

M. P. J.

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE NOVA SCOTIA

Prodesse Quam Conspici.

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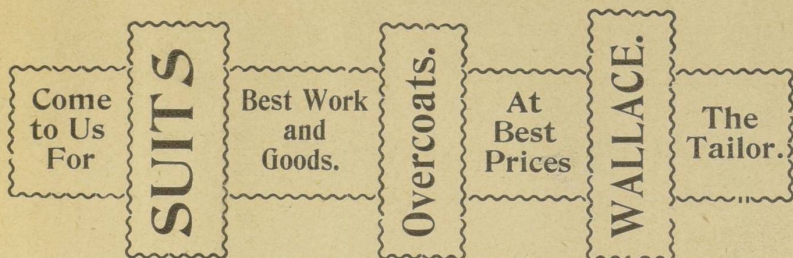
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MAY 1900.

NO. 7.

The Limit of a Virtue. There can hardly be found any excuse for the treatment accorded the instructor and students of the School of Horticulture the evening of their closing exercises. That it was planned can scarcely be doubted, and that it was a distinct insult to Prof. Sears, whether or not so intended, no one who carefully considers the affair can question. Very truly the plans did not involve great destruction of brain cells, nor did their execution ask for superior bravery and presence of mind. A pretty mean kind of thing can throw beans so as to cause annoyance and confusion to one who for the first time is coming before the public. In a word, observers whose judgment is sound do not pronounce the interruptions of that evening a first-class exhibition even of mediocrity, some affirming that the lack of common-sense was in a few cases more assumed than real.

It was however, an insult to one from whom as well as from the school with which he is connected *Acadia* has had nothing but kindness. For seven years the School of Horticulture has afforded students of these institutions an excellent course in botany, a study which if pursued at all in the College must of necessity be attended by the same limitations as, or even greater than, prevail in other science departments. Professor^s Sears, since his incumbency, has

grown steadily in the favor not only of this community and town but also of the Maritime Provinces wherever his duties have called him. It was simply pitiful in its ingratitude and lack of courtesy, the treatment again accorded him and his graduating class.

For this is not the first time that he has been annoyed on similar occasions. Whether again a college student has any part in so unseemly a performance rests in large measure with the Faculty. No one thinks that all the college students were implicated, just as no one thinks that all implicated were college boys. It is however, said that *some* collegians were so far forgetful of themselves and their home-training as to descend for a little to the level of the hoodlum. If their thoughtlessness is condoned as like thoughtlessness has been on previous occasions, Professor Sears and his succeeding classes may expect a repetition of interruptions and annoyances until he seek some place where just treatment will be accorded him. If on the other hand, for the excellent lectures on ethical principles which follow any outbreak in our community life, there be substituted so practical an application of justice as shall suggest that the punitive furnishing does consist in mere words, not only will Professor Sears in future receive from all members of the school, the respectful consideration he so well deserves, but the governing body of the school will also meet with heartier co-operation from the students in their efforts to secure the highest development of all. Truly the limit of a virtue has been reached.

Y. M. C. A. The appointment of new officers and committee in connection with the College Y. M. C. A. calls attention once more to the organization in its relation to the life of the school. It maybe is less frequently in the public eye than either the literary society or the athletic association, but is not to be considered as less important than they. On the contrary, he who affirms that the first named organization is of greater value than any other in the molding of the student life need not fear that his position is untenable. One loses much who, when ebigible, fails to connect himself vitally and influentially with both "Athenæum Society" and "Athletic Association." He loses supremely who is not from first to last of his stay here an interested member of the Young Men's Christian Association of the College.

A first value to the student is in the supreme importance of the Society's aim, This is, as the name implies, simply to help all in any way connected to an increasingly intimate knowledge of the Christ, the Man of Nazareth. Its simple purpose, and yet this being done in any case the whole life is being glorified thereby, and every achievement takes on added meaning and value. To-day after nineteen hundred have passed men turn to Jesus as the teacher of the sanest and purest principles of life that the world has ever heard. And if through the centuries this wondrous character has ever kept in ad-

vance of the highest attainment, so that in every age the noblest men have found in his words the accurate expression of their ideals we may well pay reverent heed to what he teaches concerning an existence beyond this life. Acquaintance with both teacher and teachings the Y. M. C. A. seeks to secure through the various departments of service under its direction.

Again the society has an important influence upon the life here because of the men who are its leaders and promoters, especially its Presidents. It must be that the special providence that from the first has watched about the way of these schools has guided the selection of the men who each year have directed the work of the organization. They have been without exception men in whom the student body has reposed implicit confidence, in whom all have found true helpfulness and sympathy. He who during this year has served as President is no exception to the good rule, and the "Athenæum" but expresses a universal sentiment when it records its appreciation of Mr. Glendenning's worth both in his official capacity and also as man and student.

Whether or not the rather disparaging criticism implied in the opening words of the article by the Honorable Attorney-General of this Province is deserved, must be left to the judgment of the readers of the Athenæum. It may however not be out of place to affirm that whatever has been displayed of yearning for cheap sensationism has been inadvertent, and been seen wholly in the editorial department, never in the contributed articles. Further it is only fair to note that so far were the editors from any wish to publish a "florid discription" of any kind when they applied to Mr. Longley for an article that, had the companion piece of that unique production entitled "Is it Murder" been handed them, even at the expense of offending an old friend of the school they would have refused it. The Athenæum with its best judgment will guard against sensationalism as well as its foster-sister hypocrisy and even if tempted to err in these matters would be roundly checked by its constituency which warmly approves the motto, *Prodesse quam Conspici*.

In the January issue of this paper the middle member of Dr. Crawley's name was written "Albion." The name should have appeared "Albern" as Dr. Saunders wrote it in the manuscript he forwarded the printer. But the latter with that proclivity to making mistakes that is notoriously a characteristic of those in his profession, not only adopted a new spelling in the first proof but also continued it through the second and into the paper as it finally went from his hands, in spite of the especial pains taken by the writer of the article to ensure correction.

President Eliot and Harvard.

“It is difficult for those who know Harvard only in its present condition to estimate the work President Eliot has done for it. One has to go back to 1869, when the college was looking about for a candidate to fill the vacancy left by President Hill’s resignation, to get the full measure of his services. There were two traditions about the presidency which were still strong in Cambridge at that period: one was that the president of Harvard College should be either a clergyman or a man of a clerical turn of mind. The other was that he should be an elderly person. It was not without difficulty, and much searching of the heart, that these were both set aside in President Eliot’s favor. Not only was he not a clergyman but he was a man of the modern scientific school, and he was not yet forty years old. He took his place when the old régime in American colleges had clearly reached its last limits. The war was over, the wealth and the scientific and literary curiosity of the country, and especially of the youth of the country, had increased by leaps and bounds. It was becoming quite clear that a curriculum and methods of instruction designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, not only ‘to advance learning,’ but to guard the churches from an ‘illiterate ministry,’ was unfit for the latter half of the nineteenth; but who was to make the change? Who was to modernize and secularize the college—to convert it, in short, into a university? . . .

“When Mr. Eliot took hold of it, he had nearly everything to change—the modes of instruction, the kind of instructors, the nature of curriculum, besides greatly increasing the ground covered by his faculty, and to do all this he had to raise immense sums of money. He had to encounter, too, the bitter prejudices of a very conservative community, to whom the ancient ways were a sacred inheritance, and especially the prejudices of fathers who could not see what was good enough for them was not good enough for their sons. And he was not a man of winning ways; he did not find it easy to put attractive drapery around his plans. In an unusual degree ‘his armor was his honest thought.’ Everything he conceived or proposed had to win on its merits, and to win under criticism of varying kinds and from different quarters, but win it did . . . Harvard has been converted from a sort of high school devoted largely to preparing men for the ministry into a modern university in which almost everything teachable is taught, and in which the real student is allowed to pick and choose among the now

so numerous sources of human knowledge. The proof of President Eliot's success is to be found in the fact that his example has been followed by other colleges—in some closely, in others at a greater distance. Yale, Columbia and Princeton have all been reorganized in a greater or less degree on the lines he laid down at Harvard. The suggestion of John Hopkins régime undoubtedly came, in part at least, from Harvard, and the great institution which is springing up in Chicago will owe its character and aims not a little to the success of the Cambridge experiment. In fact, no history of American university education will ever be written in which Mr. Eliot will not figure as its real founder, as the man to whom it owed its renaissance after two centuries of mediæval bondage." [E. L. Godkin.]

Four Weeks off Cape Horn.

The old Boston ship *Landseer*, 1450 tons registered, left Philadelphia on June 3rd, 1892, bound around Cape Horn to Portland, Oregon. The captain, a Connecticut Yankee, was accompanied by his wife and two children. The ship's company was composed of two mates, a steward, cook, carpenter, and fifteen seamen, twenty-four souls all told. The steward was an East Indian, and the cook a Japanese, each of whom possessed just enough knowledge of English to misunderstand the other, from which conditions arose no little unpleasantness during the voyage. The mates were Americans, as were also a majority of the crew, the remainder being English, and Dutch, which latter term at sea includes all North Europeans. An unusually long passage of nearly three months, through the fresh Nor' Westers, and balmy trade winds of the North Atlantic; through the Horse latitudes, or Doldrums, the belt of calm at the equator; and through the Southeast trades and Pamperos of the South Atlantic, brought the *Landseer* of the vicinity of the stormy Cape. Passing southward between the Falkland Islands and the mainland of South America in order to keep as well to the westward as possible, on the afternoon of the first day of September, the ship was found abreast of Staten Land, a small island lying just east of Cape Horn. For days and weeks past, preparations for bad weather had been going on. The old patched sails which had sufficed for ordinary weather were unbent, and strong new sails sent up. All the rigging had been carefully set up, and running gear thoroughly overhauled. New buntlines, clewlines, and halliards had been rove, so that the *Landseer* seemed almost a different ship.

And it was well that this was so. Already while a few leagues north of the Horn, a fierce snow storm had borne down upon her with its howling premonitions of what was to come. And before the next four weeks were over, even the best of her new gear was to be subjected to conditions that would put the old ship's sea-worthiness to the test. No sooner had she passed beyond the lee of Staten Island and hauled up to the Westerly wind that was blowing half a gale, than the battle royal had begun. As the afternoon of September first wore to a close the streaky appearance of the cloud-darkened sky gave promise of plenty of wind before long, and before darkness set in the ship was relieved of her top-gallant sails, and all was made snug for the night. All night the wind blew strong and fresh, but it was not regarded as a serious storm, so the Landseer kept beating away and working to windward, and on the third day of September sighted the Diego Ramirez, a group of islands some sixty miles West of Cape Horn.

But now the wind grew stronger. The sky assumed a dull leaden appearance, and huge masses of scud came drifting up from the West. The low moaning of the rigging, and the storm petrels scimming the waves, were ominous of coming fury. The upper topsails had now to be taken in, and the flying jib was secured. As the gale grew wilder, the wretchedness of the situation was increased by the rain and sleet which came driving past in an almost horizontal direction; while the darkness of the long antarctic night which was now coming on, lent additional gloom. The worst, however, was not yet. The rising gale piled up the waves before it. Huge green seas with foaming caps madly rushed and trampled on one another in their seeming eagerness to engulf the ship. Any progress was impossible. For a while she lay to under lower topsails, straining and groaning as she plunged into the billows. But she still had too much canvas. At eight o'clock in the evening the word was passed, "All hands on deck to shorten sail," "Goosewing the lower topsails," and a further attempt was made to ease the ship. To goosewing a topsail, the weather clew of the sail is hauled up, and as much of the sail as possible is furled, while the lee clew remains sheeted home. By this means very little sail is left exposed, though there still remains enough to keep the ship close to the wind. This task was accomplished with great difficulty and no little danger. When the ship rolled down, her rails were filled with water, so that it required the utmost caution in passing fore and aft; lest one should be caught in the floods which washed about amidships. This fate befell the writer. Slipping on the watery deck a violent lurch threw him to the rail which was about to go under, and he had only time to grasp a near-by rope, when he was buried in the deluge of water that poured over. It was only for minute, as the ship soon righted, yet had it not been for close-fitting oil-clothes, a very serious wetting would

have been the result, especially serious because of the fact that there was no place on board where clothes could be dried.

Still the gale grew worse, until it seemed almost a hurricane. Day after day went by with no sign of a break in the storm. The rain and sleet, with occasional scurries of snow, fell almost incessantly. And even without the supply from the clouds, the air was filled with flying spray. As the ship, hove to, was struck on the luff of the bow by the charging billows, the water was dashed into the air to a fearful height. What seemed to be a solid wall of water, could frequently be seen over the fore-topsail yard by one standing on the quarter-deck. When the storm was over the rigging was found coated with salt to the very trucks.

But it was not over yet. The fury of the gale, and the tempestuous sea made it imperative that something more should be done to protect the ship from the great combers which were now sweeping her decks with increasing frequency. The efficacy of oil upon the troubled waters was tested. Large canvas bags were filled with oakum soaked with wave-oil, which was carried for the purpose. These were attached to lines and thrown overboard at different points. The oil as it leaked out, and spread over the water in the vicinity of the ship, proved wonderfully effective. For the distance of about a rod from the ship the water became smooth, and for a while no more combers came aboard. Of course the oil had no effect upon the huge fundamental waves, so the ship still pitched and rolled as before. There was as yet no let up to the gale. Indeed, the wind now began to work more into the Southwest, and to gather fresh energy for a final onslaught. For two full weeks it had been blowing from the West, and now with a change of but a few degrees it was heaping up the seas like stupendous mountains. The scene from the deck was appalling. The seas capped by white combers tossed the Landseer about like a cork. All nature seemed to be at war. Not a ship was in sight. The hope of speedy deliverance from the Cape, that had upheld everyone hitherto, was now gone. The days, divided as they were into watches of four hours each, seemed like weeks; the watches were like days. The time on deck was usually passed in shivering and wistful watchful for some signs of an abatement of the gale. For nothing could be done, but occasionally to wear ship and hope for better weather. The time below was spent in sleep when it could be obtained in spite of the discomforts of cold, wet clothing, the men being required to sleep in their clothing in order to respond to a call on deck at a moment's notice.

Conditions were becoming serious, indeed. It was discovered that the ship was leaking. The pumps amidships were kept going without apparent avail. The men at the pumps, too, were in great danger of being washed overboard by the seas that again began to sweep across the waist in spite of the oil. But just at this point the

gale had reached its height, and now began quickly to subside. A few hours pumping when the great stress of the gale had been relieved, freed the ship of water, and the hope once more revived that the scene of so much misery and anxiety would soon be left behind; which hope, however, was doomed to disappointment, as there remained two weeks more of battling with wind and waves before the Cape was cleared.

The lull, which lasted but a day, afforded an opportunity for making much needed repairs to the ship's hull and rigging. It also brings the narrative to a convenient point at which to speak of some phases of the Cape experience not so closely connected with the storm itself. The most important of these, at least to those on board, was the fact that the Landseer was short of provisions. In anticipation of a five months' passage, barely enough stores were laid in for that period. So, when it became evident that the destination could not be reached in less than six months, the allowance was cut down. Off the Horn the morning meal consisted of a piece of bread about the size of one's hand, and a smaller piece of beef. Sunday was a special day. Of course a Boston ship had beans on Sunday morning. How slowly the days dragged from Sunday to Sunday! and then what a feast when the beans came in, and each man got about nine beans for his share! A dessert spoon could easily contain one man's portion. For dinner, the chief food was often the water in which canned peas had been warmed over, with occasionally a shell or two, by which the mess could be identified. In this half-fed condition the crew proved easy victims to the scurvy, which, before a port was reached, broke out among them.

One Sunday morning a commotion was discovered in the galley. The coolie steward and the Jap were in a row. The often threatened war between the two had at last broken out. The cook did not like the pompous airs of the steward, while the latter thought the former much lacking in deference to his superior. They started with a war of words, such as they had had on many previous occasions, but the inability of either to express the maledictions he desired to heap upon the other, led to blows. The English curses and oaths that each had learned and mixed up with his own appropriate phrases, were too diabolical for narration even if it were possible for one correctly to report the curious and weird twists of language, emphasized by gestures the most savage. But this was too tame warfare. It did not make the opponent feel badly, as he could not understand it. The steward flew to the carpenter shop, and seizing a small hammer, returned with it secreted behind his leg. Entering the galley he rushed at the cook, and with a blow of the hammer on the face, knocked him down to the deck. For a minute the cook was stunned,

but he soon recovered and made a rush for the other, who thought it about time to depart, and started aft, with the cook in full pursuit. As the steward reached the steps leading to the quarter-deck, the cook caught him, and having no weapon with which to take revenge, he did the next best thing, and fastened upon him with his teeth, holding him thus until the two were separated by the others who had gathered.

When the weather was not at the worst, some little diversion was afforded in fishing for Cape pigeons and albatross. Ordinary fish-hooks baited with small pieces of pork were cast to the birds when they came near the ship in search of food. One day the ship was visited by another bird, which proved to be a domesticated pigeon. It was thought to have been blown from some other ship, as deep-water ships often carry these birds.

Space forbids more than mere mention of other enlivening incidents of the stay at the Horn: the quarrel between the two mates one night while wearing ship. While the ship ran wild, with yards and braces flying, and the captain raged on the quarter half drunk, swearing that he could whip the whole ship's company, these two men harangued each other with pet names, and nearly came to blows the rare occasions when the captain in a generous mood would summon the men to "lay aft," and "splice the main brace," in other words to get some grog: the excitement connected with the rescue of a man who had fallen overboard from the main or cro'jack yard. All these might be enlarged upon with interest. But we must hurry to a close.

The lull in the storm was soon over, and again the West wind began to blow. In Cape Horn latitudes the wind is nearly always West. Vessels have often been delayed as long as was the Landseer on this trip, and sometimes two or three weeks longer. The gale which now came on again, continued for a week or more, but never became so violent as in the preceding weeks, nor was it attended with the rain and sleet which in those days had been the source of so much misery. Once in a while the sun was seen, creeping along not far from the northern horizon, or a stray homeward bound ship running before the gale would heave in sight. And the Landseer's crew began once more to have confidence that they were still in the world.

At last the wind changed. It began to work more to the North, then Easterly, and so on until it went all around the compass, doing this in about twenty-four hours. Not a very long while, but sufficient to give the ship a good start to the West. On the twenty-sixth day of September the Diego Ramirez were again sighted, and left astern. But the wind was West again and still the ship could hardly be said to be clear of the Horn. A few days more, however, brought another change, and again the wind worked around in the same manner and time as before. This time the Landseer got far

enough West to enable her to shape her course for the North. The line was crossed on the fourth of October, and on the fifteenth of December the Columbia River bar was safely passed, and the voyage of six months and a half was over.

J. A. G.
'00.

A True Ideal of Life.

The editors of the ATHENÆUM have asked me for a contribution. I know what they would like, and what they will expect—something that would tickle the popular fancy and evoke the current interest of the masses ; a gushing homily on Canada's part in the South African war ; a florid description of enthusiastic scenes at the departure of contingents ; a dream of all-powerful British Imperialism in which Canada and all others are part and parcel, or even an unfolding of some political move which was likely to awaken the fervor of party conflict.

Of these things you shall not have a word from me. I don't consider them worth thinking about, still less worth writing about. They represent nothing but the product of materialism, the outgrowth of human selfishness and pride. That every person, even what we call the model people of the world, should find nothing else to do in this year of 1900 than to hula-baloo over the shedding of blood and all the miseries of war, not alone the physical miseries but the spiritual degradation of the impulses of hate, bitterness and selfishness which war inevitably involves, is an awful reflection upon the age.

Let me ask the interest of your readers for a moment or two upon a matter which will be deemed of infinitely less importance and yet, if properly reflected upon, is of inconceivably greater moment—a true ideal of life. With a true ideal of life, no person would glorify war. With a true ideal of life, no one would ever suffer from the yearnings of an ignoble ambition.

Acadia University is a denominational one and under religious auspices. Prayers are said night and morning ; Professors are selected from men of the highest religious character ; in the midst of the Athenæum debates and literary ventures, time is found for prayer and missionary meetings. No one would venture the remark that Acadia was behind the standard in ideals. Its friends would claim that it was in the very front rank.

Yet, look the problem straight in the eyes. Nearly every student has dreams of a worldly career, in which creditably fulfilling the highest ideals of life is not the regnant thought. He may deceive himself, think it is, but it is not. There are students who are proposing to adopt law for a profession. The yearning desire is

to have a lucrative practice and obtain a Chief-justiceship. A considerable number are thinking of the Christian ministry. Do thoughts of a wealthy church, a reputation for eloquence and pulpit power, recognition of eminence by universities, their own and others, by the coveted letters "D. D.," presidencies of colleges and other distinguished positions among their fellow men, ever obtrude? Do they not constitute food for perpetual thought, dream and desire?

Well, you say, what is the harm? Is it wicked to look forward to high position in the world, to achieve success and become great and distinguished among one's fellows? No, it is not positively wrong and wicked, but it is not the ideal, not the highest.

With all the world against me, with the united force of the thoughtless multitudes that shout themselves hoarse in their hula-baloos in the glorification of degrading war, with the pronouncement of all Popes, Cardinals, Archbishops and church assemblies of the world united to deny it, I still will venture alone to proclaim, against the authority of all these, that the true ideal of life is to serve others and not to secure one's own advancement, and that the few great men whose careers have illumined mankind and lifted it up to higher plains have been men who have been careless as to whether they have achieved great things in the world for themselves so long as they achieved great things for the world itself.

Personal ambition of every kind is ignoble, miserable, unworthy. To dream of the high positions which we shall achieve in the world is but a travesty on any true ideals of life. To be great is a very different thing from being recognized as great by multitudes of people. A man may be great and hold no office and not possess a dollar of money, and a man may hold the highest office in the kingdom and revel in riches, and be infinitely little and miserable.

Jesus Christ conceived the true ideal of life and taught it simply, plainly. Not a grain of self can be found in any recorded utterance of His. For nineteen hundred years we have been building churches to worship Him, and we have been sending abroad into the world men who have proposed to consecrate their lives to the propagation of His ideals. The progress made in these nineteen hundred years is paltry and contemptible to the last degree. We are still a race of selfish, struggling beings, every one wanting to gain the first place, every one thinking of self first in the main purposes of life and of others afterwards. All that redeem life is the casual unselfishness which creeps into our relationships with our fellow beings, in the family and elsewhere, from time to time. But the world will never make true progress toward its ideal until this abominable craving for personal glory, for wealth, fame, comfort and all other things of a purely personal character, has been trampled underfoot and men come to realize as a solid reality that the true and only way to become great is to forget self and live for others.

J. W. LONGLEY

Don't let the Song go Out of Your Life.

(Boston Transcript.)

Don't let the song go out of your life ;
 Though it chance sometimes to flow
 In a minor strain, it will blend again
 With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies,
 And hide for a time the sun ;
 They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift,
 If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life ;
 Though your voice may have lost its trill,
 Though the tremulous note should die in the throat,
 Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain,
 And never a cup of rue
 So bitter to sup but what in the cup,
 Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life ;
 Ah ! it never would need to go,
 If with thought more true, and a broader view,
 We looked at this life below.

Oh, why should we moan that life's springtime has flown,
 Or sigh for the fair summer time ?
 The autumn hath days filled with pæans of praise,
 And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life,
 Let it ring in the soul while here,
 And when you go hence, it shall follow you thence,
 And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond,
 Sweet songs of your life have flown,
 For if ever you knew a song that was true,
 Its music is still your own.

KATE R. STILES.

The Woes of a College Girl.

“Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heav'n ”

Early in life I gave signs of those peculiar marks of genius, which not only excited the profoundest admiration among my relatives and friends but were also destined at some future date to send me to the co-educational college of Acadia.

My early youth was spent during the stirring times in which the appeals for the higher education of women were strongly agitated. My parents were deeply interested and, for the most part, highly approved of this movement. After weighty deliberation worthy of the subject it was thought best by them, as an experiment to send me to college and in that way be better able to pass judgment upon this important question. Accordingly the family physician was consulted to ascertain whether I was adapted physically to stand the mental strain, the wisdom of the minister sought as regards my spiritual condition, and lastly though naturally first the village pedagogue concerning my mental aptitude. All were agreed as to the advisability of the undertaking. Minor questions then came up for consideration, which college should I attend? Should it be a college for women only or co-educational? At this stage, my opinion was consulted in order to learn my wishes concerning the matter. When asked, I quietly replied that it mattered little to me, provided that, it was co-educational. Yet with such emphasis was this latter statement added that a co-educational college was immediately decided upon and the matter was never after alluded to.

As it would be exceedingly wearisome to enter into the details it is sufficient to say that Acadia was finally agreed upon as a college best fulfilling the requirements. It was also resolved that I should take up my residence in the seminary. This important conclusion was only arrived at by consultation with the aforesaid minister, who had at some previous time been a student at Acadia. It is needless to say that no doubt existed in his mind as to the advantage of life in the Seminary over that of the town. In short he was strangely excited over the subject on which he discoursed so learnedly and with such accuracy concerning the details of the refining and enchanting effects of seminary life that all the previous doubts of my parents were scattered, as it were to the four corners of the universe and it was then and there decreed that I should reside in the Seminary,—such were the arguments of the minister. With many misgivings I bade farewell to my parents and set out for the unknown. Nothing need be said of my journey thither nor of the bustle and hubbub of my first day in the Seminary. No doubt my experiences were similar to those of any other girl who arrives there for the first time. My first night was spent in meditation upon the important subject of deportment. I felt I was no longer an ordinary mortal and that my usual

manner of conducting myself would be impossible. Of course I was nothing but an unsophisticated freshette, yet we all know that to a freshette although nothing would tempt her to acknowledge it, there are but two superior classes of beings, her class—herself included,—and the professors. I felt that a grave preoccupied air mingled with that of profound knowledge would be most suitable, and so well did I succeed in the imitation of my ideal that I am fully persuaded if my careful parents could have seen my first appearance in chapel they would never have recognized their child. I was very much interested in the first chapel service. I felt as I looked at the long line of august professors that they had need of me and I at once determined to do my utmost for them.

Among the college girls in the seminary my composed and mystical demeanor worked like a charm, and drew a host of admiring followers to my side. My opinion was respected and diligently sought. Even the seminary teacher who had charge of our corridor on one occasion asked me whether I objected to a violin room on one side, that of an elocution on the other, a piano room above and the temperature at 100 degrees. I was so pleased at this deference shown me by one so high in authority that I replied I thought it most charming, which reply I have no doubt raised me in her estimation. But retribution was at hand. One day I was quietly working in my room when the most agonizing cry of Fire! Fire! filled the air. I forgot my dignified composure and rushed out into the arms of the aforementioned teacher who was tranquilly crossing the corridor. "Oh," I gasped, "the building is on fire! Don't you hear those dreadful shrieks?" She gazed at me in wonder for a moment, and then replied, "I scarcely expected such panic from so self-contained a young lady. Those cries which you hear come from the elocution room next to yours." I was cut to the heart. I was deeply humiliated. I felt I had lowered myself in the estimation of the world which was more bitter to me than wormwood. I resolved never again to behave in so unbecoming a manner until I smelt the smoke and saw the flames. After this I never allowed myself to be disturbed by any of the strange noises which proceeded from that dreadful room. But one night, a month or so after this escapade, I say night because it was dark although it was about half-past six in the morning, I was awakened by the stifled whisper of "I'm mad! I'm mad!" I was paralyzed. My hair stood up straight two inches from the top of my head, and when I say two inches I know that I am speaking the truth, for as soon as I had sufficiently recovered I measured the distance with a tape measure. For two months my nerves had been in a state of unstable equilibrium and this latest shock together with the heat, for the temperature was being slowly yet steadily raised, seemed to permanently disorganize them. In a few weeks I went home for the Xmas holidays, a wreck of my former self. My parents were thrown into the wildest constern-

ation at sight of my altered visage. As soon as I was sufficiently recuperated I related to them the story of my woes, the pathos of which moved them to tears. They vowed I should never again enter that seminary, and immediately set out for Wolfville to find a suitable boarding-place in the town, in case my health would permit me to return. They, after encountering colossal difficulties, succeeded in obtaining for me what they considered a very good place, and at this I took up my abode at the end of the holidays.

Here new difficulties were met. I no longer had heat, and music, both vocal and instrumental to contend with, but those which nature had imposed, namely, snow, slush and mud. I also missed the sweet companionship of my co-laborers, and the delightful atmosphere of the seminary which had so charmed the minister. At this place the remainder of the winter was spent, and as I now look back upon it I have only a confused remembrance of tiresome wanderings to classes at all hours of the day, to Propylæum, and Y. W. C. A. Toward spring the mud, which was of a very excellent quality, seemed to take on a new lease of life, and one day I made myself late for class—a very unusual thing—by pausing to analyze the composition of this compound, some of which had miraculously clung to my rubbers. I had by this time become very expert in chemistry and my analysis was highly successful and confirmed the theory which I already maintained that the mud of Wolfville was superior to that of any in the well-known world. Since then, study upon the effects of matter on mind has suggested the question to me whether or not the high quality of this silicious substance has not contributed in a large degree to the number of ACADIA'S great men, who, it is said, are made of different clay from common mortals.

My experience that winter coincided for the most part with those of the other girls in my class. Accordingly, in the latter part of the year, meetings were held to discuss our forlorn condition. Our chief grievance was the lack of attention shown us by the controlling powers of the institution. The Sems. were treated as if creatures from another sphere. All consideration was shown them. They had a beautiful building in which to live, we had nothing. Of course we were permitted as a great favour to board there, but for the most part under seminary laws altogether unsuited to college girls. They had a library, chapel and reception rooms in which to hold club meetings. For gatherings of this sort, we flocked from the ends of the earth and in a body ransacked the class-rooms to find one in which the temperature was above the freezing point. They had special seats reserved for them at concerts and recitals. We sat here and there and everywhere thankful indeed to find any secluded spot, after being jostled about by the thoughtless throng. To the Athletic members of the class, the fact that we had no tennis court was a serious grievance. The Sems. had a court, but, on it, we were forbidden to play.

We were also excluded, by time honored custom, from playing on the courts belonging to the A. A. A. A. Our lives were indeed miserable. A committee was appointed with unlimited power to consider the matter and take such measures as might be deemed advisable with a view to submitting the matter to the Board of Governors at their meeting in the autumn of the next college year. Having taken so active a part in the matter, I was not surprised to find myself a member of the committee. Many meetings were held in which strangely unique theories were advanced for the bettering of our condition. No doubt some course of action would have been arranged had not preparation for Exams. driven such things from our minds.

At the end of the college year I went home. My parents were very much pleased with my improved condition and the debate as regards the advantages of the higher education for women decided in the affirmative. As this was their real motive in sending me to college they considered that there was no need of my further attendance and thus my college days came unceremoniously to an end, and the further movements of the remaining members of the committee are unknown to me.

A Chat about Two Old Friends :— And Others,

In one respect, at least, the modern man has an advantage over the ancient : he has more friends.

I do not wish to imply that he has not other gains to set over against certain apparent losses. I am content to leave in Chancery that famous case "Modern Progress" versus "The Good Old Times,"—content, because I hold that its decision is a vital part of individual discipline. None the less, I affirm without hesitation that we of this present generation have a list of friends longer than had any generation that came before us.

It is fitly ordained as a condition of our earthly life that much of the good help we need comes to us through friends,—some living by us, but many of them, those whom not having seen we love. So, back through the long past, each age is brightened by faces, for they are the faces of living friends, not mere names. It was begun for us by the Hebrew worthies, and fitly, since the help of God's countenance was to be given to us in its fulness in the person of the divine Friend. But He is not the God of a few only, and the mention of every race that has a history calls up the names of old friends. Do we not Homer ? and rightly, for he too is one of those who have helped to make man more manly and life better worth living through all these ages. Have we not stood with Socrates before his

judges until he has taught us to be ashamed of our first cowardly wish—that he would plead for his life? Have we not listened to Plato, and watched and wondered to see him rear his gorgeous thought palaces? And more, so many more, with new ones coming with the newer generations,—all friends and helpers.

It is in counting up this list we may safely indulge in a chuckle at our gain over the men of the good old times, even over those whose lives were limited to the earlier part of our own century. Let us prolong this nineteenth century as long as we may; it has brought us many noble souls inspired to stir us up to brave endeavor. Write the list of them out for yourself—it is your list then, and it will do you good to see how many they are, and what varied gifts they have brought us, and to set down each name with a “thank God for him,”—writer, poet, thinker, teacher. I am not going to impose my list on you, for I am chatting about things that are, not dogmatizing about opinions, but I must tell you that at the head of the list for this century stand the names of Tennyson and Browning, poets both; poets first always.

“The poet in a golden clime was born”—

“Ah, that brave

Bounty of poets, the only royal race

That ever was or will be in this world!”

There is a story told of an old German scholar whose foible was ‘presentation copies’ of works by distinguished writers. The old man delighted to take down, one after another, those treasured volumes, and point out to his visitor the genial way in which the author of each had inscribed it with his own hand “to his dear friend A— B—.”

At last two of his acquaintances, who thought this had gone far enough, conspired to check the old man’s ardor and sent him a copy of the Pentateuch on the flyleaf of which was written

“To A— B—,

From his Old Friend Moses.”

A good joke? Not bad, as jokes go;—but as a piece of serious earnest it is perfectly magnificent.

Your copy of Shakespeare’s Works only became yours after a commercial transaction in which your part was to hand over certain dollars and cents. These went to the paper maker, the printer, the book-binder, the publisher—but only to pay for paper-making, printing, and the rest. What have you ever paid for *Lear*, or *Hamlet*, or *Midsummer Night’s Dream*? Not a cent. Then when you write your name in the volumes containing them should you not add

“From his old Friend

Shakespeare.”

Now and forever after let us have the grace to do this, at least mentally—and heartily. It will help us to accomplish the one thing needful before we can understand any great writer, to bring ourselves heart to heart with him as well as brain to brain.

All things considered, I think myself happy in the manner of my introduction to both Tennyson and Browning. I began the voluntary study of poetry under Scott. I remember well the keen delight his best things gave me as a boy; they give the same now. Later came a little reading of Moore, less of Byron—enough of each. Their verse seemed attractive as I read, but it did not hold me. Longfellow was writing then; his poems were in the air. His agreeable versification, his serious, thoughtful setting of the everyday, his frequent near approach to the poetic, were very pleasing. So I read his lyrics and most of them are in my memory now. I think it would be difficult to find a gentle guide better fitted to conduct the unfolding mind towards—up to—the gates of that poet's paradise into which—but what am I saying? A blessing on his memory, for he too was a friend and helper, and his words yet come like the benediction that follows after prayer.

In addition there was, of course, as a part of school work the reading of selections. The verse had my preference; and many fine passages from the writings of Milton and Shakespeare became mine in this way, along with those single lyrics of classic beauty that flourish in perennial vigor, while the "complete works" of their authors have been consigned to the book-worm.

I met with Tennyson before college days began: a friend with whom I was visiting handed me a little volume and asked me to read. It was that blue and gold edition that came to us like a gift from the gods. I opened it at the *Lotos Eaters* and read. Then followed *Locksley Hall* and a few others. During the next week as I went, about my school duties I discovered certain words haunting my memory. By watching the mental process obliquely and discreetly as an angler might watch a trout pool, I succeeded in capturing a few rimes which I slowly lengthened into lines making a passage which, by warily following clues, I traced at last to the *Lotos Eaters*. This power of verse to cling to the memory and haunt the mind with suggestions until it is drawn out into distinctness has become one of my principles of criticism. I seldom return to a poem whose music or thought does not thus call to me by some echo from the halls of memory. Tennyson's best verse has this singing, memory-haunting power in an eminent degree.

At college I met with other Tennysonianians. There were good students at Acadia then; men with much moral earnestness and ambition for scholarship. We talked over the old poems and hailed the new with delight. There were eager debates and plenty of criticisms, often crude, no doubt, but wholly our own and highly charged with enthusiasm. Were the new Idylls equal to the *Morte D'Arthur*? What did he mean by the *Vision of Sin*, and *Two Voices*? Was *Maud* a great love poem? Was the *Palace of Art* really too perfect? Was not *In Memoriam* superior to *Lycidas*? I believe we

learned much that was valuable about the use and power of language in this way.

Since language is the instrument of thought, both in conception and expression, no argument is necessary to show the vital part it plays in education. Its study should not only form a considerable part in every curriculum, but every lesson in every department should be an exercise in the skillful use of language. As certainly the one language to be studied with greatest care is our own,—the one we were born to, have grown up with, lived with, until its words have become saturated with meanings derived by association from the deep and tender experiences of home and childhood, and the dreams and endeavors of later life. No one can come to know two languages in this way, happy is he who has learned to know one.

It may be an exaggeration to say that the ability to understand and to use our own language is a liberal education in itself, but without question such ability is essential to education, in itself and in its larger uses. Educators have lately discovered with pain that the college student, for whose training such lavish endowments have been provided, such sage methods prescribed by doctors in convention, cannot use his own language even fairly well, not nearly so well as his father could, when he plodded his way through the meagre and much despised college course of thirty or forty years ago. The doctors are consulting over the case and looking for a remedy. The remedy has not yet been found, the favorite prescription appears to be "more of the same kind." Much writing is recommended—it may easily become too much, for oral exercise is what is most needed for foundation work. My prescription would be "the patient must exert himself." It is exercise he needs, not more doctoring; but it must be exercise wisely chosen and honestly carried out,—voluntary reading of the best books, daily oral exercises in which the student himself strives to attain to clearness and directness of expression. Few of the changes that have taken place in the college course during the last thirty years are more marked than the increased attention given to English. The intention of the change deserves praise only, but the value of a method must be tried by its results, and in this case the results do not all endure trial. Many of those who read the *Tale of Two Cities* when it first came out will remember how it thrilled them with admiration for the truly noble, and left with them the inspiring thought that great-heartedness is possible even under the most adverse conditions. Will the student, hurrying through the book to get up a review of it as a "grind," so as to "save as much time for himself as possible," get as much? Will a full "Course in the Modern Novel," embracing Dicken's complete works give him anything like the intellectual appreciation of what that author has to give as would a leisurely, open-minded reading of "David Copperfield" and that same "Tale of Two Cities?"

I sometimes fear that one result of not a few of our modern En-

English courses in college will be that the graduate will toss aside his Shakespeare and Milton, Tennyson and Browning, as task books, just as he does his Homer and Horace. And why not? He read *The Princess* in a volume containing from ten to twenty lines of the poem on a page, the rest of the space being filled with foot-notes. He tried to read intelligently, but just as he got through a line that arrested his attention, his eye caught on a reference number, and he stopped like a boat caught on a snag. Following the guidance of the number he looked below and read "Note the exquisite rhythm of this line; or see In Mem. Canto x, line y, where the same thought is expressed in different language; and Enid, where the same word is used in a slightly different sense," etc., etc. When to these he has added his own cribs written in the margin so as to be ready for exam. on the Prof.'s pet fads, he has a volume, take it for all in all, he will never want to look upon again when he is once safely through with it.

It is said that a Professor of English in one of our large institutions reads *The Ring and the Book* through to his classes every year. I envy the Professor the enjoyment he must get; but my faith is too strong in the essential permanence of the prime factors of that somewhat called human nature to allow me to believe that the youth of the present day is ever really grateful to anyone for the present of a sucked orange.

I am devoutly thankful that I was privileged to make the acquaintance of both Tennyson and Browning in volumes innocent of note or comment, and that the only marks those first copies bear are stains from the salt spray of Minas and Casco, gained on long summer excursions.

My word to my fellow student, who has not yet left the classrooms which shall soon know him no more, is this: No matter how good a course in English is provided in your college, that is not enough. You must learn to know each author by your own voluntary intercourse with him at his best; then if he is worthy give him your best. No matter how meager a course is offered you, if you are merely conducted to the "well of English undefiled" and given a taste of its waters by Shakespeare and Milton,—good hap to you, and good heart! Choose your favorites with jealous care; cultivate their friendship heartily, assiduously. Then, at your call, one and another will come to sit beside your study lamp, to draw a chair to your study fire, or join in your rambles on the breezy hills. Then you need never be lonely for you will have the pick of the world's choicest spirits as your comrades.

The English student does well to be proud of his language and literature, for neither ancient or modern times can show a superior to either.

Our loyal love is due, first of all, to the translators of the Bible, who selected all that was best. So it comes about most appro-

priately that the book we need always beside us for daily guidance is the one best fitted to teach us the strength and beauty of our language. Not far away sits Shakespeare, selecting and moulding his material,—plastic to his hand and will:—words, the gauzy wings on which poetic fancies flit; words telling a simply story simply, but so fitly that they always maintain an inimitable grace and conscious dignity; words flashing with wit or sobbing with pathos; words that mete the extremes of human experience, and sound the depths of human passion.

The masters have been followed by worthy disciples. The best English style of our century may safely challenge comparison with that of Greek or Roman of any period. No writer of classic times uses language more deftly for the purpose for which language exists than does a Newman or a Huxley.

Among our poets Tennyson has rare fitness for the place of teacher-friend. His fine taste in the choice and use of words guides him always in the direction of simple and lucid expression. Then, he has the gift of song. His best verse is exquisite music, but always because the poetic expression is dominated by the poetic perception.

‘The chords of the lute are entranced with the weight of the wonder of things’

because the poet’s eye see visions out of golden youth, and his soul is enamoured of all things fair. He give us something quite beyond this;—sound and sense and scenery grieve in sympathy with the forlorn *Enone*; the many voices of the sea whisper unrest to the heart of the restless *Ulysses*, and the lights beginning to twinkle from the little cottages among the rocks increase his weariness with the stale life on shore. Tennyson is an author, who illustrates his own writings. He gives us pictures, some elaborately finished, as in the *Palace of Art*; some free-hand drawings, as in the *Brook*; others warm with color:—

“And the wild team

That love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosened manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.”

It was common with hostile critics, who preferred to apply the ‘faint praise’ method to Tennyson’s writings, to call him a consummate artist. His artistic touch is exquisite; but the author of *In Memoriam* is more than an artist, and even in the songs that give the artistic sense the fullest satisfaction, as, *Tears*, *Idle Tears* and *Crossing the Bar*, it is not art, but the far suggestiveness of the lines that moulds the listener’s mood.

“In looking on the happy autumnfields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.”

Natural? Perfectly, to one whose nature has the requisite fine-

ness of quality in eye, and ear, and soul-utterance. Was it not the spell of Indian summer in Acadie that was upon him? And when he wrote

“But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam:—”

he might have been on the hill above Minas, some June morning, watching the tide cover the marshes.

Tennyson is not only capable of deep poetic feeling, but his life's work is permeated by a strong and earnest purpose so well expressed in the *Golden Year* :

“but well I know
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.”

Models of felicitous expression, the restful power of soul-satisfying music; manly views of life and duty;—these are much, but he brings us more. The nineteenth century has had its full share of doubt; and Tennyson has felt its force. He met it with open candor, recognizing that for many it is a necessary stage in the individual search for truth; but doubt as a resting place had no charms for him. In that he was able to trust the good, even through the eclipse of faith, he has become a blessing to many a tried brother.

A few, like Faithful, have sunshine all the way through the dim valley, but for most there is darkness, at least part of the way, the uncertainty increased, perhaps, by the perverted vision. For these the author of *In Memoriam* has may a helpful word.

By these splendid qualities of heart and brain Tennyson is eminently fitted to be the student's friend. I am convinced that anyone who leaves college without a good acquaintance with him, gained by loving study, has lost as much as he would have lost if he had neglected any single topic through his whole course.

Any list of friends for the century will contain the names of three men who must be classed as extraordinary in kind as well as in degree. With two of these we are not much concerned in this; but we must not pass them unsaluted lest their shades upbraid us.

The first is Ruskin, prose-poet, art-critic, a man who loved beauty, but who worshipped only good; so has saved himself and those who hear him from the shallow paganism of a life devoted to mere art. The second is Carlyle;—poor Thomas, he lost his roll more than once, and fell into grievous backsliding; but he has helped us much by his vigorous outcry against dishonest life, and his Titanic grumble has given us many a hearty laugh, so none shall dispute his claim to a chair in our chimney corner. The third is our own Browning, the woeful sinner against form. The critics cry in chorus after him:—
“Obscure;” “crude;” “formless;” or, as he puts it himself,—

“Neighbors complain it's no joke sir,
—You ought to consume your own smoke, sir!”

Yet, in spite of all, when he died, a wave of sorrow, a sense of personal bereavement, passed over city and country wherever English poetry is loved. The fact needs explaining : I am confident an explanation awaits anyone who wisely tastes the quality of this man's brew.

My acquaintance with Browning began under the most favorable circumstances. I happened upon *Men and Women* without introduction, knowing nothing of the writer except that he was the least popular of poets. After some blundering I found the place to begin. I have a fancy for reading the last poem first in a volume like this, and certainly *One Word More* fully repays any care needed for its intelligent perusal. *Cleon* and *Karshish* attracted me with their new and powerful setting forth of their great themes—the hope of immortality, and the certainty of God's love. Their character sketches like *Lippo* and *Andrea* prompted a call for more.

His rare ability to lay bare the deeps of personality, to pierce through material conditions to the soul of things, to discern the high purpose, needs, and divine calling of soul-life—all the while recognizing the fitness of our earthly surrounding—assured me that here was a new voice worth heeding ; that once again our age had gotten a man from the Lord.

Sometimes happy circumstance has helped me to the mood necessary for understanding a passage which might otherwise have seemed obscure. One beautiful September morning, during a stay at Blomidon with a party of friends, we were sitting on the shore among the rocks,—the great cliffs behind, and in front the slow streaming of the ebb tide. One of the idlers took up a book, brought for rainy days, or rest spells, looked at the title *Dramatis Personæ*, opened it and read

AMONG THE ROCKS.

Oh, good, gigantic smile of the brown old earth,
This autumn morning ! How he sets his bones
To bask in the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth :

Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true ;
Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.
If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you :
Make the low nature better by your throes !
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above !

It is perhaps, in part, because the elements were so kindly mixed that the beauty and strength of the poem made so powerful an impression. Ever since I have been inclined to direct the enquirer to this extract, and to warn him that if he does not find in it poetic form and matter he should abandon forever the study of Browning—and poetry.

I soon became accustomed to certain peculiarities in the gait of

his Pegasus, and his lines ceased to seem rough to me. Sometimes I wished he would use oftener that power he possessed in an unrivalled degree, to draw out a line and leave it white-hot with feeling, or resonant with music, or to throw about some rare passage a charm as indescribable as that of an August night by our northern sea.

But Browning soon teaches his disciple to understand his master idea,—to make art serve thought, thought with a purpose:—to flash the word God gave him back to man. The forceful, thought-laden line, beset with quick suggestion of vital truth, best-conveyed so; with flashes of profound meaning or keen insight, as sudden and startling, often as enlightening as fire from heaven, is the fit instrument of a soul, true artist, yet more true poet, most of all a seer with a message to deliver. His style and form are, it seems to me fitted with artistic mastery to his purpose, to flash new light on the sublime things of time and eternity, and arouse his hearer to keener sense of reality rather than to soothe his ear with lulling strains.

He has lavished his best on us with a liberal hand in *The Ring and the Book*. Nowhere else is the commanding power of his genius more apparent. The style of the poem calls for the reader's close attention and alertness, but it is not obscure. Where beauty of language is appropriate the verse is beautiful, at times it has an almost unearthly splendour; the thought is subtle, sublime, profound. The college student in his fourth year should be able to read it with intelligence, profit and deep delight. Browning has done a very daring thing in his handling of this Roman tale; he has not hesitated to

"chalk broadly on each vesture's hem,

The wearer's quality"—

and then with all the mere story-lover's interest cut off he has nine different characters narrate the same incidents. Yet the charm never fails; the reader gathers up with care the last fragmentary reports at the end. I wish we could have had Pompilia's story told once more—this time by old Pietro. I would willingly part with all my interest in *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, to have had the simple old man spared and set to tell us how it all seemed in his world.

Browning's poems are sometimes obscure, but he has given us many that are clear as daylight. It is better to rejoice in these than to complain of the others,—especially as it is so easy a thing to let them alone. It is much to be assured that the obscurity is not intentional, more to find how much of it disappears as we advance. The far suggestiveness of some lines may incline us to believe that most of the obscurity that remains may be due to the reader's lack of anything to match the author's mental experience. The last line of *Porphyria's Lover* is composed of very simple words, it is a clear and direct statement, no fault can be found with its syntactical arrangement;—Macaulay's school-boy would parse it off-hand. Yet if one were asked to put what it means into exact form

he would probably ask for time,—not so much for study as for thought. It is not that the thought is so remote; a child will sometimes come full upon the surprise of the “terrible composure.” It is old enough to be familiar. It fills the silences about the bound Promethens; it echoes in the “how long” of the grandest of psalms; in the plaint of the greatest of the Prophets. Tennyson approaches it from the other side in the passage that seems to have haunted him—

“God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,
Unheeded,”—

and in the lover’s midnight soliloquy in *Maud*. Browning has touched upon it in both *Before* and *After*, and later in *Fears and Scruples*. Here he makes it split the darkness like a streak of lighting.

“And yet God has not said a word !”

That Browning’s poems are useless to the time-killer does not constitute a grievance. They require strenuous intellectual effort on the part of the reader, and a sympathy answering to the abounding sympathy of the poet. For this we owe him praise only. It argues a defect in our education that so many will blush to own that they have not read all the popular book of the season, so few to admit that they do not know even one book well.

The qualities that most endear Browning to me are his strength, his wholeness as a man, his clear insight into realities. Grand and massive, subtle and psychological, or refined and tender, he is always strong. In his supremest effort he shows no strain. You feel that his vision is clear and healthy even when he names a star beyond your range. The music of his most beautiful lines is spontaneous and without hint of artifice.

In Browning’s creed man is a soul; soul is alone great on earth as God is alone great in heaven. To awaken soul to a fitting sense of God is his mission. Yet he is a man who both lives and likes life’s way. No one sings of the joy of mere living in more hearty strains than he, witness *Saul*. The personality he exhibits has a healthy, robust, almost jolly vitality of the flesh. To him the world of sights and sounds is no vain show, it means intensely and means good. Flesh too has a part to perform, not to weight man down, but to help him rise.

The significance of such a man is only understood in the setting of his times. It is an age at once of great intellectual activity and of material advancement. On the one side we see pure intellect almost deified; on the other, eager competition multiplies the conveniences of life, until they almost threaten to crowd life to discomfort. It looks longingly forward to a millenium in which man’s only occupation shall be to operate machines.

Here is a man,—of all men a poet, the most philosophic since Shakespeare; whole in body, brain and heart; fully equipped, intellect keen, sympathies universal, purpose unswerving,—coming for-

ward again to ask the startling question we had almost succeeded in putting aside: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself?" Amid religious and social unrest; when faith has become for so many a conformity to what they no longer believe, and life a selfish struggle, or a tame farce, the grandest poet of our time sings his song vital with faith in God and man and the appointments of human life. This is Browning's optimism, always sane and healthy, not the popular sort that consoles and sustains the religious circle of the feeble-minded.

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Most of all it pleases me that this man, speaking directly from his own great soul to the souls of other men, had no new gospel of his own to proclaim, but was wise enough to see that the perfection of the one that is, marks it out clearly as the only one that can be.

At last he sits among his peers, above the noise. We may not speak of such men as dead. True work fitly done lives on. His song will sing itself about the world. It will continue to inspire, as it has inspired, like the friendly hand-grasp of a strong, true man; like the rallying cry of a trusted leader to the half disheartened ranks. One more name is added to the long roll of those who through all time, by gifts of brain and heart, have helped to make human life nobler in purpose, richer in results.

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us in the dark to rise by."

These two men—Tennyson and Browning, offer us a friendship we should hasten to accept. Which name shall we rank highest? Shun the question, even in thought, and keep them always side by side. They are both so great, so lavish of their best, so different yet so like, that any attempt to classify them seems like an impertinence.

So like? Yes, in purpose, in love of all things high, in determination to trust the good, to rest firm in the faith that the best is the truest.

Karshish and the *Higher Pantheism* differ much in form but their sublimed essences have the same flavor.

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
And Spirit with Spirit can meet."

"So, the All-great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!'"

It is exceedingly instructive to compare Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*,—his last words which he wished to be remembered by, with

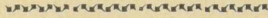
Browning's *Epilogue* in Asolando,—his "good-bye" to those who would sorrow when he died. They are like two prayers spoken, indeed, in alien tongues, but which in the ear of God are the same petition.

It is good to sit with Tennyson under a roof of pine and listen to the music of his classic idyl, or pace with him down the solemn aisles of thought and share his most profound convictions. It is good to feel Browning grip you by the shoulder, and cry "Come up with me." It costs a tough scramble to follow him to the sun-lit heights, but the clear crisp air, and the wider view, repay; and the healthy glow of that exercise has a quality that endures.

A Prophet drawing near in awe to explore this wonder of the bush that burns but is not consumed: a Prince of men wrestling all night with his mysterious antagonist, never doubting, even at the darkest moments of the strenuous contest, that the opponent with whom he grapples is an angel who wishes him to overcome.

Let us thank God for both.

WILLIAM ELDER.



The German Seminar.

At the German Universities there are no classes and no terminal examinations, in the sense in which these exist with us. The only degree granted is that of Ph. D., and the examination for this degree is held at no time specified by law or general custom. The student presents his work when it seems to him to be ready. At the examination he stands alone and not with a company of fellow students.

The period of university life is measured by semesters, of which there are two in each year. If the student is a German and a graduate of the Gymnasium he must spend at least six semesters before proceeding to the degree. For graduates of American colleges the average time of residence is four or five semesters. The number of students who attain to the degree is relatively small, the proportion being not greater than one-seventh.

Though the German University method teaches self-reliance and independence in work, this very freedom is often a cause of discouragement to the American student. He has heretofore been guided in his course by the counsel of his college teachers. His classes were led along paths, the difficulties of which were pointed out by these instructors, and the extent of his dependence was greater than he imagined. There was not the daily practice in consulting works of reference, such as is demanded of German students. He now listens to lectures thorough and often brilliant, but given by men who, as a rule, have had little experience in class drill and are not keen to

discern what are the difficult points for an inexperienced mind to grasp. The list of authorities to which he is referred will constitute a most valuable aid in his later studies, but so numerous are these references that he is often bewildered. The system of instruction is so different from anything with which he is familiar, unless he is a graduate of one of the larger American institutions, that it is not surprising if he becomes disappointed with his progress as he approaches the end of his first semester.

At this point there comes to the aid of the student a more novel feature of University work, namely the Seminar. The seminar is essentially a club, presided over by the professor of the department and composed of students admitted to membership on his approval and pledged to take part in its exercises. The seminar meets for two or three hours, usually once a week, and takes up for discussion such questions as the professor may present. These are sometimes given off-hand at the session itself, and special preparation being under the circumstances impossible they become a searching test of one's familiarity with the general subject. Frequently the topics, announced beforehand and is discussed before the club by some member who may have given weeks of labor to the preparation. More often still the club devotes several sessions to the elucidation of some problem under the guidance of the professor. In all the exercises the utmost freedom of intercourse prevails between student and teacher. The criticisms of the latter on the quality or accuracy of the work are often severe, but the student is free to defend his position, to ask questions, or to criticise the work of another. And here in the seminar he finds that help and acquires that method in work which never could be gained from the lectures alone. The questions are so chosen as to lie in the same range of study as the lecture courses and the student is thus enabled to put into practice what he learned in the lecture-room. He gains also an insight into the professor's methods of work and receives most helpful criticisms of his own. The foreigner finds teachers and students uniformly cordial and ready to give such help as may reasonably be expected. The seminar, in many departments of the university, possesses a large and valuable library, rooms occupying a whole floor, fitted up with every requirement for quiet, undisturbed work, and open to the members from early morning till late at night. Within recent years similar societies have been organized in connection with the larger American institutions. In directing the work of post-graduate students along special lines and helping them to qualify for the higher degrees, they have proved an invaluable aid.

A word respecting the German degree examinations may not be out of place. The first requirement for the attainment of the degree is the thesis. This must be an elaborate and original paper on some

theme suggested, it may be, by the course of lectures or by the work in the seminar. No mere college essay will suffice. In most departments the student is expected to spend at least a year in the preparation of this paper. The thesis finished and the candidate's preparation being otherwise completed, the work is presented to a special officer of the university with the request that it be submitted to the professors concerned for their examination and judgment. Should their criticism be favorable, the officer notifies the student and arranges for the examination. Owing to the specialized nature of his work the candidate is expected to pass an examination on three (at the smaller universities two) subjects only. The examination is private, only the three professors and a single officer of the university being present. The ancient custom of requiring a public defense of the thesis still survives at a few places, but in a greatly modified form. The three hours of searching oral examination having been successfully passed, and the requisite number of printed copies of the thesis having been delivered to the authorities, the student is announced as Doctor of Philosophy on the official bulletin board, a printed placard giving the title of this thesis and a judgment as to its excellence.

Our Exchanges.

EDITOR :—W. E. MCNEILL

The University of New Brunswick received its charter in February 1800 and in May of this year will celebrate its centennial. The last issue of the *University Monthly* is a special number. It aims at making the friends of the institution acquainted with its past history and successes, present prospects, and future aspirations. Among the contributions is a very musical and poetical translation of Schiller's *Ideals* by Prof. Wortman, of Acadia, who graduated from U. N. B. with the class of '71. The following paragraph taken from one of the Editorials may be of interest.

Since the year 1829 when Dr. Somerville conferred the degree of B. A., on two graduates, the sole students, the University has conferred 686 degrees and has reason to be proud of her graduates. Many of them have attained to positions of prominence and honor. And by their success have reflected credit on the *Alma Mater* which sent them forth. The University of New Brunswick has given Canada a Finance Minister, Judges in the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, leaders in education and religion; she has given Canada two of her most distinguished poets and several scientists of note. This year the enrollment of undergraduates is 95, 17 of whom are engineering students.

Judge Burbidge writing in the March *Argosy* to the law students at Mount Allison has some things to say that all may read with profit.

It is comparatively easy to give the necessary study and work to a matter of business that one has in hand and that presses for solution. It is very difficult and requires great determination and constancy to keep on studying and working with nothing to sustain one but the thought that some day, in a future more or less remote, one will by reason of present study and work be the better fitted to transact business that may then come to him. But unless the student at law is prepared to face this condition with constancy, patience, and determination, he had better accept at once and act on the advice contained in the opening of my letter. (Don't.)

We have remarked before that the *University of Ottawa Review* is an exceedingly good paper. But its narrowness and exclusiveness is somewhat painful, its view of the world being circumscribed by a very narrow horizon. The column entitled "Among the Magazines" as well as the Exchange column rarely if ever mention any magazines that are not exponents of that faith for which the college stands. A truer catholicism is to be expected from a journal of such pretensions as the *Review*.

Queen's University Journal is published twice a month and the *McGill Outlook* each week. As is to be expected, very little space is given by either paper to contributed articles, the chief interest centring in the college news. But this is certainly no reason why the quality of the contributed articles should be of such low grade as is generally the case. It is only natural to look to the larger colleges to take the lead in the field of journalism as elsewhere, but the fact is that superiority in this department rests at present with several of the smaller schools.

The last few numbers of the *Dalhousie Gazette* have been rather disappointing. The April issue while possessing one or two features of interest is on the whole decidedly mediocre and does not reflect the superior attainments of the Dalhousie students of which the *Gazette* forever boasts. The corresponding column has certainly some purposes to fill, but recently that department of the paper has grown to unseemly proportions. The question of wearing gowns has been for the last month or two the all-important one with our Halifax friends and the *Gazette* has been filled with innumerable letters from Pro-Gown, and Anti-Gown, and Liberty, and Boulia, etc., to the exclusion of more edifying material. And yet the editors are not altogether responsible for this state of affairs for they labour under a great disadvantage inasmuch as they do not receive their appointment until the beginning of the college year. Where the editors are elected at the end of the year preceding that in which they assume their duties, they have the long vacation before them to make their plans and arrange for the more important contributions. This is a condition that success in college journalism imperatively demands.

The *McMaster Monthly* contains a very thoughtful and comprehensive article entitled "A Pastor's Reading." The writer urges

three reasons why a preacher should read and read widely—to gain new facts or ideas ; to see in a new light the grouping or co-ordinating of what he knows ; and to acquire greater strength, clearness and beauty in his style. To the question How shall time be found for this reading ? the reply is, “The sufficient answer for this question is that we *must* find time for reading. When once this categorical imperative takes hold of a man, time becomes elastic.”

Other exchanges received : *King's College Record, The Theologue, O. A. C. Review, College Review, College Index, Niagara Index, Excelsior, Trinity University Review, Manitoba College Journal.*

De Alumnis.

EDITOR : S. S. POOLE.

We are permitted this month to present a sketch of another of Acadia's graduates whose labors at the Bar have been crowned with success. Among the Barristers of the western part of Nova Scotia none has made a better record than

THOMAS EDGAR CORNING.

Mr Corning is of English descent. His ancestors came to America in 1640 and settled in Beverley, Massachusetts His great-grandfather removed in 1764 and was one of the first settlers in Yarmouth. His father was Nelson Corning of Chegoggin, Yarmouth, at which place Mr. Corning was born on April 11th, 1842. The early days of his life were spent at Chegoggin where he attended the public school. He entered Acadia in 1861 and was graduated on June 6th, 1865. Besides holding the degree of B. A., Mr. Corning was in 1873 elected a scholar and member of the Senate of Acadia University.

Having finished his classical studies, he entered upon the study of law and was admitted to the Bar on October 30th, 1869. His thoroughness and practical business turn of mind soon secured to him a fair share of the legal business of Yarmouth, and he now enjoys the reputation of being one of the best lawyers in Yarmouth County. He is head of the firm of Corning & Chipman, and was appointed a Queen's Counsel by the Dominion Government on the 25th of June 1890. As a cross-examiner he has few equals ; woe be to the witness who has to submit to the withering fire of Mr. Corning's questions. He is a cool-headed, self-possessed man who comes out of the ordeal without having told several different stories.

Mr Corning held the offices of Treasurer and Solicitor of the Municipality of Yarmouth from 1874 until the Incorporation the town of Yarmouth in November 1890. Since that event he has held the office of Recorder of the town.

He married on August 25th, 1880, Jane Alder Baxter, daughter of John Baxter of Yarmouth.

In politics, Mr. Corning is a Liberal-Conservative, but resides in a constituency, which has always been intensely Liberal. However, at the general local elections in 1882 he was elected as a supporter of the then Liberal-Conservative government led by the late Sir John S. D. Thompson. This government resigned shortly after the elections, giving place to the Liberal government first led by the Hon. Mr. Pipes afterwards by the Hon. W. S. Fielding. In the House of Assembly Mr. Corning took a leading part in all the debates, and carefully considered every question upon its merits, aiming to give an intelligent vote always. Although staunch to his party, his candor and firmness made him popular and respected by the dominant party.

It was near the close of this Parliament's term of office that the secession agitation began; and the Fielding Ministry went to the country with the cry of "Repeal." To this issue, Mr. Corning presented an unwavering opposition, but the popular enthusiasm was too great for him and he was defeated in June, 1886. Since then he has continued in private life although he has often been urged by his party to contest the county in their interest. He is more proud of the stand taken by him against the "Repeal" agitation than of any other of his public acts.

During the political career Mr. Corning was a peer among his fellows. Honest, fearless and independent he did not hesitate to oppose his party when he believed it to be wrong. He scorned to make use of those cheap, puerile methods which are the distinguishing marks of a third-rate politician. When on the platform fighting a political opponent he was as perfect a gentleman as when in his own home. He never indulged in personal abuse; he fought for a principle and his arguments were always straightforward, clear-cut and to the point.

In all the offices he has filled in his native county, he has honored the office and discharged his duties to the satisfaction of all concerned. His aim has been to advance the prosperity of the county in every way possible. Acadia may well be proud of him and his career and we wish him many more years for active service.

The Month.

EDITORS : W. H. LONGLEY AND MISS A. A. PEARSON.

The editors of this column feel bound out of regard for themselves to offer a word of explanation in respect to the numerous typographical errors in their work in the last issue. The printed matter there presented was an exact copy of the first proof. No alteration had been made, although the proof-sheets had been carefully read and corrected. The entire blame therefore rests with the printer on account of some oversight in his office.

The attraction of Friday evening, March 30, was the Shakespearian recital. Since from its nature it could be more easily understood and appreciated than classical music an exceptionally large audience enjoyed its interesting programme. The entertainment consisted of music by the Wolfville orchestra and the more important part—the Shakespearian element—by the elocutionists of the Seminary. Several of the parts were especially well played. The scene in the chapel taken from *The Winter's Tale* and the court scene of the *Merchant of Venice* were well received. The farce "The Ladies Speak at Last" created much merriment by the disclosure of various incidents not noted in Shakespeare's works but supplementing occurrences there mentioned.

On the evening of the last day of March, the Propylæum society and the Senior class of Acadia were entertained at the home of Mrs. Trotter. Although the evening was very stormy, a goodly number were present and the raging storm without cast no damper on the spirits of the company within. The amusements were varied; some chosen for the purpose of entertaining the fun-loving guests, others for the enjoyment of those absorbed in literary pursuits. Music, which never becomes wearisome, was supplied in great variety, and was much appreciated. All unite in speaking of the evening as one of the most enjoyable of the winter, illustrating the well-known truth that, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the *wisest* men."

Although the announcement of the coming of any one, who has made a name for himself as a lecturer, meets with a favorable reception here, it was with particular feelings—gratification perhaps—that until Wednesday evening April 4th, we awaited Rev. C. A. Eaton, '90, who then lectured on Anglo-Saxonism. He opened the closing lecture of the "Star Course" by a few humorous remarks in the way of reminiscence. Passing on to his subject he spoke in a general way of the colonising peoples, the Saxon and Slav, in their relations to the world and each other, the advance of the nineteenth century toward unity, the causes which have made the United States and England better acquainted and the probability that the talking of Anglo-Saxon Federation means something more than the keeping up of the fashion. He then discussed advantages political and commercial, gave sundry warnings and ended with a tribute to Canada as the best country in the world to which a young man might come or in which he might stay.

Nothing is more delightful to the members of the Propylæum society than an invitation to hold a meeting at the home of one of its friends. This also tends to create a greater interest among its respective members in the society and its work. Accordingly, when the society received an invitation to hold its next meeting at th

home of Mrs. Tufts on April 6th, enthusiasm was unbounded. The programme consisted of papers and selections from Rudyard Kipling.

Biographical Sketch,	Miss Kinney
Reading, "The Elephant's Child,"	Miss Pearson
Kipling as a Poet,	Miss McNeill
Synopsis,	Miss McLeod
Kipling as a Prose-writer,	Miss Logan
Solo and Chorus, "Absent-Minded Beggar,"	Misses Perkins, Bentley and Crandall
Reading, "The Recessional,"	Miss McMillan

Miss Heales acted as critic. Refreshments were then served and after a little time spent in lively conversation the meeting was adjourned.

The gymnasium exhibition given under the direction of instructor McCurdy on April 6th, for the purpose of obtaining funds to procure new apparatus was a success in every way. Each division of the somewhat long programme showed the result of interest in the work by the performers and efficiency on the part of the instructor. The drills were carried out without a break. The fancy club-swinging, torch swinging and tumbling deserve special mention. The pyramids however, were by far the best, and in their variety of form and different degrees of complexity showed well what can be done in our gymnasium.

On Friday evening, April 20th, the fourth recital given this year by the seminary was held in College Hall. In attempting to describe the merits of this recital, our words are quite inadequate and we can only say :

"Music! Oh, how faint, how weak
Language fails before thy spell;
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

The Athenæum society of Acadia was "At Home" to its friends on the evening of April 27th. All who were fortunate enough to find themselves within the portals, spent a very enjoyable evening. A very successful blockade was kept up around the entrance, and the sufferings of the besieged can neither be "told nor sung." As there seems, at the present, to be a brief lull in patriotic feeling, the red—white—and—blue, which has been the chief feature in the decorations, was dispensed with, and the college colors once more ornamented the hall. A large number of "fair women and brave men" were assembled. Excellent music was furnished by the Wolfville band, with which the audience kept up a continual struggle for the mastery. The object of the band seems to have been to compel its listeners to give it their undivided attention, although frantic efforts of resistance were kept up on the part of its victims. The reception

was an undoubted success and will be very pleasantly remembered by all who attended.

New England Alumni Association.

This Association held its eighth annual session in the United States Hotel, on the 23rd of April. The report of the Treasurer was read and passed, and other business transacted. On motion it was resolved to pay to the Board of Governors \$1000 out of the funds in hand, toward the endowment of the Alumni Professorship.

The following were elected to fill offices for the ensuing year :—

President,	E. I. Gates, Nasbua, N. H.
Vice-President,	Rev. H. T. DeWolf, Foxboro, Mass.
Secretary,	B. A. Lockhart, Boston.
Treasurer,	Chas. H. McIntyre, Boston.
Directors,	J. E. Eaton, Lewis F. Eaton, Rev's George B. Titus, and A. T. Kempton.

BANQUET.

At 6.30 p. m. the Association adjourned to the dining hall. About thirty persons sat down to the bountifully spread tables. Rev. Dr. Wood, President of Newton, Rev. Dr. Horr, editor of the Watchman, Dr. R. V. Jones, of Acadia, and Rev. Dr. Kempton, of Dartmouth, were invited guests. Dr. Jones as the representative of Acadia, was placed at the right hand of the President. The programme for the evening included songs, social converse, and a few addresses. The Chairman referred to the regret all would feel that Dr. Trotter had been unable through recent illness to be present. He would call for the reading of a letter from the Doctor. Following the letter the Chairman introduced, in a very happy way, Dr. Jones, who on rising received a most cordial greeting from all present. In his own racy, easy style and happy manner, he gave some reminiscences of college life much to the amusement of his auditors. He gave clear and strong testimony to the faithful and efficient work that had been done by his associates on the faculty, and by Dr. Sawyer, so long the honored President. He referred in a very tender and graceful manner, to the sore affliction that has come to the Doctor in the death of Mrs. Sawyer.

In referring to the condition of the college at the present time, Dr. Jones thought the friends of Acadia were to be sincerely congratulated, in having secured as a successor to Dr. Sawyer in the office of President a man so thoroughly qualified for the position, as Dr. Trotter had already shown himself to be.

For the men who have been appointed on the staff as instructors; he had only words of unqualified praise. He did not hesitate to say that he hoped their appointment would be made permanent. Of the

students at present at Acadia, Dr. Jones spoke in terms of warm commendation. Dr. Kempton, on being called on, spoke on behalf of the Forward Movement Fund. He referred also, to the past history of the college, the financial straits through which it had passed; to the devotion to its interests of friends who had passed on from among the living; to the obligation resting on any alumnus of Acadia to be true to its interests. He urged the New England men to continue their good work, and to endeavor to keep alive in spite of local claims an *esprit de corps* for Acadia.

Dr. Wood, on rising, said he was profoundly interested in all he had heard. He had been interested in Acadia from the fact that so many students from there had come in past years to Newton. He was interested in the character of the work done at Acadia. He was more and more persuaded that students had advantages at a small college sometimes too much overlooked. Fine equipments stood for much, and our colleges should be better furnished; but it was close contact with men—strong men, that students needed, to make them virile, and to fit them for the conflict of life.

He gave some account of the changes being made at Newton. Among these, hereafter, only men who have secured a B. A. will be admitted to class-work. The aim and intention is to give better training and fuller equipment for work, to the coming Baptist ministry in New England.

Dr. Wood expressed the hope that graduates of Acadia wishing further study in Theology, would still find their way to Newton. They may rest assured of a welcome. "The best we can do, we promise them."

COM.

Ever there lives within the human breast
 This wish, ungratified, to see or hear
 Something of that inviolable sphere
 Where our beloved have obtained their rest;
 The outward world is boldly manifest—
 The air of balmy blue—the stars at night—
 The moving forms of men—the birds in flight—
 But, if we further seek, 'tis bootless quest.
 So I retire within myself, apart
 From show and bustle, and with Him commune
 Who holds the secret dear to every heart—
 The mystic secret, Death revealeth soon;
 The gleam of inner light—the glimpse of face
 Familiar, sainted, the eternal noon—
 I wait in faith, still giving patience place.

PASTOR FELIX.

Observations.

EDITORS :—L. L. SLIPP AND MISS M. S. COLDWELL

The Sems Ideal manner of expressing admiration. "Oh isn't it *Purdy.*"

It was observed at the last reception that one of the Freshman was very much interested in the study of the *Munro* doctrine.

Gaspereau has again become a very favourite Sunday resort for Sems. as well as Collegians. Barge leaves Chip Hall and Seminary at 2 p. m., Sunday afternoons returning at 4.30. For information concerning dry seats and secluded spots "far from the maddening crowd" apply to O. B. Keddy.

There was a great number of Seniors,
Who put on their best demeanors,
And searched high and low,
For a girl for the show,
This very great number of Seniors.

At a recent reception a Freshman who was fortunate enough to have one of his classmates for the last topic, thought it his duty to escort her to her home. Accordingly he watched the dressing room door hoping that she would soon make her appearance, but he was doomed to disappointment. "Great Scott" what was Brancrofts' horror, when two hours after he discovered that the room had two doors and the bird had flown.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Given the departure and distance of a Sem to find the course steered by a Senior immediately after.

The class of '00 have decided in their class-day exercises as in everything else to deviate from the beaten track. In lieu of the well-worn and frivolous history and prophecy a series of original papers will be presented by a few representative members,—

A. F. Bill	The Modern Mark Twain.
E. N. Rhodes	Pleasant remembrances of my ten years at Acadia.
C. J. Mersereau	Psychological reminiscences of my sojourn in Halifax.
L. L. Harrison	The theory of base-ball.

The time has now arrived for the putting away of furs. Can anyone tell a certain soppette how to keep the *millers* away from her coon coat.

Our tenor singing senior returning at an unusually late hour from a certain suburban retreat was heard to mutter as he stumbled into bed, "I am becoming so accustomed to sitting up late now, that I will find it no difficulty in working it out along this line till June."

It is evident that the time for the conversazione is drawing near. It is reported that one of the sophomores has been tossing cents at a *good speed* to decide his fate that evening.

We understand that by military law each man of a garrison is required to raise a mustache. This probably accounts for Currie's return home.

Prof. in German Bible, referring to the matter of the Holy kiss,— "I believe it is still in practice in certain parts to-day. I have heard that at Brown's flat near St. John they still preserve the custom. You have been there I suppose Mr. Manning, I am sure we would all be interested, the young ladies especially, if you could show us the way in which the ceremony is usually performed."

N. B.—M—g's reply is not recorded.

Acknowledgments.

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
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ERRATA.

In justice to themselves and contributors the editors of the *ATHENÆUM* have caused to be printed the following list of errors in the present issue, for which, with possibly one or two exceptions, they disclaim all responsibility.

- Page 230, line 19, insert "not" after "does."
" " line 25, "committe" should be "committees."
" " line 33, "ebigible" should be "eligible."
" " line 44, insert "years" after "hundred "
" 231, line 24, "sensatiogalism" should be "sensationalism."
" 235, line 36, "watchful" should be "watching."
" 238, line 9, "enthusastic" should be "enthusiastic."
" 242, line 18, omit "that of" and insert "room" after "elocution."
" 243, line 18, "mysel" should be "myself."
" 253, line 4, "filles" should be "fills."
" " line 5, "Promethens" should be "Prometheus."
" " line 46, "fully" should be "fully."
" 255, line 27, "gradnate" should be "graduate."
" 256, line 18, instead of "topics" read "topic is." ["And."
" 257, line 34, omit full stop after "honor" and read "and" instead of
" 258, line 32, "corresponding" should be "correspondence."
" 262, line 40, "oi" should be "of."
" 263, line 9, "Nasbua" should be "Nashua."
" 265, line 1, "Ideal" should be "ideal."