

# The Acadia Athenaeum.

"Prædesse Quam Conspici."

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## Autumn's Close

HE saw the flush among the Autumn Hills,  
Like some vain hope fade solemnly and slow ;  
He heard the myriad voices of the rills  
Crooning sleep songs mysterious and low.  
He knew that Summer with her smiles and tears,  
Endured sad exile in a distant land ;  
That Winter, hoary with eternal years,  
Must rule again with stern, relentless hand.  
Yet in his heart was hope forever bright,  
He knew the flower-crowned Spring would come  
with song  
To overcome the shadows of the night,  
Fill woods and meadows with her happy throng.

BRADFORD H. DANIELS.

In "The Canadian Magazine."

## Our Frontispiece

WINTER in the Colonies ! Of what are these words suggestive ! From a cursory glance at the Christmas cards and the Penny Pictorials our friends of the Old World conjure up a scene or rather a medley of scenes of unrivaled splendour, and in many cases of more value as products of the imagination than as representation of what really is. When Canada is concerned, the great, white, maidenly Canada, the speculation of the Homeland with regard to its first possession is, to say the least, characteristic of a people noted for their love of adventure. Snow ; till the ground is lost in drifts of soft, fleecy loveliness and the tips of the fir trees are bent and broken with their clinging burdens. Ice ; till the brooks and rivers are locked in sleep and the smooth, glassy surface flashes in the light of a wintery moon. Frost ; till the air is crisp and clear, so crisp and clear that the stars are like diamonds and the voices like notes silvery, sonorous. This is true ; that is for the Englishman for he

has no particular location in view when the 'popular' Canada fills his romantic head with odds and ends of pictures gleaned from reliable guides and the unassuming literature of the day. This is also true for the Colonist, as will be seen from our frontispiece, when he remembers that here as well as in Europe there are at least two periods of time, summer and winter, and well-defined climatic differences.

The sole illustration of this Journal is appropriate in the fact that it is a winter scene. It may also be excused on the ground that it is the only photograph of the Athenæum Building and its immediate surroundings. About college properties and college recollection there always hangs an air of reverence something like the perfume of a vase that once held a precious tincture. That which gave the vessel its worth has flown but its peculiar taste remains. The rudely carved initials, the memorial window, the trophies of the campus are all pointed out as objects of veneration. Even the College itself has a charm of its own. It is not *that* Institution, *that* seat of Learning but *this, this one*, and as it so happens, Acadia College. Prompted, thus, by the same touch of nature that in the words of the Poet 'makes the world akin' we will proceed to examine our frontispiece. As has already been intimated the edifice in the middle is known as the Athenæum Building. Here are situated the Reading Room, the quarters of the Athenæum Society and the Sanctum. The Reading Room replete with the current newspapers and a choice selection of English and American magazines is truly an attractive spot. It is here the bright sallies of Puck, the philosophical discussions of the Forum, the literary criticisms of Blackwood's and last but not least the editorial sarcasms of the World and the Globe are attentively received. Of more interest perhaps is the hall of the Athenæum Society, so dear to graduates and undergraduates alike. How often have the walls echoed to the applause of a clever speech on some topic of national importance or the learned remarks of many embryo Ciceros. The Sanctum, footing the list, is of little account, except that in it is carefully housed what artistic genius and literary modesty occasionally crops out in the course of a modern education. Not that the *literati* are lacking in thought and aspiration but the incidental accessories mentioned by the bibacious Horace and the poet Moore have never been in evidence. With this itinerary the examination of the illustration closes.

After all what of ones life is sweeter and productive of more genuine inspiration than that spent in the benign pro-

tection of his Alma Mater. There the tempestuous waters of the world are calmed into a lagoon of crystalline fairness whose placid surface reflects only the good, the beautiful, the true of a much soiled and sullied existence. There the winds are soothed and the zephyrs play in the dusky corners and the long summer of youth is redolent with fragrance. Happy days those when the thoughts of the Morrow are like the southing swallows and the Future the vague horizon afar off in the morning mist.

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### Form in Literature

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THE problem of the relation of form to matter is as old as the early Greek philosophies, some of them going so far as to say, that form is essential to the existence of matter; later thinking, however, recognizing both the subjective and objective, leads to the belief that all matter to be intelligible to sense must be embodied in some form.

Now, form is not restricted to any particular manifestation of matter; on the other hand, everything revealed to sense is simply an external manifestation of something which is mystic, an outward sign of an inward substance. Form itself is not revealed to sense and yet nothing is manifest without form.

The genius of man is seen in the utilizing and directing of the material already existent in the world, the giving of deeper and more beautiful form as an embodiment of the significance and scope of the material. Thus, in dealing with all things there must be matter and the means of expressing it. In sculpture the artist has the rough marble or clay as the material, but the means of showing forth his thoughts is the form into which that rough material is moulded. So in literature, the crude material of thought, emotion and experience is no more literature than the unformed clay is sculpture, but it is the form in both, which completes the work.

It must not be supposed, however, that a work of art can be given this twofold division, but that both may be the better comprehended such a division is made. To suppose that they can be separated or that one is subordinate to the other is a great error, for form is that which gives expression to substance and they can no more be separated than can the parts of a flower be taken by themselves and still remain a beautiful flower.

Expression is a necessary and universal characteristic of nature. This is observed in the study of organic life, for as the leaves of the tree express the life of the tree, and as the song of the bird is the expression of its inner life, so all external forms in nature are the manifestations of her inner life and are produced spontaneously and not deliberately. Nature's action in dealing with matter is seen to be from mystic forces to manifest forms and all true noble expression should be in accord to this universal law.

Now what has thus been found to be true of nature's action bears application in the sphere of literature. It was this inner impulse in the mind of the artist, due to the material to be moulded, which at different times gave rise to the epic, the drama, the lyric and the novel.

Thus form and life at the beginning were one. Back of the earliest forms of literature was widespread literary impulse expressing itself in a variety of forms. A wide, rich, varied knowledge of life, secured by the experience of a countless multitude of people, was the fund from which all artists had to draw. It was life in an unorganized condition, nor did it become literature, till keen, sensitive poetic minds began to reflect upon this knowledge, to organize it and at last to give it form. Its chief characteristic, therefore, is life, and every work that holds its place as literature must have some kind of vitality and some faithfulness to the reality or dreams of life.

In Greek literature, which is one of the most complete and harmonious literary expressions of a race, every principal phase of art can be traced directly back to the life of the people. It grew out of the popular experience and was an expression of popular life. The natural rhythmic tendency of this artistic race is sufficient reason to account for its taking the form of poetry rather than prose.

Literature finds its first impulse in experience and its chief forms are deeply interesting and significant of its work in the development of humanity.

The epic is the oldest of the great literary forms and remains the foremost in interest and importance. It is distinguished from the lyric, by representing action rather than emotion and from the drama by presenting events through narrative, rather than imitative action. The history of national or mythological events of momentous interest; the views of life which deal with the masses of men animated by the same political or religious idea and which show the character and problem of the nation find expression in the epic. Thus

the "Conquest of Troy," the theme of Homer's *Iliad* was an object of national and religious enthusiasm to all the Greeks. Homer's genius was distinctively narrative and naturally found expression in the epic form. The sacred subjects of Dante's *Divina Comedia* and Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be regarded as typical of Christian thought and civilization. Arnold describes the epic as treating of "one great complex action in a grand style and with fulness of detail." The epic is now probably an extinct form and is not likely to be heard by any later generation, for it is considered to be the first fruits of the earliest experiences of nature and life.

Next to the epic, among the great forms of literature, is the drama and if the epic yields the first place to any literary form, it is to the drama, because it includes more of human life and interest. It is a story represented by action and as the principle of imitation is inherent in human nature, it is found that the drama has been practised in some form by almost every nation. But the form accepted and followed in Europe, divided chiefly into comedy and tragedy, was the creation of the Greeks.

The dithyrambus, a hymn in honor of Bacchus, sung by a chorus of voices accompanied by music, expression, gesture and dances was the rude element out of which Aeschylus, unaided, created the drama as we now behold it; and although nothing has since been added to its structure, though he seems to have forestalled future ages of invention and to have left nothing undone yet it cannot be said to have been perfected till touched by the great master mind of Shakespeare. In his dramas he exhausts all human experience, divines the secret impulse of humanity and records his convictions on the questions of life, fate and immortality, which appeal to every one. The most abundant and most popular form of poetry is the drama, no other receives and preserves like it the exact imprint of the age, none expresses so much and that so deeply.

An adequate and exhaustive definition of lyrical poetry seems difficult to find, but the term lyrical implies, that each poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling or situation, its chief characteristic being concentration. It has been said that "the epic has the breadth and volume of a river, the drama has the scope and variety of the sea, the lyric is like a mountain pool, which may be tossed into foam but remains a pool, although sometimes of fathomless depths."

Now lyrical poetry, the creation of individual minds

deals with individual hopes, tears, joys, sorrows, loves and tastes and is therefore largely subjective in contrast to epic, which is so largely objective, that we lose sight of the author himself and see the race or nation as the poet. The lyrical poet so reveals his heart that he becomes the central figure of the poem.

A true lyric has a strange music which carries it to the heart and fixes it in the memory. The past belongs to the epic, since it preserves and transmits its histories, but, since prophecy is always lyrical, the future belongs to the lyric.

Legends of saints had amused the middle ages and the romances of chivalry had been popular up to the seventeenth century, but a new social form was now developing, in which people desired to see themselves. The world of legend and romantic grandeur had grown dim and unreal and a fiction was wanted that would be practical and treat of the stories of common life. This describes the novel as it is to-day, not a wandering maze of fancy, but a tale with more or less loftiness of style, fulness of detail and unity of action, not confining its interest so much to incident and adventure as to the study and unfolding of character.

Modern literature is a very different product from classical, but in its highest form is none the less the outgrowth of popular life. The novel as a form in literature shows the new and deepening consciousness of men of their complicated social relationships. It is the most attractive and influential form through which the literary genius of our own time expresses itself.

The idea has long since been abandoned that any particular form or set of form furnishes an unfailling list of the presence or absence of the quality which constitutes literature. It is not a fixed form but perfection of form which stamps it as such. The essential thing, so far as form is concerned, is not a reproduction of any accepted model, but the excellence which makes a form expressive of beauty or power.

The final test of all literature is not its relation to the development of race, nor the interest it creates by reason of our personal tastes and experiences, but the soundness of its substance and the perfection of its form. It must, however be remembered that when the greater emphasis is laid on form, the age is parting from the sources of power.

## To the Singers of Minas

RAND

THOU long a poet at the lyric shrine,  
 Made not a prayer to any muse or power,  
 Letting the seasons go as but an hour.  
 Until the afternoon of life did shine.  
 Thy silent lips now move to verse divine;  
 And Minas adds a jewel to her dower  
 With every song of thine that like a flower  
 Unfolds with hue and fragrance pure and fine.  
 Fundy and Blomidon and the dark Isle  
 Recumbent seem like servants at thy feet;  
 And elemental forces but the birth  
 Of messengers at thy late singing-while,  
 To bear thy music to our hearts that greet  
 Thee as a singer, just found on the earth.

ROBERTS

Is green-walled Acadie a later Greece;  
 And thou a classic come to life again,  
 From thy historic home to modern men  
 In this green world of beauty and of peace?—  
 A sculptor then, a poet now, whose lease  
 Of labor is to carve and chisel clear  
 Each form or lyric shape, until I hear  
 Not song; but see thy pictures rest at ease.  
 The broad green plain of level Tantramar,  
 Is but the Temple of thy ancient time.  
 The tides, and all the Fundean crystal ways  
 Live as thy blue Aegean was in far  
 Dim yesterdays; and all the suns that climb  
 This sky, knew thee in Helle's brightest day.

CARMEN

Thou mystic singer whose spontaneous song,  
 Vague as the tide-tones of the Fundy flood;  
 Sweet as the sweetest singer of the woods;—  
 Thou too hast raised thy lyric voice among  
 The places where the ebb and flood so strong  
 Fill with red life the veins of Acadie;  
 And in thy wondering voice call to thee  
 Sad with remembrance of the deathless wrong.  
 Yet thou art in the circle of the few  
 Who tune their voices to these singing meads;  
 And know the assonance of shore and tide;

And the swift stroke of wavelet slipping through  
 The grasses, learning from the river reeds—  
 The deepest chorus of the ocean wide.

The dykelands, and the meadows of the sea  
 Have been my inspiration many a day—  
 Not less the hallowed willows of Grand Pre,  
 And its dark tale of crime and misery.  
 The Gaspereau still flows as peacefully;  
 And Minas separated from the Bay  
 By gloomy Blomidon, and the array  
 Of beauty on their shores, bind you to me.  
 For we have loved till lips have filled with song;  
 Your English blood and my Acadian veins  
 Unmindful of the hatred of that yore  
 That made our fathers foeman. Be we strong  
 In peace, as they in war, and bloody stains  
 Will fade in union ruling all this shore.

Wolfville, N. S.

J. F. HERBIN.

### Defence of the Cynic

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It is well known that people worshiped the sun till they found out what the sun was. Did not Baldur, the Son of the Morning, burnish the East with the links of his Golden Armor when the dew was heavy in the grasses and the leaf was damp in the shade? Did not Morpheus, too weary to battle the shadows of Dusk, gather his draperies about him; and like a petulant child scattering, in a profusion of stars, the bawbles of his vanquisher slip into the silent West? Ah! it was thus, when the world was the Favourite of the Father and the garden of Hesperides its Rest.

The arms of Night are still flung about the odorous earth like a maiden—for is not Night a maiden whose perfumed breath is the bliss of the lingering twilight?—too solicitous of her love to heed the approach of her Lord and ceaseless pursuer. Up, up he comes, the Sun, the golden Phoebus; scouring along the burning vault of Heaven, his fiery chariot-wheels as furious in the fight as their wrathful Master, his foaming coursers lashed into a frenzy of ever-changing colours; and He above all and in all showering the trophies of the timid Day to errant minions full-fearful of their fate. Who could not worship this? Who in the strength of his



own æsthetic nature could not heap frankincense and myrrh on the altars of men and bend his knee in the ecstasy of adoration to the transcendent glory of the coming Morning with the prayer of the Faithful on his lips "Allah, Allah, for thee?" None of us could do otherwise. None of them did otherwise for their belief was eternal.

It is all different now. In the cruel light of modern investigation, the Sun, the great Helios is nothing but a mass of the same matter that the child of the Nineteenth Century can mould and fashion at his will. The coursers, the golden chariot where are they? Gone, a myth, a vast illusion, a superstition of a credulous populace. The very *gamin* in the street laughs at the credulity of the old believers. Surely they were a little better than the beasts of the fields if out of the abundance of their inheritance they could not distinguish fiction from facts. Ah! my little friend, can you distinguish fiction from facts? If you could the creator of Youth would not become the cynic of Age.

O ye most misanthropic of cynics, were you not once as trustful as a child? The flower, apart from its native loveliness, acquired in the Dream-thorp of infancy a sanctity that only the perception of sublimity could nourish. Each petal was a source of separate enjoyment: the Fairies drank dew in its honied hollow: the breath of Summer was its sustenance. The little eye that beheld it saw not the intricate formation, its scientific solution, but the one unchangeable principle of simplicity, Truth. Not the Truth that boasts of Reason, but Truth out of Beauty.

Alas! the phantasies of childhood are flown. A flower falls to the wayside. You pick it up because it is a flower, a creation, a composition of something as mortal as yourself. Hard, cynical pity you bestow upon it.—Where are the colours that once played in its petals? Where are the myriad hosts of creatures that once peopled its shade? Gone, gone, what you hold in your hand is not a flower according to your infant definition. It is nothing but a mockery, a fallacy of the bitterness of death. In disgust you cast it away. After all, in spite of the Poet's assurance, Man's life is an empty dream and his living a shadow.

You see, my little *gamin*, you can not distinguish fiction from facts. If you could, why do you clothe your blossom in Youth with the attributes of Fancy and in your Age disrobe it of its beauty? Circumstances make the Man, not Man the circumstances. Humanity, another Ixion, is broken on the wheel of knowledge. The World made your infancy a

Paradise. The same World robbed you of your Heaven. It only deceived you in your Paradise. Perhaps so, but why did it deceive you in your Paradise? How is it that you, you my child, the man with a birthright of eternity, the God with a fetter of mortality, the beast with a ban of divinity, weep in the desert places till the caves and caverns are darkened and there is no sound upon the land? You know not. Ah! truly you know not. Does your benevolent philosopher know? Does HE of the cassock and the chalice know? Does HE of the Worlds and the Wilderness know? Surely Ignorance not Knowledge is the fulfilment of life.

Not all the truth of the World is contained in the scriptures. Beautiful men were they who recorded the Christ. Beautiful words are they which tell of the Christ but their beauty is of God. The Apostles lived in the Known. They wrote of the Unknown. Who is there to tell us what to expect after death? The Prophets can tell you what to expect after death. The Church can tell you what to expect in death; but there is none to tell us what to expect before death. Let the winds and the waves engulf you: let the fires and the fevers consume you, you of the Flesh, of that flesh which is grass, for I am not your keeper, neither have I a habitation among men. Weep and wail: torture and suppress till the world that gave you birth also giveth you rest for I am HE in whose mouth the mourning of the wicked is like honey and whose tears are like milk. Do you find these things in the Scriptures? No, absolutely and unconditionally. No. 'Peace and good-will upon earth' is a scriptural injunction. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' is another scriptural injunction. But there's the rub. You of your own divine nature know what it is to do right. You of your own human nature know equally well what it is to do wrong. 'Peace and good-will upon earth' is impossible. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' is doubly impossible. Perhaps you, my little *gamin*, cast the tares upon the river. Perhaps you, my little *gamin*, debauched the lily. Taint and Tares are undeniably present. Cant as much as you will of justice and reason. Cant as much as you will of love and good fellow-ship, but I will still despair of my answer. Perhaps your belief is self-righteous?—then I will draw aside this curtain and show you the strangled babe of the Budda, the slaughtered of the Mohammed, the tortured of the Christ. Is that 'Peace and good-will upon earth!' You think not. Ah! stir not the troubled waters but grant him—the miserable misanthrope—this desideratum that he is not a vain babbler before men but

one lost in the labyrinths of Truth.

You are at heart then a Cynic. The Philosopher? bah! The Man, mortal, moody, morose. Curse your flower if you will, curse your creed if you will for who can cast censure. If the river that sweeps in and out the piers, cold, clammy, desolate, runs not deep enough I will ask you whether or not the fact of Beauty became the fiction of Truth. If the oily taste of that poppied liquor is not sweet enough I will ask if you can remember whether or not the fact of Creed became the fiction of Belief. Ah! you are justly then a cynic? What if they rail and reject? Ask them of *their* Elysium. Is it not Rest? Rest from what? Why you can answer that. Rest from labor: rest from sorrow: rest from Creed: and rest from Truth.

So runs the world. Cynicism is natural because it is inevitable but why it is inevitable we do not know. The rap-ture of Ideality is soon lost in the rude awakening of Reality. The sweet trust of infancy, the honest confidence of Youth is crushed and broken, swept on by the black waves of Time, like the bits of stick and straw by the wind, into the ever-widening whirlpool of Death. Cynicism is natural and down the ages come the notes of the Song of Sorrow, now the cunning chord of the minstrel, now the chant of the monk, now the wail of the mother. Will it ever cease? Not while the fire of the one is the ashes of the other; not while the belief of the one is the illusion of the other. Plunge deep, drink deep for in the slime of the river, the stupor of the cup is the key that unlocks the golden gates of Oblivion and the haven of Hereafter—Rest.

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### "The Advanced Woman" From Another Standpoint

It is so seldom that "poor abused man" takes up his pen in protest against the pretensions of what are called our "advanced women," that I feel considerable diffidence in entering the arena, particularly as I believe the only effectual way to meet our "wayward females," is to speak the *whole* truth as to how men *really* regard them. Opinions solicited from men by pretty women, are about as reliable as if they had been obtained by actual suggestions of boycott. Away from such influences, in the privacy of my study, let me give some expression to my honest opinions on this most serious subject.

I understand that the "advanced woman" begins as a

girl who believes she is made for something better than a mere housekeeper, a wife and mother. If perchance, a sensible mother makes her do her share of the house-work, she looks forward all the more eagerly to the time of her emancipation, when she shall be able to teach in a school, and it may be in a College, or to enter some profession not long since erroneously supposed to be man's peculiar property. And in realization of these dreams, our little embryo, at a time of life when she should be at home developing her physical system, after much hard study in preparation, triumphantly enters the College or University where she is to obtain that higher education which all true disciples should have in order to enter successfully into the competition with their brother men.

We began with a young girl in whom were the future possibilities of a good woman, a strong wife and mother. And what have we after all these years of studious preparation for College? After years of keen rivalry to keep up with the young men, both in regular work and in hollow, sounding, honors? A woman? In the great majority of cases,—No! Not a woman in the true sense of the word. A woman ought to be a womanly woman. And if you would know what that means, pause and think.

In nine cases out of ten, the woman who seeks the higher education comes out a physical wreck. And the term includes many who are apparently the pictures of health. A dwarf is not necessarily diseased.

“And if she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
How shall men grow?”

I would not be understood as opposed to all higher education for women. There is no reason why a woman, in good health, might not seek a moderate College training, if, with a womanly purpose. But she who seeks it with an *ambitious* purpose shall surely come to grief.

The typical advanced woman has tried to fit herself to work for which she is totally unfitted by provisions of nature. Far worse! She has unfitted herself for the very purpose of her being. Is she a willing, competent, and acceptable candidate for the heart of a man who is willing and able to earn bread for two, or more? Can she be the wife, the mother, the peculiar comfort to a care-laden husband? Can your advanced woman be the biblical helpmate?

To all these charges I hear a most indignant denial. I see a movement as if to draw the broom. But I comfort myself that the use of that article is but imperfectly under-

stood. I entreat you, wait a moment. Remember, your advanced women are almost men now, and you must learn to take these things like men. I assure you the foregoing would be considered quite mild as between man and man.

You still deny my charges? Then bring along your battalions of advanced women. Your advanced women with B. A. s, M. A. s and Phd. s. With L. L. B. s, (lie still ye ancient fathers.) M. D. s, D. D. s, and many more. In the next row and out of sight, your lady bicycle scorchers, lady footballists, lady base-ballists, lady — Enough! Show me one who can say she has found her place in life and fills it successfully, and I think I can show you one who has learned her piece for the occasion. Show me one with a good physical system, and I will show you scores who are ignorant of its meaning. Who do not know that the body is the first care of all, and even more important with women than with men. Lastly show me one womanly woman, among your truest disciples.

I hear the manly woman suffragist ask in despair. What shall we do? Marriage is a failure and the men are sadly astray in the affairs of government. We must put our hand to the plow.

Marriage a failure. Many a man marries as he supposes a help mate, but she has her own ideas on that subject, or, what is just as bad, no ideas at all. Too often he accumulates, she dispenses. Too often he is care-laden and she adds to his cares. A woman should help. Have you prepared yourselves to help? If not, we may have more failures. Every effect must have a cause, go, search diligently till you find it.

Man, you say, is incompetent. I grant that man's work is not one half done. But on the other hand I claim that woman's work is not one quarter done. Can you then, unfitted as you are for man's work, afford to leave your own, much more important and more poorly performed as it is? Can you afford to waste your efforts to the detriment of both spheres of work and to the race as a whole?

Man seems incompetent. But why? Because half the men, morally and intellectually the best half, have not yet realized their responsibilities. They are the men, who unwilling to take hold themselves would urge women to try a hand. Is it not contemptible? Have you no power to put such men to work? Then your charms have lost their power, or, *you have lost your charms.*

I beseech you, advanced women, to realize your duties

in your own proper sphere. Mothers, by force of circumstances, have their responsibilities thrust forcibly upon them. But how thoroughly they fail to give ideas of responsibility to their children, you may know by the way the world runs. You hold the key to the situation, moral and political. I pray you, go do as many of your modest and unassuming sisters have done, are doing, and I hope will continue to do in an increasing measure, in that future which I believe is to prove, before long, the advisability of having more than an artificial division between man and women.

Whom did he marry?

BURPEE L. BISHOP '97.

EXPLANATION.—This article may be given a personal bearing from the fact of a recent paper on the same subject, but from a different standpoint, by one of the young ladies of the College.

I wish to say that my purposes in writing are general. The matter for the article I have had in mind for some time, and the previous paper merely gave me my heading along with an impulse to write now and not in the indefinite future.

B. L. B

B. L. B. is now an advocate for the full equality of women

J. C. B.

1916

# The Acadia Athenæum

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## The Sanctum.

WITH this number the Past, designated by the symbol '96, like many other unfortunate and to-be-pitied periods of time, is now no more. This remark is not occasioned by the pessimistic follies and fallacies of the day but by a frequent repetition of the well known Latin couplet *Dum loquimur fugerit invidia actas Carpe diem*. With much regret, therefore, we chronicle the decease of that aged and decrepid gentleman—the Old Year of '96. While he had many faults and was often too hasty, a disposition we presume inherited from his predecessors, yet one would be at loss to find a more cheery and amiable companion. His various foibles and petty affectations were only natural and at his expected death, to the surprise of all, no mention was made whatever to those who had so unkindly deserted him in his old age. With respect to the New Year of '97 we have little to say except that he is a boisterous, rollicking youngster rejoicing in his new-found strength. Lest, however, he should be displeased at our unseemly levity and propitiate undue misfortune with disaster we crave his pardon and patronage and extend to our subscribers the good-wishes of the Year.

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There are as many mis-conceptions of Art as there are people who profess to be artists. If one is asked to define Art who has been bred upon principles of morality he will invariably define it in terms of morality. If one is asked to define Art who has nothing in him but philosophy he will invariably define it in terms of philosophy. The truth is that the further you get away from morality and philosophy the nearer you get to Art. It is not necessary that a painting should teach or even contain an universal truth to be judged worthy of he critics praise. If a poem conforms to the recognized canons of

beauty and is capable of arousing the accompanying aesthetic thrill it is a perfect creation whether it embodies the essence of Mohammedanism or the sublime of Christianity. There is no greater fallacy than that which supposes man to be a paragon of virtue. His painting, his poem, his music morally considered may be as vile as he is himself but if they are depicted and measured according to the mechanical standard of beauty they are artistically beyond reproach. Unless a metrical composition is marked 'didactic,' and if it is there are grave doubts as to whether it is poetic at all, no one should endeavour to make it represent any of the branches of pedantic discussion, philosophical, social or political. When the immortal Shakespeare opened the soliloquy of Hamlet he did not fondly imagine that he was giving utterance to his own or Hamlet's particular views on the perversity and fatality of life. He was only depicting a specific state of the aesthetic world, and as far as he made the *mood* of the fictitious Hamlet correspond to the *mood* of the true Hamlet he was the great Artist. To think otherwise is just as absurd as to expect a soliloquy to be written with the express purpose of propagating the moral law.

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We are reminded at this season of the year that 'Charity covers a multitude of sins.' When the World is racked with the throes of winter and the miserable pittance of the poor is eked out like the oil in the story of the Scriptures it is then beautiful to consider that of all the cardinal virtues 'the greatest of these is Charity.' As of old the act of giving is prominent in two aspects. Among civilized persons as among barbarians there is often more grim humour than the people themselves are at first willing to admit. Philanthropic gifts to unnecessary institutions is a poor way of conforming to the creed of one's adoption. But a donation from the heart, as we say, makes the man better for the giving and the recipient happier for the receiving.

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### The Month

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TO the College as a whole no month is more enjoyable than December. With the exception of the members of the Junior class, the students have nothing but thoughts of pleasure at the rapid termination of the year. But for the Juniors each day brings them nearer to that most dreaded yet after all most enjoyable day of the year the day of the Exhibition.



The ladies of the Seminary entertained a large number of their friends at a Recital held in Alumnæ Hall, on the evening of the Dec. 4th. A very enjoyable programme was rendered of a literary and musical cast. The scene from "David Copperfield" was worthy of special credit in as much as it was a difficult selection and one requiring great artistic ability. The usual absence of those interested in the fine arts was very noticeable and greatly to be regretted since appreciation is due from them as well as from others. Indeed the practical side of study though the most pleasurable is the oftenest neglected in a modern education, strangely in opposition to the general trend of the busy, bustling Nineteenth Century.

On Tuesday evening the 15th the Junior Class held their annual Rhetorical Exhibition in College Hall, which was tastefully decorated with flags that of the class, which is something of a departure from the general style of class banners occupied the position of honor over the platform. The programmes were handsomely gotten up in pale blue and black, '98's class colors.

On account of indisposition, Dr. Sawyer was unable to be present so Prof. Keirstead occupied the chair. The actual programme carried out was as follows:—

## PROCESSIONAL MARCH.

## PRAYER.

## ORATIONS.

THE VICTORIAN ERA, . . . . . P. Will Gordon, St. John, N. B.

GIBBON AS AN HISTORIAN, . . . . . Ernest R. Estabrooks, Sackville, N. B.

Music by the Wolfville Orchestra.

THE CHARMS OF BIOGRAPHY, . . . . . E. Irene Burgess, Wolfville, N. S.

ROBERT HALL, . . . . . Isaac A. Corbett. Five Island, N. S.

Music Solo by Burpee Wallace,

NATURE IN HEBREW POETRY, . . . . . Abner F. Newcombe. Bridgetown, N. S.

TENNYSON'S IDEAS OF IMMORALITY, . . . . . Isabel Eaton, Dartmouth, N. S.

MUSIC,—by class quartette, composed of  
Messrs Slipp, Spinney, Wallace and Dukeshire.

ROMOLA. . . . . Bertha Sangster, Sackville, N. B.

## THE PLACE OF LANGUAGE IN A COURSE OF STUDY

J. Clarence Hemmeon, Wolfville, N. S.

## NATIONAL ANTHEM

At the conclusion of the programme the class adjourned to the Central Hotel where, under the chaperonage of Prof. and Mrs Faville, they pleasantly passed the remainder of the evening and a part of the next morning.

After doing full justice to the bountiful repast which was placed before them, the following programme of toasts was discussed :—

- (1) The Queen, responded to by singing National Anthem.
- (2) Canada,—A. H. Whitman.
- (3) Acadia University,—Prof. E. E. Faville.
- (4) Our Sister Institutions :
  - Mt. Allison,—Miss Colwell.
  - U. of N. B.—Miss McNally.
  - Dalhousie,—J. C. Hemmeon.
- (5) The Ladies of the College,—Miss B. Burgess.
- (6) The Seminary,—Miss Fitch, (Violin Solo)
- (7) The Ladies of the Class,—Miss E. F. Keirstead.
- (8) Chipman Hall,—C. W. Rose.
- (9) The Professions,
  - Ministry,—W. S. Hall.
  - Law,—J. A. Corbett.
  - Medicine,—P. W. Gordon.
- (10) The Wolfville Orchestra,—Responded to by a selection.
- (11) Our Chaperons.—Prof. E. E. Faville.
- (12) Our Host and Hostess,—Mr. and Mrs Selfridge.

A great deal of credit should be given to the Executive Committee, whose chairman was L. A. Fenwick, for the admirable way in which the affair was conducted.

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## De Alumnis

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E. A. Reid '91, who received his Ph D. from the University of Chicago and was lately married to Miss Reeves a former teacher of music at the Seminary, is now pastor of a Baptist Church at Pontiac, Ill.

Miss Mary A. Wadsworth, Principal of Acadia Seminary '86-89 is now in charge of the Starratt School for girls at Chicago. This school stands very high educationally and socially. Miss Wadsworth holds a deservedly high place as a teacher in the field of English Literature.

A. C. Kempton '91 has completed the second year of a phenomenally successful pastorate at Eau-claire, Wisconsin. During his ministry over two hundred have been added to the church.

A. J. Kempton '89, occupies an important charge as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Madison, Wisconsin, the seat of the State University, where he is highly esteemed as an eloquent speaker.

Miss Annie M. McLean '93 for the last two years Preceptress of Mt. Carrol Seminary has resigned this position to study sociology under Dr. A. W. Small of the University of Chicago.

Wm. Holloway '91 has a story in one of the late publications of the "Chap book" of Chicago. This story is of considerable interest and is founded upon Port Royal.

F. A. Starratt '92 is preaching in Oklohamia.

M. A. McLean '95 supplied the pulpit at Geneva, Nebraska last Summer.

I. Crombie '92 and O. P. Goucher '92 are successful principals in the Lawrencetown and Middleton high schools respectively.

E. Hart Nichols '93 is studying law at Dalhousie.

R. E. Gullison '95 and wife left Halifax in October for missionary work in India.

Charles A. Eaton '90 is enjoying a successful pastorate at Bloor Street, Baptist Church, Toronto.

A. V. Pineo '92 is in Law partnership with W. E. Roscoe, Kentville, N. S.

W. E. Vincent '95 pastor of the Sackville Baptist Church, one of our largest, continues to be greeted with excellent congregations.

Clifford T. Jones '93 who for the past three year has been teaching at Banff, N. W. T., has entered upon the study of law in the office of a prominent solicitor at Calgary.

C. E. Seaman '92 is pursuing his studies in Economics at Harvard.

Allan E. Dunlop '94 is studying law at Harvard.

### Obituary

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With many regrets we chronicle the death of Samuel T. King, a former member of '96. Mr King, cut off in the prime of youthful vigor, will be greatly missed and mourned by those who were his intimates. At College he was an enthusiastic sportsman being captain of the Hockey team for several seasons. To the bereaved in their loss the ATHENÆUM extends sincere consolations.

## Exchanges

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WE notice by the *Gazette* that the agitation for caps and gowns is making some progress in Dalhousie which is about the only Canadian College of any pretensions where they are not in use. The Benefits of a Vocal Education are discussed in a rather one sided manner evidently by one who is not himself an orator. "What benefit do we derive from a man, be he ever so eloquent, if his eloquence consists merely of a mad jumble of words! Verily I am constrained to believe the remark of an eminent college professor who said, that when two politicians were arguing together he knew no better definition of a vacuum."

Argosy discusses British Colonial Supremacy in a very interesting paper. "Every British colonist, no matter how many generations separate him from the British Isles, feels himself a part of the Empire, and in him the fire of patriotic loyalty to the old land burns as strongly as in the native born Englishman."

"The Relation of McMaster University to the Theological Trend of the Age" as contained in the *Monthly*, speaks in no uncertain voice of the position which McMaster takes on the religious questions of the day. "The business of McMaster University is to do Christ's will, to carry out his great commissions. Her holy task is to give the gospel to the lost, and discipline saved souls that they may be meet for the Master's use, and go forth in the spirit of loving obedience to their God-appointed duties."

The *Theologue* has again resumed its labours and contains much interesting reading for sympathisers with the Presbyterian College. An account is given of mission work at Fifteen Mile Stream, "forty miles from anywhere," which will recall to old Acadia men many delightful trips of their own to "Hard Scrabble Mountain" and other noted places, where the first bursts of their budding eloquence exploded harmlessly among the astonished rocks and spruces!

The "Humours of the Saw" in *McGill Fortnightly* contains many examples of brilliant passes of wit between lawyer and judge, which serve to relieve the gloom of the Court Room. "Once Sir Frank Lockwood was engaged on the opposite side from Sir Charles Russell (now Lord Russell) who was trying to brow beat a witness into giving a direct answer "Yes" or "No."

You can answer any question "Yes" or "No," declared Sir Charles. "Oh, can you?" returned Lockwood. "May I ask if you have left off beating your wife?"

## Collis Campusque

HENCE! Home, you hungry Freshmen, get you home!  
 You babes, you lambs, you worse than guileless things!  
 Begone!

Run to your mamas, climb upon their knees.  
 Fill with good grub your mouths, to stop the void,  
 That needs must be the result of your long fasting here.

The above is the opening of the oration given by the head of the Freshman table to his comrades in misery on the eve of departure for vacation. The rest of the oration was unintelligible because of the punctuation, which consisted chiefly of full stops put in by sympathetic class-mates in the shape of potatoes, fish balls and such.

The Juniors held their Exhibition the night before breaking up and it is said to have been a success. There was a noticeable lack of (read)ing this year compared to last and no dialogues. The following report of the exercises has gone the rounds of the press:—

"The Rhetorical Exhibition of the Senior class at Acadia was held last week in College Hall. A large number of essays were read." Then follows a list of essays with the names of those who read them.

The Seniors have the sympathy of the other classes, and although the time in which to live the matter down is short, still they should not be discouraged for they may yet emerge from the cloud which this report has thrown around them.

A short time ago our benign postmaster was seen engaged in scattering ashes upon the slippery walk, probably those of former victims. He remarked in his pleasant way "Oh I am always kicking up a dust." Several students standing around, laughed at his wit and emphatically acquiesced. Shortly after sounds were heard issuing from the Post Office that would have done credit to a Propylæum debate. Several Sophomores who were passing, wondering who had the courage to ask for his mail, entered and found the autocrat of the office keeping up his reputation for "kicking up a dust" by dusting the hayseed from the hair of a member of '99 from New Brunswick in a manner that made his head swim. After it was over, the Soph. was so dazed he didn't recognize himself, and in his g(rand)ly obliging manner the gentle representative of the Queen, wrote the following address upon the victim's back:—"Said to be hay but still very green. Please send it back to the farm." Then the poor Sophomore, who was unused to the little peculiarities of Nova Scotia post masters, was taken out by his sympathetic class mates, and after gurgling in the neck of a bottle once or twice he felt better, but the Tzar of the Office keeps on tzar-ing.

Every fine evening during the Autumn, two Sophomore theologians have been noticed to wend their way about nightfall, down to the marshes. There where the massive dykes say to the sea, "Thus far and no farther," there in the sunset when the purple tints of dying day

fall caressingly upon Blomidon seamed brow ; where the still air carries from afar the sound of the local wood sawyer's whistle and the fitful scream of the scale practicing vocalists in the Sem., there where the weary sun stopping to kiss the sea tinges the clouds heaped in æthereal masses with ruby and amethyst and gold, as though making his parting as beautiful as he may, that lowly man may forgive him for leaving them for a little ;—there were ———. Well there these theologins stand and look out across the silent Basin of Minas where once Glooscap played football with the islands and Evangeline took her semi-annual bath. Are these two drawing inspiration from the lovely scene, the thought of which has caused the above spontaneous outburst of poetical rage. Indeed the panorama spread out before them, would almost inspire poetry in the present Poet Laureate, but alas upon closer investigation it can be seen that instead of drawing inspiration, the theologins are drawing a corn-cob pipe.

During the celebration of the Sophomores on the night of the tenth, the Juniors were seen to follow them, yelling and using the energy they didn't dare use when Sophomores themselves. Of course upon this occasion there was no danger as some one else would get all the blame. The Juniors recognized this fact and enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. Judging from the quantity of advice the Juniors had to offer, they might have had a phenomenal racket, and they offered it in large quantities to the Sophs, but were invariably turned down.

One of the members of an upper class kindly wrote an account of the affair to a Provincial paper. Like other accounts which occur in that paper, it was very dramatic and cow-bells were mentioned. The Sophomores say there was not a cow-bell in the crowd and they feel certain they are not as familiar with such farm implements as some writers on the staff of that paper.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Mal de mer, '99)—The word Nausea comes from the same root as Nautical. If you were from New Brunswick you would readily see the close relation between them, while crossing the Bay.

(Jay, '98)—Yes it is very wrong for you to go walking in the evening with a young lady, without the knowledge of your mother. Get your mother to consent to the young lady calling on you and all will be right.

(Lamb, 1900)—The study of matrimony is a Junior option. Most students take it (bad) in that stage of their course. The present Junior class are going in for it very extensively, their facilities for a practise of the principles being more numerous than those of the other classes.

(Poetry, '97)—We are not sure who the quotation you mention is from, "A bird in the hand gathers no moss," but from the perspicuity of the Aphorism we should say it was from last years editor in chief of this paper.

Several questions have been left over until next issue, the editors being unable to do all they should this week because of the effects of imbibing too freely of mince pie, which is plentiful at this season, and which "Biteth like a board bill, and stingeth like a supplementary."

All questions submitted to this column will receive careful attention; this offer applies only to the paper, one dollar a year.

Those not wishing to subscribe will please enclose three dollars with each question.

Note — *Please do not ask questions relating to Theology or Matrimony.*

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### Review

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**CORNELIUS Nepos** (*selected lines*). With much pleasure we take notice of a recent addition to the classics for school use and elementary reading in the form of a neatly bound and admirably printed book, edited by J. Edmund Barss, M. A., Master in the Hotchkiss School who is well known personally to many of our subscribers. The book, on the title page of which graceful mention is made of our esteemed President A. W. Sawyer, D. D. LL. D., is one complete in every particular. In addition to copious notes and an excellent vocabulary the text is followed by what is called 'Word-groups,' being a carefully arranged list of words derived from the same root-stem. On the whole this little publication is worthy of much praise and we heartily commend it to all true lovers of classical literature.

*The Canadian Baptist Hymnal.*—The Canadian Baptist Hymnal, the advertisement of which appears in this Journal, is a work of acknowledged merit. To numbers it has been an inspiration in worship through sacred song. The book is meeting with an encouraging sale, yet it is worthy of a largely increased patronage throughout these Provinces. The Hymnal is published by the Baptist Book Room, Halifax, Mr. G. A. MacDonald being the enterprising Sec.-Treas. It is a pleasure to commend this book to the favour of the students with the hope that each will speedily secure a copy of so excellent a collection of hymns.

## Acknowledgements.

H. T. Phinney, 50 cts; J. A. Corbett, \$1.00; J. C. Dumaresq. \$1.00; J. Dwight Sherwood, \$1.00; A. H. Whitman, \$1.00; Victoria Hotel, \$1.00; C. L. Vaughn, \$1.00; Miss Bessie Tretis \$1.00; A. C. Jost, B. A., \$3.95; Rev. N. A. McNeill, \$3.00; S. H. Rogers, \$1.00; Miss Minnie Farqueson, \$1.00; H. C. Card, M. A., \$2.00; Hon Dr. Parker, \$1.00; School of Horticulture, \$8.00; Wolfville Clothing Company, \$10.00; Miss Lillie Webster, \$1.00; Halls Book Store, \$4 80; Dr. A. J. McKenna, \$1.75; G. E. DeWitt, \$1.00; C. A. A. Richardson, 50 cts.; Horace King, \$1.00; Miss Ada M. Hayes, \$2.00.



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