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Sonnet

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THE spirit of the mighty ones of earth
Encompass me, and with a magic such
As ne'er responded to Aladdin's touch,
They at my bidding yield me with no dearth
The wisdom of the ages; nobler worth
Than all the spoils that ever triumph graced
From all the kingdoms looted and defaced
By angry armies since War's baneful birth,
Old Homer sings his high heroic theme,
Resounds the thundersong of Aeschylus,
Here broad browed Plato tells his starry dream,
And Tully scathes the rebel traitorous
With eloquent lightning, Avon's Bard appears
Master of all the music of the spheres.

E. BLACKADDER, '94

Sesame and Lilies

FO his lectures which Mr. Ruskin delivered at Manchester in 1864 he has given the name of "Sesame and Lilies" though his meaning in this may not, at first, be apparent. This book is by no means Ruskin's best production both "Modern Painters" and "Stones of Venice" taking precedence. But in these two books he writes rather as a critic of art while the "Sesame and Lilies" is purely literary.

Mr. Ruskin first explains that he intends to give his hearers a few thoughts about reading, and he leads up to his subject skillfully through the longing of mankind for advancement in life and good society. "He only advances in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose

brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace." The very best society is to be found in our book-cases, a society of kings and statesmen who stand waiting to gain an audience and who impose only two conditions, labour and merit. Wise men hide their deepest thoughts. The reader must seek earnestly to find them. He must feel with his authors, go into their hearts and learn what is true and righteous. The English people are unable to do this because they have become corrupt; they cannot understand thoughtful reading because they have despised literature, science, art, nature and compassion. They have become a grasping money-making mob. These national faults are conditions of illiterateness and want of education in the habits of thought. Rich treasures of learning await them, through these they may advance truly in life and become lords and kings.

The second lecture, "Of Queen's Gardens" follows directly from the first. Education confirms a kingly power in mankind. How far should this power be allowed to woman? Mr. Ruskin discusses (1) The ordinary power of woman (2) The education which is to fit her for this power and (3) Her queenly power with respect to the state. Shakespere has few heroes but many heroines and with few exceptions they are all wise counsellors and pure examples. Scott also represents his heroines as strong, true women. Chaucer wrote a legend of Good Women. The Egyptians gave their spirit of wisdom the form of a woman. Woman's power, judging from these wise men, is for rule not for battle; her intellect is for decision not for invention. She is guarded from all danger by man, whose power she supplements.

The education which is to fit her for this power must be both physical and mental. Her physical frame must be moulded, then her mind must be tempered with all knowledge that will enable her to understand the work of man. Since her intellect ripens faster her range of literature should be less not more frivolous. If she have access to a good library she will choose what is best for herself. Moreover her education is not complete without the aid of Nature. But the broadest question is:—"What is woman's office with regard to the state?" She is to assist in the ordering, comforting and adorning of the home. Enlarge her sphere, and let her fulfil these duties to the state. Let her seek after the power to heal and to redeem—the power that will place her on a throne and make her a true queen.

In the preceding pages, the substance of these lectures has been given without comment. A discussion of some of

the statements made by Mr. Ruskin follows naturally. "You may read all the books in the British Museum," he says, "and remain an uneducated illiterate person. But if you read ten pages of a good book carefully you are in some measure educated forever." The last statement is unquestionable but would it be possible for me to read at all widely, though carelessly, without obtaining some knowledge which would prevent my being called an illiterate person? In this connection a quotation is made from Lycidas and read letter by letter. Much is got out of the selection which is not apparent at first reading but how many even of those whom Mr. Ruskin considers thoroughly educated stop to digest each word of everything they read? Much that is written would not bear such reading. Most authors do not write with such close scrutiny of their work in view or many books would be left unwritten.

If we may judge from what Mr. Ruskin says in these lectures, we may infer that he is no utilitarian. "Your *one* concept on of pleasure is to ride in railway carriages round the earth." This is rather a strong statement. Would Mr. Ruskin, then, have us to go back to the old-time stage-coach or further back and do our travelling on foot that we may not pollute the atmosphere with coal-smoke? Or has Mr. Ruskin "dipped into the future" and pictured the noiseless air-ships of the twentieth century or the electric travelling tubes of a century later?

Further on, we have a clever satire on the mockeries of the English Church. "You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true passion out of modern English religion. Leave your 'Gothic windows to the property man and look after Lazarus at the door step. The true church is where one hand meets another helpfully." Ruskin is sincere and earnest in his religion.

A slight inconsistency may be noticed in one or two cases. In the earlier part of the lecture he says:—"We call ourselves a rich nation and yet we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each others books in a circulating library." At the conclusion he hopes that national libraries may soon be established in all large cities for the use of the public. What is the difference between thumbing the books of a circulating library and those of a national library?

In the second lecture, Mr. Ruskin represents marriage as the sole object of a woman's life. She must be educated only that she may aid her husband. She must know everything that she knows accurately lest she may tease her husband by

what she half-knows. But she need know only so far as may enable her to sympathize in her husband's pleasure. This lecture it is evident was not written in these days of advanced women who think that they are able to battle against the world for themselves. And with all respect to Mr. Ruskin they have proved that they are able for more than "sweet ordering, arrangement and decision," so it is better that they should educate themselves with their own welfare in view. It would have been well if Mr. Ruskin had stated his reasons for his opinion that theology is a dangerous science for women. Previous to this he says that it is unjust to consider one sex superior to the other. By this opinion he, himself, implies the superiority.

In "*Sesame and Lilies*," we have not of necessity the beautiful descriptions of nature for which Ruskin is noted. "*Modern Painters*" so abounds in these descriptions that one critic says:—"After poets had depicted Nature in melodious verse—after painters had portrayed her in expressive colour, he revealed her in prose with the imaginative splendour of the one and the graphic power of the other." Another declares that no such series of descriptions exist elsewhere in the English or any other language. After such praise it seems unnecessary to say more in regard to the general style of this author. It will be interesting however to look at the style of this particular book and before anything else, I think the forcefulness of the language will be noticed. Many of the sentences are long but short pithy sentences are so mingled that the smoothness and interest are well preserved. Some sentences are nearly epigrammatic. "No book is worth anything which is not worth much." The soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it."

I have said that Ruskin's sentences are smooth and uninvolved. In this respect he differs from Carlyle whose sentences are apt to be blunt and disjointed. Ruskin, too, has not that habit of coining words at convenience which is an especial characteristic of Carlyle. Both writers are word-painters but artists of a different school. They agree in thought, however, if not in their manner of expressing it. Take this sentence from Carlyle. "In books lies the soul of the whole past time; the audible voice of the past when the body and material substance of it have vanished altogether." Ruskin says that books contain the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest men.

Sesame and Lilies may be regarded as a continued meta-

phor. Books are king's treasures. A password is needed as one was needed to enter the robber-caves of old. Education is this Sesame. Queens go down to their gardens to set the flower-beds in order and to shield the flowers from the rough winds. Educated women are queens who go among living flowers to strengthen and cheer by their pure lives.

BESSIE S. COLWELL, '98.

Song of the Selfish Soul

THIS well for philanthropes, no doubt,
Mankind to cherish free,
The only one I care about
Are I, Myself and Me.

Let orators forever spout
Of their love for liberty,
The only loves I care about
Are I, Myself and Me.

Though loud reformers rage and shout
O'er all the ills they see,
The ills that I'm concerned about
Touch I, Myself and Me.

Let lovers sigh of scorn and pout
And blue eyes' tyranny,
To persons three my heart goes out,
Just I, Myself and Me.

I smile when bards their soul pour out
O'er sky and mount and sea,
What are such to me who care about
But I, Myself and Me?

Then bless the world and keep it stout
And strong, so, that you see,
It serve well those I care about,
Friends I, Myself and Me.

E. BLACKADDER, '94.

Yesterday and To-day

A SKETCH

UNDER the shade of a hawthorn they halted. A flower that he loved when among men had thrust aside the grasses and lay half hidden in the shade. Wistfully as one who knows not the spirit that prompts him, the Mourner had stooped and plucking the flower—another flower—from its companion laid it upon his bier. It was only a bud, the one bud of many thousands but it was the bud the dead man had cherished. Dead, dead did you say?—the rhythm of the falling footsteps. Dead, dead till the brain is dazed with its persistency and the eye is tearless in its pain.

With a sudden start of astonishment I remember the scene of Yesterday. You, my other self were there. Is not that the church against whose mossy steps you leaned and watched the shadows make a gloaming of the gable and a sunset in the oriel window? Is not that the little grave, so little in the mysterious twilight, that you thought peaceful and wondered if the baby sleeper had suffered much and was not after all glad of a quiet resting place under the trees? You cannot deny that surely. Why, do you not remember what you said to the flowers, pressing their wax-like petals against your cheek in sheer exuberance? You told them in that solemn evening hour that He who had given them their sweetness and delicacy was good, so good and merciful; and you did not forget to whisper to the rivulet that the unknown maker of melody was even more beautiful than their own silvery notes and could yet bind the miniature billows in a harmony so ravishing that the willows and reeds would leave off wooing the wind and lie still beside the waters. You told them all that, my second self, and even more, looking up to the stars so cunningly set in the sky till you were half dazed with your happiness and wandered about till the eastern hills were rosy and the pageant of night blurred and faint in the dawn. You told them that and fled. Ah! that I had known you were fickle. Fool was I, the child of the Sorrowful, to listen to your music and flood myself with passionate ecstasy. Did I know the gold would turn to tinsel on the morrow and thy sweet security be the hiding-place of death? Mould and mildew is my inheritance. Toil and travail my reward. But that is not all. This oppressive

stillness, this sense of strangeness, this consciousness of Time and Eternity, they, they were not parts of what you saw and what you were Yesterday. Life was concrete then; some thing that you could touch and handle. The flower, the leaf that you held in your hand were not representations of life, but life itself. Oh! that it were that now. You are the boy of Yesterday. I am the man of To-day. The same church is here. The swallows are yet nesting under its windows, but the Man has changed. The life that you thought so practical, so consistent is to me nothing but a philosophic essence. The time that you so fondly considered a material part of your existence is to me a purely psychological factor. And yet Yesterday I was not, and You were. To-day I am, and You are not. How is it my second Self, that you are so different? Let me tell you that the things you cherish, I hate. The bell you thought so pretty, is to me pretty too, but my beauty is inspired by fear. Is it because they rang it Yesterday and tolled it To-day? The green herb-scented turf that you used to loll upon; the flowers that you used to caress with infinite tenderness are to me distasteful. Is it because they were Man's sustenance Yesterday while To day he is theirs? You cannot tell me you whisper. I know you cannot tell me. Neither can the meads or the mountains tell me but it matters not. God is still good and merciful. I know God is still good and merciful; but who has told me? Surely your voice is the murmuring wind of the Morrow and I am comforted.

Sweet spirit of Life! thy changefulness is of one body and of one breath. The vessel of Flesh that is thine, is rimmed with a nectar of Pleasure the Naiads have stolen from the grottos of Grace. Grant, O Beneficent Fountain that thy showers may ever perfume the pathways of Men and lead them to the Elysium of Love. But, O Creator, the same vessel is rimmed with the bitterness of Death. Is it demure a maiden should be so fickle? Chaste and pure in thy fulness of thy living may the one unchangeable principle of Sleep forever cherish the Soul that slumbers but does not die; and beckon across that bourn unto which we must all by virtue of our incarnation depart an Era that will place a new God above all other Gods on the altars of our fore-fathers, who knows not the East from the West and whose birthright is Eternity.

The Teacher For The Times

THE teacher plays upon the chords of the inner life. Most men are hewers of wood and drawers of water; they minister to our material needs. The teacher moulds and guides the deeper life of the spirit, and enters thus the very holy of holies. The dweller in the temple is always greater than the dweller in the market-place, and even so the teacher's mission raises him to a peculiar and exalted station, and gives him a unique place amongst men. By virtue of his office he is the guardian of youth. He builds character, imparts culture, disciplines the will, and prepares the mind for practical and efficient service in the world.

There are at the present time two questions which vitally affect the teacher in his plans and in his work. They concern, the characteristics of the age, and the extent to which the teacher should obey the spirit by which the age is governed.

A controlling element in the life of the time is *the passion for change* which is consuming men. We are rushing with headlong haste after that which is novel and startling. Discovery and invention are throwing back the shadowy curtains of the unseen universe. We are certainly on tip-toe with excitement, watching eagerly the wheel of fortune as it turns. The heavens are revealing their secrets, the earth is unlocking its mysteries, the deeps are yielding up their treasured stores. Man is remaking Nature on a new and improved model. He is tunneling her mountains, bridging her chasms, chaining her cataracts, directing her lightnings, and winging her winds with messages of victory. The Spirit of the Times bends all things to its will. It is a restless and arrogant spirit. It strikes the root of the old tree. It demolishes the ancient watch-tower on the heights, and flings an electric jet into mid-air. It leaves the dusty highway road and the caravan-wagon, and starts across the country with rock-ballasted railway tracks and pullman cars. It multiplies novelties and we poor children grasp them eagerly, and laugh at the foolish, slow old folks who went plodding on and on in their quaint and quiet fashion, long ago!

The log-cabin on the marsh has disappeared. The genius of the age has spoken, and the Marquette Building and the Woman's Temple rise in stately splendour. The scythe and the spade must follow the spear and the tomahawk; the horse must follow the mastodon into oblivion; machinery is king!

The sailing-vessel is sailing still, out into the ocean of forgetfulness; to-day the iron-clad ocean-liner ploughs her fearful, foaming course through the frightened waters. A long farewell to the old world; a welcome to the new! The new must rule. New plans, new methods, new appliances, must guide the prow of progress into the far-off sun-lit land of dreams. The new Education must instruct our boys and girls. The new Science sweeps the cobwebs out of yonder sky, and shows that there is only void beyond. The new Theology bids us revise our views of God, the world, and man. The new Woman stands upon the hustings to harangue the wondering multitudes, while the dear wife and the sweet mother of the olden days, the old home days, must go with all old-fashioned and unfashionable things, into the shadow-land. Thus the "old things of life are passing," thus all things are becoming new.

To live to the spirit and tendencies of the times, the teacher must be a disciple of that which is new; and with ready mind he should adapt himself to changing conditions. Yet with willing devotion to the new there should always be linked a reverence for the old and tried. The teacher should be at once progressive and conservative. There are great literary movements whose present drift he should trace. There are philosophical systems coming into prominence, whose bearings he should study. The recent and rapid developments of pedagogical science he should follow. New methods and appliances he should know.

In education as in everything else, the pace and the measure have changed. The Common School, the Free School, and the High School, are names which stand for new ideas and noble ideals. The School is coming to a place of deserved and recognized power. Such men as Rein and Parlsen and Crossman in Germany; Arnold and E. n and Spencer in England; Horace Mann and Stanley Hall and W. T. Harris in America, while dignifying old and well-established principles of education, have awakened the spirit of investigation and have brought new truths to light. Along with these wise leaders every teacher may become a prophet and apostle of a larger intellectual life.

Closely associated with the spirit of change and novelty is the *genius for reform*. To cure existing and imagined evils of every sort, remedies are being advocated. Panaceas and specifics for the ills which vex our national and social life, abound on every hand.

In the main there are two classes of reformers,—those

who would plant and those who would uproot. For every Luther there is an Erasmus. Again, there are Christian and non-Christian reformers. There are men who see with alarm that we are losing our Christian Sabbath, our sweet home life, our puritan piety, and our reverence for the sanctity of the marriage tie; and who lament the social inequalities which carry grave and glaring evils in their train. Such men would destroy by saving, and reform by regenerating. On the other hand there rises the great body of malcontents and revolutionists. In the United States the views of such men have recently crystallized in the platform of the Democratic party, and the inflammatory speeches of its defenders. These have sought to array the masses against the classes, and to intensify the turbulent spirit of unrest amongst the people.

In his relations with the spirit of reform the teacher should combine sound and discriminating judgment with a pursuit of high ideals. Very often the essence of reform is individualism. The Man is the Movement. Within certain well-defined limits the teacher should be a law unto himself. He should follow no man's *ipse dixit*. He should be faithful and fearless, unfettered and independent, and ready to give his life-blood for truth. Herbert Spencer has said that "there is a soul of truth in things erroneous." In his role as reformer the teacher should learn the gospel of charity and the divine gift of discrimination. We are coming to see that other religions than our own bear elements of truth within them. No philosophy has compassed heaven and earth; no science has dreamed of such an undertaking. The teacher is most successful who understands his work, in its breadth and its narrowness, in its needs its limitations and its purposes. Such an one is not "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined." He is not hampered by set routine or the galling yoke of custom. He constructs and creates. No man can be the best kind of a teacher who is not by nature something of a reformer. The man who falters and the man who blindly follows, degrade and stultify the teaching profession. The teacher should be a slave to no text-book, or theory, or special method of work.

Students are awake and alert to-day. The age of dogma is almost dead; the reign of authority is well-nigh at an end. In the class-room of an earlier day the all-wise dominie explained that things in general were "thus and so." The pupil repeated the fact, and education was limited to the delineation of the fact in all its phases and relations. To-day the student cries; "The teacher claims that things are thus and so. I must satisfy myself, and prove or disprove the as-

sertion by careful study and research." The spirit of thoughtful enquiry which is abroad in the land has entered the classroom; and it bids the teacher look well to his laurels, while it compels a fair and independent attitude toward every question, and requires that the man who guides the growing and expanding mind of youth be worthy of his station.

Again, the most casual observer cannot fail to note the wide-spread signs of a *restless energy* which is permeating and penetrating our civilization. In the cities the faces of the people are anxious, eager, earnest, full of fire and force and purpose; and the inspiration of their intense activity thrills and quickens the life of the age. The farmer is moving to the village, the villager to the town, the burgher to the metropolis. The cities are sounding night and day with the babel of strange tongues, the clamour of many voices, the clash of mighty engines, the ceaseless din of trade and commerce, and the roar of giant industries. A visitor from England thought that every man in the streets of Boston was hurrying home to dinner, and that every man in New York was rushing to a fire. I wonder what he thought when he reached Chicago!

In the face of this prevailing habit of our time, what teacher can afford to lag in lazy fashion in the rear of the procession? If we except the college professor, very few amongst the multitude of teachers have become famous. The fault lies in the low conceptions which are entertained with reference to the function of the educator. There is not sufficient loyalty amongst the members of the craft. A noble and most honorable occupation is made the means of temporary livelihood. The embryo preacher or lawyer turns aside to teach, that he may earn an amount sufficient to enable him to complete his studies. The maiden fair makes teaching a means to the higher end of a wedding trousseau. Very often those who continue to teach are the unambitious and the incompetent. The spirit of enthusiasm, of energy, and of god-like earnestness, present in every other sphere of action, is sadly needed here. Enthusiasm of the right sort means devotion, whole-heartedness, entire consecration. It means loyalty, and life-work for a chosen cause.

The teacher must give *himself*; his brain, his heart, his life, his all. The school-room is the place of boundless opportunity for the teacher as well as for the scholar. The best teachers are not those who know the most, but those who give the most. If "it is the destiny of man to perfect himself," it is the high mission of the teacher to perfect himself

by leading and inspiring and perfecting others. Such a man, entrusted with the training of immortal souls, should have moral stamina, personal power, unflinching patience, and boundless enthusiasm. He should understand that "through every star, through every grass-blade, but most through every human soul, the glory of a living God still beams." His spirit should be hopeful and courageous, and a genial optimism should pervade his work.

Hitherto the Teacher and the Times have had little in common. The teacher has run the round of his daily tasks, and the dull routine has brought no breath of inspiration from the busy world beyond. The teacher has been too often a pedant, a visionary, or a formalist. To-day there are signs of an intellectual quickening, and the true teacher is coming to the birth. The Age makes the man, and the man in time directs and shapes the spirit of the age. So the teacher whom the times demand will surely come, and come to govern and inspire the life of generations yet unborn.

AUSTEN K. DEBLOIS.

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The Student

THE student is perhaps the most talked of and at the same time the least known of mortals. It makes no difference whether he bears upon his classic brow the many colored cap of his German Society or the stiff mortar board of his English University or nothing at all with his American brother he is always an object of veneration. In the very word 'student' there is always a latent charm and potency. He is supposed to be pale, wear his hair *a la poet*, be given to much sadness and preoccupation, continually smelling of books and dusty parchments, to be beyond the pale of the law and ever falling out with his masters, play the guitar and make passionate love-verses and many other things too numerous to mention. It is no wonder then that the ordinary being bows down to this paragon of proficiency. If the ardent admirer of the antique and picturesque runs across the word 'student' in the course of his reading, it is only to be besieged with conflicting emotions and doubts as to whether the disciples of Minerva are mortal or constructed upon the same principle as the Scholastic Angels. When the unfortunate tourist, if he has not worn the gown himself, falls in

or rather falls out with a party of Bacchanalians from the Latin Quarter he takes his drubbing as a matter of course and is disappointed if they overlook him. Indeed some good people still persist in saying that Paradise was made especially for saints and students. This may be so and we would not dispute it and thus call down upon our heads well-merited retribution. We can only act the spectator in the matter and disclaim any pretense to originality. The student is certainly an enigma. When the fond parents suppose their boy to be drawing upon the oleic resources of old Mother Earth he is most likely to be drawing upon something more clayey than earthy. When the promising youth should be craving an audience with Plato or Aristotle and be on the borderland of the mysterious, he is really no further off than his comrade's fireside where he may be found discussing the probability of to-morrow's hockey match, with evident relish. These and other characteristics may give the shading to our picture, while the uncertainty that exists as to the exact location of the door and the position of the Heavenly bodies, some morning about 2 a. m. will lend an additional charm and piquancy.

The student in the class room is certainly in his cleverest *role*. Here the latent talents of the actor are developed and the fine sensibilities of the poet carefully applied. He has no stage fittings, theatrical paraphernalia, cosmetics, disguises,—unless it be his cap and gown,—or any other accessories worth mentioning. But he has his face, and like the maid in the song, 'his face is his fortune.' No Irving ever caught the wild spirit of Hamlet and portrayed with but a few gestures and contortions all the depth of passion and remorse that he was heir to with such proficiency as does the student the simplicity of his soul. With folded hands and a dreary far-away look in his eyes, he sits the acknowledged personification of goodness. With no fierce yearning after fame, with no insatiable thirst for gold he softens his features, arranges his smiles, dons a mask of benignity, beams like the sanctimonious creature of piety in the Modern Drama and is prepared to walk the boards of his classic theatre without any misgivings or regrets. If called upon suddenly to give his opinion on the best way of elucidating an algebraic formula he makes his cleverest hit. After a few preliminary skirmishes and reconnoiterings spent fruitlessly in investigating his gown and the kindly seat he has just left, he watches the rapid approach of the needful solution, passing from hand to hand in response to his signals of distress. Should it be de-

laid or fail to make connection. he will clear his throat, endeavour to gain artistic notoriety for the fineness of his design, engage the professor in an interesting conversation on the recent scientific discoveries, and then if the needful has not arrived quietly sit down. All these little artifices are daily practiced. In fact the student has no sooner registered and called upon the Dean than he is put through a thorough course of movements best calculated to develop manual dexterity and facial disguises. He is constantly on his guard and in after years, if he has profited by his teaching, is able to circumvent all the difficulties of life, provided he is given time, as he says, 'to get his feet.'

In the examination room the student is like the man in the popular story, 'he isn't in it.' This may seem paradoxical and provoke dispute, but to those who have passed through the fire it is a lamentable fact. To the ordinary college youth the examination room is usually associated with Dante's *Inferno* and the Tartarus of Greek mythology. All the imaginable evils possible accrue to this spot. The corners and gallerics are inhabited by the shades of those who have gone before and managed to enroll themselves on the wrong side of this rather biblical statement, 'many are called, but few are chosen.' The maps and other indications of learning are not without purport. The rugged outline of America points to regions that are warmer, as a warning to the luckless wight who shall call upon the Avenging Gods and offer up sacrifices in the form of incidental slips of paper, much defaced cuffs, loose pages of books treating upon various subjects and other confiscable property. When the younger generations are about him and passing through the same trials and tribulations his favourite consolation is: "Oh yes, going up for your examinations are you, I can remember when I used to dread them," etc, being careful to give the impression that he does not now. When he is having a tooth extracted and desires to apply a well-known mental law, the benches and tables, the solemn visages, the general air of suspense characteristic of calamities are called up and in the suggested pain the real torture is forgotten. As experiences they are indeed invaluable. The midnight oil, the fierce contention with Greek roots and irregularities, the ghoul-like dance of geometrical representations, the coyness of facts and figures, the modesty of dates in keeping in the background and refusing to be recognized, all these and many other features are so vivid that the youth is always in doubt as to how he really survived and is inclined

to dispute the claims of saints and martyrs to immortality.

The domestic life of the student, if it may be so called, is by far the more pleasurable. He has his rooms and in them he is lord and master. Generally speaking they face the town, or better look across the cool green quadrangle to another edifice more important in his eyes than the White House or Westminster Abbey. On a warm summer evening we may see our aspirant for academic honors lolling in the open window and dividing his time between strumming a banjo and courting My Lady Nicotine. Across the way a few suspicious movements of the window-blind apprise the gallant Romeo that his love 'lies not asleeping,' but is drinking in the impassioned strains of his *serenado*. His rooms are marvels of neatness and disorder. The book-case, in which reclines the stately worthies of the Past, is polished and dusted till every speck of a week's accumulation reposes safely behind the door. The table is littered with paper, notes, novels, the novels always underneath in case of an emergency, pipes and tobacco jars without end. Over the walls are scattered touch flags, tennis rackets, fishing rods, cricket bats and a thousand odds and ends picked up during the run of an ordinary college course. In every conceivable corner graceful groups of class colours and mementos of his Alma Mater give a Gothic effect and rival the cobwebs for intricacy. He is always 'at home' and dispenses lavishly a student's hospitality, except when he is expecting a visit from the 'Governor.' At morning chapel he is sometimes in evidence. On these rare occasions he appears out in a costume that was certainly not contrived by orth, though its novelty would lead one to think so. A dressing robe, a pair of slippers and an overcoat form his outfit, and suggest that the 'honey dew of slumber,' as Shakespeare has it, is sweeter to him than truth.

A student is known to his neighbors by two peculiarities, his fondness for noise and music. At almost any time of the night and at all times of the day the captivating strains of 'He was the boy with the golden hair' and *Fire la Compagnie* float out on the vibrating air. Perhaps it is true that music has charms. Undoubtedly it has, but those who are endeavouring to snatch a few minutes' repose with Morpheus require a new definition of the term. For his Alma Mater the student always has the greatest love. It was she who nourished him in his infancy and led him over the thorny and devious paths of knowledge. It was she who fanned his aspirations into flame and bid him be of good cheer. Never would he be so base as to cast any calumny upon her fair

escutcheon. In after years the reminiscences he has of cool quiet corridors, dim and undisturbed class-rooms, nights of study, days of lecture, the peacefulness, the repose, the rest are balms that will heal almost any wound. He is grateful, and in his innermost sanctuary daily offers up incense and sacrifice in honour of one who was his Maternal Deity when the fervor of Youth flowed like a mighty current and the eye was not dim and misty. A student may be a medley of conflicting accomplishments and often belie his name but his picturesqueness and romance will always appeal to the world as long as its foolish old heart cherishes an ideal that is human and at the same time divine—which is forever.

X

Love Thoughts

ONE RESULT OF READING BURNS' SONGS

BY SEA SHELL.

Poor Robbie, with his thousand loves, with honeyed speech that pulls and shoves until by force of tongue or arms one grasps his treasure in his arms, possessor of a thousand charms,—his heart enjoyed brief wedded bliss, though not through any fault of his.

He cooed so sweetly to the doves, and fondly coaxed them for a kiss, that every maid his passion knew, and to his arms in rapture flew ; —but vanished like the morning dew when through the mists some rising sun peeps, ogles, blinks, and smiles for fun, prepared his pompous course to run.

But I confess such bliss as this,—such as will bubble, foam, and hiss, whose safety valve is but a kiss,—though more than I would like to miss, is less than I would fain possess.

Love is a passion that masters the mind ;
 Turns a man to a fool, or an owl,—makes him blind ;
 And though hatred or envy be lurking behind
 It will sweep o'er the steep and the deep unconfined.
 Love is the lever that lifts mankind.

The Acadia Athenæum

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The Sanctum.

The EXAMINATIONS are over. We do not say this with unbecoming joy, but with a certain sense of satisfaction that after all is natural to Undergraduates of any College and of whatever destination. Though looked forward to and expected they never cause much uneasiness until within a few weeks of the appointed time. Then their inevitableness and surety are noted. They look familiar and yet they have a strangeness and colouring peculiarly their own. We have had them before? Undoubtedly. There are many things we have had before—whooping-cough, infantal bumps and bruises for example. Yet these were not periodical and regularly so, neither did they have the interest that these have. There surely must be something the matter. We take our accustomed walk without any feeling of expectancy. The pleasures and attractions of an occasional holiday never impress us as being strange or something to be accounted for. Whence then this sense of necessity? We know not. The superstitious Caesar could not explain his superstition. The believing Paul could not understand his faith. Neither can we, the least of mortals, solve a problem worthy of the Grecian Sphinx. We can only record it as a fact and apprise the aspirant of Academic honours of its presence.

* * *

Perhaps no institution contributes so much to the general education of the student as does the Society of which he is a member whether it be musical, literary or scientific. There is some peculiar efficacy in an association of this sort that smooths off the rough and rugged edges of

virtual manhood and distills in the cold apathetic Teuton a compound of French vivacity and Italian sentiment. No criticism is more pertinent of the Saxon than that he is too prosaic. He is fond of agricultural pursuits, brightens up at the prospects of a good dinner, includes in his well thumbed books a manual on military tactics but rarely rises to the heights of passion and feeling that has made the World tremble in silent ecstasy and won immortality for the Muse. It is a pity then that the missing element of his nature should not be assiduously cultivated. The nerves of the New World, if we may so call them, are coarse and loosely strung. True there is a lot of rough humour, rich and local in its way, but diamonds are not held precious by men until they are cut and polished. The pathos and originality of American thought and movement are certainly striking but that co-ordination and touch that distinguishes the random product of the brain from a finished creation is sadly wanting. No opportunity then should be lost to improve every occasion. At College where numbers of young men are thrown together there is no excuse why a strong and vigorous Society should not be maintained for the advancement of what Dame Nature has carelessly failed to accomplish. The tone of the Society rather than its purpose is of paramount importance. Unless the most choice ideas circulate and circulate freely the untiring efforts of the association will be in vain. Neither must its colouring be intellectual. The mind is thoroughly fed and fatted in the lecture room and in the study but the heart for some inconceivable reason is starved. We may congratulate ourselves on living in the 'free and enlightened' Nineteenth Century, to borrow a phrase of Sam Slick's, and be constantly annihilating space and time but a patent sewing machine is a poor substitute for chivalry and wealth for love. With Ruskin then we agree that there is a rift somewhere. Modern education looks solid and secure but so does the apple into which the worm has deftly found its way. Sooner or later the decay will become apparent and the fruit will be irrevocably lost. It behooves us then to stimulate in whatever way we can any agitation that has the culture of the heart for its goal. Not only musicians are included in Shakespear's dictum.

The man that has no music in his soul—
Is fit for treason.

* * *

In connection with the above a few words on Inter-collegiate Debating would not be amiss. The merits of such an exercise have often been stated and proved by the appreciation all have felt in listen-

ing to good sound logic and passionate eloquence. Its educational value is well known and the harmony it effects between Colleges of different denomination is by no means an unimportant factor. As it is our turn, with reference to Kings, to take the initiative we ask—Where is our Society and its ambitious debaters?

The Month

The PROPYLÆUM Society held its open meeting in the Chapel on the evening of January 12th. The programme carried out was as follows:—

Synopsis,—Miss Cook;

Co education in the light of Matrimony,—Miss Coldwell;

Reading,—Miss Keirstead;

George Sand,—Miss Yuill;

Critic's Report,—Miss Andrews.

On the evening of January 15th the Y. M. C. A., held an entertainment in College Hall. A good programme was presented and the various features successfully rendered by local talent.

Dr. Sexton, the well-known lecturer spoke before a large congregation in the Methodist Church on the evening of January 17th. His subject of discourse was, Reason, Fact and Faith. The following evening the Dr. lectured from the subject, "If a man die shall he live again." His usual custom of receiving and answering questions of a general nature was adhered to and increased the interest. Dr. Sexton is a most interesting and forcible speaker. His arguments are conclusive and the wealth of imagery with which he clothes his thoughts makes him a very pleasing lecturer.

The annual meetings of the Horticultural Society were held in College Hall on January 20th, 21st, and 22d. The charming weather and excellent condition of the roads contributed to the success of these important gatherings.

A Hockey match between the Wolfville and Windsor Hockey teams was played February 4th in Aberdeen Rink. It was a spirited contest. The Windsor team was victor and carried home well-earned honors. Score 4 to 3.

As the examinations have held the place of importance and occupied the time of the students for the last month, but a limited report of the ensuing festivities is accessible. Several social engagements, however, are looked forward to in the near future.

Personal Mention

WITH much pleasure we see Dr. Sawyer in the class-room again after a long and tedious illness. Quite suddenly before the examinations the Doctor was compelled to give up all collegiate work and for three weeks was confined to the house. At first it was reported that he would not be able to continue his classes for the remainder term, but that perseverance that is so characteristic of him overcame the difficulties and once more he has taken his place in the Institution. This year Dr. Sawyer retires from the office of the Presidency still retaining, however, his Professorship of Psychology and Metaphysics. For twenty-seven years he has faithfully discharged the duties of President and has guided Acadia through many troublous waters. Dr. Sawyer's happy forethought and wisdom have always been appreciated and more so now as what his absence will mean is clearly comprehended. Voicing the sentiments of Graduates and Undergraduates alike we wish the Doctor many profitable years of service and the full enjoyment of a well earned rest.

On Wednesday evening, February 3rd, a special meeting of the Board of Governors was called to consider the proposals of the Rev. Thomas Trotter to whom the Presidency of this College had been offered. After an harmonious discussion Mr. Trotter was unanimously elected President, his appointment not to take effect, however, till next August. The Rev. Thomas Trotter has been the pastor of the Baptist Church of this Town for little over a year and has been much esteemed as a preacher. Previous to this he was a valued professor at Mac Master University.

In this issue we present to our readers an interesting article on the educational needs of the day, by the Rev. Austin K. De Blois, '86. Since his graduation the Rev. Mr. De Blois has occupied many positions of honour and is now President of Shurtleff College. We are sure his contribution will be greatly appreciated.

De Alumnis

Rev. Isaiah Wallace '55, Evangelist, has been conducting services for the past week in the Baptist Church of this town. Mr. Wallace throughout his long ministry has been wonderfully blessed.

A. H. C. Morse and F. C. Bishop '96 have both been quite recently ordained to the work of the ministry. We wish them success in the calling.

J. E. Ferguson '94, who was one of our good debaters, is studying law at Toronto Law School.

C. E. Chipman '92 who completed the course in Electrical Engineering last year at Cornell, has a position in Salem, Mass.

Wm. R. Foot '95 is doing good work in the Pine Hill Divinity School, Halifax. Foot most successfully led our forces in the Inter-collegiate debate of '95.

We note with regret the death of James S. Morse '46, one of Acadia's oldest and esteemed graduates. For many years he has been an honored citizen of this town.

We learn of progress at McMaster under the skilful chancellorship of the Rev. O. C. S. Wallace '83, their somewhat recently elected president.

Herbert C. Creed '65, Acadia's first "Honor" graduate is instructor of Mathematics in the N. B. Normal School which position he has held for some fifteen years.

Rev. John B. Morgan '87 for some time past in charge of the Jacksontown Church, New Brunswick, has recently taken the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Aysleford, N. S.

We make grateful mention of some additions to our College Library in the department of Law by the Rev. A. S. Gumbart,—D. D. Acadia '96—of Boston.

Miss Maggie W. Coates '95, having spent the Summer in Paris and Heidelberg is now teaching in the Winthrop Normal School, South Carolina.

Archibaid Murray '94 is Professor of Mathematics in Little Rock University, Little Rock, Arkansas.

J. Edgar Higgins '95 is pursuing a course at Cornell.

W. D. Harris '93 is studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons Baltimore, Ma.

Miss F. M. Coldwell and Miss Hattie Strong '95, are at their homes in Wolfville.

Exchanges

THE University Monthly contains a very interesting and instructive letter on "Canada and the North West, which merits the attention of all Eastern Canadians, especially the young men who are now on the point of choosing their life work. We quote a few sentences—"To appreciate the West one must live there and having once done so he will never be satisfied to live in the East again."—However the writer warns, "What I wish to say is that Western

life is not all poetry by any means, any more than living in the East and being engaged to a nice girl, but not being able to make enough to marry her and no prospects ahead. For a young man in such a condition or not yet encumbered, the West is an ideal spot for which to make. Give the girl a chance to get someone else"—"The West is the place for young men. Everything is run by young men"—"There is no doubt that Western Canada and British Columbia to-day offer the very best inducements to young men that exist.

We need no other evidence than the *O. A. C. Review* that the Ontario Agricultural College is in a flourishing condition. We all honor our farmers, Canada's back-bone, and whatever tends towards their advancement has our heartiest sympathies. So *O. A. C.* may you flourish as the Cedars of Lebanon! May Dame Nature pour forth her richest blessings upon the labors of your children!

Varsity contains a strong plea for the formation of a University Rowing Club. Canada is renowned the world over for the success of her oarsmen but we are sorry to say none of our colleges are represented in the sport. Toronto University has exceptional advantages in this respect and so as Canadians we note the subject with much interest. Go in and win Varsity!

The Manitoba College Journal for January appears in very attractive form and discusses profitably such subjects as "The Justice of Nature," "Education in China," "Capital Punishment," "The Labor Question," etc., all deserving of careful attention.

The Presbyterian College Journal contains a very comprehensive outline of the Public School System of Nova Scotia. Nova Scotia is justly proud of her schools in which justice is guaranteed to all and in the working out of which the utmost harmony prevails. Some of the other provinces should for their own good follow Nova Scotia's example in the establishment of their school systems.

Collis Campusque

A HOTEL AFIRE, now, a barn afire, exams, slush have in their various ways aided in brightening or shadowing the life at Acadia during the past month. The latter fire gave an excellent opportunity for the Seniors to display their bravery, and the spirit they did show in their endeavors to rescue the inmates of the building was indeed most admirable. To see one of those noble students, leaping from his couch at 4 p. m., and clothed in his "cap and gown," advancing to the doors of the burning house in the face of danger and smoke, one would have thought that he was another Achilles storming another Troy, or a Freshman on his first Saturday afternoon visit to the Sem. But the hazardous event is past, and the Seniors will add to their tales of victory, to be told to future

generations, this other tale :—" our greatest triumph over the Juniors, or how we downed the *sparks*."

It is sometimes interesting to know how Acadia students are regarded at their homes, so we have this month clipped a few items from the various local papers which will throw some needed light on the subject. The "Liverpool Tombs" remarks :—Queens Co. boys have ever taken an active interest in literature. Some of our young men at Acadia are now taking a prominent hand in the revision of "Chips that pass in the Night." The following from the *pen* of the "Island Porker" is a part of an editorial on Provincial Loyalty :—"Take for instance our representatives at Acadia. Can anyone say that they at any time have repudiated the traditions of the farm, or shaking the hayseed from their locks have to the smallest degree adopted the customs of those among whom they have for a while sojourned. No ! No !! Nit !!!

A friendly game of snow-ball was played on the 8th inst near Mud Creek between the Wolfville Juvenile Club and a picked team from the Junior Class. The attendance was small, owing to the present scarcity of antiquated eggs; but a few ladies of the Seminary who were honored with complimentary tickets occupied the back seats. No serious accidents have as yet been reported, though one of the spectators is said to have got a *chip* in her eye—a pardonable event when it is remembered that there was but one *Slip*, the only and original one, during the entire fracas.

Fire and smoke were observed the other morning bursting from a presumably extinct volcano in the *Rocky* ranges. So dire has been the confusion wrought by this that *hares* in great abundance have been noticed during the last few days coming from their hiding places.

Will Mr. Murphy please request the small boys who sit at the rear of the *Semicircle* to assume for a while that quiet abstraction which is so much in evidence when the collection plate is *being* passed around.

For England, Home and Beauty,

We will ever do our duty

And not in Mathematics even retreat,

For our history *convinces*

That a Briton never winces

No, he never is content with a *back seat*.

Acknowledgements.

Miss Evalina K. Patten, B. A., 1.00; C. R. Higgins, B. A., 1.00; M. C. Smith, M. D., 2.00; E. D. King, Q. C., 5.00; C. L. Freeman, 1.00; Rev. G. H. White, M. A., 50 cts; B. P. Steeves, 1.00; E. C. Hooper, 1.00; Rev. M. B. Whitman, B. A., 2.00; R. K. B. Knowles, 1.00; R. Sanford, 1.00; H. B. Slood, 1.00; A. L. Dodge, 2.00; E. R. Freeman, 1.00; W. A. Farris, 1.00; Arthur Hay, 1.00; G. E. Durkee, 1.00; J. E. Forsythe, 1.00; T. B. Gilpin,

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Errata. Jan'y acknowledgements.

For "Miss Bessie Tretis," "H. C. Card," and "A. C. Jost, B. A., 3.95," read "Miss Bessie Trites." "H. C. Creed" and "A. C. Jost, B. A., 3.15."



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