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THE
Acadia Athenæum.

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ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

The Sanctum.

WE have said our say. It but remains for us now to make our bow, step down and out. We entered upon our duties with ominous fears and dire forebearings of what might happen to us inexperienced, but we have met with a kind and indulgent public, have received flattering notices and we retire trusting that even though we have worked no radical change in college journalism we have not gone backward. No fears for the future invade the privacy of the sanctum as excellent men have been elected for the coming year. We retire with best wishes for our successors and trust that the ATHENÆUM in its new dress will be graciously received.

DURING the past year, we have been fortunate enough to secure contributions from a number of the graduates and other friends of Acadia. Many of these are now students at foreign colleges, and we are pleased to see that their interest in our welfare still continues. Others are actively engaged

in professions and their assistance and sympathy is especially prized. We feel grateful to all contributors, to the ATHENÆUM, for so generously assisting us in providing material for our readers.

FOR some time a change has been in contemplation in the general management of the ATHENÆUM. It was found impracticable to do so during the college year that has just closed, but the change will come into effect with the first issue of the coming year. In the future, there shall be one editor-in-chief instead of three men equally responsible as formerly. The complete staff will consist of the usual number selected from the classes as before. An important change will be made in the mechanical arrangement and features will be introduced, which the editors believe will add to the interest of the ATHENÆUM and by means of which its constituency will be enlarged. We wish to see Acadia well represented through the ATHENÆUM and while we believe the college paper should be a student's paper, the form of appearance and character of the articles should be such as will command the respect and sympathies of its readers. With such ideas in mind the students have resolved to make even greater efforts than in the past to bring the ATHENÆUM to the standard of what a college paper should be.

THE new Seminary Building, by June, has assumed quite a presentable appearance. Many of the friends visiting Acadia during commencement week took advantage of the opportunity of inspecting the interior of the structure, and expressed themselves well pleased with its appearance even at its present stage of completion. The building will be completed and ready for use at the opening of the school in September. So beautifully situated with its fine view and pleasant surroundings it is well adapted to the growing needs of the Seminary.

Another new building will soon be added to the number which already adorn our grounds. The foundation of the Manual Training Building has been laid, and the work of erection is now going on. A teacher has been secured and the department will be

in operation the coming winter. Connected as it is with Horton Collegiate Academy it will greatly add to the usefulness of that institution as a practical training school for boys.

WE regret that reports of several pleasant events are crowded out of this issue. Among which might be mentioned the interesting lecture by Prof. MacMechan, of Dalhousie, the pleasant recitals given by the pupils of Miss Brown and those of Miss Wallace, and also the enjoyable entertainment given by Mr. H. N. Shaw to his many friends on Tuesday evening of commencement week; all of which events will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of attending.

HORTON ACADEMY.

The closing exercises of Horton Academy took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 1st. The day was fine and a large audience greeted the appearance of the graduating class. The proceedings throughout were interesting, and a fitting close to a successful year's work. The class of '92 numbers twenty-seven, of whom nineteen have completed the prescribed course, and received diplomas of graduation. The programme was as follows:—

- PROCESSIONAL—"Grand German March," *Wollenhaupt.*
MISS LILLIAN SHAW.
PRAYER.
- POLACCA BRILLANTE OP. 72, *Weber.*
MISS EDITH KEIRSTEAD.
1. ESSAY—"Commerce of N. S."
RUPERT E. STEVENS, Port Williams, N. S.
 2. ESSAY—"Indians of N. S."
ADONIRAM J. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville, N. S.
 3. ESSAY—"Electricity."
HARRY PURDY, Amherst, N. S.
 4. ESSAY—"Example vs. Precept,"
EDWARD A. MCPHEE, Long Crook, P. E. I.
DUETT—"Drift My Bark," *Kucken.*
MESSES SAUNDERS AND MORRILL.
 5. ESSAY—"Sir John A. Macdonald,"
FREDERICK FENWICK, Bonner, Montana.
 6. ESSAY—"Pleasure,"
HOWARD MOFFATT, Amherst, N. S.
 7. ESSAY—"Great Conflagrations,"
WILFORD DIMOCK, Windsor, N. S.
 8. ESSAY—"Judge J. W. Johnston,"
WILLIAM BEZANSON, English Corner, Halifax Co., N. S.
AM MERE, *List.*
MISS KATR NEELY.

9. ESSAY—"Charles Stuart Parnell,"
FERRY PRIDE, Amherst, N. S.
 10. ESSAY—"The Russian,"
CHARLES D. MOISE, Sandy Cove, N. S.
 11. ESSAY—"Influence,"
HOWARD WRIGHT, Clementsvale, N. S.
 12. ESSAY—"The Great Pyramid,"
ALFRED P. ROGERS, Amherst N. S.
MUSIC BY MALE QUARTET.
 13. ESSAY—"City and Country Life."
HOWARD YOUNG, Lower Granville, N. S.
 14. ESSAY—"Lord Clive,"
WILLIAM CONRAD, Spry Harbour, N. S.
 15. ESSAY—"The Ideal Student,"
MISS MATILDA STEVENS, Newport, N. S.
 16. ESSAY—"Glaciers,"
EARLE BURGESS, Wolfville, N. S.
 17. ESSAY—"The Chinese Problem,"
CLIFFORD TUFTS, Kingston, N. S.
SOLO—"Margery Daw," *Woolf.*
MISS FLORENCE M. SHAND, Windsor, N. S.
 18. ESSAY—"The Census of 1891,"
ERNEST HAYCOCK, Westport, N. S.
 19. ESSAY—"Julius Caesar,"
BLAIR DAKIN, Sandy Cove, N. S.
 20. ESSAY—"Wolfville,"
MISS ELLA WALLACE, Wolfville, N. S.
 21. ESSAY—"Novels,"
FREDRICK B. SCHURMAN, Truro, N. S.
 22. ESSAY—"Hannibal,"
SAMUEL T. KING, St. John, N. B.
 23. ESSAY—"Life,"
JOHN C. WEST, Morristown, N. S.
 24. ESSAY—"True Greatness,"
MISS MINNIE BROWN, Wolfville, N. S.
- PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.
ADDRESSES.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Miss Brown and Messrs. Stevens, McPhee, Bezanson, Rogers, and Tufts, delivered their essays, which, without exception, were carefully written and reflected credit both upon their authors and the English instructor of the Academy.

Mr. Stevens spoke of the great natural advantages for trade which Nova Scotia possesses, and the rapid growth of her export trade during the last decade.

Mr. McPhee took for his text, "Example is better than precept" and thoroughly maintained its truth. "Man is generally more prone to imitate than to obey."

A brief sketch of the life of J. W. Johnston was present by Mr. Bezanson, who told how Acadia was

indebted to the Judge through whose efforts her first charter was secured.

Mr. Rogers' description of the Great Pyramid was very interesting, and he received the closest attention of his audience.

Mr. Tufts made a very clear presentation of the evils of Chinese immigration; and considered it important that Canadians should carefully study this question and profit by the experience of the United States, as they will doubtless have to take action in this matter themselves in the near future.

In a carefully prepared and well delivered essay, Miss Brown rightly contended that one need not be famous in order to be truly great, but that true greatness is to be found in all grades of Society and all occupations of life.

This completing the selection of essays to be delivered, the diplomas were then presented by Dr. E. M. Saunders, who briefly addressed the class. Excellent music was furnished by the Seminary and College Quartet.

The Academy never was in a more prosperous condition than at present, and the Manual Training School which will be in operation next autumn will make it the most desirable school for boys in the province.

ACADIA SEMINARY.

The closing of the Seminary, as in previous years, drew its usual large audience notwithstanding the small admittance fee which was charged. A delightful evening and the invariable high order of the entertainment given on these occasions induced so many to wend their way in this direction that long before the time for commencing had arrived, College Hall was filled to overflowing. Not long after Misses Burns and Chute took seats at the piano and began the Processional March, all eyes were turned towards the east door and remained for several minutes fixed in that direction as if held by some irresistible power upon teachers and students as they took their respective seats. And indeed worthy were they of the attention and admiration of all, for seldom is a more attractive and pleasing spectacle presented to a Wolfville audience than upwards of fifty young ladies neatly attired in white and gracefully marching with steady step to the places reserved for them in the

main body of the Hall. Miss Graves, the Principal, owing to illness was not able to take her accustomed seat on the platform with the rest of the teaching staff, a fact which occasioned much regret. The platform decorations were of a most becoming character, and their neat and beautiful arrangement evinced the tasteful care of ladies' delicate and enchanting touch.

Dr. Sawyer, who had taken a seat on the platform, called upon Rev. Mr. McEwen to offer prayer, and the following programme was presented:—

1. VOCAL TRIO—"Lift Thine Eyes," - - Mendelssohn.
MISSSES SAUNDERS, REID, SHAND, EATON, STEWART,
CUNNINGHAM.
2. ESSAY—"Royal Tombs,"
ALICE A. BISHOP, Greenwich, N. S.
3. PIANO SOLO—Rondo Brillante, Op. 62, . . . Weber.
ETHEL H. GRIFFIN.
4. ESSAY—"The Poets Laureate of England,"
MADEL V. JONES, Wolfville, N. S.
5. ESSAY—"Temperance Education in the Public School,"
E. MAUD FRIZZLE, Mabou, C. B.
6. SOLO—" (a.) "Margarita," - - Meyer-Helmund.
(b.) "Maiden's Song," - Meyer-Helmund.
EMMA TUPPER KNOWLES.
7. ESSAY—"The Violin and its Masters,"
MARY H. FITCH, Wolfville, N. S.
8. PIANO—Sonata, Op. 26, (Andante con Variazioni),
EDITH A. KIERSTEAD. Beethoven.
9. ESSAY—"Les Victimes royales de la Revolution francaise,"
ANNIE M. FREEZE, Penobsquis, N. B.
10. SOLO—"My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair," - Haydn.
MARY A. WHITE.
11. ESSAY—"Night unto Night Showeth Knowledge,"
HELENA ROWSE, Southampton, N. B.
12. ESSAY—"Allegory in Literature and in Art,"
EDNA CORNING, Chegoggin, N. S.
13. VIOLIN SOLO—(a.) "Petit Divertissement," - Dancla.
(b.) "Schlummerlied," - - Asber.
MARY H. FITCH.
14. QUARTETTE—(a.) "Old German Shepherd Song," Kieuzl.
(b.) "The Cuckoo," - - Fittig.
MISSSES SAUNDERS, STEWART, WALLACE, CUNNINGHAM.
15. ESSAY, WITH VALEDICTORY—"Mental Currents,"
LINA M. BENJAMIN, Gaspereau, N. S.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

ADDRESSES.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The first speaker, Miss Bishop, spoke of art in its relation to man and nature; and by a cursory glance through the tombs of the ancients showed its display in every land. After passing through several eminent

tombs of olden countries, especially those of Egypt and Greece, she dwelt for a short time on the abode of our own past monarchs and statesmen, Westminster Abbey. Clear delivery and graphic yet brief description were prominent characteristics.

Miss Jones said that poetry was not the outcome of any morcenary incentive, but a mere spontaneous outflow of the inward soul. This was followed by a short description of various poets laureate and their artful master-pieces. Her essay showed careful study and had a pleasing effect.

Miss Frizzle briefly depicted in glowing terms the evils connected with intemperance. These have been greatly lessened, and can further be, by instruction in the public schools. Especial mention was made of Mrs. Hunt and her recent work. On descending from the platform, Miss Frizzle was presented with a handsome bouquet.

It was soon evident that Miss Fitch had a subject in which she fairly rejoiced. After speaking briefly of the office and nature of music and especially that of the violin, she dwelt for some time upon the violin as a musical instrument and some of its most noted masters. She exhibited a diction pure and polished. Thoughts in themselves most beautiful and poetic were rendered more pleasing by vivid word painting and imagery of expression which frequently led her hearers into the region of the sublime.

Miss Freeze spoke with a clear and distinct voice. Her essay was so artistically composed and elegantly delivered that a most pleasing impression was left. As for the subject matter our reporter fails to recollect any of the leading points. (The subject matter was in French.)

Miss Corning next advanced. She spoke of allegory as an important element in literature. Symbolism in art which is equivalent to allegory in literature is of equal importance in its own sphere. She showed a thorough interest in her subject and much careful study. Her language was pure, and thoughts frequently tended towards a poetical nature.

The last speaker, Miss Benjamin, likened mental currents to nature's irresistible watery torrents, unable to be originated or stopped by human power, but capable of being turned in different directions. To this quality is due the all important ability of man to concentrate the will on one subject. The valedictory was short but appropriate. Miss Benjamin had

an easy command of language, which abounded in rich and glowing thoughts.

The music maintained its usual high standard of excellency, reflecting much credit upon the performers. Miss Fitch, who, as a violinist never fails to elicit admiration, rendered her parts in a laudable manner. Miss Keirstead displayed rare ability at the piano, both as accompanist and soloist. Misses White and Knowles did themselves credit as vocal soloists and received hearty applause. The other performers did excellent and praiseworthy work.

Dr. Sawyer with a few fitting remarks presented the diplomas, and in a short speech pointed out the many difficulties under which students as well as teachers had laboured during the past year. Next year many of these difficulties will be obviated as the new part will be ready for occupants by the opening of the term, thus making adequate space for the yearly increase in the number of students. The hour already being late no addresses were called for, and all went home feeling that our sister institution is in a prosperous and flourishing condition, and well worthy of our highest commendation.

UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT.

Nature bestowed her brightest smiles upon the class of '92 on the occasion of their graduation day. Commencement morning opened with the finest of Wolfville's fine weather. Between ten and eleven a gala throng of those who do honor to Acadia's name kept ascending the hill to the white halls, whence a class of twenty-six was that day to be sent forth into the world. Jubilee Hall was filled to its utmost capacity when the governors, alumni, faculty and students entered in procession.

After prayers the following programme of orations and music was presented, only those orations marked with an asterisk being delivered :

- * "The Æsthetic Sense of the Greek,"
G. ERNEST CHIPMAN, Tupperville, N. S.
- "The Problem of Electricity,"
HOWARD S. ROSS, North Sydney, N. S.
- "Party Government,"
JOHN L. CHURCHILL, Lockeport, N. S.
- "Inductive Study of Folk-Lore,"
WILLIAM L. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville, N. S.
- * "Increase of Popular Influence in British Government,"
ARTHUR F. NEWCOMBE, Wolfville, N. S.
- * "Roman Imperialism,"
ASA J. CROCKETT, Hopewell, N. S.

- "Canadian Literature,"
A. MORAN HEMMEON, Wolfville, N. S.
- * "Education and Religion,"
JOSHUA B. GANONG, Collina, N. B.
- CHORUS—"To Thee, O Country," - - - *Eichbury.*
- "Celt and Teuton Compared,"
FRED E. ROOP, Clementsport, N. S.
- * "The New Way to the Orient,"
AVARD V. PINEO, Wolfville, N. S.
- "Machinery and Labor,"
C. EDGAR CHIPMAN, Wolfville, N. S.
- "Law as an Educator,"
HENRY B. HOGG, Yarmouth, N. S.
- * "The Inventor,"
ISAAC CROMBIE, Forbrook, N. S.
- * "Amity of Nations and Tariff Wars,"
AVERY A. SHAW, Berwick, N. S.
- "Contributions of the French to Science,"
WILFRED H. STARRATT, Wolfville, N. S.
- * "Charles Haddon Spurgeon,"
WESLEY T. STACKHOUSE, Bloomfield, N. B.
- COLLEGE QUARTET—"Dun and Groy," - - - *Martel.*
- "The Latin Race in South America,"
ARCHIBALD R. TINGLEY, Sackville, N. B.
- "The Partition of Africa,"
CHARLES T. HUSLEY, Lawrencetown, N. S.
- * "Literature a Test of Civilization,"
CHARLES E. SEAMAN, Wolfville, N. S.
- "Occult Mental Influences,"
OUBÉ P. GOUCHER, Melvern Square, N. S.
- "Physical Training for the College Student,"
FRED E. COX, Avonport, N. S.
- "A Quarter of a Century of Canadian Confederation,"
OWEN N. CHIPMAN, Berwick, N. S.
- "The Debt of the West to the East,"
GEORGE E. HIGGINS, Wolfville, N. S.
- * "Justice According to Spencer and Plato,"
M. HADDON McLEAN, Wolfville, N. S.
- * "The Seat of Law,"
FRANK A. STARRATT, Wolfville, N. S.
- DUET—"Hope Beyond," - - - *White.*
MESSRS. WHIDDEN AND SHAW.

The orations were of a high order and their inherent merit was enhanced by excellent delivery, there being almost no prompting done. Mr. Chipman showed great flow of language as well as good thought. Mr. Shaw covered the ground of his subject broadly and his superior manner of delivery served to impress the truths taught. Mr. Stackhouse exhibited energy and purpose both in his style of writing and in his delivery. Mr. McLean's graceful periods and melody of language could not be hampered even by his didactic subject. Mr. Starratt displayed splendid abil-

ity as a reasoner and thinker and his climax was grand. Mr. Crocket handled his subject in a clear, straightforward way, calculated to please as well as convince. Mr. Newcombe displayed ease and perspicuity in his treatment of his theme. Mr. Ganong gave expression to lofty sentiment and clothed it in fitting garb. Mr. Pineo in his resonant voice extolled Canada's great railway. Mr. Crombie gave evidence of considerable wit in his essay. Mr. Seaman in a true literary style declaimed concerning literature.

Honor certificates were then presented to the following:

- G. E. Chipman, '02, Classics.
M. H. McLean, '02, do.
C. E. Seaman, '02, Political Economy.
S. J. Case, '03, Classics.
Clifford Jones, '03, do.
W. S. MacFarlane, '03, Classics.
A. M. Wilson, '03, do.
E. H. Nichols, '03, do.
Miss M. McLean, '03, French and German.
Miss A. McLean, '03, do.
A. E. Dunlop, '04, History.
H. Sydney Davidson, '04, do.
Miss A. Roop, '04, do.
W. T. Stackhouse, '02, Diploma for course in Elocution.

The conferring of degrees followed. In addition to the twenty-five whose names appear in the programme, E. H. Borden, of Truro, received the degree of B. A. Mr. Borden was a member of the class of '01, but did not take his degree until this year. He is the first colored man to pass from Acadia's hall. The degree of M. A. in course was conferred upon Rev. Sydney Welton, F. B. Smith, and Miss Alice Fitch. Miss Fitch is the first lady to receive the degree from Acadia. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. C. H. Corey, of Richmond Institute, and Rev. J. C. Morse, of Digby.

A very pleasant feature of the exercises not mentioned in the programme was the unveiling of a portrait of Dr. Sawyer, presented by the graduating class to the board of governors. Rev. Mr. Cohoon at the opening of the exercises publicly thanked the class in behalf of the governors for this expression of their esteem. The portrait was then unveiled amid loud applause. The painting was hung up just above the centre of the platform. It is a very fine and accurate one, executed in oils by Barrett, of Halifax.

Dr. Sawyer in addressing the graduating class thanked them most sincerely for the expression they had made of their regard for him. He spoke feelingly of the relations which had existed between the class and himself during their four years' sojourn together, and he concluded his remarks with a few fitting words of advice to direct them in their life work.

Addresses full of interest were also delivered by Judge Graham, of Halifax, and Dr. Bullin, of Newton, and the exercises concluded with the national anthem and the benediction.

Contributed.

A CLASS-TIME AT EDINBURGH.

Once, lonely and extra-mural, the Kirk o' Field, where Darnley lodged to Bothwell; now, in the very midst of the turmoil of the streets, a pile of high stone buildings, massive, rectangular,—the City's University! Of grey sandstone, venerable and austere, a veritable John Knox in architecture, its visage a perpetual gloom! Noisy thoroughfares flank it familiarly about; it commands nothing of situation; yet its presence is always singular, impressive, academic. The silence of three hundred years dwells within the spacious quadrangle; only the plash of rain from the gargoyles, or the twitter of building sparrows. The common clamor of traffic forever assails it,—the ebb and flow of the growing times; yet its dominion remains silent, impassive, strong—an old Quaker fallen among thieves.

But the "Old Building," as it is called, has a life and a tumult of its own. A many-legged, noisy-lunged being, that unhesitatingly invades the very sanctity of its presence, clatters about the quadrangle, pounds down the long corridors, or carves its name on the back forms of the sepulchral class-rooms. A noisy, restless, ever-shifting care to the scrupulous and exacting old "Master;" an offspring that numbers some five thousand strong; her "boys," that only Time shall sodden and subdue!

The winter morning breaks slowly over the old "Grey City,"—the relentless rain, the feeble gas-jets. East winds ravage the naked streets. The cold of the North Sea is raw about one's ears.

Dark, formidable and forbidding stands the old "University," its huge gateways adrip with the driving rain. The quadrangle is wet, empty and cheerless, as it buffets, forward and back, the invading elements. Dejected janitors scuttle aslant rainswept spaces, or lurk in sheltered corners, Scottish and taciturn. Slowly the gilded hands of the mindful clock reach round near the hour of nine,—that scholastic starting-post. And now in through the gateways labor sundry sorry and rubber-clad figures, here singly, and there in groups; these shiver quickly along the stone balconies, and disappear, within the dark portals of the Leclaire Theatre, beyond. As the minutes

lessen, the throng thickens; its speed increases; till, at the stroke of nine is there nearly a ten-second burst of flying Mackintosh and Glongarry.

Within, the amphitheatre rapidly fills; tier rising upon tier, face added to face, higher and higher, in the gas-light. Verily a motley assemblage of Jew and Gentile, gathered from the earth's four corners; First year's men they are, and their spirits exuberant. The clamor they raise is tremendous. Head-gear fallen awry, twisted round or tilted back for greater freedom, lends something of the picturesque to the confusion. The perfect ease of the "performers" is refreshing!

Of "chaffing" there is little; the true Scot never "chaffs." His jokes are sparse; hungry and funereal things. His one aim and ambition is to make a row. This he does in a serious, solid, so-much-by-the-yard sort of way, his face as long as Leith Walk. Each man, on his arrival, grasps by the nether end his faithful stick, and proceeds in systematic fashion to belabor his share of the floor or form just in front. These sticks are the special pride of the first year's men; and their size would put to shame any Gaspareaux cord-wood.

The noise soon waxes hideous. Those whose arms have grown weak in the service use their feet. The result is quite the same. Soon, from a far corner some enthusiast essays a solo. "Clementine" and "Old Hundred" are the prime favorites. According as the fancy takes, the singer is either promptly *hors de combat*, or his effort is approved and gets emphasis, grows multifarious, horrible. Often, however, the "favorites" are started together; odds even. Then the pandemonium gets divided. Oh division! Oh strength! for the turmoil is simply redoubled. The respective partisans lock in a deafening struggle! now the chances favor "Old Hundred;" again "Clementine" pulls to the front. At exactly five minutes after the stroke of the hour the Professor makes his appearance; the regulation frock coat and skull cap. His entrance marks an armistice in proceedings, and is invariably greeted with a rival, wind-broken cheer. Further achievement is reluctantly relinquished. Off come the hats; out come the pens and note-books. Gradually is heard the flutter of note-books and stationery, disturbed only by volleyed cries of "Hat!" aimed at some luckless wight who has forgotten to uncover. The little, conventional cough; then, "Gentlemen, we resume this morning;" the Lecture has begun.

For the next fifty-five minutes there follow a breathless scratch and scramble after that Professor, through a very wilderness of woe. Get down what the man says, in some way or other, you must. 'Tis in the *other* way one usually gets it. Often the bare phraseology is all one has to guide him. Then the difficulties become supreme; comparisons, hasty and numerous, are made with the neighbors. The Professor, speaking for the most part *ex tempore*, refers, now to the long desk in front, wealthy of all apparatus peculiar to the subject, and, now to the wall behind, where panels are festooned with numberless diagrams. In this way the ground that is covered is appalling. Perfect order obtains, and this, the cardinal recommendation of the Lecture system. Even the most careless recognize the complete seriousness of the occasion, and scribble as if their lives depended thereon.

A comprehensive digest of the one hundred lectures, which constitute a course in all the heavier subjects, is simply invaluable to the student. He here has a text-book all his own — usually intelligible only to himself — where no expurgation is requisite. He simply makes it a complete "transfer" upon his cerebral tissue, and is ready to the tune of first-class honors. Many of the men, who "pass with distinction," have never opened a text-book of other than their own making. Here, excellence of scholarship postulates, solely, a mastery of detail. The printed texts themselves are commonly unsatisfactory; cumbersome creations, that tell too much and soon become obsolete. The "Lectures" exercise to a nicety the process of exclusion; indicate to a hair's breadth the area of the examination. As further fact is elicited, or this hypothesis contraverted, readily and with convenience, room is found for the one, and place made for the other, within the sheaf of the Professor's "notes." These "notes" are rarely published. "The labor of book-making is great," is the plea; its result, the Professor well knows, will be the emptying of the back benches of his class-room,—a serious subtraction from the ranks of his "yellow boys."

Meanwhile, the "lecture" has been steadily in progress; the sonorous cadence of the old Scot, and the rapid ply of "Fountain" or "Stylograph." Any *lapsus lingue* on the part of the Professor is promptly followed by a unanimous shuffling of feet. Thus is it that the undergraduate fraternity expresses its dis-

satisfaction. The disturbance is iterated, till the error is dignifiedly corrected. Such manifestations are about the only sympathy ever established twixt "teacher" and "taught." The individuality of the "Chair" remains forever a sealed book to the "Benches." The "Benches" possess for the "Chair" a certain common personality,—they all own notebooks and can be "spun;" they mean only a certain measure of guineas.

But now as the hour grows well nigh exhausted the patience of many a break-jostler's scribe wears thin. First indication is a dropping fire of insulated kicks; soon singles become doubles; and presently, from behind the ambush of benches, a perfect fusillade is opened upon the "enemy." The "enemy," however, goes doggedly on; holds pertinaciously to his last minute. The conflict gets desperate; the issue hangs doubtful, till the clock steps in and decides it. The Professor relinquishes his hold, and under cover of the grateful intimation, "Gentlemen, you may leave your cards," makes his escape.

With a huge sigh of relief the tired arm is stretched, the crossed leg straightened. The "cards" are immediately forthcoming; they are about the last thing that the "boys" forget. "Cards are called," quite at the pleasure of the Professor, twenty-six times during the session. Each student is required to have to his credit a certain proportion of this number before his attendance is recognized. To be present on all the "card days," and only then, requires no little foresight and calculation.

And now the last desire of the multitude is to "get out." With cards between their teeth, and both elbows free, the impatient and vigorous attempt to stampede their more philosophic brethren. All petty animosity is forgotten; each strives only to annihilate the space-filling properties of the other. The aisles choke into swaying columns of compounded humanity. The benches lend their periodic backs, a sort of flying staircase. Rapidly the tributaries swell the main streams of exit. The portals groan with the growing strain. Borne along in the crush, one's own turn comes. At the door your card is clutched by the tenacious and long-suffering janitor. You have registered once more "A Class-time at Edinburgh."

WALTER W. CHIPMAN.

THE STORY OF BARON ANSELME DE ST. CASTIN.

Among the many distinguished officers holding rank in that famous regiment known as the Carignan Salieres, was one St. Castin, a most unique and picturesque character. When that regiment disbanded, he with many others of the French noblesse took up settlement in old Acadia, and soon by trading acquired a great fortune and became very influential among the savage Algonquins. He was a typical *coureur de bois*, and he ranged through the forest of Penobscot as their chief.

In his wild free life he forgot the beauty of the fair maids of France. To him nature had endowed other daughters with loveliness and charms. The black-eyed Merihaha, daughter of Modockawando the principal chief of the tribe, became the bride of the young and brave Castin.

Although exposed to peculiar dangers, and often beset by many enemies, he gathered about him his faithful Indians and bade defiance to all the intrigues that the English made against him. Under such circumstance, and of such parentage was Anselme de St. Castin born, and when his father returned to sunny France he came into possession of all his wealth and led the Indian warriors as his father did of old.

We first see him appearing amidst the struggle for supremacy between the French and English at the old fort Port Royal. He had not yet reached the prime of his manhood, yet his physique and bearing was that of a noble. His hair fell in wavy profusion upon his broad shoulders; his dark eyes flashed lightning; his brawny arms were strong as oak; his step was that of a deer. Although he felt affection for his savage half-brothers, there might be seen in his mein a haughtiness of spirit that raised him above the rude Micmac warriors among whom he lived; a spirit to which the Indians unconsciously submitted; a spirit of daring which would brave all dangers before surrendering to the mercy of a foe; a spirit of honour which eventually turned his life into a happy romance.

In the spring of 1707, Col. March landed a thousand men at the head of Annapolis Basin in order to capture Port Royal; but Subercerse, who was then commandant, had made every preparation within the fort, and besides had secured an alliance with the

Indians outside. Again and again did the savages break from ambush, and as their loud war-whoop pierced the evening air, the towering form of Anselme de St. Castin was seen leading his fierce warriors upon the British ranks.

Meeting such repulse the English abandoned the endeavour for three years when they returned with renewed determination for victory. That October the sixteenth day of the month, saw the tricoloured ensign of France hauled down and the British red, white and blue wave proudly over the old fort.

Castin towards the following spring, became so hard pressed by his foes that he decided to embark for home. Once amidst the wild forest of Penobscot he would be able to bid defiance to all such. A fellow leader L'Hermite and a young Indian chief Nocawado accompanied him in his flight to the river of refuge.

On the eighteenth of June 1712, the three reached the mouth of the river, and the month had nearly ended when the smoke of Pentagoet his headquarters came in sight curling over the high pine tree groves.

Having landed Castin sent scouts to various out-stations to warn him of the approach of any enemy.

One morning as the rising sun was just gilding the eastern horizon, Castin, who was walking along the shore, caught sight of a canoe coming swiftly towards him. As it drew near, he saw that it had but one occupant, a gentilhomme rover by the name of St. Aubin. "Ho!" cried Castin, "are the huntsmen after the moose?" "Aye," answered St. Aubin, "the troops of the English led by Col. Waldren, are by this time at the mouth of the river. Unless the moose strikes for his forest covert the huntsmen will track him down." "Well said and well 't shall be done." "L'Hermite is a good fellow, Nocawado is faithful. If you and your Indian guide will join us, there will be five to start to-morrow through the wilderness for Quebec; are you agreed?" "St. Aubin and Castin were always good friends—we will go."

Early next morning two canoes were launched into the Penobscot, with two or three days provisions, carrying the five fugitives. Out each canoe struck from the shore into the main stream, the paddles keeping time with gentle plash in slow and measured rythme. The light came faint from the east. To the eye of Anselme de St. Castin, the river never seemed more grand and beautiful. Presently he spoke up,

"Well the signs omen well. I dreamt last night the finding of a bright jewel. Methinks some good fortune is awaiting me e'er many days. The moose can foil the hunters." "Be it so my comrade," answered L'Hermite. "The river and the wilderness will be our guardian."

The journey up to the lakes was made in a few days. In the north-east portion of one of the largest lakes a miniature creek bounded with great grey boulders and over-hung with verdant elms entered among the hills. Directed by Melwasis, the Indian guide, the canoes were steered to this shady alcove. Silently, swiftly, the canoes sped over the mirroring surface. The light crafts skimmed the water like swift winged swallows; four ripple lines trailed far behind them widening and ever widening to the shore of this inland bay. By the side of a great boulder the canoes were brought to a stop. The five landed and commenced preparation for the few miles portage through the forest to the head waters of the Aroostook. This toilsome journey occupied but a few hours, and now they had a long stretch of water before them the descent of the Aroostook and the ascent of the St. John, from the head waters of which they intended to reach Quebec. The river was rapid and the descent though easy was often dangerous on account of the the rocks and whirling eddies; but Castin and the young Indians were experts with the paddle and never felt more at home than when descending one of the fierce rapids of the river. It was just growing dusk one evening when the party arrived near the spot where the town of Caribou now stands. As usual they landed and prepared to encamp for the night. As they were talking, suddenly the paddling of a canoe was heard upon the river near by, Castin for some reason or other instinctively grasped his musket. As the craft drew nearer the forms of two more could be traced; one old and infirm, the other strong and lithe as any chief. The two Indians, as they were now seen to be, ran into shore and landed near where Castin was sitting. "The Great Spirit bestow sunshine upon you" spoke up the younger. "You are kind" answered L'Hermite, "has the forest spirit sent you hither; who are you?" "This my chief, the great Glooscap teaches him things to be, I am his faithful brave." The old man spoke for the first time; he had been gazing on the magnificent form of Castin; "you from the lands where the birds go? What name has the handsome brave?" "Aye I come

from the south, my father lived toward the rising sun, my mother was the bright eyed Merihaha my name good chief is Baron Anselme de St. Castin." "Ah! I saw you, the Great Spirit and the spirit of roaring waters told me about you, happy is my young brave the day dawns brightly."

"From the dashing, rushing waters,
Stalwart brave of Merihaha
Plucks a flower all a blooming;
Plucks a blossom for his bosom.
Blossom cure for all diseases,
Blossom bright and never fadeth;
Stalwart brave of Merihaha
Wears the flower for a lifetime."

Much wondering what it all meant, Castin asked the old chief to sit down and rest, but the Indian prophet seemed satisfied; he turned to the younger and they embarked once more and made off from the shore. Presently Nocawado who had been out scouting, appeared breathless upon the scene. "Three arrows flight yonder the English are encamped." Then Castin perceived that he was being hotly pursued. Col. Waldren had an iron will and would not give up an undertaking. The party must be off that night. By twelve o'clock the moon began to rise; all was in readiness, and in half an hour the party were rapidly paddling down the river. In a few hours they reached the St. John, which they began to ascend. Late that afternoon L'Hermit spoke up to Melwasis: "What rumbling and roaring is that we hear in the distance?" "Ah! the voice of rushing waters; the Spirit speaks in thunder; the waters make a great leap." Such was the Indian's description of the Grand Falls. It was not long before the waters became turbulent, so much so that the long portage past the falls had to be commenced. To Castin and to the other Frenchmen the spectacle presented by the falls was sublimely grand. To see that volume of water taking a plunge from such a height into the foaming, seething basin below, deep rumbling as the thunder, loud roaring as ten thousand winds, was a sight irresistible to eyes accustomed to look upon nature in quietness and peace.

Upon a high cliff near the falls Castin stood for some time watching the falling waters. Suddenly his eye fell upon a moving object not far away below him; another appeared. Then the truth dawned upon his mind. "L'Hermit," he said in quickened tones, "the English have discovered us; down behind

that cliff they are ready to attack. The huntsmen may track the moose, but the moose when brought to bay will charge. Let Waldren beware!" Quick the orders given, quickly obeyed; Castin was never so calm as in a crisis.

A short distance above the falls they hid themselves in ambush, their muskets resting upon their knees. Voices became distinct as the band approached. Suddenly there was a loud report; the rocks echoed again and again until it would seem that a small army was battling amongst the hills. Castin about to give a quick order, was half risen to his feet when, as the last echo was dying, a cry of horror and pain rose from out on the river. Just round a bend in the river was a canoe containing an old man and a maiden fair as the morning and speechless with fear. The arms of the old man were thrown up in terror; the paddle was floating out in the stream. The bullet had struck his wrist and hurled the paddle from his hands. Just below were the falls, and the swift current was quickly drawing them downward. Fast throbbled the heart of Castin; fast came his thoughts. The English just behind; the maiden in front; no time for reflection. "Nocawado quick! the canoe, launch it!" The end of the coil of rope in the bottom he fastened to a stout tree on the shore, into the craft he stepped, and struck out into the stream.

Col. Waldren saw his bravery and ordered not to fire. The old man's hands were clasped in prayer and the maiden stretched out her hands imploringly to Castin. The cruel waters were every moment hurling them on to their doom. Castin made the sign of the cross and muttered "Mary!" Once, twice he faltered; the swift current bore away, then suddenly brought him alongside; he grasped the canoe with that imperial strength with which Nature had endowed him, held it in a deathlike grip. The noble deed was seen from the shore and strong were the hands to draw in the rope.

The old man was dazed at first, then spake, "Dieu est bien," and the voice was tremulous, "who is this valiant, the saviour of me and my dearest blossom?" "I have done nought but that which honor taught me. My name you ask; it is Anselme, son of old Baron de St. Castin." "Aye, embrace me; your father and I were firmest friends. Hast thou heard him speak of Louis d'Amours? This my precious Charlotte." The bright eyes of the maiden met those of Castin and dropped. "Young Anselme is brave

and noble as he is handsome." Brightly flashed the eyes of Castin; he kaelt and took her hand, and rising left a kiss upon it. The moment of his greatest peril was the moment of his supreme happiness.

At that crisis the company of soldiers following Louis d'Amours emerged from the clump of trees. "And now," says the old man, turning to Castin, "since you have saved us, I cannot but do equally, good for you. My home is not far down the river; come with us and we will serve you." Col. Waldren and his men became alarmed at this sudden turn of affairs, and decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and retired from the attack. Castin and his followers accepted the hospitality offered, and returned with the French company down the river.

One evening, as the spangles of twilight were slowly fading in the west, a light bark canoe was silently gliding upon the smooth surface of the river. Two were the occupants; a young man noble looking, brave, fearless, loving; a maiden fairest of the fair, her eyes outshining the brightest star above, her every motion full of charm and beauty. With lowered tones he was speaking to her. "A prophet told me truly that from the rushing, dashing waters I should pluck a flower all a blooming and should wear it for a lifetime. I have plucked the flower; how would it please my little demoiselle if I should keep and call the flower my own?" Her face beamed sweetly as she answered, "Some one must keep the flower and who but my handsome Anselme would I wish the keeper be."

Some months later two young members of the French noblesse reached Quebec, Baron Anselme de St. Castin and his bride Charlotte. For many years they lived and made for themselves a great company of friends; he on account of his noble bearing, she for her virtue and womanly charms.

BYL-BYL.

JUNIOR EXPEDITION.

On the morning of May 24th, when the staunch tug Weatherspoon steamed in to the wharf at Wolfville, the weather was fine and portended pleasant days to follow. Minas Basin's muddy waters glowing with a ruddy hue were made to sparkle by old sol's genial and munificent rays. The Juniors, bearing onerous burdens on their shoulders, were seen rapidly wending their way from the Hall to the wharf.

When about to leave, it was announced that Prof. Shaw was able to accompany them, a hope which had been previously cherished but now abandoned. In order to accommodate themselves to the tide, they steamed outside the marshes and waited till Prof. Shaw arrived in a small boat. Then a start was made and soon the stern serenity of Blomidon's rugged brow confronted the excursionists. Here some members of the party broke faith with the fair ones by not landing, but it was soon perceived that the ruling powers did not intend to permit a landing short of Ile Haute. These productive regions were left for exploration on the return voyage. The trip was pleasant in passing from Blomidon to Split, but after safely navigating through Split rips, matters were somewhat changed. The startling fact came to light that there was a strong south-west wind sweeping up the bay, which threw in great confusion old Fundy's tumultuous and exceedingly turbulent waters. This made the passage from Split to Ile Haute of prime geological importance, for soon tremendous upheavals followed by immense fault-findings were chief characteristics. Some said that nothing lower than the sub-carboniferous strata was moved, while others claimed that according to the best of their personal knowledge the Primordial were pretty thoroughly shaken. A third part even went so far as to say that the very foundations of the archæon were tossed in the wildest confusion. On deck the sights were phenomenal. Old Neptune began vigorously to demand tribute which was rendered hastily and right worthily. Many are said to have cleared eighteen feet (more or less) at a single bound in order to reach the side of the boat, such fascinating allurements did it present to their greedy and craving souls. Others, who had made their abode on the upper deck, did not wait to come down the accustomed circumlocutory stairway, but descended from upper to lower deck, a distance of about twelve feet, by one head-long plunge, utterly heedless of bumps or scars, such was their ardent desire to attain a lower level. It is thought that if half as much vivacious activity had been displayed by some of the Juniors on field day no other class would have won a single prize.

Upon reaching Ile Haute, owing to the unsettled condition of the elements (both inward and outward), it was considered unadvisable to land, so Captain

Davidson headed for the Joggins arriving there with flood tide. Some who had become weary of the ways of the restless deep sought repose on *terra firma*. Others not so inclined towards earthly things spent the night calmly and serenely in different parts of the boat.

The morning was taken up with visiting the coal mine and examining the strata which are rich in fossils and easily detected along the beach.

After leaving Joggins an enjoyable trip was made to Sackville. Here fog and windy weather caused a stay of two days. Too long to please such roving hearts, but the time was spent profitably. Fort Cumberland, the ship railway with its grand and imposing structures of solid masonry, and Amherst were all visited, much valuable information being gained. But what afforded special pleasure was the inspection of the Ladies' College, a rare privilege enjoyed by an Acadia boy when at home, and in fact never under the sanction of the supreme authorities. After they had entered the spacious and elaborately furnished reception room and waited a few moments, the genial principal appeared. He took much delight in displaying the roomy and well equipped apartments of the college. Many things of interest did not fail to escape the visitors' searching eyes, but to relate them all would require the pages of volumes.

Sackville was left in the distance with Friday's morning tide and the staunch little craft after a day's hard toil anchored with the darkness in West Bay, again waiting the tide's good will which permitted a landing in Parrsboro about midnight. The next morning was spent visiting friends and viewing the town till high water enabled them to leave, and they turned their course homeward.

The journey was freighted with its usual trials and hardships, pleasing to some and displeasing to others. The modes of eating and sleeping were not altogether commendable to the best interests of a happy life, yet the accommodations were equally as good as in previous years. When the Hall was reached a little soap and water together with a change of raiment produced such a difference of outward appearance and inward spirit that none could complain, but were loud in their acclamations of the enjoyable week spent on the expedition.

BOOK REVIEW.

"The Canadian Readers, Book VI.," W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto, pp. 427.

Of the making of Readers there is no end, but this one marks a beginning. Hitherto the fact had been much overlooked that reading was a vocal act and subject to the infinite shades of meaning possible to our marvelous organs of speech. The consequence is that reading has been more harmful than useful. Those who have taught elocution, if not also people who use only their unguided judgment, have noted the deep rooted habits of awkward, unnatural and meaningless reading found so nearly universally in graduates of the ordinary schools. Occasionally a school has been fortunate enough to possess a teacher who had the taste and culture to teach reading properly, in which case the "reader" has been an enjoyable and helpful book, no matter what edition it may have been.

Reading is elocution, nothing less. And elocution is a science at least well enough formulated to deserve special study, and certainly one that cannot be ignored. The reading matter is wholly separate and indeed secondary. The principles of vocal expression made habitual by systematic training together with a knowledge and mastery of the meaning of the reading matter constitute the art of "reading." Any "reader" that does not recognize this is misnamed. The book before us makes these two elements of the art its special object. The book opens with a clear and succinct explanation of elementary elocution, and accompanies every selection with very judicious information concerning the author the words and the meaning, with often suggestions as to voice and manner. Of course no two people agree on matters of taste and sentiment, but what is here given is simple, natural, and accurate, and leaves no excuse to pupil or teacher for an ignorant manner of reading.

When we add that the selections cover the entire field of our choicest literature we have said all that the most critical could desire. Nothing but good can result from the universal use of this book, or one on a similar plan. Readers that do not have such explanations of every selection, in addition to the outlines of elocution found in so many, should now be banished at once from even the humblest schoolroom.

A. A. A.

On Saturday May 14, in response to a challenge from our representatives Messrs. Courtney, Jones, Whitman and Schofield of King's College arrived on the morning express from Windsor to play a match

game of tennis. The A. A. A. men were Harding '93 and Wilson '93, against the former pair; Churchill '92 and Ross '92, against the latter. Our men played in excellent form and were too fast and steady for their opponents, Churchill and Ross winning two consecutive sets 6-1, 6-1, while Harding and Wilson closely followed with 6-2, 6-1. This is the first match played with an outside team, and now that a start has been made we hope our boys will keep it up. The A. A. A. men speak in the highest praise of their visitors who will alway be welcome at Acadia.

During the season base-ball has languished. The materials did not arrive until late and then a match could not be arranged with outside teams. Notwithstanding several class matches were indulged in which showed that there is excellent material now available. A strong nine can be put in the field the coming season.

The annual field-day was on May 14. While good work was done in all the events, the running and jumping was especially fine. As the records in the annual field sports are to be preserved, we look for McLeod to set a pace before he leaves college that will be difficult to beat. He has already done so, but as he is yet to remain here three years, we look for still further improvement. Great credit is due the executive for their efforts towards the improvements of the ground and apparatus.

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