's speech breaks from these leafen lips,
Moved by soft airs from shadowy spaces blown;
"We rear these giant boles amid eclipse,
We workmen die, the work abides alone;"
The day has met the night beneath the sky,
And the hot earth put off its robe of flame;
Sweet peace and rest come with the the night-bird's cry,
Sweet rest and peace the herald stars proclaim. . . .
'Tis very heaven to taste the wells of sleep,
The founts of supersensuous repose! . . .
The sibyl's rune still murmurs on the breeze,
The purple night falls thick about the trees,
And blessed stars, like lilies, white and rose,
Burst into bloom on heaven's far azure deep.

August.

T. H. R.

Dr. Rand graduated with the class of '60.

The *Colby Oracle* for 1891, contains a very fine portrait and a short sketch of Prof. Wm. Elder, Sc. D. In the article, the learned educationist, who spent some time at Acadia, though he did not graduate here, is spoken of in very complimentary terms. He has filled professorships at Acadia, Harvard and Colby, and has spent many years at the latter place. He has ever been an active worker, and his summers have been invariably spent in geological and mineralogical work, and other scientific investigation. He is highly spoken of not only as professor, but also as a Bible instructor and friend to the students. An attack of bronchitis compelled him to go last winter to South Carolina and Virginia, but when the *Oracle* was published, it was expected that he would return early to Waterville.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* says: "Ginn & Co. have in the press a new book on Latin Prose. It is a series of graduated exercises with notes, based on Livy XXI. Eaton, of McGill University, is the author." Mr. Eaton graduated in the class of '73, and is now filling a professorship in classics at McGill.

Frank H. Eaton, '73, is now instructor in Mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology-Boston.

F. R. Higgins, '91, is teaching at Acacia Villa, Horton Landing.

Locals.

The half of my kingdom for a pass.

KNOWING JUNIOR: "Who wants to buy Milton's 'Faery Queene?'"

Since our last issue whiskers on the moon are visible to the naked eye.

Why did the Freshman cut off their mustaches?
Because it hurts to be plucked.

A great downfall. The boy spills off the pony's side—lights on the snow.

In Bible Class, TEACHER: "Where is your lesson?"
KNOWING FRESHMAN: "In the Bible."

Discovered at last. A show of books is demanded,
It is all up with us. *Humani nihil alienum nobis!*

A new economic problem propounded by a *burgess*:
How to reduce the number of those imprisoned for suicide?

It is reported of our *archer* since last issue:—

"That broken is his bow and spear,
And all his arrows spent."

Smokehouse, Aviary and General Science Department on top flight. Office hours from 7 p. m. to 1 a. m. Charges reasonable. S. D. Nosugref, General Manager.

PROFESSOR: Isn't it strange that your passage should always contain *naut scio!*

STUDENT: "I don't know."

It is currently reported that the Gulf Stream has lost its bearings. Abide thy time. Hoary Winter has not yet spent his day. Ugh!

FIRST STUDENT: "Wasn't this a green Christmas?"

SECOND STUDENT: "Yes, where I was."

Sophomore punster to class-mate: "I saw a horse fly." And the credulous country Soph. went away pondering whether Halifax horses are as light as its students.

He sought to get the lesson from
A class-mate fair;
But lo! she proved as black as ink
When he got there!

Exercise in Logic. PROFESSOR: "'Who so loveth instruction loveth knowledge.' What division is that?"

JACK: "That's A."

PROFESSOR: "'Only the brave deserve the fair.' What division is that?"

JACK: "That's I."

The Sophomores are forever in disgrace. The ancient and honored custom of smashing up furniture, playing on horns and in other ways making themselves appear lunatics, has once more been disregarded. The Juniors are outraged and the Freshmen are disappointed. Acadia, thy glory is shorn. Alas! how are the mighty fallen!

A Freshman strolled into one of the business establishments of the town the other day, gazed around in an absent-minded manner on the inmates, and, without uttering a word, sauntered out again into the sunlight of heaven. It was some time before the purport of the silent intruder was discovered. He wore a number thirteen shoe, and he simply went in to turn around.

Dreamy Sophomore, confounding his Christmas holidays with his review of Latin:—

Flos
Floris
Flori
Florem
Flos
Flossie.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

A Christmas tree! A splendid sight!
'Twas trimmed and placed in "27,"
The Boys were called to their delight,
And then the prizes round were given.

The pony went to father Ill,
Descending gear to lengthy stack;
The Blarney stone to Irish Bill,
The stilts were kept till Bit came back.

Interlude, Songs and Speeches.

Ches. got the Delitzsch on the Psalms,
Those operas, they went to Ross,
Dave lugged the psych's off in his arms.
Too Bad! they prove to him a loss.

To Clutch they gave some chewing gum,
To Ave milk for his crying cat,
To Nick they passed a candy plum,
But Bake came in for less than that.

MORAL:—Boys be good in Chipman Hall
And Santa Claus again may call.

They gave him a chew of the noxious weed,
And he grinned with a satisfied air;
For he seemed to be thinking of bye-gone days,
As he gazed with a vacant stare.

How strong is the hold of this baneful curse
On the very soul of a man,
Since even in slumbers after death
He will take a chew when he can.

It is whispered:—

That Senior stockholders are losers
That refreshments are not necessary at receptions.
That they will not take a back seat.
That he is taking an honorary course in oology.
That Freeman fell into the tap.
That Mr. King was present.
That Ross has lost his comforter.

Books printed in Japanese begin where ours end,
the word *finis* coming where we put the title page;
the foot notes are printed at the top of the page, and
the reader puts in his marker at the bottom.