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"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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THE MISSIONARY BUGLE.

[TUNE—"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."]

Hark, the call from Bengal's Bay to Bay of Fundy's strand;
Long and loud the pleading of our holy mission band;
Send Redemption's story all over Telugu Land,
That truth may march right on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory Halleluiah,
Glory, glory Halleluiah,
Glory, glory Halleluiah,
Our King is leading on.

Hear the promise given us of conquest by the Word;
See the Captain of Salvation leads with girded sword;
Rally round the standard all ye soldiers of the Lord,
To India marching on.

'Roused be youth of holy type neath old Acadia's wing;
Stirred be prospered fathers, and forthwith the money bring;
Song triumphant old and young together loud will sing,
The truth is marching on.

Every door is open from the Bay to Kurapam;
Millions looking westward for the holy "Guiding Man;"
Hasten, Western Christians, and proclaim the Gospel Plan,
And swell the marching throng.

Rise, ye baptized Christians, for the crisis hour is here;
Prompt demands of duty are more money, men and prayer;
Then we'll place a jewel in Emmanuel's crown, to wear,
And India shall shine on.

TRURO, N. S.

—REV. H. F. ADAMS.

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

CAN one write the history and character of a great and good man? In a sense his history can be written, but to express in language the peculiar qualities impressed by nature on a man is impossible. You have only words for things, symbols for realities. Neither masterly description nor the cunning hand of the artist can limn a character or soul. To know what a man is you must come into the atmosphere and influence of his life. The rose as seen on the canvas may please the eye, but the real rose emitting fragrance and blushing in the sunlight, a revelation of life and beauty, alone satisfies. It is a joy for ever. It is when meandering on the margin of the lake, or floating over its surface that you catch something of the life and energy of nature, something of the charm and beauty and mystery of her inimitable pencil. So with a great and good man. It is needful to enter into communion with him and be encompassed with the aroma of his life. It is only then that there is any uplifting of the veil which hides the springs of his thought and life.

These ideas came to me on reading the appointment of Dr. Theodore Harding Rand to the chancellorship of McMaster University. This is a stage reached in his onward career, and an important stage it is. When the Doctor's biography is written, the evolution or series of events which led to this appointment will be traced. Certain we are that favoritism had nothing to do with it. It came unsought, and as a recognition of most valuable service ably and cheerfully rendered to the cause of education. In cases like this we speak of promotion, advancement, preferment. These words may mislead us. The reaper thrusts his sickle into the harvest which he sowed. He has a right to reap. The interest belongs of right to the man that earned the principal. So in education. Prepare ye the way and give the toiler his wages. He enters into his vineyard, and while his own hand has not lost its cunning, directs the work. He is the skilled laborer in the great field of Christian education. Acadia congratulates Dr. Rand in this well-earned appointment. For the best of reasons she is proud of her gifted son. Many others follow the example of the Senate and the Board of Governors of McMaster University in this recognition of valuable services and brilliant talents.

While writing this I am thinking of Dr. Rand as a student at Acadia. By the way, if he had not gone to Acadia would he be Chancellor of McMaster to-day? A curious yet a pertinent question to ask. If the question were put to the Doctor himself it would give him pause. How there would rise before him the old academic and collegiate life, during which manifold forces developed and directed his life, what tender memories would

cluster in his heart. He would call to mind the old days when the *Powers* flourished, controlling the destinies of the college. He would see those *Powers* assembled again in solemn conclave—the Mogul, the Mustapha, the Grimvalde, the Potens Secundus, Altus Tri Vortimer, and a few Permeate Youth. He would see that what seemed to others assumption of power was but the increment of a principle which would bring into captivity anything in the gift of man to bestow. The intercommunion of soul with soul would not be forgotten. In the largeness of his gifts and influence there would be ready and hearty recognition of other agencies or forces that found their way to his soul. Yes, this esprit de corps is a mighty power. It worked wondrously in the boys of 1860. I am free to state that no member of his class carries about with him so much of the savor and mystery of the old college days as Dr. Rand. He will put a value upon these words. What may seem trifles to others are not so to him in whom the vital forces have full play. I know how sympathetic and responsive his nature is.

In Dr. Rand's case coming events cast their shadows before. The child was father to the man. When a college boy he had a large acquaintance with literature. The finest passages of the best poets were ever at his command. His appreciation of these passages was intense. In the apocalypse of the thought he would fairly chirp in his new-found joy. Tennyson was perhaps his favorite author. I can hear him even now reciting with his peculiar pathos and enthusiasm :

"The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks ;
The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs ;
The deep moans round with many voices.
* * * * * Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die."

Maybe there was something of prophecy in these last lines. But the *In Memoriam* was the source of his delight. Only a few years ago I heard him quote the first line of it in prayer. Prominent among the choice quotations were .

"Our little systems have their day," &c.
"I hold it truth with him who sings
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things ;"
"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer," &c.
"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill," &c.

Though these passages are somewhat worn now, they were fresh then. With the instinct of a bee for honey Dr. Rand would light upon the most admirable passages. He was conversant with Longfellow, Byron, Emerson, Shelley. His wide acquaintance with literature enabled him to wield a facile pen. From it there

trooped in profusion aphorisms, critiques, prose and poetry. Any issue of "Words from the Mustapha's Chamber" would corroborate what I say. I verily believe he was never happier than when he guided the Mustaphatic pen in his old college *scriptum*.

What could I not write in this strain. In this respect memory's stores are well nigh inexhaustible. In a word, I may say a man is strongest—at his best—in the work he delights in. His energies move in swift and ready obedience to the call of love, and the best and largest results are secured with the least expenditure of vital power. Dr. Rand drew from sources which the curriculum did not supply, thus broadening his views and sharpening his faculties for the prolonged conflicts of his vocation. His work, though beset with difficulties, he loved. Nothing to him was nobler than the evolving of man's moral and spiritual capacities. He has worked steadfastly and persistently and lovingly to snap the bonds of mental thralldom to this one all-absorbing purpose—and he met with it whithersoever he turned—only seemed to open fresh sources of strength. He had faith in his work, and in the fulness of that faith carried his plans to a successful issue. In view of all this it is meet and graceful to assign him his present quiet retreat from which he can scan the literary horizon as he guides the destinies of a young and promising University.

R. V. J.

MARITIME UNIVERSITIES.

THE Universities of the Maritime Provinces are not magnificent in comparison with those of older and wealthier communities. Yet, considering the youth and scattered populations of the provinces, they are such as we might be proud of. When we consider that our wealth has been created, and our population has grown wholly within the last hundred years, we shall not look for grand educational institutions.

Probably the oldest institution was a classical school, founded at Windsor about 1788. We say, probably, because the exact date of the founding of a like institution at Fredericton is doubtful. At least the design of founding this school was the oldest, it being entertained as early as 1768. Under the principalship of Dr. Cochran collegiate courses were started, which resulted in the founding of King's College under a royal charter. Funds for its support were obtained from annual grants from the governments of Great Britain and Nova Scotia, and educational societies in England. According to the prevailing public sentiment of that time, this college was founded and controlled by the Church of England; and it was strictly denominational, each matriculant being obliged to sign the 39 articles of the faith of the Church of England. Although this regulation was afterwards repealed,

through the influence of some of the governors this did not become generally known.

To this fact we may look for the reason of the founding of Dalhousie College. For owing for the most part to this the Earl of Dalhousie imbibed prejudice against the college at Windsor. Hence the funds which he intended to appropriate to educational purposes in the province, were used in the founding of a new college, after the model of the Scottish Universities. The funds referred to were revenue moneys collected at a port in Maine held for a time by the British government. The Earl, from whose title the college gets its name, effected this in 1821; but it was many years before actual operations began. During all this time the funds of the college were accumulating. For many years efforts were made to effect a union between Dalhousie and King's, but these proved unsuccessful. At length, in 1838, the college was opened under the presidency of Rev. Thomas McCulloch, with a faculty of three professors. This continued until the death of the president in 1843, when the governors decided to close the college, while its funds accumulated. It was opened as a high school from 1849 to 1859; and in 1863 a new act was passed, remodelling its charter. It is from this last date that the real existence of Dalhousie as a college commences.

In New Brunswick higher education began, as in Nova Scotia, by the founding of a classical school. In 1809 an act was passed by the Provincial Legislature incorporating a college called the College of New Brunswick. In 1828 the governors surrendered their charter, and a royal charter was granted by the crown, incorporating the college by the name of King's College. The funds for its support were obtained by annual grants of £1,000 and £1,100 respectively from the governments of Great Britain and New Brunswick. In 1859, an act establishing the University of New Brunswick was passed. To the University were transferred all the endowments of King's College, and it assumed all its debts. By this act the University was established as it now is. It is a provincial college and entirely non-sectarian. The most important acts in the management are subject to the approval of the Governor-in-Council.

Acadia University grew out of a school of higher education founded in Wolfville, in 1829, by the Baptists. The college was started under the title of Queen's College in 1838, but the name in the following year was changed to Acadia. It was founded by the Nova Scotia Education Society, but in 1861 the power of appointing the governors was transferred to the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces, which has continued to hold that power. As with the other colleges of the Maritime Provinces, the chief obstacle against which it has had to struggle has been lack of endowment fund. This is still a problem with most of our colleges.

Mount Allison College also sprang from an Academy. This Academy was founded in 1843. In 1862 the College was organized under a charter obtained from the Legislature of New Brunswick. It is under the denominational control of the Methodists.

There are three Catholic Colleges in the Maritime Provinces—St. Joseph's at Memramcook, St. Anne's at Clare, Digby County, and St. Francis Xavier at Antigonish. The last of these may be taken as a type. It was founded in 1854 by the Bishop of Arichat. A B. A. course is provided. The expenses are moderate. It possesses a library of 2,700 volumes.

In addition to these there is an institution known as Prince of Wales College at Charlottetown. This is used as a provincial normal school. It does not confer degrees, but gives a diploma to those who satisfactorily complete the course.

In the University of King's College there are five courses of instruction open to matriculants. They are Arts, Divinity, Engineering, Science, and Civil Law. The course in engineering is framed to give the student a thorough training in mathematics. In the science course advanced work is carried on in mining and chemistry. On the several faculties there are ten professors and instructors. The University library numbers about 10,000 volumes, being the largest of any of the college libraries in the provinces. The B. A. course is of three years' extent. In this King's differs from the other maritime universities. The law school started last summer in connection with King's College is located at St. John, and has some of the most distinguished jurists in New Brunswick on its faculty.

The course of study at the University of New Brunswick is the ordinary course of four years' length, with extensive options in Classics, Science and Modern Languages. The advantages are excellent for one desiring a good education. Honor courses in the various departments are provided for those wishing to take extra work. The library contains about four thousand volumes. They possess "an extensive and valuable assortment of apparatus for elucidating the principles of the various branches of the Physical Sciences." The regular students number about seventy-four, and the faculty consists of five members.

Dalhousie surpasses all other maritime colleges in variety of courses and number of students, and it approaches more nearly the true university. It has three departments—Law, Medicine and Arts. In connection with the arts department there are courses in Engineering and Pure and Applied Science. Its great advantage is its Law and Medical Schools. The latter is the only one in the Maritime Provinces, and the former stood unrivalled until this year, when the Law School was founded at St. John. The number of students in Arts, exclusive of general, is about one hundred; in Law seventy; in Medicine forty. The Academic staff, comprising professors, lecturers, examiners, etc., in all de-

partments is thirty-six. A fair library, a gynasium and a reading room are open to the students on certain conditions. Dalhousie has grown very rapidly, and has been fortunate in having wealthy and benevolent friends.

Perhaps of all our colleges the one which has shown the most rapid rate of growth in proportion to its advantages is Acadia. The number of regular students is over one hundred, with a faculty of nine professors and two instructors. It has advanced under unfavorable circumstances, until now it offers facilities unsurpassed by any of the sister institutions. Until this year the arts course was the only one. The prescribed work is extensive, with numerous options, and honor courses for those desiring extra work. Two new courses have been added—an M. A. course of advanced work, and a course at the completion of which the degree of Bachelor of Theology is given. The M. A. course is designed to provide a full year's work in advance of the Senior year. This consists of half courses in Philosophy, Classics, Mathematics, Science and Modern Languages, any two of which may be taken. The other new course is allied to the Arts, part of the work being the same. The library contains about four thousand volumes, with additions continually being made. A reading room containing all the greater periodicals of Canada, with many magazines of the United States and England, is accessible to the students. A fully equipped gymnasium is open to the students.

The faculty of Mount Allison College consists of eight professors and one lecturer. The number of regular students is about seventy-five. For those wishing more elective studies than are prescribed in the Arts course, a course of study is arranged, those completing which are given the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. A theological course is also provided here for those especially who are to enter the ministry of the Methodist Church. A reading room, library and gymnasium are available for the use of all students.

In each of these institutions a college paper is edited and managed by the students. The principle of university extension is being tried by the University of New Brunswick and Mount Allison College, lectures being delivered in St. John and Charlottetown.

That there are too many institutions aspiring for university dignity in the Maritime Provinces is beyond dispute. Neither is our country populous nor our wealth great enough to foster the growth of so many colleges into great institutions. The one or two which are to enjoy the greatest prosperity are those which will ally themselves most closely with the spirit of the times and supply the public needs in the cheapest and most satisfactory manner.

E. H. N., '93.

A TALE OF TWO LIVES.

I.

The summer sun was shining and blessing all the land with its kindly warmth. The country was fair to look upon; green were the fields and laden the trees with blossoms. Surely work of hand ne'er looked so wondrous fair as the tiny village of Arden in that early summer time.

A few houses clustered on the hill-side showed the taste and refinement of the owners; trees and flowers in rich profusion testified that nature was beloved. In a hollow below these dwellings stretched out a clear calm lake when all the beautiful village was mirrored in the sunlight. Such was the prospect which greeted Ralph Arden, as he entered the home of his boyhood. The Arden homestead occupied the most sightly spot in the little village to which it gave its name.

Young Arden looked forward to this home-coming with feverish delight, for three years had passed since last he went away,—away to seek success in his chosen profession. He had the advantages of a superior education, so he carried a mind well equipped to the chair of English in a college hundreds of miles from his home. He threw his whole soul into his work, and was making for himself an enviable reputation as a teacher and scholar, when his constitution, never very strong, broke under the strain. Perfect rest and quiet were ordered, so he turned toward his old home. Thirty years had passed lightly o'er his head, and he seemed to the home friends still a boy; and as such they greeted him.

Restful days were those first ones at home to the tried teacher; he wandered out among the trees or sailed on the lovely lake, all the time drinking deep draughts of the pure, life-giving air around him. Slowly strength returned and with it a desire to work, but this he was not allowed to do until he had been resting about three months. Then it was that he accepted an invitation to lecture before the students of the University in a neighboring town.

Now, in that college was the only girl who had ever caused Ralph Arden's heart to flutter more than was its wont. For two years he had known her, and they had been corresponding in a friendly fashion, but now he felt a great desire to have that friendship changed into a stronger feeling.

The lecture won the hearty applause of all the students, and at its close, one of the first to speak kind words of praise to the young professor was his lady friend in the college. He thanked her for her friendly words, and gazed into her eyes as if he would see a secret hidden there. Never before had he so felt the charm

of her presence, and he resolved to speak his mind to her that night. He went with her to her home and listened to her eager talk. She told him of the future and how she planned to teach—to give her life to teaching; and her radiant face told what life and soul she could put into her work. "Surely" he thought "that soul of hers responds to mine." He went before her and thought that he would pour his sweet story into her ear; but the calm professor, the master of English, was at a loss for words. He had thought it all over so many times, and had planned just what to say; but now the only words that came were: "Miss Dunmore will you be my wife?" She raised her earnest eyes to his and knew not what to say, for she was startled at the suddenness of his speech. Then he stood back pale and silent and waited for her answer. At length it came: "Ralph Arden, I like you more than any man on earth, and yet I cannot marry you, for I always planned to live my life alone. It is my fixed conviction that I can best serve my fellow beings by a single life." And this was the answer she gave him, and he, with torn and bleeding heart went out into the night.

II.

June has come once more and with it the closing scenes of Jean Dunmore's college life. She has maintained her record to the end, and now her name heads the list of all the clever students in her class. And so this talented young woman goes forth to meet the world. "What will she do with her life?" is the question of many. If she had been asked for an answer, she could have told what she planned for the future. One can map out a course of action, but how different the true course often is! Did she in her triumph once think of the friend whose heart she had well nigh broken? It may be well that thoughts are hidden from all human eyes; and yet much misery is caused by that very fact.

Jean Dunmore accepted a position as teacher of history in a college in the Southern States, and so she passed from Ralph Arden's life, but not from his mind. His thoughts dwelt upon her, and as the years passed on, he longed for her companionship. He greedily grasped every item of news concerning her, for had she not acknowledged some affection for him?

These two lives which seemed to be drifting far apart were nourished from the same cup of fame. Glory was coming to them both, and happiness too, we trust.

Five years after that bright June day, when Jean Dunmore proudly carried off her honors and degree, she gave to the literary world a novel which called forth loud praises from the critics. Ralph Arden in his study read the book, and thought of the girl who wrote it until he determined to see her once again. He

started off with haste to make a flying visit home and then go on to the South.

He found Arden beautiful as ever, but grown from the little village to a noisy summer resort. He walked along the street and felt saddened by the changes. New faces looked at him and old ones smiled their welcome. He turned toward the lake, once such a source of joy, that, at least, would be the same; but what did he see? Surely a familiar figure sitting on the grassy bank. He advanced a few steps and found himself face to face with the woman of his dreams! Blest Arden with its changes that held such a treat in store for him! And thus they met after so many years, this man and woman who had been so successful in their professions.

Miss Dunmore had travelled to New England for a brief vacation with some friends, and, passing through Arden, they were so charmed with the scenery that they were staying for a few days to drink in the beauties which nature held so invitingly before them. So much she told him; and he told her that Arden was his home. And what more natural than that he should be there?

They talked there till the sunset tints had faded into sombre twilight, and then they turned from the glistening lake to meet their friends again. What they talked of no one knew. But Ralph Arden's step was lighter, and his eye brighter than it had been for years. Mayhap that fair talented woman was less cruel than before.

III.

Not in Arden are we now, but a hundred miles away, where wedding bells are ringing and two lives are made as one. It is morning, and the fragrant air breathes blessings on Professor Arden and his bride as they come forth from the church at whose altar they were just united. The beautiful bride is the woman who has filled his heart for years, and now she has given herself to him.

Oh frailty of human nature! The praise of the multitude sinks into insignificance before the warm friendship of one true heart. Home to Arden they went that day and arrived there just before sunset. From the house on the hillside, the cool tempting waters of the lake could be seen glistening thro' the trees and seeming to beckon the lovers to its bosom; the trees were murmuring words of welcome, and the sky smiled mildly on them. "A peaceful future," all kept saying to the newly married pair, and enraptured with each other, they thought what bliss was theirs.

Jean Arden the bride of half a day, while talking of her happy future, slipped from her husband's arms and lay before him stiff and cold. He screamed for aid, but human help was useless; the pure spirit had gone from her beautiful body and left it cold and

pulseless. The husband found in agony that his bride was no longer his, but had slipped away in her bridal robes to stand before her Maker.

His heart was crushed and his sorrow knew no words. All that night he walked the floor in anguish, but at day-break his tried nerves gave way, and he was seized with fever. His brain was on fire, and he talked of Jean and called for her. In the meantime, physicians had been called to find the cause of Mrs. Arden's death; but they could not account for it in any satisfactory way. It only seemed as though her happiness had transported her to Heaven.

The talented young woman was dead, and great was the sorrow felt; her position in the school was vacant, and her friends were broken hearted. She went from home so happy, trusting in the man she loved, and he so happy to protect her. But alas! the tie was broken, severed by an unseen hand, and the world to one was darkness, darkness never to be light.

For weeks Prof. Arden lay violently ill and calling for death to take him, but release was not to come to him just then. After a long and weary illness, his bodily strength returned, but his once strong mind was gone, the brilliant man was hopelessly insane. For a time his friends controlled him, but at length he became violent, and was taken away to an asylum. There for many a dreary year he lived always talking of his Jean and bidding her come home.

IV.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Ralph Arden's marriage, and with it the sound of bells once more, not the merry ring of wedding bells, but the dismal toll of funeral bells. The funeral is Ralph Arden's, and a slow solemn procession goes with him to his grave. Twenty-five years ago, the day dawned bright and clear, and smiled upon his happiness, but before the night had come, his soul was shrouded in a gloom which years had failed to brighten.

At the same hour in which Jean Arden had slipped away so silently, her husband dropped his weary burden and closed his eyes in death. That day he was walking about as usual, when suddenly he stood transfixed, and then was heard to exclaim: "Yes, Jean, my love for you has killed us both. I worshipped you and so was punished." He paused a moment, then fell back upon the ground; and, his whole face aglow with a mysterious light murmured faintly: "Yes, Jean,—I see your angel face,—I hear you calling me—Jean—darling—take—my—hand—safe—safe."

And so he met his bride.

A. M. M., '93.

CIVILIZATION AND POETRY.

OPINIONS differ as to the influence of civilization upon poetry. That we may understand the effect which one has upon the other, some definite knowledge of civilization is necessary.

If we scan the pages of history from the earliest times to the present, we see at first the mass of the people, either emerging from the savage state, or wholly submerged in barbarism. It is found that some of these countries have advanced steadily for a time, then remained stationary, until they gradually began to decline. While others steadily advanced, becoming more refined as the ages swept by, so that we find them to-day absorbed in the arts and sciences, excelling in literature, and above all things enthused by the religion of Christ to put down vice and uphold virtue. Now civilization is necessarily progress, for no country can remain stationary for any great length of time. It moves either forward or backward. Therefore civilization can best be defined as progressive refinement in art, science, literature and religion.

Does poetry decline as civilization advances? Although in opposition to the opinion of the learned Macaulay, we claim that this is not necessarily the case.

The earliest stages of civilization in all nations have been marked by frequent outbursts of poetical genius. But does poetical genius belong to one age more than to another? On the contrary poetry is something which is within us, a noble inspiration which only awaits the gift of words. The poet does not create, he simply interprets the language of his soul. He invents, but invention is only the expression of his genius. He deals with the concrete and not the abstract. He uses the simplest words of the language. "Poetry," says Shelley, "is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest mind." Channing says:—"It is the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature."

In view of the nature of poetry it is not wonderful that poets appeared in these early times. For there is no reason why the productions of even a Homer should be beyond the powers of man in this early age. Then the mind of man was less diverted than it now is. He was freer to dwell upon the emotions of his own soul, or to beautify the heroic actions of the men of his own time. But this does not prove conclusively that the earliest poets were the best poets.

Coming down to modern times, we must acknowledge that civilization has aided in producing great poets. Shakespeare did

not appear during a low state of civilization, but in a brilliant age. Poverty obliged him to work, and work aided by environment developed the mighty genius within him.

The peculiar circumstances in which Milton found himself, tended to develop his genius. The times in which he lived were too solemn and eventful, the dangers too great, to cause him to engage in light and sportive poetry, even if his genius had led him in that way. Then blindness, which obliged him to retire from the business of the active world, caused him to give to posterity his grandest production, by which his name has become immortal.

The effect, which the works of Shakespeare and Milton have had upon civilization, exhibits the power of poetry to refine society; by which a presumption is created that civilization will continue to use poetry as refinement increases. For poetry lifts the mind above the petty trials of life and shows it the truly beautiful in nature and life. It ennobles the mind, causing it to wish for better and higher things. Yea, it spiritualizes the soul. It points the mind to the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation, exciting feelings of wonder and awe within us.

Some may complain that poetry carries us too far from the path of ordinary life, that it peoples the mind with too many illusions, that we acquire too much fiction and too little truth. Those who are inclined to think this, should remember that there is very often as much real truth in poetry as in many histories and philosophic theories, that even if the latter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom, and that

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty.”

To prove that poetry does not decline as civilization advances, we are not required to show that the world's greatest poetical geniuses appear in each successive age, for not every age produces a Cæsar, a Pitt, or a Gladstone, neither will every age produce a Homer, a Dante, or a Shakespeare. Yet the ages have produced such men, why may they not still do so?

In no age of the world's history has civilization attained such a high form of development as in this 19th century. Especially during this time man has been so deeply engrossed in the many and important inventions in art, the discoveries in science, the vast and mighty works projected by his own brain that the tendency is to become philosophical rather than practical. Poetry is needed to counteract this tendency and to preserve men from sinking into a life solely material. Consequently civilization needs poetry as it advances. Yet philosophy cannot bury poetry. It still remains in life, even in the humblest. It is an element of every soul, certainly more highly developed in some than in others. So there will be poets in every age. This is shown by the poets that have arisen since the time of Shakespeare and Milton. For must we not place Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge,

Keats, Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Whittier and Tennyson, among the grandest of poetical genuises? Shelley, among the sweetest of singers, is superior to most poets and inferior to none in the height and depths of his mind's music. Whittier is admitted by all men to have been born a poet. He is less indebted to adventitious aids than any of his brethren. "To him 'the universe swims in an ocean of similitudes' and the images he sees and embodies in verse appear to him unsought." But Whittier is the poet of man as well as of nature. His poems enthuse us with the spirit of the brotherhood of man.

But what shall we say of Tennyson's poetry? In this age when the mind never seemed more engaged with the things pertaining to worldly wisdom, and men need relaxation from all pursuits, the poetry of Tennyson refreshes them as the dewy cool of the evening does the drooping flowers. The colors are as harmoniously blended in his portrayals as the crimson and gold of the sunset. With artistic skill he enters into the spirit and feeling of every age. A great writer has declared that nothing so perfect has been seen since the days of Shakespeare. But Shakespeare has never produced anything more sentimental than Tennyson's Princess. The characters of even a Shakespeare are not so truly beautiful as those of Tennyson. In everything he finds pleasure, and to him belongs the power of transmitting that pleasure to others.

In his "Idylls of the King," Tennyson, with admirable art, carries us to the primitive ages of civilization. Here he becomes epic like Homer. "The distinguishing mark of the ancient epic is clearness and calm. Its simplicity and peace are strange and charming. But of all epics, this of the Round Table is distinguished by purity." Tennyson is truly a born poet. He seems to come very near the ideal poet in his endeavour to let nothing but the beautiful and ornate enter into his poetry. He is eminently a national poet, loved by all.

How shall we then say that poetry declines as civilization advances, when such a genius has lived, and still lives through his poetry, in our own age!

H. E. M., '94.



The Acadia Athenæum.

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TERMS.—One copy per year, \$1.00, postage prepaid.

Business letters should be addressed to F. W. YOUNG, Sec.-Treas. Upon all other matters, address the Editors of the Acadia Athenæum.

The Sanetum.

The opening of the new term at Acadia has been attended by more than its usual prosperity. In this respect the Seminary is especially noticeable. Upwards of twenty-five new names have been added to the list, so now the building is full. There are boarding in the building altogether about eighty, of which seventy are students. Beside these there are about thirty day pupils from the village and vicinity, making a total of one hundred. The increase of students has necessitated corresponding enlargement of the staff of instruction, and to satisfy this need Miss Harriet M. Eaton, a previous graduate, has been added to the list of teachers in the Piano Department. Previous to vacation the work done in the different departments was of a commendable order, and especially that done in the studio. No public exhibition was given, but private persons, competent to judge, pronounced it excellent. In the college also greater privileges are enjoyed. A. DeW. Barss, M.A., M.D., Lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene, who, during the last few months, has been pursuing post graduate studies at Harvard, now returns to his work with renewed vigor. The inconvenience under which the elocution department was placed last term by the absence of Mr. Hefflon is now relieved by the new appointment of Mr. Mosher, B. O., to the position of Instructor in Elocution and Gymnastics. With these new increased advantages our institutions look forward to even a more successful term than that which has just passed.

We understand that the faculty have in view some important changes in the curriculum which they will recommend to the Board of Governors at their next session. They are the introduction of options very extensively in the junior and senior years. The courses will be so arranged that in three years the student

will be able to devote himself to special studies in his favorite line of work, whether English, Classics, Science, Philosophy or any other branch. Such an innovation will be very desirable, for it will operate very strongly to turn out better men, men better fitted to enter upon the work or studies of their chosen profession. The plans of the faculty are being printed and when these appear the ATHENÆUM will make more extended reference to the matter.

The results of the last terminal examinations show lower marks generally and a larger percentage of failures than usual. Whether this is due to a lack of study among the boys or to a higher standard of marking on the part of the faculty, we do not know, but are inclined to think that these two elements combined to produce such deplorable results, the former probably predominating. There are some students, if they can be called such, who are not at all concerned about their standing so long as they obtain a pass mark, and who consider the time and labor spent in bettering that, as wasted. Now, in order that the honest hard-working student may get his deserts as well as the lazy one, would it not be well to publish in the ATHENÆUM a graded pass list at the end of each term? This is done in many colleges and must surely act as an incentive to better work to those who have no higher motive, but who may some day be thankful that there was something to make them work when at college. We will venture the assertion that if this course were adopted there would at least be fewer supplementary examinations necessary than at present.

A particular in which Acadia's students differ from those of most other institutions is the large percentage of those who pay their expenses here by work done during the summer months. As Acadia's scholarship fund is very small the student has to help himself, and fortunately he has found good opportunities so to do. These have been mainly the school system, which by its arrangement of terms has given an opportunity for teaching during the vacation, and the system of supplying the home mission fields with students during the same period. Besides these two lines of work, many of the students have met with much success in business occupations, chiefly in agencies. The average class has fifty per cent. or more of workers among its numbers. Of the 44 of '91 about 24 were accustomed to engage in summer occupations. The 26 of '92 had an unusual average of about 18. In the present senior and junior classes the average is about half. The large proportion of those who thus give their vacations to the raising of funds for the prosecution of their studies indicates a good share of push and energy active in the breasts of Acadia's men. This practical component of their education is important even when placed beside the intellectual element which is acquired during the winter.

The unusually cold weather of the past month has brought quite forcibly to our notice that the system of heating in the college building is far from what it should be. It appears that this is a matter which should not be neglected, as such vicissitudes of temperature, as are daily experienced by the students in passing from warm class rooms to corridors and cloak rooms, where the temperature is sometimes several degrees below the freezing point, are detrimental to the strongest constitutions. An improvement in this matter of heating and also of ventilation would be hailed with great satisfaction by the students, who are the greatest sufferers from the present inefficient mode of heating and ventilating.

The Month.

Mr. J. Heber Haslam lectured in College Hall, Friday evening, January 13th, on the Canadian North-West. The lecture was quite copiously illustrated by stereopticon views of domestic and natural scenery in that country. The speaker enlarged upon the great and varied resources of this part of the Dominion, showing its great capacity for the production of wheat, and tracing the process of its production and transportation. Mr. Haslam is in the employ of the Canada Pacific Railway Company, and is booming the North-West in the interest of that corporation.

* * * *

A very successful musical entertainment was given in College Hall on Friday evening, January 20th, by Mr. T. H. Burpee Witter, of this town, assisted by Mrs. Witter, Mrs. Crandall, Misses Fitch, Wallace and Jones and other Wolfville musicians. The opening and closing numbers were rendered in good style by the Fireman's Band, which, although organized less than a year ago, is a credit to the town. The instrumental trio, cornet, violin and piano was especially appreciated by the audience. The two readings by Miss Wallace were also an attractive feature of the programme.

* * * *

The Propylæum still continues to flourish; the fortnightly meetings are interesting and well attended. The members of the society being fully aware of the pleasure to be derived from a good sleigh drive, engaged a large team, and on Saturday last drove to Kentville. That they enjoyed themselves was evident to all who saw them. The following are the officers for the present term: Pres., Miss Millie McLean, '93; Vice-Pres., Miss Cook,

'94; Sec.-Treas., Miss Power, '95; Ex. Com., Misses Parker, '94, Bishop, '95, and Durkee, '96.

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College Hall, so characteristic for variety of scenes, presented a unique aspect upon the evening of Friday, the 27th ult. The Land of Evangeline, the Annapolis Valley, the Garden of Nova Scotia are names synonymous with the growing of ripe, red, luscious fruit, and when the Fruit Growers' Association invited us away from the dull care of daily life to enjoy for a season the feast of soul communing with soul, to drink draughts from the flow of intellect and partake of nature's own bounty it was not unreasonable to expect that there should be considerable amount of acquiescence on our part by wending our way to that rendezvous of varied minds.

The expectancy displayed at first upon the countenance of many ripened in realization and finally into satisfaction when to the already brightness of the scene there was suddenly added the shining of another galaxy of stars moving in orbits of perfect order, only to be soon drawn from their course to help from making a dual system. Beside the entertainment by individuals with individuals, there was provided another source. Stirring music by the Wolfville Band; addresses, pithy, eloquent and pregnant with beautiful thought, delivered by Prof. Craig, Prof. Kierstead, Dr. Young, Prof. Patterson succeeded, now with perfect, now with varying success, to check conversation for the time being. The singing by Miss Brown was, as always, much appreciated and held perfect attention throughout. Although the compositions of the high master do not as a rule strike the common company as the true expression of harmony, yet we could not but listen to the chords struck upon the piano, and the seeming underflow of melody drawn out so cunningly by the fingers of our lady from across the sea, Fraulein Suck.

* * * *

An addition was made to the museum during Christmas that is a valuable acquisition. It consists of a collection of birds' eggs gathered by Arthur C. Kempton, B. A. There are 122 birds represented, 114 sets, 365 eggs, 7 sets with nests and 11 bird skins. C. Henry Dimock, of Windsor, also presented the museum with a pair of twisted horns of the Koodo or South African antelope.

The Review.

The University of Ottawa stands well to the front in college journalism. Of the monthly exchanges which come to us *The Owl* is among the best. Its literary matter is instructive and pleasing and its editorials pointed and practical. The following is a quotation from one entitled "Personal Appearance," which should be carefully read by every college student: "There is a just mean in matters of apparel as well as in everything else, and no word, possibly, expresses this 'golden mean' better than the good old Swedish derivative, tidiness. * * * The fault lies not so much in the quality of the garments worn, as in the wearer's defect of taste, an unpardonable indolence and slovenliness that beget a total disregard for the proper arrangement of his dress. What can give a young man more of a disreputable appearance than his having the collar of even a new coat negligently turned up in doors, or the lower portion of his vest buttonless or unbuttoned? Nothing, we venture to say, save a hat paling under the weight of a fortnight's dust, or a shoe blushing for the want of a covering of blacking. A little more rubbing above and below with suitable brushes would immensely improve the appearance of many an aspirant to university honors. * * * Let the student be a scholar by all means—but begin by being a gentleman."

The *Presbyterian College Journal* is deserving of special mention. The general character and tone of the paper is of an exceedingly high order. "Autobiography of John G. Patton, D.D., Missionary to the New Hebrides" is a most interesting as well as instructive article. The Journal's literary standard throughout is highly meritorious.

The *O. A. C. Review* from the Ontario Agricultural College is a new exchange with us, yet it gives a favorable impression.

Our attention has recently been called to *The Philosophical Review*, a well prepared bi-monthly magazine, edited by J. G. Schurman, Dean of the Sage School of Philosophy in Cornell University, a man whose name is familiar with many people of the Maritime Provinces. Such articles as "The Philosophy of Religion," by Prof. Otto Peleiderer of Berlin University, "An Ancient Pessimist," by Prof. J. Clark Murray of McGill College, and "The Concept of Law in Ethics," by Prof. F. C. French of Colgate University, are all the notices necessary as a recommendation to educated men.

Amherst Literary Monthly is equalled by few and perhaps excelled by none among our exchanges in its literary character. Its prose articles ever merit commendation and its verses are gems

of excellence in the poetic art. The November issue, which we noticed some time ago, contained a poem entitled "The Northmen's Song," which is strikingly illustrative of a pure Anglo-Saxon style. Its quick measure and dashing spirit bring vividly before the mind the daring lives of our roving forefathers. We almost see them now as,

" In the Northmen's crowded hall
 Stood the grim faced vikings bold,
 Clear against the oaken wall
 Gleamed their yellow hair like gold."

And imagination seems almost real as it bears us back to the days of yore when,

" Then the vikings joined and sang
 Till the war-hall roared anew ;
 And the sound-struck rafters rang
 As the thundering chorus grew.
 Then their thoughts were dire and dark,
 And their hearts were wild for blood.
 ' Let the spear seek living mark,
 Let blades drink the crimson flood.
 Let the axe strike oft and deep,
 Woe and death to those that sleep.' "

And again in the January issue, which is now before us, is much that attracts attention. A short poem entitled "A Dream" gives vent to a strong imagination as it wanders through the mystic past of "fabled Grecian lore:"

" There I heard Apollo sing
 Breathing on his golden lyre
 Songs of Eros' burning fire ;
 Till in ecstasy I woke
 In the city's din and smoke,
 When above the rushing throng
 In its tides which never cease,
 Came the echoes of the song
 Of the nymphs and gods of Greece."

Acknowledgments.

Wm. Smallman, C. H. McIntyre, Miss Mamie Fitch, Wm. Elder, H. Bert Ellis, Miss Jenkins, Miss Hatfield, Miss Burton, C. M. Woodworth, O. P. Goucher, Miss A. McLean, F. O. Foster, F. C. Ford, A. F. Baker, S. J. Case, \$1.00 each; Normal Spinney, Chas. E. Morse, S. P. Dumaresq, 75 cents each; H. G. Estabrooke, E. S. Harding, \$2.00 each; Acadia Seminary, \$6.00, (ad.); F. J. Larkin, \$1.75, (ad.)

De Alumni.

A. J. DENTON, B. A., '79, is ill at his home in Colorado Springs.

G. B. HEALEY, B. A., '79, is president and treasurer of the Sioux City Morningside Investment Company.

REV. B. F. SIMPSON, B. D., '80, is now assistant professor of theology in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. His home is at Morgan Park.

REV. H. D. BENTLEY, B. A., '81, visited Wolfville a short time since and was married to Miss Jean Donavan, daughter of Rev. Joshua Donavan, of Toronto. The bridal couple then left for their future home in Mount Auburn, Mass.

REV. W. V. HIGGINS, B. A., '86, has taken charge of his new station, Parla Kinedy, Ganjam district, India.

H. L. DAY, B. A., '88, was married on Christmas Day, at Utica, N. Y., to Miss Alma Buhl, of Pittsburg, Penn. Miss Buhl attended the Seminary last term.

W. S. BLACK, B. A., '89, entered the matrimonial ranks last fall. He has charge of a pastorate at Russell, Mass.

C. A. EATON, B. A., '90, has been making a brilliant reputation as a speaker since he left Acadia. Many large New England audiences have heard him and he now has many flattering calls to pastorates.

G. D. BLACKADAR, B. A., '91, is teaching at Digby, N. S.

L. B. CROSBY, B. A., '91, entered Dalhousie Law last fall.

H. G. ESTABROOM, B. A., '91, was recently ordained at Andover, N. B.

C. R. HIGGINS, B. A., '91, has the agency of the People's Bank at Fraserville, Que.

J. H. SECORD, B. A., '91, was compelled through ill health to vacate his position in Vancouver, B. C., for a time last fall and to come east. He has, however, returned to his school much improved.

A. J. CROCKET, B. A., '92, is teaching at his home in Hopewell, N. S.; was taken dangerously ill in Chicago some time before Christmas. Much anxiety was felt by his many friends here, and the news of his recovery was received with joy.

At the June meeting of the Associated Alumni, Rev. D. H. SIMPSON, B. A., and G. J. C. WHITE, B. A., were appointed a committee to consider the matter of making a canvas among the University's graduates and friends in the United States for financial aid. The committee is to report at the next meeting.

MISS FAYE COLDWELL, formerly of '94, now occupies a position on the teaching staff of Ryland Institute, Suffolk, Va.

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, LL. D., for two years a member of '77, was inaugurated into the presidential chair of Cornell University on November 11th last.

Of '93's absent members J. HILTON is studying engineering at Cornell; A. MURRAY is doing pastoral work at Shelburne, N. S.; W. D. LOMBARD is in Denver, Col.; D. L. PARKER is in Chicago, and F. A. GOOD is teaching in Woodstock, N. B.

PROF. W. H. YOUNG, PH. D., is engaged in his professional labours in Chicago. There is now quite a community of Acadia's representatives in the city to which all eyes are turned.

Collis Campusque.

Suspenders.

A Freshie's sage remark to a Soph. who has just done some leg-pulling: Well, you wouldn't have known, if you hadn't known.

Who has been meddling with phosphorus and a kerosene lantern?

The Assistant Science Prof.'s abilities are questioned.—Can he walk? Can he read?

The clock is on a strike for shorter hours.

What is the proba-bil-ity of the wain being detained at Windsor?

What makes a certain circumlocutious moralist feign so much profundity about Judæa?

Why did a certain chronometric Soph. refuse to exhibit his wonted gallantry? Because he has lately become a rigid upholder of woman's rights. Therefore his mathematical brain inferred that she should pick up the spilled chalk herself.

Student's mixed metaphor:—They made it so warm for him that they froze him out.

An ostentatious freshie should confine his attention to astronomy and cease to supervise the instructor of gymnastics.

Freshmen belong to that species of mammals that learn only by hard experience. The philosopher cannot deny that some things are difficult to learn, and to accomplish; but one of the aforesaid order should, at least, have an idea that to abstract blotting paper from under a Prof.'s nose, during examination, is no easy matter; and altogether very suspicious. It is *tough*? but little wonder he was told in Boanergian accents to wait till he was served.

Rastus:—Why, sonnie, you go to shoot de coon, wid a gun?

Young Eph:—Because I want to—pop.

We can understand the hopeful's reply when its purport is applied to one of our budding junior's, who went to pop—not a coon—but a gun.

Why crowdeth the Sems to the window so high
That openeth its face to the blue tinted sky
With presses thrown back and the eye sparkling clear
They gaze with soft look as two students pass near.

The crowd still increasing, more room must be found
For the comers to see what is passing around.
A window blind near, with dark covering obscure,
Hid the sweet maiden faces, so cute and demure.

A pull,—with intent to bring curtain to place,
Made the thing tumble down, shewing each eager face,
The fair faces vanished, and nothing was seen,
But the sun's parting rays as he shot his last beam.

The spirit of the north is with us again. His icy grasp is felt even when sitting by the glowing coals, and he paints with the genius of a Raphael curious designs on the window panes. The rustle of his wings is heard riding on the whistling winds, and his tireless arm scatters the snow flakes from yonder leaden cloud.

“Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river.
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape.”

The Basin looks cold and dreary with its icy bosom. Blomidon's hoary head seems bent with the weight of ages. The distant mountains appear dismal and forbidding, and the lengthy expanse of the dikes stretch out in unrelieved barrenness. And yet winter has its joys despite the forbidding majesty of his solitude. When the pale sunbeams gleam across the snow, we see the small boy's sled shoot like an arrow down the slippery hill, and the toboggan slide with its noisy, merry crowd. The skater skims like a swallow over the frozen bosom of the lake. Yes, old Winter, you are welcome to our midst and spring will seem all the brighter after your chilly visit.

Whence cometh this strutting monster, who sweeps with lordly stride thro' Acadia's classic corridors? What class may have the honor to number him among its glittering orbs? Surely he is a professor, or at least senior, and yet that budding growth on his upper lip seems to deny these thoughts. Whence cometh those jokes that seem to paralyze the small minds of certain beings that bask in the sunlight of his smile. He seems to combine in one mighty intellect all the lore of the ages. On his brow he fancies he feels the garlands of victories won. Cupid bows his head in abject humility. But watch him closely, observer! Soon the false coloring fades away and lays bare the hidden affectation, boundless self-conceit and infinite gall. But when, alas, I tell my readers that this man is a freshman, I can see a look of surprise and disgust sweep across their faces. Here we draw the curtain, and resign his fate to the class of '96.

It would be an interesting study to follow the course of thought that flows through the minds of Acadia's hopeful sons during church service. In one instance, at least, it is sufficiently plain, when we find a lengthy

student on his return drawing from the region of his breast a card on which he has written the names of the Seims, whom he proposes to meet at the next reception.

Sometimes when silence wraps the corridors of Chipman Hall in unwonted quiet, and the spirits of evil have retired to brood o'er new fields to ravage, we are awakened from our reverie by sounds that can only be compared to an automatic, double weighted spile-driver. Whence riseth these ominous reverberations? There is considerable uncertainty as yet, but it is rumored that they issue from the footsteps of a light and airy freshman, notorious as the introducer of a new system of field sports.

The fairies tell a story, which may be all too true,
And that it happened in Chip. Hall, will make it seem to you
More interesting, and dolorous, more strange that when I tell
This incident of which they speak, a well-known lad befell.

He woke up in the morning, to rub his sleepy eyes,
And thought the truth of the old saw would surely make him wise,
If early hours the chest expands, the pocket-book makes fat,
The mind develops, and the heart; be sure (?) he gets all that.

He slipped into his costume, and made his face to shine,
And then unto the mirror went, at a quarter unto nine,
He struck a tragic attitude, as soon he did espy
That the lad he saw reflected, had a lamp held firm and high.

We understand that a worthy member of '93, has immortalized himself by the invention of a patent fire extinguisher which has been commented on in high scientific circles, as one of the greatest boons to mankind of the 19th century. He has already earned the everlasting thanks of Acadia men by preserving historic Chip. Hall from the devouring element. We are also led to believe that the same individual spent his vacation on the precincts, that he rescued from the fiery fingers of flames. He occupied his time in making a new door, which the hobgoblins of the night removed during the confusion of closing.

A certain student is carried away by the idea of being brilliant, if not by mental excellencies, at least by contortions, which are properly designated by the Professor as "monkey shines."

The mere mention of the word return, suggests something compromising even to the most prosaic of minds. To the student the word seems doubly significant, and even although there bursts forth a jubilant expression of relief when he reflects that the term's work is done, no longer now he dreads those spectral examinations, which so often appeared and snatched away his much required rest, or when he fancies his cosy chair brought to its accustomed place in the family circle, or perchance he sees another vision, of a smiling face to welcome his approach and make his few days of bliss slip by on airy feet. Still even in those happy and enchanted circumstances the word return comes to him with full significance, for is he not always confronted with that term by the untiring reiteration of Old Honoured Time.