



Silas Alward, Q. C., D. C. L.

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The Diver

Like marble, nude, against the purple sky
In ready poise, the diver scans the sea
Gemming the marsh's green placidity,
And mirroring the fearless form on high.
Behold the outward leap—he seems to fly !
His arms like arrow-blade just speeded free ;
His body like the curving bolt, to be
Deep-driven till the piercing flight shall die.
Sharply the human arrow cleaves the tide,
Only a foaming swell to mark his flight ;
While shoreward moves the silent ring on ring.
And now the sea is stirred and broken wide
Before the swimmer's passage swift and light,
And bears him as a courser bears a king.

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**Silas Alward, Q. C., D. C. L.**

In September of 1856 Silas Alward began the work of his College course. He loved study, and for the prosecution of it had the necessary equipment—sound preparatory training, a fine physique, boundless good health, and a purpose that never flagged because it knew no infirmity. Indeed it seemed as if Hygeia had him under her special care and protection. He came to college to study, not to dawdle and read books saturated with raudlin sentiment. You could see from the beginning that it was no part of Alward's purpose to drop buckets into empty wells, and grow old in drawing nothing up. No doubt the Dr. will remember that his classmates frequently remonstrated with him on his devotion to study, and in sundry ways had to modify and curb an ambition that well nigh overleaped itself. The fruits

of this miser care and almost parental solicitude did not manifest themselves fully until the last year of his course when the wisdom which is peculiar to Seniors begins to take on wondrous growth. It is then the lesson is learned that even noble minds may have a last infirmity. That he was a good student and true let the following from the pen of B. H. Eaton, M. A., Q. C., at present Chairman of the Board of Governors of Acadia University, bear its testimony :

"I come now to probably the most brilliant class that ever took the prescribed course at Acadia, the class of 1860. There is Silas Alward, one of the most persevering, indefatigable students that ever attended our college. Of strong physical frame, with great aptitude for study, a good linguist, an ambitious young man, it is not improbable that in his daily and terminal reckoning he stood in his class where the alphabet has placed him—dux."

The writer says he was a good linguist. This is true, but, to say he was a good mathematician, a good logician, a good rhetorician, is equally true. It is not so much that he showed a peculiar faculty for a given study as that he was strong on all the subjects of the course. Others of his class might trip and forget the connection and perhaps the substance of certain paragraphs, might fail to reproduce some bewitching mathematical formula, or fail to express in adequate English some Greek or Latin lines, but Alward never. He always had his knowledge of the various subjects at ready command. "The Professor will be here in a trice, Alward ; what is the meaning of this word and this : how does this passage go, and what are the formulæ for the solution of this problem : give me a clue, will you ?" were words somewhat familiar to his ears. He was generally equal to the emergency and responded generously to sundry requests of this character. Thus the needy were helped, and the giver grew in the confidence and esteem of his chums.

As may be inferred, he gave his strength largely to the subjects of the curriculum. Thus thoroughness and good marks were secured. Then the temptation to do "outside" reading was not so strong as at present, and perhaps a too low estimate set upon the practice. At all events Alward was graduated in 1860 a sound and healthy scholar. His face was as ruddy, his eye as clear and sparkling, his step as firm and elastic, his voice as strong and resonant, and his ambition as regnant when he left college as when he entered it. He was graduated too with the idea that "Man is his own star, and the soul that can be honest is the only perfect man."

With admirable equipment both of body and mind he began the study of Law in the office of Hon. Charles N. Skinner, now Judge of Probate in St. John. It was while he was a law student in this office that his literary instincts began to move and dominate him. His reading became much wider than the mere reading of Law. He believed what David Swing says : "Literature is that part of thought which is wrought out in the name of the beautiful. A poem like

that of Homer, or an essay upon Milton or Dante, or Caesar from a Macaulay, or Taine, or a Froude, is created in the name of beauty, and is a fragment in literature, just as a Corinthian Capital is a fragment in art. When truth in its outward flow joins beauty, the two rivers make a new flood called *Letters*. It is an Amazon of broad bosom resembling the sea. Alward with true literary instinct fastened upon the best. He laid under tribute those authors that seemed best to serve his purpose, the masters of thought and its expression—Demosthenes, Cicero, the Pitts, Sheridan, Fox, Brougham, Burke, Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright, Webster, Choate, Lincoln, etc. It was interesting and edifying to listen to him read, and often recite the choice passages of Bright and Lincoln. Thus love for the noble in thought and beautiful in expression has made and kept his life fresh and joyous, has made his vocabulary select and copious, and in manifold ways has strengthened and enriched him for the work of his vocation.

Dr. Alward is not unknown as an author. Some of us have read his two political pamphlets, *The Political Issue of the Day* and *The Record of the Tory Party*. He is also well known as an able and popular lecturer. The subject of some of these lectures are well known: *Our Western Heritage*, *A Bay in the Heart of England*, *The Permanency of British Civilization*, and *The great Administration*, of these fine efforts the Press spoke in very complimentary language. In them there are passages exhibiting striking descriptive power and fine literary finish.

But Dr. Alward's vocation is Law. He seems to have had in childhood a vision of his mission, and so came to college as the Advocate in embryo. To attain eminence in this his chosen profession he mastered college text-books and devoured tomes of legal lore. I fancy that to him these were no dry-as-dust books on law. Each work brought to him additional stimulus and power and so became as interesting as a high-toned novel. Through his large acquaintance with literature and men, as well as by his extended travels on the continent and elsewhere, he kept as fresh as the flower just blown. He did not walk in the common ruts, and so escaped the plague of mental congestion and mildewy monotony.

His cases in court became limber and wonderously idealized and individualized as with his ample and thorough study of the subjects and cogent reasoning he argues and unfolds them to Judge and Jury.

Now he about whom we say all this is a very modest man, and probably like Channing, values only the fault that can be found with him. If so he will in all probability blame the writer of this imperfect sketch. Be this as it may, the needed word must, or should, be spoken, and who can tell what a word of eulogy may do for poor toil-worn mortals? This, however I do know that Dr. Alward would not now be holding his high position among the eminent lawyers of the day, he would not have been created *Queen's Counsel* by the "Powers

that be," would not now be a member of the Law Faculty of Kings College, would not have been returned by acclamation to the Legislature of his native province, would not have been twice elected President of the Mechanics' Institute of St. John and now be one of its principal directors, would not have received the degree of M. A. from Brown University and the same degree followed by D. C. L. from his own University, would not have such extensive knowledge of his mother tongue and with his persuasive rhetoric be able to touch the mind and fasten conviction, if there were not behind all this the charm of strong personality, the strength of character, the mental force, which may be regarded as at once the reason and explanation of all.

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## The Babbling Brook

BY MISS ZITELLA COCKE.

'Twas in the month O' Maying that a mah and maid went straying  
 Blooming fields and meadows green a-through.  
 But what the man was saying, or the pretty maid betraying,  
 Why, the simple smiling meadows never knew !

Down woodland ways enchanted and through flower-brake bird haunted  
 Where the leaves in gossip whispered low,  
 The man and maid went faring, but the vows the two were swearing,  
 Why, the green and silly leaflets did not know !

And still the hour of gloaming found the happy pair a-roaming  
 By the water-ways in valleys sweet,  
 Where a brooklet wise and wily wound about their pathway slyly  
 With a song of murmured music at their feet.

And aye that brooklet listened, and its waters glanced and glistened,  
 Till it laughed aloud in gurgling glee,  
 As it hurried over highways, through the hedges and the by-ways,  
 On its way to tell a secret to the sea.

Deem not a word of warning meet for man or maiden's scorning,  
 Who from morn to eve a-maying go ;  
 For brooklets can discover all the words and ways of lover  
 And will babble every secret that they know.

From "A Doric Reed."

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## College Friendships

As one nears the completion of his University course and the consciousness grows upon him that a radical change is soon to take place in his life ; that many of the associations of his school

days are about to be broken, he naturally casts about in his mind to ascertain what acquisitions he has made to his store of knowledge ; what powers of thought and expression have become developed in him ; and what permanent friendships he has formed. He may have been a diligent student and attained a high standing in his class, but if this be all, he has failed to pluck the rarest flowers and to taste the richest fruits that grow in the college garden. This garden in many respects is not different from that of the world, and yet, there is one plant which flourishes in the former as it does not in a less favorable atmosphere. Though rooted in deep soil it suffers no spurious growth. It is a dicotyledonous plant, very sensitive at first, and least among the plants of the garden, but gradually it expands and unfolds, and buds and blossoms into beauty and fragrance and ere long is laden with a priceless fruitage. This tree is Friendship !

It is at college, if he have the privilege of attending one, that a boy forms the friendships of his life. At no other time and in no other associations are the conditions so favorable for the inception and growth of friendships. There is a kind of magnetism, an indefinable something, that attracts and binds together schoolmates and especially classmates with firmer and more enduring bonds than most other mortals can be bound. A new class enters college and generally speaking they are all strangers to each other. Some impetuous souls, will be attracted to each other at once and a familiar relationship, like Jonah's gourd, will spring up between them in a night. Such friendships are rarely lasting, and yet, the most trifling incidents may and often do lead to life long friendships. If they are wise, however, they will as, Emerson says, "Respect so far the holy laws of this friendship as not to prejudice its perfect flower, by their impatience of its opening." Jack and Harry after a time, however, find to their exquisite satisfaction, that the same currents of air warm their lives, that they have hitched their wagon to the same star, or, in common parlance are congenial. The alliance of these souls brings to them each a sweet sincerity of joy and pleasure, which quickens thought, kindles high emotions and relates them to all mankind.

There are some again of such retiring and exclusive dispositions that it is very difficult for them to find a kindred spirit and so they may pass the two first years, or even the third year of their course, without forming a single friendship, regarding all their fellow students with equal reserve and seeing the classes above them pass out without a tinge of regret. But if he permit his senior year to pass without tasting the fruits of friendship, he is either an angel too good to fellowship with common mortals or an invidious foe of society who should be shunned as you would shun the man who made a confidant of every one he meets.

Two notable examples of college friendships are, first that between Milton and Edward King which has been immortalized by the former in his famous poem "Lycidas"; and, second, the friendship

between Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Henry Hallam, celebrated and idealized in Tennyson's immortal tribute to his friend "In Memoriam." There is something in the attitude and spirit of these distinguished college friends that comes near to hero worship, but what of this? There are few of us, who do not have this feeling of reverence toward some college friend sometime during our course. We have felt proud of our friends attainments. Our hearts have throbbed as wildly, when he was praised as the heart of the lover who hears the applause of his new made bride. We have idealized him; over-estimated his conscience; his virtue; his ability, in a word, all that belongs to him. His faults if indeed we see them at all, seem virtues and quite worthy of imitation. It is true this feeling of inequality cannot continue and the friendship endure; for equality in every relation is an indispensable condition of friendship. Unless they are perfectly easy and natural in each other's presence, they will not be known at their best; and the one will never suspect the latent powers of the other. But though our hero should turn out to be but a common mortal our worship will have done us no harm, but, as it ever must a deal of good.

Making friends however is an easy thing as compared with keeping them. Friends must not be too critical. Even children cannot reform each other every time they meet and long continue to be friends, and much less maturing men. Their business is to take each other at the individual best allowing for differences of opinion and temperament. It is more difficult to forgive a friend than an enemy because of what we expect from the former. It is natural for the enemy to wrong us; unnatural for the friend, hence the magnitude of his offending in our eyes, unless our feeling for him is founded on a rock of lenient endurance. The one, however, who cannot forgive a friend ought never to taste the sacred nectar of friendship. In no other community, perhaps, are friendships so indispensable, and yet so severely tested as in student life. The boy is removed from home and all his former bearings; together with his classmates he must fight his way, cultivating but one faculty more than the faculty of getting into trouble that is the faculty of getting out of it. He bears certain relations not only to his own class, but to the whole college community, with many whose interests seem not to be identical with his own. A college friendship must, then, be a tried friendship. If it survives class-storms and inter class conflicts it is likely to ripen into an enduring affection that will increase with the years, and with every expansion of intellect, until it transcends the immediate object and dwells and broods on the eternal.

When a man graduates from college and goes out to taste the bitter fruits of the mercenary friendships that are bought and sold in every market, his stomach will, at first, nauseate, and his soul be filled with loathing, but unless he be banqueted from time to time at the table of the gods, his taste will become depraved and he may

even become a trafficker in the husks which the swine do eat. But happy is the man who has near him an old friend of his 'Varsity days who will occasionally drop in upon him to break the bread and sip the wine of an enduring friendship; to recount old college pranks and interchange confidences that are too sacred for an ear that has not been purified by fire and dedicated to this holy office. We can scarcely imagine anything more refreshing; more likely to keep the heart young, and the mind alert and active than the meeting of old college chums who have long since doffed the crmine. Their professions may have called them to serve in widely different spheres, but there is a common point in their history where their minds meet and their souls blend and they are one. All reserve is thrown off and with the old frankness of student days, they open their hearts to each other. The hours pass, midnight comes, but conversation flows on like a placid stream. The names of old classmates who have gone to their reward are mentioned with a tenderness and reverence that reveal the most subtle instinct of their being. But the subject which consumes the hours is those never to be forgotten days, the brightness of which was often clouded by petty disappointments and trials, but now, as seen through the pale clear light of the sacred temple of memory it is a scene of enchantment—not a jar, not a discord, and yet, no less true to the experiences of other days when they were undergraduates of the dear old class of — in the white college on the Hill.

J. W. K. '99.



## Examiners and Examinations.

This is the season of the year when the anxious student is expecting a summons to the bar of the examiner. He knows that all the vulnerable points in the student armor must be patched up if he expects to gain a "pass." It is of no use for him to offer pleas for absence, indisposition, or any such trivial causes. Deficiencies must be made up, even if there is a resort to "cramming."

We hear many complaints from our secondary schools and colleges of over-pressure, over-study and the cramming of a medley of ill-assorted information for examination. Much of the ground of complaint is real and much is doubtless imaginary. It is imaginary where the instruction stimulates the student to thought and the application of all his powers. It is real where the instruction is weak and is doled out piecemeal in view of an impending examination.

The poor we always have with us; and the incompetent instructor will be an ever present factor until the educational millennium comes with its enlightened public sentiment, intelligent school boards and broadly trained teachers. But the incompetent instructor is not the only one to blame for bad training and weak scholarship. The



examiner will have to come to the bar and plead guilty when our educational system is put on trial. He cannot escape. He should not escape if he is in any way responsible for the imperfect training of the faculties—and if he is responsible in substituting therefor the training of one faculty alone, memory.

I cannot say that examiners are incompetent. They are not. Justice compels me to say that they are a scholarly and highly respectable body of people, even if they are a little antiquated in their notions, and still devoutly worship that educational fetiche—the examination. But justice compels me also to say that they have not the courage of their convictions. They must realize every hour of the long day which finds them too often ruefully trying to make something out of nothing in the examination papers which come before them that there is something wrong somewhere,—when they see the results of too hasty work and ill digested ideas.

But what will you do with the examiner? "Turn him out," some one says. No, that would never do. We dare not write *Ichabod* on the doors of such a venerable institution as the Examination Temple! But what *will* you do with the examiner, may be asked in all seriousness, if knowingly he lends himself to a wrong, and allows to be perpetuated a system that induces a feeble and one sided training? If we judge that this Temple is too sacred to lay violent hands upon it, that examinations must be preserved as a necessary part of modern education, we must lay a petition before the educational throne, the Board of Education,—*to wit* :

If an examination is to be a real measure of educational growth there must be ample time and opportunity allowed the examiner to discover it. He should have ample time to frame questions and ample time to read thoughtfully and sympathetically the answers, as well as to test those examined in laboratory methods. Now, where work is paid, for the rate of pay is a pretty sure gauge of the estimate that is placed upon it. An examiner gets *ten cents* for every paper he reads and marks for college matriculation or teachers' license, and in some instances he is required to prepare *gratis* the examination paper. This work is usually done during the summer vacation. I hope I am betraying no professional secrets when I say that the first thing an examiner does on taking up a paper is to ascertain its length. Then a lightning-like calculation passes through his brain : if board at a summer hotel at a seaside resort costs \$20 a week for myself and family, how long will the fun last at ten cents a paper? The question solved, every nerve is set to accomplish his task, which Sisyphus-like he takes up afresh with every paper and with every recurring season. It is well for him if he does not take his task too seriously or imbecility would be the result.

I speak advisedly in this and from some knowledge of circumstances. When the examiners's questions call for mere information it is usually poured out lavishly, page after page, and in a vein that reminds him of the pages of the text book illuminated with mid-

night oil. The opinions, tastes and qualities of mind of students may vary but the examination papers of the treadmill sort never show it. There is a dead level of mediocrity, without an undulation, except where an occasional joke comes in, where the writer's memory fails to make one fact connect with another.

To give a few examples : At an examination a few years ago for entrance to one of the professions in a provincial city the following answers were selected from the papers handed in.

"Athens in Greece is noted for its ancient history."

"The Gulf Stream is a current of water from the Mississippi river. It is very warm and ships make very quick passages when influenced by the stream."

"Milton wrote an essay on man."

"The Thirty years War was caused by the beheading of the French King and the scramble for power by Napoleon and others."

"Sir Geo. Cartier was a politician in Brown's time. He used to form coalition Govts and otherwise devised means to gain honors he could never hold."

"The Halifax Award settled the claims put forth after the War of 1812."

"A noun is the name of anything you can taste, hear, feel or smell."

"A preposition is a word that marks the position such as to."

"Dickens wrote *Vanity Fair* ; Scott wrote *Canterbury Tales* ; Shakespeare wrote his plays ; Spencer wrote *Llewellyn* and his dog ; Dickens wrote *Macbeth*."

"Prest Madison and the War party proposed to conquer Canada. They imagined they would have an easy task as they thought the French Canadians were disaffected and would join the invading armies. But on the contrary they showed the best spirit and stood shoulder to shoulder\*\*\* The Americans were victorious on the water and this made England wrathful to be defeated on her native element."

"Then he (Cartier) went further up the St. Lawrence, and here he met some Indians who tried to mislead telling him there were small towns all along the course. But Cartier put his trust in God and kept on exploring the country until he came to Mont Royal."

Resuming our petition to the educational authorities, from which I have digressed, I would ask, is there any need of our complex Examination system ? Is there any need that this work, harassing alike to student, teacher and examiner should occur with such terrible regularity and frequency ? If pupils are to be weighed and measured at intervals let it be an honest test of growth, not a test of their capacity to receive and empty out when tapped a certain number of facts. If we must have examinations let us make them a source of strength not of weakness. Let such tests be fewer, but let them be fair tests. Let them occur at times when they are not expected ; certainly not at the end of a term, at a time when body and mind are exhausted. Let examiners frame questions that will estimate the quality not the quantity of knowledge ; a test that knowledge has been assimilated not simply gathered. And then if estimating the value of such papers is worth paying for, let it be at a rate that

will ensure a careful and sympathetic reading on the part of the examiner, and at a rate that will keep his soul and body together during that trying period.

G. U. HAY.

## I Have Dined

Mr. W. T. Stead thinks that England should adopt the above phrase as a motto for the next few years. Plateful after plateful of territory and power has been swallowed; the time has arrived for assimilation. Whether this be so or not, the present writer is not politician enough to decide, and perhaps he is not scholar enough to give a verdict on the subject which he intends to talk about, but as one who knows and cares more about vacations than about politics he would like to suggest to Acadia students that their policy for the four months after the 7th of June be "I have dined."

Perhaps there is no one who feels satisfied with his course of study as he plugs away at it from the first of October to the last of May. The student enters college with the expectation that the curtains are to be pulled aside for him by certain learned scene-shifters called professors and he is to see things as they are, or, as Emerson puts it, "the boy believes there is a teacher who can sell him wisdom." How disappointing are the first few days, even the first term. The student discovers that the fees he laid on the Treasurer's desk do not entitle him to a seat in Minerva's Cabinet; he is only permitted to see heaven through a telescope. The professor cannot carry him pick-a-back to the Golden City; he is but the Evangelist who points across the plain to where on the mist-girdled horizon one can dimly see the Wicket-gate and the Slough of Despond lies between. Naturally the student frets and fumes and talks a lot of nonsense about books being sepulchres of thought, etcetera.

But vacation comes, as do all things to those who have weight with the powers that be. He gets back home and swings a hammock under the old apple-tree or attired in the peaceful—grown football sweater and as little besides as possible throws himself down on the gray rocks where in public school days he watched the gambols of the summer sea. He takes a volume of poetry with him; some might object if the writer should add a pipe, but though I write under the awful shadow of the Seminary I will say among all post-prandial delights, whether we have been gorging on roast turkey or on psychology, there is nothing to compare with the little tobacco taken for the stomach sake. But as this paper is not written in order to lure a bequest for Acadia from the munificent hand of the Montreal Knight I will dismiss the question of narcotics and return to the student whom we left with the volume of poems. As he reads the poet's

than all human strains, he sees the problem over which he worried night and day at Wolfville interpreted in the world of beauty. What is more inspiring to a young mind than to behold the very questions which have been to him as a nightmare now rising glorified from the baptism of poetry. There is no truth which is not beautiful. Philosophy and poetry have been wedded from of old and he who tries to put asunder what God has joined together finds himself cheated of the blessings of heaven. It is because not finding wisdom in our text-books in the winter that we often neglect to look for her in the shady nooks in summer. The vacation comes as a good fairy to touch with her hand the homelike Cinderella who has been lines or listens to the lyrics of sea and field, to some more rhythmic sitting in the ashes of Geometry and Botany and clothes her with the bright garments which are her due. In these select moments the prosy labor of the past bears fruit, and we are thankful for the hours we devoted to study in the winter.

It is a pity that some of us cannot own our vacations but must sell them to necessity. Too many of us were born good looking instead of rich, and although the former grace is often a stepping-stone to the latter when we come to drive hard bargains with the world in our several summer avocations, yet we must spend much of our time planning how to make both ends meet. There seems little room for the anti-dyspesia nap which in lieu of the whiff of tobacco, which we promised not to advise, one should have after his collegiate feasting. Very few however are deprived of their summer evenings. The melancholic poet Henry Kirke White, who was employed as an attorney's clerk all day, used to thank God that men did not deprive him of his nights. However much we may complain of the lack of time at our individual disposal while at college, the summer season must surely here and there yield us a few hours with which we can do as we please. That man is fortunate who knows how to use a summer night. The writer realizes that to the untutored imagination of the Cad the *summum bonum* of the summer is a plate of ice-cream and a dainty piece of muslin. He also realizes that to the Senior the same formula, with the ingredients perhaps in a reverse order, is still satisfying. But to the members of the intermediate grades who are a little too old to be frivolous and not yet wise enough to think there is nothing worthy of study there is ever truth in the words of Watson, "The sweetest of all pleasures is an evening of desultory reading." Such is what the vacation offers us and he is not wise who lets the opportunities slip past him. When the morning of the 8th of June, 1899 dawns let all text books be banished. If we cannot keep away from our Differential Calculus let us pitch the books into Mud Creek.

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

## Soldiering in Canada

To say that the regiments of the Canadian Militia constitute an efficient body of troops might be to convey a false impression respecting them; while to call them inefficient would be to show one's ignorance of the circumstances of the case.

In equipment and training they cannot be put on a level with the trained regiments of Europe and so might not be called efficient in one acceptation of that term; but if their efficiency is measured by the extent to which they meet the demands that are likely to be made upon them, then up to the present time they have maintained a fair efficiency. The only engagement we have had to fear from foreign sources in the past is a clash with our neighbors across the border, and whenever such a collision did take place our volunteer forces most nobly met the demands of the occasion. In the suppression of internal revolt, also, they have shown their efficiency so that, measured by this proper criterion, it would be incorrect to call them inefficient. A brief view of the organization and establishment of our militia will show us its position as to efficiency.

In the first place our militia is divided into land and naval forces; as will be seen from the title we are concerned here with the land forces only. This latter is divided again into active and reserve forces; the active militia consisting of our volunteer regiments and the reserves constituting all the male inhabitants of Canada between the ages of eighteen and sixty years not specially exempted from service by law. The active militia, again, has a permanent division as well as the battalions that drill only at intervals. The forces are of course, divided into the three arms of the service, Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, with the additional so-called arm Engineers.

The permanent force of the active militia is divided into three bodies: The Royal Canadian Dragoons, having squadron stations at Toronto and Winnipeg; Royal Canadian Artillery, having battery stations at Kingston and Quebec; The Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry whose establishment is limited to one thousand men and which has regimental depots at London, Ont., Toronto, St. John's, P. Q., and Fredericton. These permanent stations constitute schools of instruction at which militiamen of all ranks can be prepared for service and from which all officers must have certificates before they are qualified to serve as officers. This wise provision ensures to the Canadian militia officers who are trained in the principles of the art of modern warfare.

For purposes of administration Canada is divided into twelve military districts for the supervision of each of which a permanent staff of officers is detailed. In 1898 the number of all ranks on the rolls of these districts was 33,439. The battalions constituted in these districts receive instruction by annual "camps" under the supervision of the permanent officers of the districts. These camps give each

battalion about twelve days' drill annually and here we have the bulk of soldiering in Canada. The experiences met with at camp are in the main pleasant, although some persons of a hypochondriac disposition are sometimes heard to complain if their tents leak on a rainy night or if any similar occurrence transpires.

The drill our volunteers get at these camps is decidedly not such as can give them any adequate idea of actual warfare. For the last few years the programme for the twelve days has been about as follows: In the mornings about three hours daily squad and company drill; and in the afternoons this procedure was duplicated on some days while on others the afternoon was taken up with battalion or brigade drill. Then each company takes its turn at providing the brigade guard and going on picquet duty; but as this is only an institution to maintain order in the camp it gives very little knowledge of the method of such procedure in time of war. Each company has one day rifle shooting; which is, of course, all the time that can be spared for that occupation.

This, I think, will be found to be a fair statement of the work done at these camps and it will at once be seen that though there are many deficiencies that can not be remedied without a great expenditure of the public revenues, that there are other things that can easily be altered for the better without much increase of expense. It will be seen from the above programme that the bulk of the drill done at camp is squad and company drill. Now I have always contended that drill of this kind can and ought to be done at company headquarters thus sparing the unnecessary expense of bringing the companies to the district drill-grounds.

In the modicum of battalion and brigade drill actually done the men do not become sufficiently familiar with the different formations to ensure regularity even in the simplest movements. I have thought when watching the confusion in the performance of a simple brigade movement such as wheeling in echelon of battalions or the simpler wheeling of a battalion in column how quickly the interest of a few flying bullets would render these battalions so many mobs almost beyond the control of their officers. The drill we must have at our annual camps, if our militia is in any way to merit the name of "army" is not squad and company drill. What we want is a perfect training in battalion and brigade movements and some solid instruction in attack and defense, fire-discipline, advanced and rear guards, outpost and picquet duties together with such drill as will give us a general knowledge of the whole range of tactics and evolution. This, it seems to me, we might have without much additional expense.

It is true that our equipment is deficient and must be improved in certain respects before these reforms can take effect. Each battalion must be provided with and instructed in the use of such equipment as would be necessary in an actual engagement. One of the most important things in modern battles between civilized nations is to keep the firing-line well supplied with ammunition. The suc

cessful accomplishment of this means an efficient and active line of communication between the firing-line, the battalion reserves, and the ammunition parks ; and yet the large majority of the men constituting the rank and file of our militia do not know that there are such things as reserves and ammunition parks. In combined tactics we have had very little drill, as the different arms of the service have nearly always drilled separately. This is a mistake as it would cost no more to carry on our work jointly than separately and certainly if we must work together in active service we ought to be taught the joint and several functions of the combined arms in attack and defence. A great deal more might be said about organization, establishment, equipment, and drill ; but as we now have a general knowledge of our condition in these respects we shall now make a few remarks on the probable future of our soldiering.

If the Czar's proposal for disarmament should result ultimately in the disbanding of the armies of the world soldiering in Canada will be at an end. And there are many reasons why we, and most of all those of us who have been in any way connected with armies and especially regular armies, should wish for this result. We must all, I think, recognize the fact that the British military system of the present day projects before us as an ideal private soldier a man ignorant, unreasoning, and without moral scruples. If he is educated and reasoning he will not submit without resistance to the injustice to which he is subjected at the hands of his superiors and such a man will not do for a private soldier however excellent an officer he might make. If he has moral scruples he may dare to disobey on some occasions and that is contrary to the fundamental rules of discipline. However, it does not seem to me at all probable that disarmament will take effect for a few centuries yet and so we may disregard that possibility.

On the other hand if the powers continue to increase their armaments as they have been doing for years England must sooner or later call on her colonies for help. A movement has already been started in the Canadian Militia in accordance with the above prophecy. The Canadian government has promised, if England should become engaged in any war in the East, to provide and maintain one regiment in the field during the campaign. Even further steps have been talked of. It has been proposed that the Canadian government provide one regiment of infantry to go on foreign service ; that our four military schools become recruiting depots for four different regiments and each of these take its tour of foreign duty. This is calculated to further consolidate the Empire. If the movement should take effect the Canadian militia would become, as it were, imperialized. The general officer, Major-general Hutton, who has lately come to command the militia, seems to be filled with this imperialistic idea and the energetic manner in which he has set about reorganizing our volunteer forces and projecting plans for their better

instruction is certainly commendable. If we have a militia at all, let it be efficient. Under General Hutton's command the reforms of which I have spoken will no doubt be introduced.

In closing I should like to remark upon a most prevalent and equally erroneous idea with regard to our volunteers. We are often told that in occasion of active service our volunteers, or the majority of them, would find themselves in some way unfit for service and if they did get to the front they would quickly show their heels when the bullets commenced to fly. I believe this is the most cowardly and pernicious doctrine that could possibly be employed to demoralize us as a nation. It not only brings the militia into disrepute and thus tends to lower its efficiency; but it is a lie against the courage and manhood of Canada to thus rate ourselves below others in this respect. So far as I have had opportunity to judge, there is no company in the world that I should rather have at my back in a bayonet charge than my own. It is our duty to show that appreciation of our volunteers that will stimulate them to do the best that is in them.

C. J. MERSEREAU, Capt.  
73rd Batt.

### The Mayflower.

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS, ACADIA '94.

When the heart of the waking earth  
Quickens the pulse of Spring,  
And beauty dreams of birth  
In many a sleeping thing;  
Then the shy arbutus flower  
Wakes from a bed of gloom,  
And Spring's most perfect dower  
Opens its dreams of bloom.

Thou hint of a spring eternal  
On some far, undreamt-of shore,  
Where the airs are ever vernal  
And the snows return no more,  
Breathe into my life thy sweetness  
That mystical charm of thine,  
Which lends thy being completeness  
And makes thy beauty divine.

—From "*The Canadian Magazine*."



## Summer In The Country.

"Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May,  
Longing to escape from study,

Is the refrain that rings out from many a heart now as the school year wanes slowly to a close. Some will be heard through the college corridors : "One more examination and then we shall have freedom, joy, heart's-ease and comfort ; then away to the country with all its mirths and jollities.

Summer is hastening to finish the work which spring has so nobly begun. It decks all nature in a brighter bloom, and everything seems to smile at its approach. "The earth and every common sight" doth appear "Apparelled in celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream."

How happy one feels to escape from the rush and turmoil of school life, into a vacation of ease and quiet, in this season of brightness, beauty and glee-

Who can resist "the cock's shrill clarion" which summons one early to view the loveliness of a summer's morning ? The sun is just rolling its dazzling rays above the horizon, and careering in glory and might in the deep blue sky and through the fleecy clouds. The fields sparkle and glitter with dew. "All things that breathe from earth's great altar send up silent praise to the creator." Rich notes fill the air, warbled by the happy birds welcoming the birth of another day each with a song of its own, yet, blending in perfect harmony. The flower perfumed air breathes welcome from the land of dreams. All nature seems to admonish us with the words :

"There is joy in the heaven  
And gladness on earth,  
So, come, the sunshine,  
And mix in the mirth."

By chance, while standing admiring the wonders of creation, one's eye falls on the lawn. Then some one comes tripping up to him with a challenge for a game of tennis. Nature's animation is by this time thoroughly instilled. The excitement is usually waxing warmest when the clang of the bell, summoning to the morning meal, not classes, is greeted with a welcoming shout. Then, with an appetite strengthened by the invigorating morning air, all enjoy the breakfast which "crowns the simple board, the halesome parritch" and "The soupe their" "hawkie does afford."

As the sun rises higher in the heavens, the milder sports, such as croquet engage the attention.

When the sun nears the zenith motion seems to have left all things. Deep silence holds everything, except for the lazy droning of some insects. Then the hammock, moved gently by the zephyrs under the shade of some huge tree, presents a most tempting sight.

Thither languidly turn the steps either to be "by whispering winds soon lulled asleep"; or to peruse the contents of some good books. Or very often a ramble in the woods or along the shore, lapped gently by the inrolling waves would please better the restless minds of those who are ever fond of roving, for

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore."

The afternoon is come. How the cool dark blue waters makes the overheated body long for it! From every direction men and maidens are seen skipping lightly over the burning sand arrayed in bathing apparel. Heads are seen bobbing now up now down on the gently rising and falling waves, and borne like the ocean's bubbles, onward.

The cool of the evening is at last beginning to be felt. Now for a lively canter on the pony or to indulge in many kinds of "sport that wrinkled care derides." The air is laden with the perfume of flowers on which the refreshing dew is just beginning to hang its silver drops. The birds are sending forth their evening hymn. Everything seems to rejoice in one great melody as if giving thanks for all the mercies of the day before retiring. Added to all these joys and above all these charms is the glory of the setting sun. It burnishes all things far and near with a deep, rich splendour of its own.

"The glassy ocean, hush'd forgets to roar,  
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:  
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!  
Glows in the west a sea of living gold!  
While all above a thousand liveries gay  
The skies with pomp ineffable array."

The moon now claims its sovereignty in the heavens. Now "blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels." This is an excellent time for a row or a sail. Presently these are drawn up. And soon many white sails are sprinkled over the surface of the water. The music of human voices floats on the evening breeze. Late in the night the keels again grind the shore.

Homeward the steps are bent. Soon with heavy eyelids the drowsy head is laid on the pillow; and quickly is enticed "the dewy-feathered sleep."

The next morning one rises early to follow much the same occupations as the day preceeding. Thus with its many joys and few sorrows the summer passes swiftly away. As its days shade gradually into those of autumn, though with many regrets at its departure, one cannot help saying:

"Brightly, sweet summer brightly  
Thine hours have floated by,  
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,  
The rangers of the sky."

G. E. H., '01.

# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM

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S. J. CANN, '02

STUDENTS ARE REQUESTED TO PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

## MAY.

# The Sanctum.

The Late Rev. A. S. Gumbart, D. D.

ON Sunday morning, March 19th, by a call of startling suddenness, the Rev'd Adolph S. Gumbart, D. D., of Roxbury, Boston, Mass., was summoned from the earthly service to the higher service of Heaven. In a sense Dr. Gumbart was one of ourselves, having received the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity at the Acadia Commencement June, 1896, and we have a mournful pride in chronicling his name among our honored dead. During his visit in 1896, he made a most favorable impression. A man of commanding presence, of frank and pleasing manners, of intellectual vigor and personal force, a man also who gave the impression that he was about the Master's business, he won the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

We have said that the end came with startling suddenness. *Angina pectoris* was the dread disease which carried him away. Awakened at 5 o'clock in the morning by a pain which was thought to be neuralgic, and which the physician for some time regarded as not serious, at eight o'clock the strong man was no more.

The deep impression which the death made throughout Roxbury; the crowd that attended the funeral, representing every rank and condition of life; and the noble tributes paid to the worth of the departed, by such men as Dr. Nathan Hood, and Dr. Lorrner, reveal-

ed, in a striking manner, the strong and far reaching influence which the faithful servant of God and men had come to exert during his nine years service as pastor of the Dudley St. Church.

We tender our respectful and sincere sympathy to Mrs. Gumbart, and the two daughters who are left to mourn their dead.

### **The Resignation of Miss Adelaide F. True, M. A.**

It is with much regret that we learn of the resignation of Miss True, Principal of Acadia Seminary. Miss True has occupied this responsible and important position for the last four years with credit to herself and to the satisfaction of all. Under her wise management the school has made substantial progress in every department of its life and the graduating class this year we understand is the largest in the history of the school.

The noble christian character, mature experience and high scholarship, possessed by Miss True made her eminently qualified for the position she has occupied with so much grace and dignity. Miss True has won not only the respect and love of those associated with her as teachers and pupils, but all who have the honor of her acquaintance speak in the most glowing terms of her many estimable qualities. We know that we voice the sentiments of all when we say that she will be greatly missed by the entire student body and teaching staff connected with the life of our Institutions.

### **Lectures by the Faculty.**

It affords us much satisfaction to inform our readers that the effort to secure an annual course of public lectures by the Faculty has met with success. On account of the lateness of the season and the consequent pressure of work upon both professors and students, it has been thought unwise to have any lecture delivered this year. Next year however there will be four lectures given. Definite arrangements have not yet been fixed, but we understand that Professor Wortman will probably deliver the opening lecture of the course. The names of the lecturers and the dates will appear on the next college calendar.

### **Financial Statement And Appeal.**

An idea seems to have taken possession of the minds of a great many of those who have the honor of having their names on the subscription list of the ATHENÆUM paper that our opulence is equal to the vigor with which we attempt to collect that which is honestly our due. The fact of the matter is this :

At the beginning of the college year—1898-'99—there was on the books of the Sec'y.-treas. to the credit of the paper the not inconsiderable sum of \$612.00; this, of course, including the subscription dues of the present year. It is now very near the close of the year and we have received the sum of \$95.00. Thus we have received less than sixteen per. cent of what was owed us. These facts taken together with the added one that each issue of the paper costs us not less than \$30.00 seems to indicate that unless our outlying funds make haste to help us we shall be in imminent danger of being left with a large deficit.

Now there may be more than one way to account for this general deference of payment. If any are taking the paper against their will it would be a great source of pleasure to us if they would pay up their arrearages and discontinue their subscription. We are not obliged to them for their subscription unless they pay us for it. Patronage alone is not sufficiently current coin for us to pay our current expenses withal. Some seem to think that such an insignificant body is not to be granted the consideration and moral rights that would entitle it to remuneration for its labor. To such we would say that only he who is faithful in little things will be found faithful also in much. If any *cannot* pay us we hope for better circumstances for them in the near future. Bills have been sent to all who are in arrears and we shall be greatly obliged if all subscribers will see that they are promptly paid.

### New England Alumni.

The seventh annual banquet of the New England Alumni Association, occurred on Monday evening, April 10 at the American House, Boston. Though the gathering was not as large as usual, the members and friends spent a very pleasant time. At the business meeting resolutions were adopted authorizing Dr. M. C. Smith and Rev. R. M. Hunt to represent the New England Alumni at the next Anniversary, and to convey to the college constituency our most cordial greetings.

Minutes were also adopted relating to the sudden and untimely deaths of Mr. Spurden, A. M. Read, and Rev. A. S. Gumbart, D. D. They were true and generous friends, and will be greatly missed.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:—

|                 |                                                                      |
|-----------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| President       | Dr. M. C. Smith, Lynn.                                               |
| Vice-President, | Rev. E. L. Gates, Nashua, N. H.                                      |
| Secretary       | Benj. A. Lockhart, 61 Court St., Boston.                             |
| Treasurer       | Charles H. McIntyre, Boston.                                         |
| Directors       | Revs. A. T. Kempton, R. M. Hunt, Geo. B. Titus, and Mr. J. E. Eaton. |

At the banquet Rev. A. T. Kempton presided. A telegram was read from Dr. Trotter explaining the absence of a representative from the college, and a portion of his recent article in the "Messenger and Visitor" on the home situation, was also read. Rev. Howard B. Grose of "The Watchman" made a brief address, and Dr. Lorimer gave some happy reminiscences of his visit to Acadia and the provinces more than thirty years ago. He avowed his friendship for the small college, and asserted his strong belief in the world's need of the educated mind.

While writing this brief memorandum, I want to call the attention of those students who expect to visit New England for study, or other pursuits, to the importance of sending their addresses to Mr. Lockhart or myself. In this way we can keep track of them. The same observation applies to many old Acadia students, now scattered through New England. If, when their eye rests on these lines, they would sit right down, and send us their address, it would add much to our pleasure, and ensure a larger and more enthusiastic reunion every year. "Verbum sat sapienti."

Charles H. McIntyre,  
209 Washington St.,  
Boston.

### The Month.

The young ladies of the Seminary once again favored a goodly audience with a Vocal Recital in College Hall, on the evening of March 24th. As usual an excellent program was rendered as follows:

- 1 Holy Redeemer..... *Marchetti*  
Chorus.
- 2 Vocal Solo: The Maid and the Butterfly ..... *d'Albert*  
Miss Maude Scott.
- 3 Reading. Sisters ..... *Whittier*  
Miss Lillie C. Webster.
- 4 Vocal Solo: Were I a Gard'ner..... *Chaminade*  
Miss Emily R. Christie
- 5 Vocal Solo: Invocation..... *d'Hardelot*  
Miss Lydie R. Moffat.  
(Violin obligato by Mrs. Wallace)
- 6 Piano Solo: Soirees de Vienne..... *Schubert-Liszt*  
Miss Aunie S. Chipman
- 7 Vocal Solo: Barcarolle (boating song)..... *Schubert*  
Miss Sadie I. Epps.
- 8 Reading: Preciosa (cutting from Spanish Student)... *Longfellow*  
Miss Ethel R. Emmerson.

- 9 Vocal Solo: Spring Song..... *Weil*  
Miss Hattie M. Masters.
- 10 Vocal Duet: The Gypsies..... *Brahms*  
Misses Masters and Lawson.
- 11 Goodnight ... .. *Goldberg*  
Chorus.

Those present could not help being impressed with the high culture to be obtained by attending such an institution. Each selection received a hearty encore. The voices and attitude of those who took part showed much careful training. It seems impossible to make special mention of any one selection for each and all cannot be spoken of too highly.

The efforts of the Lecture Committee were successful in obtaining the services of Nicholas Flood Davin, Q. C., M. P. of Regina, N. W.T. to lecture before the Athenæum Society. Mr. Davin arrived by the express on the morning of March 30th accompanied by Mrs. Davin. On the same morning he made a visit to the Junior and Senior class in English, and being asked to speak occupied the whole of the hour to the delight and profit of all present. During the course of the next hour Mr. Davin visited the class in Metaphysics and again spoke extemporaneously, giving the members of that class a rare treat. In the evening the lecturer gave the third address of the Star Lecture Course for the present year, on the subject "The British House of Commons as I know it." First describing the House of Commons, he went on to the narration of scenes coming under his personal observation as a press reporter in the gallery of the House. Among noted men spoken of were Lowe, Gladstone, Disraeli and Bright, who were in the prime of their public career at that time—thirty years ago. In his critical description of these men and their oratory he was both eloquent and vivid, while in his narration of the events he seemed to live the time over again and to make his hearers do the same. The lecture was brought to a close by a description of the debate on the bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Although this lecture finished Mr. Davin's engagement he kindly consented to address the students on the following morning, which he did, on the subject "Culture and practical power." If possible, this lecture was still more calculated to usefulness in the student's life than that of the previous evening. Mr. Davin left the impress of both "culture" and "power" on his audience. We are especially indebted to Mr. Davin for the way in which he entered into the life of the college during his stay among us, and for what he gave us of himself altogether apart from his lecture.

The citizens and students of Wolfville spent many enjoyable evenings during the past month; but the crowning event of all events at Acadia during that time was the Gymnasium Exhibition. The Exhibition was given in the University Gymnasium on Friday

evening, April 7th under Director E. H. McCurdy, '01. The following is the program of the events :

- |                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 1 Dumb Bells          | 8 Long Pole Drill |
| 2 Parallel Bars       | 9 Horizontal Bar  |
| 3 Wand Drill          | 10 Miscellaneous  |
| 4 Buck                | 11 Tumbling       |
| 5 Indian Club Drill   | 12 Human Alphabet |
| 6 Fancy Club Swinging | 13 Pyramids       |
| 7 Torch Swinging      | A—C—A—D—I—A       |

Each number received much applause and justly so, for few gymnasiums in the country could bring before the public a program of such a high order. The "Fancy Club Swinging" by L. M. DuVal and the "Torch Swinging" by S. W. Schurman and W. M. Steele deserve especial mention. Those who never have been fortunate enough to have seen the like cannot realize what they have missed. The audience showed much admiration from beginning to end and much has been the comment in its favor since then. Director McCurdy deserves much credit for the masterly way in which the program was executed.

Invitations were issued for the annual Athenæum At Home to take place on Friday evening, April 14th. On the appointed evening a large number of guests gathered in College Hall, and were received by president Farris and vice-president Dickson. Among those present were a number from Kentville, Canning, Windsor, Halifax and other surrounding localities, including a party of students from "Old Kings." The program consisted of vocal selections from the Emerald Quartette, solos by Mr. David Pidgeon of St. John, and instrumental duets by Misses Beckwith and Munroe. These features of the evening's entertainment were greatly enjoyed proving pleasant diversions in the course of the conversation. The Reception Committee are to be congratulated on the success of the At Home, and especially on the tasty manner in which the decorations were made.

The beautiful hall of the new building recently erected by Dr. McKenna on Main St., was dedicated in a fitting way on April 7th by an "At Home," given by Dr. and Mrs. McKenna to their friends. Among those who were fortunate enough to receive an invitation was the graduating class of the college. A choice literary and musical program was rendered during the evening. Miss Lawson, teacher of vocal music in the Seminary, charmed the ears of all lovers of music by a vocal solo. Miss Jamieson, who is so popular as an elocutionist, gave a reading that proved to be enjoyable. Mr. Burpee Wallace sang a solo in his usual good form. Mrs. B. W. Wallace the gifted violin teacher of the Seminary, delighted all present by her exquisite rendering of a violin solo. Dr. Trotter in a happy and apt speech recounted some of the topics he would have discussed if he had not been unavoidably detained. Refreshments, which are never unwelcome to college students were served during the evening. Dr. and



Mrs. McKenna are royal entertainers and were indefatigable in securing the comfort of their guests. We congratulate Dr. McKenna in possessing such a valuable piece of property as this new building, and we congratulate the people of Wolfville in possessing a citizen who has so much faith in the future of the town as to cause him to erect this costly and up-to-date building.

## Exchanges.

The March number of *The Theologue* contains an interesting article on "The Religion of Burns and His Influence upon Religion.

"Natural Science as a means of Development" in *University Monthly* is a well written article. The practical manner in which the subject is dealt with shows how interesting it can be made by the skillful teacher. The writer dwells at some length on the importance of the study of nature as a means for developing in the child the powers of Discrimination, Retention, Observation and Imagination.

The *Manitoba College Journal* contains a highly interesting and instructive article on "The Aim of Modern Language Study." Reference is made mainly to French and German. "They are useful as a means to literary culture and a liberal education. They are useful nay almost indispensable aids to study in other branches. They aid directly in the study of English. Their greatest value to the graduate lies in his being able to speak them not as school children, or as educational quacks, but as men of business and the world understand them."

"Modern Dutch Artists" in *McMaster Monthly* contain much valuable information for the student. The "Monthly" also gives an interesting biographical sketch of William Fraser one of the early fathers of the Baptist Denomination in Ontario and Quebec.

*Kalamazoo Index* opens with "The Humor of Shakespeare as found in four of his Comedies." "The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," and "As you like it."

In "Abraham Lincoln—The Man" is an example of perseverance. "In three qualities Lincoln's character is peerless—in his absolute honesty, in his strong faith and in his deep sympathy." It would be well if these qualities were found in all statesmen of to-day.

"The Huguenot in America" and "The Ultimate Supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon" are articles well worth reading.

The fifth number of "*The Presbyterian College Journal*" is full of good reading. The articles worthy of special attention are "The Theology of Ian MacLaren" and "The Ideal Preacher" the fourth article of "The Ideals of the Old Testament."

*The Bates Student* gives several articles of considerable literary merit. Such as "The Pendaric Ode in English Literatures" and "The Three Essential in Education." The "Student" teems with college news.

Other exchanges received: *Argosy*, *Educational Review*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Shurtleff Review*, *Niagara Index*, *McGill Outlook*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *King's College Record*, *Trinity University Review*, *Excelsior*, *Colby Echo*.

## De Alumnis

Israel M. Longley, '75, has now held the principalship of the Paradise High School for three years.

O. S. Miller, '87, is practising law in Bridgetown, N. S.

The Baptist Church at Hantsport is prospering under the faithful ministry of G. R. White, '87.

Charles H. Miller, '87, has established a lucrative practice in medicine in Boston.

Harry T. DeWolf, '89, is pastor of the Baptist Church at Foxboro, Mass.

Chas. M. Woodworth, '90, has an extensive law practice in Dawson City.

John E. Eaton, '90, resides at Dedham, Mass., and is one of the rising lawyers of Boston.

Fred L. Cox, '92, publishes the flourishing local paper, the "Outlook" at Middleton, N. S.

Isaac Crombie, '92, is principal of the school at Lawrencetown.

Charles E. Seaman, '92, is making an extensive tour of the world as companion to a young Harvard graduate.

Henry J. Starratt, '93, is taking a divinity course at Kings' College.

Shirley J. Case, '93, is professor of Greek at New Hampton, Mass.

Mary H. Blackadar, '94, is in attendance at the Wayland Institute, waiting for the Mission Board to obtain means to send her to the Foreign Field.

M. Alberta Parker, '94, is engaged in translation from the German in Boston.

D. Livingstone Parker, '94, is pastor of a church in Illinois, U. S.

George D. Blackadar, '91, has accepted the principalship of the Academy at Lockeport for the remainder of the school year.

William W. Conrad, '97, is studying for the Presbyterian ministry at Pine Hill.

A very pretty wedding took place at Oxford, on the 30th., ult. when Edwin Howard Moffatt, '96, was united in marriage to Miss Margaret B. Robb of Oxford, N. S. The bridesmaid was Miss Moffatt, of Acadia Seminary, and the groom was attended by Harry A. Purdy, '96. The ATHENÆUM extends every good wish to the happy couple.

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## Here And There

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"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—*Hamlet*.

A holler place—the mouth.

O *Shaw*, little Freshette, hurry up.

The current faculty invitation "Sup. with us."

Leader in Prayer-meeting "Sometimes a smile is more potent than fifteen minutes talking"

One of his hearers. "Yes especially when it's from a Sem."

Professor. "I suppose you know whether you are all here or not, those not here please say so."

A well-known Senior *has* lately manifested a desire to lead a better life. Like the Pharisees of old he walked among his fellows with his earnest desire expressed not only upon his face but also upon his back.

The board of editors join in congratulations and wish the young brother success.

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An item from the Island :—

S-m-p-n—"They generally have big times home at this season shooting wild geese."

Witty Junior—"How is it you are here, there could not have been many gunners out last year."

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Needless to say we all enjoyed our Easter holidays and felt loth to resume our arduous tasks. But "mirabile dictu" even the college bell shared the general feeling. On the morning of April 3rd, students listened in vain for the tocsin to call them from their accustomed haunts. But not a sound was heard. The Janitor tugged at the bell-rope but his efforts were useless. Investigation revealed the fact that the bell had been effectually silenced by being tongue-tied.

Prof. "Of what gender is Temp(e)"

Soph. "Feminine,—er-r-r,—neuter."

Prof. "Yes, yes, so it *appiers*."

Recent excavations in Egypt have unearthed a number of mummies with this peculiarity :—that one of their nether limbs is longer than the other. Evidently this place was the site of an ancient university.

At the recent Gymnasium exhibition a trio of—s were conspicuous by their lack of courtesy. Their witty (?) and sarcastic (?) remarks concerning the performance and the performers will doubtless go *down* (to confront them post mortem.) We are glad to state that a subscription has been started to provide each with a copy of "Manual of Etiquette, or How conduct oneself in Public."

Prof. "Do you think the shades in the nether world have college yells."

Whisper. "Yes, the freshmen imported their yell from there."

It is rumored that the faculty have decided to utilize the X Rays machine on the heads of some of the students before the next exams.

No insinuations of course.

With haughty mein and gaze serene,  
He stalks about the college,  
His head erect you'd but expect,  
That he was filled with knowledge.  
When on the street sweet *sems* he'll meet,  
He'll bow so condescending,  
The frigid stare and icy air  
And awe-struck feeling lending.  
But not a jot cares he for aught,  
And some have closely reckoned  
(Tis truly said) five motions made  
Four motions he will second.

The trials of the local editor :—

"Say, I wish you fellows would stop laughing so much."

"Why. Can't you enjoy a laugh?"

"No I have been trying for the last fifteen minutes to think of a joke."

*Heav! Heav!!*

If the report, that the Sems are about to order a supply of

class rings, is true, we would suggest that they apply to the college bell.

---

Prof. "Will you try and subdue the noise in the back seat, gentlemen."

Soph. "I wish you fellows would throw those neck-ties out of the window, I can hardly hear my own ears."

---

Great *Scott*, did you see Hutch up in the gallery at the reception.

---

At the Athenæum reception an inquisitive freshman, who had at length come to the end of his long list of questions, absentmindedly regarded his fair partner and mused thusly :—

"Ah let me see, there was another question I wanted to ask of you, what in the world was it" (a long pause) "O yes ! can I go home with you ?"

---

After a recent prayer-meeting a theologue was heard to remark "I can't say that I derived much benefit from that meeting."

Sympathizing friend "Why I thought it was a good meeting."  
 "Hang it all man there were only four Sems. there."

---

For the benefit of those who might entertain erroneous ideas on the subject, we are requested to state that the young man from Sussex, who habitually sits among the seniors at church, is not yet a senior. Apparently the power of attraction at that extremity of the building is so great that he is unable to reach the Sophomore seats.

---

Prof. "We call a ship, she, do you know why that is ?"  
 Soph. "Because it is hard to manage."

---

Among the living pictures given on the 22nd ult. was one of a well-known young lady most appropriately entitled. "Use *Robie*-foam."

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#### THE TEN COLLEGE COMMANDMENTS (Revised version.)

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##### I

Thou shalt not prefer any other college to this one.

##### II

Thou shalt not form unto thyself any vain ideas of thy greatness, thy knowledge or thy wisdom ; for a zealous spirit watches over thee,

which will visit the iniquities of thine egotism even to the third and fourth years of thy course.

## III

Thou shalt not look upon the instruction of thy professors as vain, for the prof. will not mark that student as perfect who holdeth his instruction as vain.

## IV

Remember all holidays and keep them strictly.

## V

Write long letters to thy father and thy mother, that thou mayest enjoy the sweetmeats etc. which they will send to thee.

## VI

Thou shalt not make unseemly noises in the still hours of the night.

## VII

Thou shalt not wear gowns, large pockets, big cuffs or finely-written finger-nails in exams.

## VIII

Thou shalt not work thy ponies too hard.

## IX

Thou shalt not talk to the Sems on the street.

## X

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's tobacco, nor his matches nor his coal, nor his kindling, nor his bed-slats, nor his packing boxes, nor anything from which kindling may be made, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

N. B.—Our revised reading for the ten Sem commandments crowded out for lack of space. Pocket editions however may be obtained at the Sanctum for two cents.

---

As upon the midnight dreary,  
Working hard as usual, weary  
On a task that made me sore;  
In a realm that's so confounding,  
On this column I was pounding,  
Which I twice had tried before.  
And I vowed ere it was ended  
Upon which so much depended  
I would try it nevermore.  
Then I prayed, I plead, entreated,  
For the muse I so much needed,  
But I blundered as before.

---

I have lived to tell the story  
Not for love, nor gold, nor glory,  
Will I write this awful column evermore.

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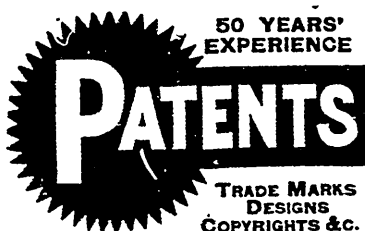


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