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THE SPECIAL USE OF WORDSWORTH.

I do not know that Wordsworth is properly read, or that he is more than superficially studied by the ordinary student. Perhaps not; for there is considerable required of him who would come to the best there is in such a poet. Certainly, he does not set the poetic fashion of the time, however his spirit may be here and there diffused through contemporary literature. The difficult model is liable to be discarded. Not that, because of any exquisiteness of mould, any fineness of touch, like that of Tennyson, he is difficult; but because of the elevation of the spirit in him, the immanence of soul, the clearness of that "inward eye." But surely our good grey poet must not go upon the shelf. His own age needed him no more than does ours. He is the antidote to our present life's materialising tendencies; the leaven against spiritual atrophy in the dry intellectualism of the time; the quick sedative for the fever-madness that still increases the ever wilder-throbbing pulse of hearts that leap to time with the electro-motor. It is Matthew Arnold who claims in him a power not to be reduplicated:

"Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course,
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?
Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave!
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hear thy voice right, now he is gone."

No mere piece of friendly partiality is this; but a truth evidently heart-felt by him who uttered it. Strange is it that the intimate and admirer of such a soul could not have lived more in the light that rayed therefrom. But, alas! however we admire,

"We receive but what we give; "

he saw according to a differing nature; he was not, like Wordsworth, a buoyant and divinely luminous soul.

This distinguishing attribute of Wordsworth's best poetry is precisely what we cannot afford to lose. He was not wrong in the reverence he felt for his own gift, and in the estimate he put upon the highest of his work. No doubt he seemed vainly to confuse his episodes of inspiration with the prosy setting in which we are apt to find them; yet even the prophets imperfectly understand themselves. But it is just this gentle, loving quietism, poetically expressed; this kindling of the soul; this voicing of her primal instincts, that makes his work one of the most valuable, most salutary things in all our literature. Its neglect by us is to our own loss. Others have written arguments and declamations about Immortality; but here is a new, real prophetic assurance. The Ode is transcendent from this point of view. None like this was ever written before; when can it be superseded? There is about this, and about other things we might quote an almost Scriptural quality; you do not look upon it as ordinary art, or as mere poetic enthusiasm. It has more sanction than can be drawn from an individual experience; as the child to the voice in the Temple, our midmost self responds, "Here am I, speak for I listen." With him the heart is happier, for it is better; we feel the Universe suffused with Spirit, and redolent—

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope."

To the lover and student of this poet, the spirit of man, and his relations to the universe, are of heightened significance. Not only by his help the more clearly

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,"

but we are not altogether away from home, being here. All evil is not immediately present, and all good far away and beyond man's relations, he being here, they are for the present here also:

"And, O ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Think not of any severing of our lives!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they:
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality!
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Others had written charmingly, and even lovingly of nature; many have succeeded since in this line. We catch her features, sometimes fair through the sometimes rhetorical tinsel of Thomson; yet better we love to trace them in Cowper's sym-

pathetic touches; but here is the perfect, peculiar result. In Scott's delineation we delight, the spirit he infuses gives the same satisfaction that mere animal healthiness and physical perfection does;—excellent in its range, but its range is not high. Scott, in one of his poems, came amid the scenes that Wordsworth made his habitat; but how different were the eyes that saw, and the soul that loved! In Wordsworth, like the affections of his Protesilaus in Elysium, all is "raised and solemnised." He cannot look out into a sunset, as other men look, seeing mere images of a supernal glory,—like Moore, saying,

"We can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas in Heaven;"

but in the bosom of him, who gazes from Rydal Mount, when—

"Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve,"

there rises a superior rapture, a more transcendent faith so that—

"Long as god-like wish or hope divine
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That th's magnificence is wholly thine!"

The love of nature was never with him an affectation; nor the interpretation of nature a mere elegant exercise, but one to which he brought, and by which he derived, or improved, his being's deepest virtue.

"'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty and so feel
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, or the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

William Howitt, (himself, as we believe, a member of the Society of Friends), has, with considerable plausibility put Wordsworth forth as the great Quaker among poets, in literary garb, as well as in doctrine and spirit. Having quoted some examples he says: "If George Fox had written poetry, that is exactly what he would have written. So completely does it [*The Tables Turned*] embody the grand Quaker doctrine, that Clarkson in his *Potraiture of Quakerism*, has quoted it, without however, perceiving that the grand and complete fabric of Wordsworth's poetry is built on this foundation: that this dogma of quitting men, books, and theories, and sitting down quietly to receive the unerring intimations and influences of the spirit of the universe, is identical in Fox and Wordsworth; is the very same in the poetry of the one as in the religion of the other. The two reformers acquired their faith by the same process, and in the same manner. Fox retired to a hollow oak, as he

tells us, and with prayers and tears sought after the truth, and came at length to see that it lay not in schools, colleges, pulpits, but in the teaching in a passive spirit of the great Father of Spirits. Wordsworth retired to the

"Mountains, to the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lovely streams,
Wherever nature led."

And he tells us that to this practice he owed

"A gift
Of aspect most sublime ; that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened : that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended ; we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul.
While with an eye made quiet and the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

"This is perfect Quakerism ; the grand demand of which is, that you shall put down 'this meddling intellect which mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things ;' shall lay at rest the actions and motions of your own minds, and subdue the impatience of the body, till, as Wordsworth has most clearly stated it,—

'The breath of this corporeal frame,' etc.

It was this very doctrine of the non-necessity of human interference between us and all knowledge, of the all-sufficiency of this invisible and 'great teacher,' as Wordsworth calls them, which led George Fox and the Quakers to abandon all forms of worship, to strip divine service of all music, singing, formal prayers, written sermons, and to sit down in a perfect passive state of silence, to gather some of

'All this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,'

into

'A heart
That watches and receives.'"

We have not space to pursue quotation ; nor are we careful to emphasize the identity, too minutely of the underlying principles and doctrines of poet and sectary. These are great principles common to many sects, while some differences might be here indicated, were that our purpose, and if Wordsworth were indeed an entire Quaker in his poetical theory and practice, he was counted a very correct Episcopalian in all relating to religious faith. This religious quietism was germinal in the man, before it was cultivated ; and it may exist in a man's character let his church affiliation be what it may. But the exceeding value of this, to the modern student of literature, and of

divinity, is what we wish to insist upon. We are now upon the age of the apotheosis of mere knowledge, of the deification of the intellect, and the consequent eclipse of faith; the age when refined literature, and even the most sacred arts, it is asserted, must conform or languish; the age when faith must be suspected as credulity, when sentiment, fancy, feeling are to be suppressed and abandoned, as fit for the infancy only and not the manhood of the world. This means, to some, that the loftiest faculties of our nature are to be ignored, to their perishing; and that things we should know as most real are to be discredited as venerable hallucinations that should deceive our fondness no more. If a man cares for this better part of his nature, above all poets let him attend to Wordsworth, for, if Tyndall and the scientists will teach him to open eye and mind,—very needful powers to secure,—our poet will teach him to lay open heart and soul, for the coming of still higher knowledge. In the domain of spirit, and of religious faith, we have accepted "Experience" as the decisive factor. Conviction lives where the God-life has entered. So it is not a brilliant aphorism our poet gives us. He rises with a light upon his brow; he says,—

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Therefore he loves this "mighty being," this noble organism of Deity,—

"Well pleased to recognize,
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my mortal being."

In the greatest of his works he portrays the character of a soul, animate, sincere, receptive. To the outward eye the man is a wandering pedlar, homely, unromantic; to the poet's discernment he is a seer, capable of inspiration. From his childhood God through nature has been his teacher. Tending cattle on the hills,—

"He, many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness, all alone
Behind the stars come out above his head,
And travelled through the wood, with no one near,
To whom he might confess the things he saw.
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his time,
He had perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness."

This child had little need then of the mental crammer, or the chatterer of words; the subtle, silent Voice could there displace all other teachers. Books may not have been altogether wanting, but

“He had small need of books.”

Great thoughts came to him, but came first in the form of great emotions :

“What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He looked —
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean’s liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
The spectacle ; sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him : they swallowed up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live ; they were his life.

In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request,
Kept into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !”

What a picture is this ! What an acclamation of all that is spiritually attainable, in the closet, or under the open sky ; the “still communion,” the “visitation from the living God,” the “access of mind.” What is all our boasted knowledge without thee ! It avails not to say that here is imaged a superior and an exceptional soul, that of the Poet himself. These primal instincts here set forth are our universal heritage ; only they are overlaid, or we are educated out of them. Here is the very inner sanctuary, whither Immanuel leads the way ; and it was the poet’s faith that there are many humble, unsophisticated, unlettered souls, in their degree what he has pictured large. Attend to him ; for it is his aim and province to assist all that are, and to stimulate many, many more !

—PASTOR FELIX.

THE STYLE OF MRS. BROWNING.

MRS. Browning occupies the same place among women that Shakspeare does among men. Her early education was promiscuous, consisting chiefly of reading with little regard to the quality of the books that she read. Afterwards fortunate circumstances guided her in the direction of studies as refining as they were severe. She became familiar with Grecian literature, and learned the art and beauty of the Attic dramatists. She

roamed in the Academic groves and drank at the fountain-head of poetry. Mrs. Browning's earliest productions of note were translations, which although exhibiting many crudities, were yet touched by the master hand of genius. She was always healthful and at ease, when her classicism blossomed on the sprays of her own genius. She utilized Greek tradition, but her antique touches were lit up by modern thought and action. Even when her eyes were growing dim and her poetic force abated, while she sang a melody of the pastoral god, her "song on the hills forgot to die and the lillies revived, and the dragon fly came back to dream on the river."

Her style from the beginning was strikingly original; uneven to an extreme degree, equally remarkable at first for defects and beauties. As she grew older, the former gradually lessened, and the beauties grew more admirable. Her verse was often rugged and unfinished, owing to the subordination of taste to feeling. Always intense, racy, sportive, worshipful, sympathetic, and tremulously sensitive to sorrow.

The effect of Mrs. Browning's secluded life was visible in her diction, which was acquired from books rather than from intercourse with the living world, and as she read all books, many of her words were obsolete. Again as she explored French, Spanish and Italian classics with as much zest as those of her own tongue, her words were often fantastical. Her taste never seemed quite developed, but through life was inferior to her feeling. So noble however was this quality of feeling, that critics attended to her poetry, and attempted to correct its faults of style. Her obsolete words were often introduced unnaturally, sometimes producing a grotesque effect instead of an attractive quaintness.

An occasional discord has its use and charm, but harshness was the rule rather than the exception. In many of her poems amid a chaotic mass shine forth wonderfully fine passages. So dazzling are these lustres that it has been said that their number and proximity render her book one flame.

Her imagination knew no bounds but soared away to the infinite. Her conception of the sublime was striking and vivid. It would be absurd to regret that certain characteristics of her poetry withhold it from the many and confine it to the few. It did not belong to the genius of Mrs. Browning to enter the doors of the humble and uneducated. To her belonged the power of stirring the utmost fountain of laughter and tears, of bringing music from the rough metal of every day life; of kindling those lights in human eyes, which glance from scholar to rustic, from peasant to king with the smile of reconciliation and relationship. Yet the words of this woman, burning in tenderness, do not reach the strongly pulsing heart of common humanity! And

why? Because of a certain obscurity, an excessive demand on the reader.

In the *Drama of Exile* is felt the presence of astonishing genius. It contains many fine thoughts, but the whole seems a wild and wavering illusion. It is true in conception and magnificent in execution. In it, pure intellectual might and strict metaphysical truth are on a level with its consummate poetry. But in this as in the most of Mrs. Browning's longer poems there is a lack of sustaining power.

In the dialogue between Adam and Eve we become aware that the author is a woman—not from any weakness, not from any sameness or extravagance, but from the excess of the elements of pathos and beauty, which belong only to one whose womanliness is as intense as her genius is complete. A broad gleam of softest light, dewy, beautiful, original, like a stream of sunlight falling through a shower on a rugged hillside, is cast over the tragical realities of her theme, from the feminine knowledge and womanly sympathy of Mrs. Browning. The pathos throughout is very noble.

The conception of the *Drama of Exile* involved a task of overpowering difficulty: to put words into the mouth of the Saviour foretelling his own humiliation, with perfect preservation of Christian reverence, yet with an energy befitting the theme and poetic beauty embracing the whole; yet Mrs. Browning has performed it in a way not unworthy of Milton. Nowhere out of *Sacred Writ* is attained a pathos more sublime. In the "*Solitary Vow*," Mrs. Browning strikes a note beyond even Tennyson cannot reach. Again in this poem, the song of victory might be read after Shakspeare or Aeschylus and yet its excellence be pronounced supreme.

Still another class of writings remains to be considered: those which are broadly characterized as poems of personal emotion. In those poems are revealed the distinctive characteristics of female nature with more exquisite analysis and more powerful truth than hitherto. In this category belong many of the shorter poems such as *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, *Romaunt of the Page*, and many others. But the one deserving special notice is *The Rhyme of the Duchess May*. This, in the opinion of Bayne and other critics, is Mrs. Browning's masterpiece. All the objections to it may be summed up in one sentence. The comparison of an ancient wood standing "mute adown" to a "full heart having prayed." Such an expression as the "castle seethed in blood" when but five hundred archers were besieging it; the tediousness of the refrain about the little birds, the monotony of the words "toll slowly," these exhaust the faults that can be enumerated. But contemplating the piece in its entirety, it is found to be a production whose rare artistic

completeness is as remarkable as the quality of its detailed drawing and local colouring.

In her smaller poems Mrs. Browning seems to work clear of mannerisms. In these she stands before us in no classic adornment, but decorated only with the perfect beauty of her own womanliness and truth. Especially is this true in the *Cry of the Human* and in *Sleep*. In the latter the deep feeling touches each heart:

"And friends dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath has gone from me,
And round my bier you come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say—not a tear must o'er her fall
He giveth His beloved sleep."

Had Mrs. Browning always been so simple her poems might be found on every cottage shelf.

Over all the domain of her poetry, over its mental ranges its quiet gardened valleys, its tinkling rills, falls a radiance of gospel light. Ever as her music rises to its noblest cadence it seems to take up an angel harp; the highest tone is as the voice of spirits.

Mrs. Browning is essentially a Christian poet. Not in the sense of appreciating like Carlyle the loftiness of the Christian type of character; not in the sense of preaching like Wordsworth, an august but abstract morality, but in the sense of finding like Cowper, the whole hope of humanity bound up in Christ. It is difficult but possible to bear the reflection that many great female writers have rejected that gospel that has done more for woman than any other civilizing agency, but it is well that the greatest woman of all looks up in faith and love to that eye that fell on Mary from the cross. The greatest woman of all! this is the verdict of an able critic, who, though acknowledging that he was not acquainted with all great female writers, yet states that he looked at Mrs. Browning as one looks towards the brow of a lofty mountain rising over the clouds, and crowned with ancient snows, and has an assurance, even though it rises amid lower hills, and the elevation of each has not been actually taken, that it is peerless.

In the poetry of Mrs. Browning are qualities which admit of its being compared with those of the greatest men; touches which only the mightiest give. With the few sovereigns of literature, the Homers, Shakespeares, Miltons, she does not rank. But in full recollection of Scott's magical versatility and bright, cheerful glow, of Byron's fervid passion and magnificent description, of Wordsworth's majesty, of Shelly's million-coloured fancy, of Tennyson's golden calm, she is worthy of being mentioned with any poet of this century. She has the breadth and versatility of a man; no sameliness, no one idea, no type character, our single Shaksperian woman!

H. M. B., '94.

HUMAN NATURE UNCHANGING.

WHAT a stable thing human nature is after all. Men still make love, still hate, still lie and cheat, still deceive themselves and others, and finally die, as did their ancestors centuries ago. Two selections from the works of Joseph Hall, an eminent English divine, contemporary with Shakespere and Bacon, so well illustrate this fact that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting them. They describe,—and in a manner worthy Shakespere himself,—the character of the Hypocrite and Busy-body.

THE HYPOCRITE.

“A hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much that he acts the better part; which hath always two faces, oftentimes two hearts: that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and in the meantime, laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for, while his eye is fixed on some window or some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go.

He rises, and looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity and commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note; while he writes either his forgotten errand or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, whom he publicly salutes, thanks and praises in an honest mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth, indeed, because it is past, not because it was sinful; himself is now better but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling one in his bosom; all his speech returns to himself, and every occurrence draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give he looks about him, and says, Who sees me? No alms nor prayers fall from him without a witness; belike lest God should deny that He hath received them; and when he hath done, lest the world should not know it, his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbor's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a cornfield, an ill-

tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill ; an angel abroad, a devil at home ; and worse when an angel than when a devil."

THE BUSY-BODY.

" His estate is too narrow for his mind ; and therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door ; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in a Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace, he knows ; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question ; and, rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to question him of tidings ; and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale : wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censures of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion ; and perhaps would effect it if the other's ear were as unwearable as his own tongue. If he see but two men talk, and read a letter in the street, he runs to them and asks if he may not be partners of that secret relation ; and if they deny it, he offers to tell,—since he may not hear—wonders ; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames : and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence.

He undertakes as much, as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not : and calls at his neighbor's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbor at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter : whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition : so, as it used to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can be no act pass without his comment ; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all too imperfections ; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say : " It was a pity he died no sooner."

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

THOMAS Chandler Haliburton, son of Justice W. H. O. Haliburton, was born at Windsor, N. S., Dec. 17th, 1796. He was educated at the Windsor Grammar School, and subsequently at Kings College, where he was graduated in 1815. He was called to the bar in 1820; and sat as member of the House of Assembly for Annapolis from 1826 to 1829. From the latter date onward for twelve years, he was Chief Justice of the Inferior Courts of Common Pleas for the middle division of Nova Scotia. Afterwards he became Judge of the Supreme Court, but resigned that office and took up his residence in England in 1856. Two years later, at Oxford, the honorary degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him. From 1859 to 1865, he sat in the British House of Commons, as member for Launceston; and in August 27th, of the last named year, he died at Isleworth on the Thames.

Such is a short sketch of the life of Nova Scotia's—perhaps Canada's—greatest man of letters. Haliburton was a voluminous writer; and in order to do anything like justice to him it would require a very much greater space than is possible to obtain in a college paper. We must, therefore, content ourselves with giving a list of his works, but confining our remarks to merely a very few. A History of Nova Scotia was his first important production; it is, owing to Haliburton's carelessness in research, thoroughly unreliable; and the author himself pronounced it the "most important account of unimportant things that he had ever seen." His other principal works are: *The Clockmaker*, *The Attachè*, *Wise Saws*, *Nature and Human Nature*, *The Letter Bag of the Great Western*, *Bubbles of Canada*, *The Old Judge*, or *Life in a Colony*, and *the Season Ticket*. Nearly all of these works touch more or less upon politics. Haliburton was a Conservative, in the literal meaning of the term, to the back bone. He opposed all integral change and had little respect for those who did not. He makes his "Old Judge," say, that in religion he is a Churchman, and in politics a Conservative, as is almost every gentleman in these colonies. Our author was a strong believer in Imperial Federation. In "*Wise Laws*" he says:

"It shouldn't be England and her colonies, but they should be integral parts of the great whole,—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England: the whole of it one vast home market, from Hong Kong to Labrador."

As an historian, Haliburton as already stated, is not reliable, for the reasons that he was not by any means painstaking in his authorities, and considerably astray by his sympathies and pre-

judices. Throughout most of his books are innumerable tales, or yarns as Sam Slick would call them. They display a great deal of ingenuity and imagination, as well as a keen relish for fun in every form; but they are often so long drawn out as to become very tiresome. His descriptions are often very forcible, but marred by grotesque comparisons. Thus he describes and characterizes Halifax: "It's well enough in itself, though no great shakes neither; a few sizeable houses with a great sight of small ones, like a half a dozen hens with their broods of young chickens; but the people, the strange critters, they are all asleep. . . . Halifax has got a dose of opium that will send it snorin' out of the world, like a fellar who falls asleep on the ice of a winter's night." The following comparison between city and country, in praise of the latter, is certainly beautiful:

"These are the pleasures, says he, of a country life. A man's own labour provides him with food, and an appetite to enjoy it. Let him look which way he will, and he sees the goodness and bounty of his Creator, His wisdom, His power, and His majesty. There never was anything so true as that our old sayin, "I an made the town, but God made the country," and both bespeak their different architects in terms too plain to be misunderstood. The one is filled with virtue, and the other with vice. One is the abode of plenty, and the other of want; one is a wareduck of nice pure water—and t'other one a cesspool. No! said the old man, a raisin' of his voice, and givin' the table a wipe with his fist, that made the glass all gingle agin, give me the country; that country to which He that made it said, "Bring forth grass, the herb yieldin' seed, and the tree yieldin' fruit," and who saw that it was good. Let me jine with the feathered tribe in the mornin' and at sunset, in the hymns which they utter in full tide of song to their Creator. Let me pour out the thankfulness of my heart to the Giver of all good things, for the numerous blessins I enjoy, and to intreat him to bless my increase, that I may have wherewithal to relieve the wants of others, as He prevents and relieves mine. No! give me the country." Haliburton possessed great insight into human character, and great power of showing forth the actions and motives of men, by short, witty, sententious sayings. Some of these aphorisms, taken from his different works, pretty well illustrate the philosophy and wit of their author.

"When I see a child, said the Clockmaker, I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child."

"Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes."

"A candidate is a most partikilar polite man, a noddin here, and a bowin there, and a shakin hands all round. Nothing improves a man's manners like an election."

"Undivided, unremitting attention paid to one thing, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, will ensure success; but you know the old saying about "two many irons."

"Presents of money injure both the giver and receiver, and destroy the equilibrium of friendship, and diminish independence and self-respect."

"Be honest, be consistent, be temperate: be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political change: of rational reform, but not organic alterations. Neither flatter the mob nor flatter the government; support what is right, oppose what is wrong; what you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others; and if you are not popular, you will at least be respected; popularity lasts but a day, respect will descend as a heritage to your children."

"The poor are everywhere more liberal, more obliging, and more hospitable, according to their means, than the rich are."

"I wonder if folks will ever learn that politicks are the seed, mentioned in Scriptur, that fell by the roadside, and the fowls came and picked them up. They don't benefit the farmer, but they feed them hungry birds,—the party-leaders."

"An American citizen never steals, he only gains the advantage."

"Squeamishness and indelicacy are often found united; in short, that in manners, as in other things, extremes meet."

"None hates like him that has once been a friend."

"Don't marry too poor a gall, for they are apt to think there is no end to their husband's puss; nor too rich a gall, for they are apt to remind you of it unpleasant sometimes; nor too giddy a gall, for they neglect their families; nor too demure a one, for they are most apt to give you the dodge, race off, and leave you; nor one of a different sect, for it breeds discord; nor a weak-minded one, for children take all their talents from their mother."

"Of all the seventeen senses, I like common sense about as well as any on 'em, arter all; now, don't you, squire?"

CARLYLE'S OPINION OF DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

Dickens was a good little fellow, and one of the most cheery innocent natures he had ever encountered. But he lived among a set of admirers who did him no good, and he spent all his income in their company. He was seldom seen in fashionable drawing-rooms however, and maintained, one could see, something of his reporter independence. His theory of life was entirely wrong. He thought men ought to be buttered up and the world made soft and accommodating for them, and all sorts of fellows have turkey for their Christmas dinner. Commanding and controlling and punishing them, he would give up without any misgivings, in order to coax and soothe and delude them into doing right. But it was not in this manner that the eternal laws operated, but quite otherwise. Dickens had not written anything which he had found of much

use in solving the problem of life. But he was worth something; he was worth a penny to read of an evening before going to bed;

Thackeray had more reality in him and would cut up into a dozen Dickenses. They were altogether different at bottom. Dickens was doing the best in him, and went on smiling in perennial good-nature; but Thackeray despised himself for his work, and on that account could not always do it even moderately well. He was essentially a man of grim, silent, stern nature, but lately he had circulated among fashionable people, dining out every day, and he covered this disposition with a varnish of smooth, smiling complacency, not at all pleasant to contemplate.

Dickens' chief faculty was that of a comic actor. He would have made a successful one had he taken to that sort of life. His public readings were in fact acting, and very good acting too. He had a remarkable faculty for business and made good bargains with his booksellers. Set him to do any work, and if he undertook it, it was altogether certain to be done effectually. Thackeray had far more literary ability, but one could not fail to perceive that he had no convictions at all, except that a man ought to be a gentleman and ought not to be a snob. This was about the sum of the belief that was in him. The chief skill he possessed was making wonderful likenesses with pen and ink struck off without premeditation, and which it was found he could not afterwards improve.—*From Conversations with Carlyle, by Sir Gavan Duffy.*

EPHEMERIDES.

JOHN CROWNE.

Who has ever heard of John Crowne? Very few I fear; and still fewer know anything about him. And he deserves to be known, especially by Nova Scotians. John Crowne, the date of whose birth is not definitely known, was a native of Nova Scotia, and son of an Independent minister. Coming to England, he was sometime gentleman usher to an old lady, but afterwards an author by profession. He died in obscurity about 1703. Crowne was patronized by Rochester, in opposition to Dryden, as a dramatic poet. Between 1661 and 1698, he wrote seventeen pieces, two of which—namely the tragedy of "Thyestes," and the comedy of "Sir Courtly Nice"—evinced great talent. The former is, indeed, founded on a repulsive classical story. Atreus invites his banished brother Thyestes to the court of Argos, and there at a banquet sets before him the mangled limbs of his own son, of which the father unconsciously partakes. The return of Thyestes from his retirement, with the fears and misgivings which follow, are vividly described:

EXTRACT FROM THYESTES.

THYESTES, PHILISTHENES, PERNEUS.

Thyestes. O wondrous pleasure to a banished man,
I feel my loved long looked for native soil;
And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day
Had from some mountain travelled towards this place
Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.

O sacred towers sacred in your height,
 Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,
 Whither for sacred pleasures they retire :
 Your lofty looks boast your divine descent ;
 And the proud city which lies at your feet,
 And would give place to nothing but to you,
 Owns her original is short of yours.
 And now a thousand objects ride more fast
 On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs :
 And see, all Argos meets me with loved shouts !
Philisthenes. O joyful sound !
Thy. But with them Atreus too—
Phil. What ails my father that he stops and shakes
 And now retires ?
Thy. Return with me my son,
 And old friend Peneus to the honest beasts,
 And faithful desert, and well-seated cares ;
 Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
 And never seek revenge ; no villainy
 Lies in the prospect of a humble care.
Pen. Talk you of villainy, of foes, and fraud ?
Thy. I talk of Atreus.
Pen. What are these to him !
Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.
Pen. God drive these impious thoughts out of your mind !
Thy. The gods for all our safety put them there.
 Return, return with me.
Pen. Against our oaths !
 I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.
Thy. Here are no gods ; they've left this dire abode.
Pen. True race of Tantalus ! who parent-like
 Are doomed in midst of plenty to be starved,
 His hell and yours differ alone in this :
 When he would catch at joys, they fly from him ;
 When glories catch at you, you fly from them.
Thy. A fit comparison ; our joys and his
 Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

The following selections also contain some fine thoughts :

WISHES FOR OBSCURITY.

How miserable a thing is a great man !
 Take noisy vexing greatness they that please ;
 Give me obscure and safe, and silent ease.
 Acquaintance and commerce let me have none
 With any powerful thing but time alone :
 My rest let time be fearful to offend.
 And creep by me as by a slumbering friend ;
 Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
 As men to sleep after a plenteous meal,
 Oh, wretched he, who called abroad by power,
 To know himself can never find an hour !
 Strange to himself, but to all others known,
 Lends every one his life, but uses none ;
 So, ere he tasted life, to death he goes,
 And himself loses ere himself he knows.

PASSIONS.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights ;
 And by your passions I read all your natures,
 Thou you at other times can keep them dark.

LOVE IN WOMEN.

These are great maxims, sir, it is confessed ;
 Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
 Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds ;
 In ours it fills up all the room it finds.

INCONSTANCY OF THE MULTITUDE.

I'll not such favour to rebellion show,
 To wear a crown the people do bestow ;
 Who, when their giddy violence is past,
 Shall from the king, the adored, revolt at last ;
 And then the throne they gave they shall invade
 And scorn the idle which themselves have made.

WARRIORS.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
 Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds
 Are drumming hard upon this hollow world
 Only to make a sound to last for ages.

We will now present our readers with a very inadequate rendering of that noble Ode, wherein Horace predicts the immortality of his own fame. The Ode is No. 33. Book III.

I've reared a monument outwearing brass,
 O'ertowering those by Cheops built of old ;
 All harmless will unnumbered tempests pass
 Nor shall its fall relentless Time behold.

I shall not all expire ; my nobler part
 Shall ne'er go down to Orcus' shadowy shore,
 But fresher grow, as centuries depart ;
 Till priest and vestal mount Rome's fame no more.

My name shall sound with fierce Anfidius' roar,
 Where parched Appulia rears her rustic race,
 For I was first Ausonian strains to pour
 In perfect measures of Aeolian grace.

Meat then, to claim the prize by merit won ;
 So thou, Melpomene, the laurel bring ;
 And straightway be thy pleasant labor done ;
 To bind the brow of him who lives to sing.

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Business letters should be addressed to H. A. STUART, Secretary-Treasurer. Upon all other matters, address the Editors of the Acadia Athenæum.

The Sanetum.

LAST month we referred to the importance of encouraging excellence in literary composition on the part of the students. By permitting greater latitude in the choice of subjects, and by affording opportunity by which distinction may be won in literary work, much could be done in this direction. But it is in the power of the students themselves to do not a little to invite a keener interest, and more diligent endeavor for excellence, in literary composition. The Athenæum, the Literary Society of the students, has never received the interest on the part of the members which its object deserves. As a school for educating its members in public speaking, debating, and transacting public business, it has been beneficial. As an organization for improvement in literary skill, it has failed. The reason is apparent. The students have not time to prepare elaborate papers together with the essays required in their regular work. When a paper is to be read before the Society, the natural inference is, that it is either an old essay prepared with the sole object of doing duty, or a class assignment and therefore not very inviting; or, if prepared expressly for the occasion, of necessity hastily written and therefore not displaying much literary excellence. The result is, when the reading of an original paper is announced on the evening's programme, little is expected; when little is expected, the tendency of human nature is to make little suffice. It is true that many excellent papers have been read in the Athenæum Society; but the tendency mentioned remains. How can it be obviated?

* * *

WITH the power of choosing those subjects for essays or literary compositions in which each is especially interested, the student could

do much toward encouraging mutual improvement in literary work. Three or four prizes could be offered by the Athenæum Society for the best papers read by members of the different classes, a prize being awarded to the writer of the best essay of each class. The papers should be credited in the terms work of the student. Each being written upon a different subject and, while being prepared for the regular term's work, with a view to being read in public, the most of the papers thus prepared would be well worth an audience of the Athenæum. The difficulty of inducing students to compete for these prizes may be urged against this proposal. This difficulty is easily obviated. The examiner of the term's essays may make a selection of the best contributions of each class, give the names of the writers to the Executive Committee of the Athenæum, and, in estimating the term's work of the writers, add to their marks by giving them credit for the reading of the papers. This would furnish sufficient inducement to the students to compete. If such a course were successfully carried out, a manifold greater interest would be taken in literary work, the Athenæum Society would be much better attended and of far greater benefit to the body of students. The Athenæum is a College Society. The work of its members should be acknowledged by the College. Every paper read before the Athenæum should be credited in the term's work of the student. Attendance at its meetings need not be made compulsory, but if the time and labor which the student spends on its behalf will contribute to his class standing, willingly will he labor for its advancement. Professors and students thus co-operating, a great incitement to universal excellence in literary production would result.

* *

THE cold blasts of winter are with us. Frost is in the air. Snow-capped are the mountains. Ice-bound are the rivers and lakes. The mercury continues to contract with the lengthening days. The opinion indeed seems to be pretty prevalent that winter is with us. In view of these facts, opportune at this season of the year, we have a suggestion to make: Would it not be well to take the tin off the register in the waiting-room? Ugh!!

The Month.

SEMINARY opened January tenth. The number of students boarding in the building remains about the same, but the attendance from the town is larger than ever before. The Roll of Honor for last term shows a list of about thirty who made first class standing. Recent additions to the museum and laboratory will make the work easier, more practical and more profitable. A superior large microscope and several small ones have been

placed in the labatory. Three hundred zoological specimens have been added to the collection in the museum. Since the opening of the new Seminary the library has been crowded into the museum; but, to make room for these new specimens, spacious book-cases are being placed in the Lovitt Hall, which will hereafter serve as library and reading room combined. The work is now nearly completed. Owing to the kindness of Mr. A. P. Shand, of Windsor, the Reception-room is provided with sixteen handsome pieces of furniture. The Alumnæ Society has purchased curtains for Alumnæ Hall. During the holidays the Executive Committee of the Seminary had large radiators put in two of the north rooms, thus adding much to the comfort of their occupants. The E. T. C., out of its funds, has purchased two capacious toboggans. LaGrippe is prevalent in the Seminary as elsewhere. Teachers and pupils have been afflicted. At present, steward, matron, and six of the pupils are receiving medical attendance. No new cases are reported.

* *

On Dec. 8, Professor Tufts lectured in Alumnæ Hall of Acadia Seminary. The subject of his discourse, which was both entertaining and profitable, was "The Submerged Tenth."

Exchanges.

THE January number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* contains a most interesting article entitled Recent Canadian Verse, by Prof. MacMechan. It deals with three volumes of poetry issued during the year 1893, by three of our leading Canadian poets.

Speaking of W. W. Campbell and his *Dread Voyage*, he says: "Alone among Canadian poets he has touched in *The Mother* the note of universal humanity. In tone he is sincerely pessimistic; and pessimism, we are told, is the only religion now possible. The dominant note is struck sharply in the first poem, which gives the book its title. The voyage is, of course, life. The symbolism of such a characteristic verse as this needs no interpreter:

Without knowledge, without warning,
Drive me to no lands of morning;
Far ahead no signals horn,
"Hail of nightward bark,
Hopeless, helpless, weird, outdriven,
Fateless, friendless, dread, unshriven,
For some race-doom, unforgiven
Drive me to the dark."

Other poems have a philosophical tendency, or touch on questions of belief such as "Tama the Wise," "The Were Wolves," "Unabsolved," "Tamà, the dying sage, refuses to make confes-

sion, or listen to the sacred books. His hope is in dreamless death,

Down in the brown earth, under the flowers and grass,
Beneath the boughs of some old spreading oak
Beside the washing of some mighty stream
To sleep forever where the great hills dream;
And let the maddened march of time go by,
While over all broods the eternal sky,
Majestic, restful, as the ages pass.

Of Mr. Bliss Carman he says: "Mr. Carman is first and foremost a musician in words. He sets before us no formally imperfect work. His poems have cadence, fuel, varied, satisfying. They would be agreeable reading if they had no more meaning than the immortal 'Jobberwocky.' They are genuine lyrics; 'musically made' and clinging to the least retentive memory. Their faults are lack of purity, human interest, and at times a teasing obscurity, the besetting sin of all Canadian poets. The tone is pure, contemplative pagan. The thoughts are such as might rise to the brain of a fawn." In discussing Professor Roberts' latest volume, he says: "But the Canadian poet, who has produced most and has attained the widest recognition, is Professor Roberts. The poet is able to extract poetry from such unpromising themes as the pea-fields, the cow-pasture, the potato harvest, when the emptying baskets

'Jar the hush
With hollow thunders.'

and this is the poet's mission; he should be an interpreter."

IN the *McGill Fortnightly* of Jan. 19th, among the endless records and statistics of "Clubs," Societies," &c., we find a curious and interesting article entitled "The Sluggard and the Fig." Underlying the glimpse of Moorish life and the dreamy, enervating country which this pleasing story gives us is the portrayal of a moral weakness, which is perhaps more prevalent to-day than ever before in the history of the world. The story seems at first thought to be directed against laziness. But this is not its purpose. Who can interpret its true meaning?

AMONG the number of truly literary articles in the January number of the *McMaster University Monthly*, is one on "Lights and Shades of Student Life," which must find an answer, too deep for words, in the heart of every young man who is striving through his college days to prepare himself for life's struggle. Here is the opening paragraph:

"What is there about our life as students, that makes older people whose school-days are long past, shake their heads sorrowfully at us and say, 'Ah, these are your happiest days,—enjoy them while you may—life never is so bright again,'—and we whose hopes lead us to expect an ever brightening rather than an ever darkening path, and whose worries and anxieties of to-day seem quite enough to bear, wonder what they mean.

But human beings are so constituted as never fully to appreciate a pleasant situation, till they find themselves in a disagreeable one, and then they look back with longing and regret. And after all a student does live in a world of his own, apart from the hurry for gain and the struggle for existence that occupies the rest of mankind. He lives in a world of earnest thought, he moves in a kind of wonder-land of ideas, to which every master mind through ages has added something. Its atmosphere is broadening and uplifting; he can almost feel the expanding of his powers; every breath in this realm is an inspiration. He is dazed at the multitude of possibilities that open up around him. at the vast field for speculation and discovery, and at his own limited capacities in the face of all this vastness."

Further on he says: "It is a peculiar bond that binds college mates—so strong and so enduring. The reason for it must be that we are all searching for truth together. We have not lost that confidence in humanity in general that most of us possess at first—and so we are more ready to believe in people and overlook their failings."

De Alumnis.

J. H. McDONALD, '91, is assistant pastor at Amherst.

CHAS. M. WOODWORTH, '90, practices law in the far West, at Edmonton.

E. E. DALEY, '92, is preaching in Berwick, N. S., where he is highly esteemed.

KATE R. HALL, '91, since her return from Bermuda, has been teaching in Bathurst, N. B.

S. W. CUMMINGS, '85, is candidate for the Local Legislature for Colchester County.

VERNON F. MASTERS, '86, has a professorship in the State University Bloomington, Indiana.

MISS ADELLA G. JACKSON, is instructor in Science and Mathematics in Acadia Seminary.

H. H. WICKWIRE, '88, prosecuting attorney, has an excellent practice at Shelburne, N. S.

WALTER W. CEFMAN, '90, has returned to Edinburgh to continue the study of medicine.

JOHN MOSER, '48, still wields the ferule at Canaan, N. B. He attended the last session of the Summer School of Science, Sackville.

CHAS. H. MILLER, '87, is in Roxbury, Mass., where he has an extensive practice in medicine.

A. C. KEMPTON, '91, is still studying at Rochester, N. Y. He has completed the work assigned for the degree of M. A. at Acadia.

ISAAC CRAMBIE, '92, is principal of the High School at Hantsport.

H. G. ESTABROOK, '91, is at present in charge of the Baptist Church in Andover, N. B.

L. B. CROSBY, '91, is studying law in Halifax. This is his third year at Dalhousie.

E. E. GATES, '91, was married recently at Keene, N. H. He is pastor of the Baptist Church of Warner, N. H.

H. T. KNAPP, '91, R. L. MORSE, '91, and J. L. CHURCHILL, '92, are studying medicine at McGill University.

REV. J. W. LITCH, '91, lately ordained, was married recently at Emerson, Manitoba. Rev. H. H. Hall, '86, performed the ceremony.

C. D. HIGGINS, '91, has removed from Quebec to take a position in a bank in Astoria, Oregon.

J. L. MASTERS, '91, is continuing his studies at the State University, Bloomington, Indiana. He is taking the course in Geology and Mineralogy.

REV. W. J. RUTLEDGE, formerly of '94, intended to resume his studies at Acadia after Christmas vacation, but has accepted an urgent call to a field in Lunenburg County.

GEO. D. BLACKADAR, '91, is principal, *pro tem.*, of the Hebron (Yar. Co.) School. Last Autumn he accepted a position as teacher in New York State, but on the journey thither he became ill, and was compelled to return home. His health is now very poor.

AMONGST Acadia's graduates who visited the World's Fair were the following: James S. Morse, (Wolfville), '46; J. Parsons, (Halifax), '67; John W. Wallace, (Wolfville), '68; I. B. Oakes, '71; J. F. Herbin, '90; E. A. Read, '91; M. S. Read, '91; C. E. Seaman, '92; W. L. Archibald, '92; A. F. Newcomb, '92; M. H. MacLean, '92; C. T. Jones, '93; Mildred MacLean, '93; Annie M. MacLean, '93.

Gallis Campusque.

PROFESSOR: "Give the symbols of Ferrous Sulphate."

Soph.: "'XCVII."

PROFESSOR: "What will be produced when sulphur is ignited?"

Student: "A light Sir."

THE centre of attraction for Stew seems to be at St. John. It is reported that he missed the train on this account. A pleasing miss, wasn't it?

WHY does a certain Junior wear '95 on his tie, to the reception? Because he is afraid the Sems will not be able to distinguish him from '97 or '98.

PARVUS has returned and still greets us with his smiling countenance. He has reasons indeed to smile, especially as he takes his afternoon walk from three to four.

FROG-RACES seemed to be the rage, while the students were returning. Two, worthy of notice, took place. In the first, Mac. won and carried off his prize, but, in the second, Balcom was overtaken. The pace set by those ahead was too slow.

1st FRESHIE : " Say, what's our class motto ? "

2nd Freshie : " ' Finis coronat opus. ' "

1st Freshie : " Well, what is that ? "

2nd Freshie : " Why, don't you know ? It means, ' The coroner finishes the job. ' "

LOCKHART, (to man with two-headed calf) : " You had better take me over to the Sem. with you. "

Junior : " Don't take him. "

Man with calf : " Why ? "

Junior : " One calf is enough. "

IN one special line, one senior surpasses,
In attention to ladies as well as in classes ;
For at noon, he is seen, with a satisfied look,
To walk by her side and carry her book.

This is kindness unknown, or a bold innovation,
And at first it was noticed with some consternation ;
But since it is followed with gallant attention.
We conclude it is right, or with Forg., lacks prevention.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A copper cent, 1887, on the evening of Jan. 17th at the reception given by the Fruit Growers' Association in College Hall. It was last seen doing duty in a jolly game of " Jenkins-Up " indulged in by three young ladies from the Sem. and three gentlemen, one of the latter being a very sedate Senior. Any information relating to the cent, as well as to the game, would be gladly received.

HUNDREDS have entered " Acadia " but it remains for '97 to include among its members a youth more egotistical than any one who had ever before entered this college. It is wonderful how this institution had existed previously without his presence. By some mistake he was placed on several committees. This so exalted him in his own estimation that the following became his favorite : " I have taken the College by storm. " This term he is only found on one committee. Doubtless the mistake will be rectified.

IN missionary meeting Old Nick did appear,
He placed his high hat on a chair in the rear.
That evening he sang with unusual delight,
His lady was there ; 'twas a favorable night.

And during that meeting he often did look,
With an interested eye, from the leaf of his book ;
And sigh for the time when the service should close,
That he might accompany the lady he chose.

But alas for the plans of unfortunate men !
When he went to the rear for his hat once again
It was gone ; oh how he did swear !
For when it was found, the girl was not there.

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