

# The Acadia Athenaeum.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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## May Flowers.

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In the Nev. World's dark forests, the green moss  
Lay, with an opening through it here and there;  
But God looked down one day and saw the loss  
It felt, since all the youthful world was fair.

So to make joyous many a lonely place,  
At evening, God sent flowers, pure and white;  
Each turned to sunset's glory a sweet face,  
And caught a tinge of pink for it's good-night.

Since that fair day, rejoices with the Spring  
The moss, in deep and lovely forest bowers,  
And when the birds of life and young love sing,  
We of the New World, gather the May Flowers.

E. F. KEIRSTEAD, '98.

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## Matthew Arnold on Culture.

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AS the word is commonly used, Culture may be defined as the systematic improvement and cultivation of the mind, and in a broad sense it is used to mean civilization.

According to the traditions of the early Greeks, the growth of their civilization was promoted by the settlement among them of Oriental immigrants who brought with them the arts and culture of the different countries of the East. As the people became civilized they sought the improvement of their minds pursuing the study of many arts and sciences, and we read of them as a cultured race. The germs

of culture thus transmitted to the Greeks and vitalized by their own quickening genius were again borrowed by the other European nations during the early stages of their civilization, we find in tracing the history of all nations their refinement and culture coming as a result of their civilization, and along with it.

Culture implies of necessity development and therefore individual action. The true "practice" of the human being is not that in which he discharges best a task which has no essential relations to himself, it is that which calls forth and develops all his human powers—the man in the man.

Matthew Arnold defines culture as "the study of perfection." According to him it is something to be acquired by one's own efforts, and we commit the unpardonable sin by not seeking it. Culture is a self development and above all is an inward operation. The first motive which ought to impel us to the study of perfection and the endeavor to see things as they really are, is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent.

The character of perfection as culture conceives it is a growing and a becoming and it is not possible while the being is isolated. While advocating physical exercises as a means of intercourse, and as laying a good foundation for mental cultivation Mr. Arnold says that all these exercises should be done by the way, while the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern.

Arnold, himself a poet, says culture is of like spirit with poetry. Speaking of Arnold, Edwin Whipple says:—"When he writes verse from his inner self, from his heart of hearts—he moans: when he writes in prose, he is prone to assume the air of the supreme being, condescending to those whom he graciously applauds. His exacting taste demands the culture of a few highly educated people who occupy the state-rooms, though genius and saintliness may be among the motley assemblage in the steerage."

The slightest taint of vulgarity repels him as though it were an inexpiable sin, yet Mr. Birrell tells us that Mr. Arnold's creed was liberalism, and that no living man is more deeply permeated with the great doctrine of equality than Arnold. Mr. Arnold's idea is that culture does not try like religious and political organizations to teach down to the level of the inferior classes, but seeks to do away with

classes, to make the best that has been known and thought in the world current everywhere. This is the social idea, and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. They would see all men educated and refined, and capable of holding honorable and responsible positions; they would raise all men to one level of cultivation; all men would study the law of perfection—the world be full of sweetness and light.

Culture shows a single minded love of perfection, its simple desire to make reason and the will of God prevail, its freedom from fanaticism. It directs our attention to the natural current there is in human affairs and its continued working; makes us see not only the good side of man, but also how much of him is of necessity limited and transient, looks beyond machinery, hates hatred, and has one great passion—the passion for sweetness and light.

In his lecture on "Doing as one likes" Mr. Arnold says: "If culture, which simply means trying to perfect oneself, and one's mind as part of oneself brings us light, and if light shows us that the really blessed thing is to like what right reason ordains and to follow her authority, then we have got a practical benefit out of culture—a principle of authority to counteract the tendency to anarchy."

Without order there can be no society and without society there can be no human perfections.

Culture is well fitted to help us to judge rightly by all the aids of observing, reading and thinking and in aiding us to examine things without hatred and partiality, with a disposition to see the good in everybody all around. The motive of culture, the study of perfection, leads us to conceive of no perfection as being real, which is not a general perfection, embracing all our fellow men with whom we have to do. What we want is a fuller harmonious development of our humanity, a free play of thought upon our routine actions, spontaneity of consciousness, and these Mr. Arnold says are what culture generates and fosters. Culture is simply the enabling ourselves, by getting to know the best that can at present be known in the world, to come as near as one can to the firm intelligible law of things, and thus to get a basis for a less confused action, and a more complete perfection than we have at present.

Culture, as Mr. Arnold views it, is that which is ever trying to drive us to a sense of what is graceful, refined and

becoming. Himself educated, refined, cultured, he cannot bear the touch of the vulgar crowd nor has he the patience to try and raise them to his standard. While admitting, that culture may be required by the study of nature and of the arts and sciences he gives his greater admiration to that culture which is inborn, which does not require education entirely to make itself felt.

In an essay on Matthew Arnold, by Frederic Harrison, he inserts the following stanza as descriptive of Arnold's writing and temper :—

I walk by rule and measure or incline  
 To neither side, but take an even line;  
 Fixed in a single purpose and design  
 With learning's happy gifts to celebrate.  
 To civilize and dignify the state;  
 Not mixing with the discontented crew,  
 Nor with the proud and arbitrary yew.

Matthew Arnold is looked up to as the "apostle of culture." His leading maxim is that conduct is properly three-fourths of life; culture, the remaining fraction is absolutely necessary for the proper regulation of conduct. Whilst disavowing any kind of system of belief for himself, he sat in judgment on the belief of others and assured us that the mission of Culture was to be Supreme Court of Appeal for the Vulgar and Ignorant.

"To know the best that has been done and said" "to see things as they really are," "to study for perfection," all these Arnold sought for himself, and these only were for him Culture or Perfection.

TIRA CALDWELL, '97.

## World-Drift

It is written of them that are dead "ad majores abeunt." It is written and the little leaves of the forest fall in the night. It is written and the flower folds its petals. It is written and the wind is gone. Like the beads on a golden rosary the days slip by. It may be through Saint's fingers; it may be through Sinner's. But the wild, waterless hills of Time will fail to distinguish touches and the streets of the Living will be the stairways of the Dead. "Without end" is the cry of the weaver. Aye, for I have threads of wondrous colours and patterns of delicate designs. Aye, for the warp and woof is of silver tissue. Ah! it is all that, my master weaver, but your shuttle is at fault. Have not worthier men fawned and feasted? Have not white robed acolytes cried and chanted? Is there any reason why the son of Man should prosper where the son of God perverts? The World-Drift is of your making and of your music. Do the scattered threads still float in the abysmal depths of Space? Do the looms still wait by the weary waters? They do, you say? Yes and they will till the fingers ply at a costlier garment and the souls of men drop stitches in an immortal web.

Again it is written "ad majores abeunt,"—they have gone over to the majority. The shepherd may pipe on the lonely hill-side; the siren may whistle where the waves whisper, but the song and the silent voices are gone forever. Is there an echo in the under-wood? Then the satyrs have stolen a cord from the cirel and are whiling away the hours with weaving. All day long and all day long the murmur of the distant deity is meaningless. Why does not the great Musician strike a note so bold and true that the heart will beat with ecstasy and the lips move with learning? Surely there is no mildew in the strings. If there were we would be patient and sigh not. As it is the eyes are filled to over-flowing and the tongue mute with anguish. Of all the ships that dipt into the gloaming not one returned. When the tide turns, my Captain, will another ship go out? Even now in the harbor of Oblivion lies a craft of promise and a crew of men. The sad weavers of Eternity have shrouded them well. There they lie and their faces are white and wax-like. The leaf of the forest, the flower that folded, the wind that fled are their sleep companions.

My master weaver you had the colors, you had the pattern. Oh why did you not gather the stitches together? You could have gilded the brow, swelled the sails and perfumed the waters. You are sarcastic? It is an immense pretension to number stars. Is it any less idiotic to number souls? Let it drift the world wisdom. Let it float the world folly. Existence is only what it always was a tangle in the skein of mortality.

Reason is the new religion. The golden bowl of human life is broken. Down its sides has run the precious liquor. Reason is the new religion. Sad weaver is the shuttle still erratic? Our life would make a Butterfly's eternity and yet the creature of a summer moment is more certain in its weaving than you the master builder. Dream stuff is well enough for childhood. Aye! and age is barren. Upon the altar of illusion heap frankincense and myrrh. Will it make the poison any sweeter to crown it with blossoms or less effective? The heart is oftenest pictured as a well of waters. Their cast branches over it and make a shade. Do you not know that the soul by nature is like a traveller wandering in a desert. Here and there half-hidden in the burning sands of Reason spring the wells of Sensibility. Let it not be said of the stranger that he failed to drink. Destiny is beyond the ken of intellect. The Deity you worship is cold and callous. It were better to snap the string and add another to the maze than spoil the texture with a spurious thread. It is not the dead that come between the living. If it were the woe and weeping could be turned to joy and the rain of mercy spilt upon the land. Reason is the new religion. Ah! my master weaver this is honey from strange hives. What if the sweet should turn to bitter and the dainty cells to damp decay? The bee that gathers fragrance does not calculate its worth. Why should the little worker balance dew against its burden? Is it nobler to know its value than to sip its strength? The wing that glistens in the sun and lays a ruffled edge upon the flower is surer of its purpose than you the measurer. The bird that bids its fellows of the south fly summerwards can twitter under the accustomed eaves without once straying from the way. The unseen movements of the universe are true. Yet harmony is present in their action not virile calculation. Can you account for this in your philosophy? Bow down to images of wood and stone. It were far better that you decked the altars of idolatry than bore offerings before the face of Reason. It

is not only of those that are dead is it written "ad majores abeunt."

Liberty is light. Another string loose, my master weaver? Would you have us helpless in your coil? One more uncertain weaving and we die. Liberty is light. Ah! you have learned it in a strange apprenticeship. They must have thought you credulous to bite so easily. Perhaps they had a studious cast of countenance and frowned in metaphor? Or did the smell of musty parchments permeate their souls? The rustic Corydon had better woo his Amaryllis than meddle with strange drugs. Sunshine and air are free. Is that another of your stolen doctrines? If the wind cometh and goeth according to a knowledge of its own so do you my master weaver. The golden disk dips to its couch below at evening tide. If you lie down at night amid the funeral furnishings and let them move the earth upon you according to a law of your own making you are surely free. Let them light the lamp of Liberty with Reason and burn it at your head. If they can animate the dust and call the soul back to its desert mansions I will worship at a new shrine. The modern mystic is man. Aye, and the modern mystery is man. This strange creature that moves with no unsected purpose and holds his judgment worthy of a High Tribunal. What if he should find the milk and honey turn to aloes in his mouth and the strength of wisdom given unto fools? Remember it is written of the dead "ad majores abeunt." Whose dead? Whose majority? Ah! my stupid weaver you are waking. His majority and *your* dead. Perhaps the monk swung the censer in the dusky aisles because he thought the altar lamps would cast a glamor on the child. Perhaps the white robed choristers sung the Gloria In Excelsis because the notes were sweet and strong. You may say that and I will tie another knot in the certain cords and call the tangle Death. Liberty or Death! Yes you may have your choice. It matters not which cup you take for both are poisonous. Only drink deep. To linger in the twilight of a destiny is wormwood and gall. The running waters of youth come back again in tears. Did you have anything to do with their return? A curious theory that of yours. One that would weigh the universe and could not lift a leaf. It is in good measure with your being. You who would sway the minds of millions and cannot move your own. Boast not of liberty. It may light you to a chamber you have no desire to occupy. Rath-

er call to one another in the dusk lest the foot stumble and the step be false "what exile from his father-land can flee also from himself?"

They have gone over to the majority—a myriad summers, a myriad winters, a myriad souls. You see, my master builder, you should be careful in your weaving. You had the right colours you say? I know you had the right colors and the right pattern but your shuttle was so worthless. The spider makes his web as clean and careful as a Saint's. You make yours as full of snaris and tangles as a Sinner's. Is it because the spider is a better weaver? You think not. Ah no! Then when the looms are stopped by the running waters let it be said that he has passed away who was a careful weaver and left us cloth for coil.



### April Impressions

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SEA SHELL '99.

While we lie prone beside the sea  
 It seems to me a mystery  
 That life transforms so mightily.  
     Husks strew the ground,—  
     Lo, these will grow,  
     Though all around  
     Damp mists abound.  
 The ear may hear a rippling sound  
 As here and there the melting snow  
 Seeks by-ways to the plains below  
 Flows, finding rest in hollows low.

Why does warm moisture swell the seed  
 Until from husky bondage freed  
 The gloomy plumule seeks the light,  
 Becomes a stem with colours bright,  
 Then bursts out into glorious bloom?  
     'Er former tomb  
     Now feeds each weed;  
     Life lends the might  
     That scatters night.  
 What is that life, and whence, and why?  
 Can living essence ever die?  
 Alas,—it rests a mystery.

### College Types.

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AS the years roll by, carrying with them from the portals of the College, its weight of human destiny and aspirations, the similarity of human aims, and feelings becomes more and more apparent. The students as individuals are gone forever; their type however remains, and varies year by year only in the number of individuals therein comprised.

A familiar type, according to its wont, thrusts itself on our attention. Watch the assured air of this individual as he jauntily steps down upon the station of the College town and deposits his trunk in a van, all aboard for Chipman Hall. There is nothing for him to learn. Oh, no! Not at all. He knows it all now. But then a B. A., as an adjunct to a name, looks well and bestows an added dignity upon the owner—hence this trouble of going through a mere form. He begins by giving the Professor of Mathematics a few points but finds

after some moments conversation that cheek + green = squelch. Then the Latin Professor gives a little free advice about a certain ancient country, mentioned by Caesar. In chemistry he is gently reminded that  $H_2O$ , not  $E \& O$ , is the subject before the class, and so he daily imbibes a little wisdom. It is sad to watch the growing deterioration of this once purely egoistic youth and sadder still, when finally the day arrives in his Senior year, and the confession comes that he does not even know that he knows that he is.

In College life to be a Champion Athlete is to have attained to glory of so permanent a character as to altogether outshine the plodding student. An individual of this type talks, eats, sleeps and dresses to obtain success upon the campus, enduring privations and making exertions which in another cause would lead him to consider himself a martyr indeed. After the body is sufficiently trained, the Professor may forsooth, attempt to train the mind but alas! Latin, Mathematics and Sciences are trash, compared with the high jump, foot-ball and the bicycle. A soldier may receive honorable wounds upon the field of battle, but what are these compared with the scars and bruises obtained on the field of sports. The College athlete will gladly lay his body upon the altar of sports and count his life nothing if only the first fifteen of his beloved College is victorious. The sound of the *Ra! Ra! Ra! Acadia* is sweeter far in his ears than *ad gradum Baccalaureum in Artibus*.

What would we do without the musician in our College life? He of the deep basso or sweet tenor! with his well set head crowned with the glory of thick locks, how majestic he looks as he waves his baton! was ever a Czar of all the Russias so tyrannical as he with his quartette? Does one poor unhappy youth err so much as by the twentieth part of a vibration, woe to him! In the eyes of others it would seem at times as if the musical student's fame grew irksome. He is bored when asked to contribute of his talent, but to his credit be it said that he never declines. When attending a musical concert he goes alone—nothing mundane to interrupt the state of his musical sensibilities,—he occupies a certain seat where alone in all the hall, the reverberations and intonations smite the delicate tympanum of his sensitive ear in perfect concord. Oh Musician, may thy sweet melodies ever charm our hearts and win for thee well deserved applause!

But the one type, which above all others "wastes its sweetness on the desert air," is the "manage-affairs-generally type." This youth is so unfortunate as to know better than

anyone else, just how, when, and where, everything should be done, and his energy and perseverance in carrying out his ideas are phenomenal. Even as a Freshman he knows just what the class colors should be and is the final authority on mottoes, class yells and details of that nature. But alas! in this case, as in the case of many other great men, genius and executive ability are little appreciated. Incredible as it may seem, his classmates are unable to understand the advantage of having everything managed for them in so superior a way and even have the audacity to wish to have a voice in regulating their own affairs. And such is the base ingratitude which may flourish even in College life, an idea seems to lurk in the minds of some that a gentle but firm extinguishment of their too brilliant classmate was a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

A type of late development—a co-ed who is *not* blue-goggled, stately and entirely absorbed in mathematics, but is petite, gentle, *chic*, and oh ye shades of ye blue stockings! speaks familiarly of supplementaries! She does not modestly keep her seat, as of yore, when business affairs are being transacted by her class, but voices her opinions, even arranging the Racket and so on to the satisfaction of all. In her classmates she takes a deep interest even obeying the Scriptural injunction "to love the brethren."

Another type embraces the silent inconspicuous unostentatious and unknown of the College. They are found all along the college life, quietly performing their duties and slipping into the niche that seemed prepared for them. They are never found at Gymnasium. The foot-ball knows them not, and even the lounging places in the streets are unacquainted with them. They shine not at "the Junior" and at the Sophomore Racket they constitute the rear-guard to assist in keeping off any stray policeman. They steadily but quietly, slowly but surely, pursue their four years at College and with the arrival of a senior's dignity and the enjoyment of the social function of the season, comes invariably the question, "are you an Academy student or a Freshman?" When the time comes to depart from this sheltered retreat into the cold world without, amidst the festivities of the season and the uproarious adieux of his fellow classmates, he "folds his tent like the Arab and as silently steals away."

And here finally is a strange, never failing, omnipresent type, not to be found in large Universities but only an inflic.

tion of the smaller Colleges—the could-have-gone-to-another-college-and-wish now-I-had type. This spirit lies dormant during the first year and a half, but at the close of the contest with the Faculty concerning the Sophomore Racket it develops rapidly. The neighboring College whose method of working cannot be too freely abused when the thud of the foot-ball is heard in the land, is lauded to the very skies. How the imagination swells and the tongue burns with eloquence, as the glory of the theme becomes apparent! What pigmies we! What giants they? At the end of the Junior year it reaches its fullest perfection. “Good bye” he says at the station “I’m off to Elysium next year.” But lo and behold, when the beautiful classic villa awakes from her summer nap, the first seen, is the youth who will never again chord to the refrain “There are others.”

WINIFRED H. COLDWELL, '98.

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### The Use of Words.

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THE preface of a book published in 1846 contains the following: “The great source of a loose style is the injudicious use of synonymous terms. If we examine the style of most of the periodical and light literature of the day, we shall soon be convinced of the truth of this assertion. For one fault in construction or idiom, we shall find at least twenty incorrect applications of words. The want of a critical knowledge of verbal distinctions is obviously the cause of these errors. But though the foundation of this knowledge should undoubtedly be laid at an early stage of the study of language, and before the habit of using words in a loose way has become inveterate, it appears to be generally considered unnecessary for the young student, and is either neglected for other pursuits, or else is wholly excluded from systematic education.”

With the truth conveyed by these sentences fresh in our minds, let us note some of the distinctions between *shall* and *will*.

First as to etymology: to shall is to owe, to have to pay; to will is to purpose. Here we quote the words of Taylor: Men have a stronger disposition to insist on justice from others than to perform it themselves; hence, *I shall* is but a faint promise; while *thou shalt* and *he shall*, are positive ones.

Men can answer for their own interior purposes, but not for those of their neighbors; hence, *I will* is a positive promise: while *thou wilt* and *he will*, are but faint ones. To "shall you go?" the answer is, "I will." To "will you go?" the answer is, "I shall."

*Shall* simply foretells or declares what is to take place, as I shall walk, we shall walk. This is equal to, I am to walk, we are to walk. "*Shall* as a simple sign of the future tense is used only in the first person singular or plural. It cannot mean compulsion in the first person because I cannot compel myself to do anything against my will. I may force my will, it is true, but the will must be on the side of the act."

Note the following errors of speech: *I will* be too late for the train, if I stay longer [shall]. He *shall* arrive to-morrow by noon [will]. I *will* be very glad to see your brother also [shall]. They *shall* be waiting for me at the station [will]. "What a lucky thing it was; I certainly *will* be promoted now" [shall]. "Must I live without you? *will* I never see you no?" [shall] "I will come and see you, said Julius, soon I will be able to stay at home" [shall]. I am sure I *will* be thanked by all the brotherhood" [shall]. Inform Mr. Noggs that I *will* be at home the first week in June," [shall.] In the use of shall, four divisions may be made:

1. I shall go to-morrow, we shall surely fail [simple futurity].

2. Thou shalt not go [command].

3. He shall do it [compulsion].

4. You shall have a holiday to-morrow [promise].

Shall I go? means, do you wish me to go? Will I go? is incorrect. Shall you go? means, do you intend to go? Shall he go? means, do you suffer, or permit him to go? Shall we go? means do you choose or wish us to go? Shall they go? means, do you choose them to go? Sometimes a very strong resolution is expressed by, I *shall* go. It means I am determined to go. It also should be noted that in answering a request *shall* expresses the intention of compliance apart from any wish to gratify the asker. We all know what a man means when he says, "I *shall* do no such thing." Permit me to quote other incorrect uses of shall. The man that fell into the river said, I will [shall] be drowned. The boy at school said, Teacher, we will [shall] be smothered. A note came to hand yesterday, it was worded thus: I am expecting a few young people to dance, and will [shall] be happy to see you. If I look out of my

window, the chances are that I will [shall] see boys playing marbles. He is afraid that he will [shall] not pass his examination to-morrow.

The correct use of *shall* as contrasted with *will* is well illustrated by Hill in his *Foundations of Rhetoric*.

Will you do it? or shall I? shall I speak to your mother? or will you? shall you remain long? shall I?

In an interrogative sentence, the forms of the first and the third person are the same as in a declarative sentence: e. g. "shall I go to New York next week?" "Will he live a week longer?" In the second person, "shall"—e. g. "shall you go to New York next week?"—simply points to the future; "will"—e. g. "will you go?"—suggests the exercise of volition by "you." "Shall you go?" is answered by "I shall" or "I shall not;" "will you go?" is answered by "I will" or "I will not." "Shall you?" raises no question of courtesy. "Shall he?" on the contrary, is answered by "He shall," "He shall not;" and is therefore forbidden by courtesy. Hence where will I find that book should be where *shall* I find that book. How long *will* we have to wait should be. How long *shall* we have to wait.—But more on this subject anon.

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### Obituary.

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It is again our sad duty to record in the columns of this journal the death of one most intimately connected with Acadia Seminary. On March 14th, Miss Lalia Halkenny passed peacefully away after a lingering illness of consumption.

At the time of her death Miss Halkenny was engaged in the profession of teaching. As an instructor of English in Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va., she was much esteemed and her popularity with faculty and students alike is abundantly attested to by the graceful tribute and tokens received by the sorrowing family. To the people of Wolfville she was well known and highly respected by all. As a graduate of Acadia Seminary she was most distinguished and her talent for Elocution was greatly appreciated by those who had the pleasure of listening to the possessor of such a rare gift. The remains were brought to Wolfville for interment and after an im-

pressive service conducted by the Rev. T. A. Higgins' all that was mortal of the body was given back to the earth and the sleeper left to her sleep.

The hand of death has fallen heavily upon many of late but when its prize is in the prime of youth our comment is exceptionally sad. To the bereaved family and friends the Athenæum extends sincere consolations.

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# The Acadia Athenæum

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## The Sanctum.

THE white College on the Hill is somewhat of a sphinx in that it never changes. Under its shady eaves the swallows sit and on its broad roof the snows melt. Through all the phases of the season it stands a votary on the altar of Calm. Quiet work may be its guiding principle but certainly it smiles benignly alike upon the "sober-suited" October and the shiny, showery April. From its Library windows are views almost unequalled for their variety. An education for the eye. If it be summer then the placid Cornwallis winds in and out through a flat country skirted with dikes and redolent with salt sea breezes. Out on the Basin all is calm and slumberous. Perhaps a white sail here and there,—a fisherman at his nets or a sailor homeward bound. The blue hills of Parrsboro are not far off. If they wear a few gray patches they only heighten the surrounding colour and relieve the deep marine of the waters. Old Blomidon is there too, seared and broken with a hundred storms but now clothed in the verdure of spring. Then over all the sun that can make the bare rocks of the mountain side life-like and full of wondrous vitality. An education for the eye for there is no colour on the painter's palette, no line in the artist's pencil, no note on the musician's fingers that is not found everywhere in nature. The white College is the Patron of this precocious Child. On her sacred Hill she watches the green of the leaf turn to yellow, the grains of the field turn to stubble and the waters drugged with sleep. Herself unchangeable she has the guardianship of Change.

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Perhaps there is nothing so infinitely ludicrous as the average newspaper comment on the Cuban Rebellion. The "poor patriot" is



pictured as manacled and chained in dungeons, blind-folded and shot in the dusk of an early morning and generally tortured and abused. Without doubt there is not one jot of truth in the reports of the Spanish slaughters and if there were the above fate is too good for the ordinary Cuban patriot. He is too lazy to work and too cowardly to fight. He imagines he has a grievance against Spain and collecting a band of cut-throats as perfidious as himself is prepared to ravage and lay waste one of the most beautiful islands in the Southern Seas. Of course the sensational newspaper correspondent is his intimate friend and between them they present the world with scenes of horror only found in Wild Western romances and works of similar character. The sooner the "poor patriot" is again placed in chains the better it will be for Cuba and if a few reporters were incidentally added to keep him company the tone of the collection would not be materially changed.

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Undoubtedly one of the best books of the year is MacLaren's "Mind and the Master." Dealing with the life of Christ the author has infused it with a glow, a movement that is almost thrilling. The many questions of practical Christianity are inter-woven with the main idea and the applications made are of the most useful character. The claims of unorthodoxy have been put forward but that is not unusual as objections have been made to every work of merit published for centuries. In these days of rabid sensationalism it is gratifying to run across a book that is not touched with the prevalent poison. It is high time something was done with the public mind, a monster that gorges itself with publications of the "yellow type." Frankly speaking the reading taste of the reading public is remarkably low. A College man reads poetry because it is on the curriculum and he may find a reference to some of the Authors in his examinations. In his opinion one should know that Cromwell was a soldier and Milton a poet. Such indifference as this to the treasures of our language is extremely lamentable. We have no doubt, however, that if you ask the same College man who wrote "Maid, Wife or Widow" or "She's all the World to Me" he could tell you without a moment's hesitation. We often look with scorn on Russia's censor of the press but if we had a censor of the press and of literature too, our youth might at least be taught to know that Chaucer was an English poet and Hamlet a creation of Shakespeare's.

\* \* \* \*

The new education is very distinct along certain lines. The

world of the scholar is rapidly being invaded and practical applications made for the benefit of the working masses. In mediæval times the scholar was a mystic; now he is just the opposite. Then his knowledge gave light only to himself and its substance was wasted in experimenting with chemicals and chasing the evanescent philosopher's stone. The cultured man of to day is altogether a different person. His accomplishments are those that will enable him to brush up against other people without betraying his ignorance. He must know German, French and perhaps a little Italian for one-half of his morning paper is peppered with foreign phrases. He must dabble in mathematics and be conversant in scientific topics. His Greek and Latin must be of the useful sort and worked in on every possible occasion. He must know a little law, medicine and theology for his neighbor may be a doctor and his son-in-law a minister. He must have a morsel of every kind and like the Sophist be prepared to speak on any subject. The new education then has broadened but lost much of its depth. It is as though the channel of a vigorous stream had been choked up and the waters made to flow sluggishly over a wide plain.

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### The Month

THE enthusiasm for Basket Ball reached its climax in the closing game of the season. On this occasion the contending parties were picked teams from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Opinions as to the relative strength of the respective teams were divided, this being the first time they had played together. Each one strove manfully to uphold the honor of the province he represented and was heartily cheered by the enthusiastic spectators. The degree of proficiency displayed by some of the players is a proof of what systematic training will accomplish. When time was called the score stood 9 to 6 in favor of Nova Scotia.

A rare musical treat was given in College Hall, March 10th, by the celebrated Fisk Jubilee Singers. The fame of these noted singers preceded them and they were greeted by a full house, who listened with rapt attention and then applauded most heartily. All the selections were first class but it is probable that the notes of "Steal away to Jesus" will linger in the memory long after the most of the others are lost in forgetfulness. Many a lover of music will recall with pleasure the evening spent with these singers.

The most important matters that have come before our notice this month have been in connection with the evangelistic services led by Rev. H. L. Gale. Mr. Gale began meetings in College Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 21st, and afternoon and evening services were held each day (Saturdays excepted) until April 5th. Personally

Mr. Gale is a man of noble appearance and pleasing address. He possesses a thorough knowledge of the message he has to present, he thoroughly believes it himself and he delivers it in a way that inspires confidence or brings conviction to his hearers. He believes that the Gospel in song may be made just as effectual as when spoken, so upon the platform with him were some forty or fifty of the best singers of the College and town under the leadership of Mr. Spidle of the Senior Class. An efficient Executive Committee made all arrangements and under the supervision of Mr. Gale everything moved forward successfully. During the first week despite the unfavorable weather large congregations gathered, and during the second week the spacious Hall was literally crowded and some were turned away. In his first address the evangelist stated that he was a firm believer in the law of Cause and Effect and that the blessing would come only when the conditions were made right. He urged upon each one the necessity of making all differences right immediately so that the work of God be not hindered. The first services were addressed principally to Christians. In these he spoke from such subjects as Prayer, The Holy Spirit, Co-laborers with God, Power of Influence, etc. His first message to the unconverted was from the text "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision." At the close of this service quite a large number signified their desire to become Christians. The closing Sabbath was a busy time for the evangelist who conducted six services during the day. He was rewarded by seeing many who were willing to accept salvation. The farewell services were held on Monday. A very solemn appeal was made to those out of Christ, the invitation was extended, and then the character of the meeting was changed. Short, earnest, complimentary addresses were given by half a dozen of those present speaking in behalf of various interests which they represented. The large number who met at the station at the departure of Mr. Gale furnishes evidence that he has the respect and love of many in this College and community beside those whom he has been the means of leading into the light. The spiritual life of this place has been deepened and quickened to an extent perhaps never before experienced.

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### College Notes.

**D**URING the month of March the members of the Athenæum Society organized themselves into a mock Parliament. On a first vote the Conservative Government was declared to be in power and has since then held a determined sway. The Opposition, however, led by W. Farris who bears a striking resemblance to his compatriot the Hon. Wilfred Laurier has made a fierce fight and has often forced the Government into troublesome waters. L. A. Fenwick has made a capital Speaker and C. Crandal a good Clerk of the House, whilst the gallant A. H. Whitman has proved his mettle in the perilous position of Sergeant at Arms. In the absence of His Excellency, the Governor General, the speech from

the Throne was read by the Speaker. Hon. W. L. Hall representing Halifax moved the reply, seconded by the Hon. G. W. Elliott. Both addresses were well rendered and received with great applause. After a few preliminaries the Hon. A. L. Davidson as Premier announced the personnel of his Cabinet to be as follows:— Finance and Trade and Commerce, Hon. B. Bishop; Justice and Attorney-Gen., Hon. W. E. Jonah; Marine and Fisheries, Hon. A. L. Davison; Interior and Agriculture, Hon. E. E. Ross; Railways and Canals, Hon. P. S. Gordon; Public Works, Hon. Mr. Simpson; Post-master-General, Hon. Mr. Pidgeon; Militia and Defence, Hon. Mr. Starr. At present the House has gone into Supplies. The Budget has been introduced by the Finance Minister and thoroughly discussed. No division of the House, however, has yet been called upon this important question.

It is desirable that the minutes of the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. Conference held at Acadia in Oct. 3-5, 1890 should be in the possession of the proper authorities. Anybody having those minutes would confer a favor upon the Association by sending copies of them to the editor of this Journal or to F. E. Marshall, New Glasgow, N.S.

At the annual business meeting of the Y. W. C. A. held on March the 12th, the following officers were appointed for the ensuing year, President, Miss Burgess; Vice-President, Miss Clark; Recording Secretary, Miss M. Coldwell; Treasurer, Miss Hale; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Keirstead.

During the month of March the following officers of the Athenæum Society were elected for the Spring term,—President, Church Freeman; Vice-President, S. C. Duval; Secretary, C. J. Mersereau; Ex. Committee, S. Jones, A. Archibald, C. W. Stipp, E. McNeil, L. M. Duval.

Rev. T. Trotter left on Saturday morning April 3rd. for Boston to attend the Annual Meeting and Banquet of the New England Alumni Association of Acadia College.

It is with many regrets that we lose one of the Editors of the Athenæum. Miss Bessie S. Colwell of the class of '98 has been compelled by reason of ill health to return to her home. While sojourning among us Miss Colwell made numerous friends and her scholarship and editorial accomplishments will be greatly missed. We hope, however, that in the near future she will complete a course so well commenced here.

It is rumored that Capt. Morse will again place a team upon the Foot-ball Field. Though this exciting game has not been played in the Spring, at least at Acadia, for some years, no doubt the practice would prove beneficial and enliven the embryo team of '97, '98.

The Campus will soon present a scene of athletic activity. Baseball and Lacrosse have always been the favorite games, though Tennis is indulged in to some extent. Strong teams are being organized and soon the Referee's whistle will rival the robin's note for sweetness and strength.

An article by Prof. Jones that appears in this issue will be great-

ly appreciated by Graduates and Undergraduates alike. Everybody knows so well Prof. Jones's fund of general information and the genial way he has of enlightening the perplexed student on the root mysteries of our English language.

We wish to call attention to an error in the last number of the *Athenæum*. The Rev. G. R. White was represented as being dangerously ill in Toronto. We are glad to say that the report was unfounded and that at the present Mr. White is the pastor of the Fairville Baptist Church, Fairville, N. B.

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### De Alumnis

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Dr. Theodore H. Rand, '60 of McMaster University, Toronto, has just published a book entitled at "Minas Basin and other Poems." The book has already been favorably reviewed in a number of periodicals.

John B. Morgan, '87, Pastor of the Aylesford Baptist Church, has recently published a very interesting little paper called "The Aylesford Union." The first number appeared in March.

Dr. S. B. Kempton, '62, of Dartmouth, Secretary of the Board of Governors of the University has been suffering from a very severe attack of la grippe.

W. C. Vincent, '94, the successful and popular pastor of the Sackville Baptist Church finds it necessary to go to California because of the ill health of one of his children.

Annie M. McLean, '93, has been accepted as a candidate for the degree of Master of Philosophy in Chicago University

J. W. Rutledge, '96, in charge of the Baptist Church at Woodstock, N. B. has not been able to occupy his pulpit for three Sundays because of sickness. We are glad to know that Mr. Rutledge is recovering.

Dr. William B. Boggs, '65, principal of a Baptist Seminary in the Telugu mission has recently sent to our library his translation into Telugu of the "Outlines of Church History."

Irving S. Balcolm, '86 is a prominent physician in New York City.

Thomas W. Todd, '95, has been asked to take the Presidency of Burlington Institute, Burlington, Iowa.

Albert J. Faulkner, '78, is publishing a Church History.

Willard J. Litch, '91, is preaching in the Canadian North-West.

Obed P. Goucher, '92, is principal of the Public School at Middleton, N. S.

F. H. Beals, '86, is a popular pastor of the Baptist Church at Canso, N. S.

Oliver S. Miller '87 is a successful lawyer at Bridgewater, N. S.

Freeman S. Messenger, '90, is practicing medicine at Point Petite, N. S.

R. Osgood Morse, '91, is a prominent pastor of a Baptist Church in the city of Lyons, N. Y.

Orlando T. Daniels, '81, is a diligent lawyer at Bridgetown, N.

Israel M. Longley, '75, is teaching at Digby, N. S.

J. W. Tingley, '85, is the Baptist Pastor at Hebron, N. S.

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### Exchanges

**K**INGS College Record makes announcement of very important changes in the requirements for graduation from that establishment. Beginning with next year, non-resident students may be admitted to degrees under conditions very similar to those which are in force at Trinity College, Dublin. At stated times the non-resident students are required to present themselves at the College for the regular examination, along with those in daily attendance. It is believed that many men and women who find it impossible to spend the number of years required at College, will avail themselves of this opportunity for securing a university degree. The scheme will be watched with much interest, and if the standard of scholarship is maintained, we see no reason why it should not prove a success.

The Cornell Era, debate number, gives a very interesting account of the last inter-collegiate debate between Pennsylvania and Cornell on the subject, Compulsory adjustment of Labor Disputes. For the second time in four years Cornell came off victorious. The procedure in this debate was different from that which we ordinarily follow in this country. Three speakers are chosen from each College and they speak one against the other beginning with the affirmative. When this is finished the negative begin and once more they speak in succession closing with the affirmative. Thus each man speaks twice, doing himself greater justice than if he were unable to answer his opponents. Three impartial judges are agreed upon and their decision is final.

Dalhousie Gazette continues making vigorous protests against the neglect shown their college library, as they have no regular fund from which to make additions of new books, and so are compelled to trust to chance contributions. An up-to-date library, strong in all departments, is coming more and more to be a necessary feature in a College course. Cultured men now a days are supposed to have at least a general knowledge of a great many subjects, and this can only be gained by systematic reading of authoritative works.

Trinity University Review makes a very forcible appeal for the continued observance of the 24th of May as a national holiday, in commemoration of the illustrious reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. "Few of us," it says, "remember when the 24th of May was not a holiday. So long has it been observed that it takes marked precedence over all secular ones, and is only excelled by the Catholic ones of Christmas and Easter. Its position in our year, in our Cana-

dian season, in our minds is such that all would involuntarily shrink from not observing it, and how could we perpetuate it better than by statutory enactment that the 24th of May remain a holiday forever to our people, and as *Victoria Day* become a fitting memorial of the longest reign of any sovereign of our nation, and, far above that, both now and when the sad inevitable does come near, of that Gracious Lady herself with whom a generous Providence has so highly blessed us. *Viva Victoria!*"

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### Collis Campusque

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#### PUNS ASINORUM.

IF you don't like the heading of this section, of course we shall have to put asinorum in the objective genitive.

An intellectual Sophomore complains that Shakespeare uses too many relative pronouns. "Why," says he, "he opens Macbeth with three *wishes*."

1st Senior:—Can you tell me the difference between our position at and after our great egg breakfast. 2nd Ditto (any old nan for a Senior):—No, what is the difference? 1st Sen.:—Why, at breakfast we were a foe of the fowl, while after breakfast we were afoul of the foe. 2nd Do:—Eggsactly, and he turned away singing, "Gathering up the Shells at Acadia."

As the Premier stood before the mirror he exclaimed:—"I said that we had a *handsome* majority of one. But who is it? He can't resemble his leader." The mirror took pity and cast no more reflections on him.

The Freshmen have been improving the looks of the sky by flying a kite with the inspiring motto:—"And hereby hangs a *tale*."

Have you heard of the wonderful Budget,  
That is framed so that no one can judge it  
Since the consumer now pays  
A high duty on *stays*;

So the Grits must stay out and not budge it.

The Freshie had a great fund of experience but a little store of reverence who asked the Junior if he received any birthday presents on the 1st of April.

#### De Ovis Virisque.

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Ye guardians of the sacred coop  
Attend my Easter lay!

I sing of fights with appetites,  
And senior counsels late at night:  
To hatch some *foul* affray.

Oh! every *nick* and chink was filled  
With pure albumen *curds*  
For thirteen hens toiled in their pens

One day,—to fill that maw ingens.  
Shall it not speak fowl words?

The *rocky* region's aged cock  
Flopped, by *remorse* confused.  
*Sure man*, must eat, and *simply* meet  
Each *climax boldly* on his feet;  
Though *free men* be abused.

A gentleman was once a man  
Of modesty and taste.  
Fine feathers take, and fine birds make;  
Eggs become turned, man need not quake,  
Man's mission is to waste.

#### Acknowledgements.

John Moser, \$1.00; O. T. Daniels, B. A., 2.00; J. E. Eaton, 2.00; Miss M. Hale, 1.00; S. C. Freeman, .75; C. E. Atherton, .50; Rev. Lew Wallace, B. A., 1.50; C. B. Pidgeon & Co., 2.50; L. A. Fenwick, 1.00; M. R. Foshay, 1.00; Miss Alice Power, B. A., 1.00; Blacador, .50; J. W. Caldwell, 3.50; C. H. Borden, 3.50; J. M. Shaw, .00; Acadia Dairy Co'y., 1.00; Lewis Rice & Co'y., 1.75; Starr & Son, 3.50; Central Hotel, 1.75; Calder & Co., 2.50; Miss Welton, 1.00; American House, 1.00; Dr. Lawrence, 1.00.

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