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WOLFVILLE NOVA SCOTIA

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JANUARY 1900.

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The Acadia Athenæum.

Published by the Athenæum Society of Acadia College.

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TERMS—One dollar per year in advance.

BUSINESS LETTERS should be addressed R. J. Colpitts, Wolfville, N. S.

CONTRIBUTIONS to be sent to Editor Athenæum.

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Vol. XXVI

JANUARY 1900

No 3.

The Story of the Old Year. The eventide has come of another century. Facing for a little toward the past even one pessimistically inclined can scarcely avoid the conclusion that the year just now done has marked progress toward the

highest ideals of living. Spite of war occurring throughout the twelve-month peace has been written upon its history. The United States in the Philippines and later our own nation in South Africa not unmindful of the horrors of war and shrinking from the awful sacrifice of life the broken hearts and darkened homes, its sure concomitants, yet with a broader horizon than the present and with the interests in mind of a wider circle than is comprehended by the term "our own" are purposefully prosecuting war since by no other means can certain and lasting peace ensue.

But if the wars of the year have been not of conquest but to insure to oppressed peoples liberty and equality with the blessings of advancing civilization, so making peace, much more have certain international negotiations tended toward the same end. The final act in the Venezuelan Arbitration completed a series of events, the earlier of which were decidedly foreboding and would have a few decades since surely issued in bloody strife. Canada and the United States are earnestly and persistently seeking by mutual concessions the equitable disposition to vexed questions that have for long been a menace to neighborliness. Even France, volatile and tempestuous as she is known to be, patiently endured the partly deserved castigation administered by a British statesman, who less than any of his colleagues is wise in his public utterances. Time was when the ill-concealed threat of the Colonial Secretary would have sounded

a call to arms throughout France, but through hard experience the nation has come to know and esteem peace, so that it will not permit the contemptible utterances of certain demagogues at home, nor the ill-advised reproof of the same by an indignant official in another nation to precipitate a war. And above all as marking the trend of universal sentiment there needs only to be mentioned that conference at the Hague whose distinctive mission and grand results engaged the sympathy and approval of the best men everywhere.

Is the Peace Permanent? Whether this is a peace that follows righteousness or only a peace of policy is an open question. There surely has been enough of unrighteousness since the last year dawned, but on the other hand there has been unqualified condemnation of injustice and oppression. If nations or individuals are seeking peace only because their own interests will be benefited thereby there is not much of hope for civilization in this marked feature of the last decade and especially of the last year. But if peace is coming because justice and truth are opening the way for it then the nations may well rejoice in its presence. In this discussion the final subject must ever be, "Is the kingdom of Christ advancing?"

The hope of the New Year. And the hope of the coming year is in the answer to this question. Whether for nations or for individuals this last year of the century shall mark advance in righteousness is only a question of the national or individual attitude toward that supreme life and teaching to whose presence and influence the world owes all her life that is worth the living. Much is said and sung in these days of the dominant race and its wonderful capacity for civilization. But if the Saxon still held as his ideal Woden and Thor would he be a more desirable world-citizen than was that Arab chief who for fifteen years persisted in his attempt to withstand nobler ideals of living than his own religion furnished him and at length doggedly sat upon his mat in the desert and died a beaten man? It surely is honest and noble in those who have gained truth to cherish and keep it. For America, for Europe, for Africa, for the islands of the sea His coming means peace. The college man who desires success in his work for and among men must therefor enthrone the Christ king of his life. That men may know Him and wait upon His teachings the gospel must be preached "And thereby hangs a tale."

The following excerpt is taken from an address delivered by President William Hyde of Bowdoin College before the Congregational Council assembled in Boston during the early days of last September.

An Educated Ministry.

"The most ominous sign in American Congregationalism to-day is the disposition of thoughtless churches to welcome to their pulpits,

of weak-kneed associations to recognize, of complacent councils to instal untrained or half-trained men from foreign lands, from denominations having lower intellectual standards, from lay colleges, from Christian Association and Endeavor work, simply because they can glibly declaim with unctuous fervor the plagiarized platitudes they have borrowed in substance or in form, if not in both, from pernicious homiletical helps. We welcome well trained, earnest, honest men from every land and every church and every form of Christian work. Against the reception of untrained men from any source in the name of our priceless intellectual traditions, in justice to the sons of our schools, yes, in sheer self-preservation as a denomination that hopes to have reason for continued existence, it is our duty most earnestly and indignantly to protest."

All this might be said with equal significance by a representative Baptist before a gathering of Baptists of the Maritime Provinces. Whether "churches," "associations," and "councils" in our body merit the distinctive titles which Dr. Hyde sees fit to apply to some in the Congregational communion the records of the past years write large upon not a few churches and communities in these Provinces tell even more forcibly than the statistical columns of our Year Book. In the country districts is most clearly seen the glaring injustice done by encouraging or permitting uneducated, unfit men to enter the ministry. In those sections, very frequently, the preacher is the only man who makes even a pretence of liberal intellectual culture. He is often the only public speaker heard from month to month and is almost the only living link between the little life of the countryside and the great life of the busy, hurrying world outside. He is respected and trusted more than others because it is half superstitiously believed that he has been divinely called and commissioned to do the work he has undertaken. Manifestly it is in his power if he be a fit man and as truly it is his province, strongly to influence his people toward higher ideals not only spiritual, but also intellectual and social.

It is, however, a fact as pathetic as undeniable that all too frequently this under-shepherd, as he delights to style himself, is from sheer incompetency, largely through ignorance, the most subtle enemy of the flock for which he thinks he is providing. His narrow mind undeveloped by any course of study and guiltless of ever reaching or even attempting to reach original conclusions, becomes the storehouse of platitudes and plagiarisms selected because they please an untutored fancy rather than because they possess any life-giving power. He makes no progress in knowledge from year to year, because he does not want to do so, being fully persuaded that he knows enough. He holds in profound contempt those who have studied through long years to acquire what he regards either as useless or his own by inheritance. He is a twentieth century representative of the worst and most paralyzing phases of Scholasticism and Judaism holding tenaciously and dogmatically to the tenets and traditions handed down to him, and regarding all who dare to dispute

or even doubt the articles of his creed as bearing full upon them the sulphurous breath of their unholy inspirer. Such a man cannot be a teacher of truth for he neither knows nor seeks to know it. One readily recalls in this connection lines of Milton treating of the same theme.

“Their lean and flashy songs

Grate on their scrammel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.”

To listen to the same commonplaces week after week, year after year : to be deafened by the mighty vociferations of the misguided preacher who mistakes noise for eloquence : to hear mere assumptions instead of lucid argument, cherished dogmas instead of well-founded convictions, incitements to narrowness and bigotry instead of encouragement toward honest and thorough investigation, and all from one whose sacred calling has invested him with undeserved veneration, are not these strong forces tending men toward that type which is,

“Dead to rapture and despair

A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox.”

An abiding and invariable characteristic of these men is their unteachableness. Their deplorable incompetency is at the same time the exponent of cardinal weaknesses in character, indolence and self-sufficiency which led them to despise and neglect opportunities for mental equipment. He who enters the ministry today without adequate preparations does this from choice, and is absolutely without excuse. He who enters upon his course and after a little deliberately switches off on a short cut is no less reprehensible and even more hopeless than he who will not seek the help of the schools. Yet more to be censured and far greater nuisances as preachers are those, sometimes found in schools, who posing as ministerial students are no students at all but loving only the degree are utterly failing rightly to employ either their own powers or the college gifts. One may perhaps be tolerated who ~~invites~~ ^{urites} indolence and unfaithfulness with open denial of moral and social obligations, but one who seeks to hide these hideous blemishes in character behind a cloak of religiosity deserves the execrations of every honest man.

There is no more urgent need in the Christian church of today than the need of earnest, devoted preachers and pastors. To discharge the duties of the ministry is the noblest work God has permitted man to do for fellow man. But because the calling is so high with so far-reaching influences there is greater need that the entrance thereto be safely guarded. It is not contended that the would be preacher must be a College and Seminary graduate, but only that he be *educated*. If College and Seminary afford the best means of edu-

education then let him be graduated from these schools *before* he is ordained. To say that one who refuses opportunities for equipment, or misuses them is fit to become a teacher of men is flagrantly to insult the race. To ordain such an one to the work of the gospel ministry is to do violent injury to all concerned, and to mark the body which does this as irresponsible and incompetent.

The Dignity of the Teaching Office.

Address delivered by President Trotter of Acadia at the closing of the Normal School, June 29th, 1899.

I am not forgetting, Mr. Chairman, that I am myself a teacher, and that in choosing such a topic I may seem to be but magnifying mine own office. Let me assure you, however, that I am not thinking of myself and of others in similar positions, whose work is often invested in the public esteem with a dignity out of all proportion to its relative importance; I am thinking purely of the teachers in the public schools. I should like to say a word or two about the dignity of their calling.

Of course, to say anything here about the work of the public schools, is but to bring coals to Newcastle; yet I take it that a sympathetic word from the outside may not be without interest and profit.

In my own thought I always invest the teaching office in the public school in an emphatic sense with the

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

I do not know how these young people themselves think about, who have never yet engaged in actual work, but if they are expecting something light and easy, if they are imagining that the five school hours a day will prove a sinecure, I venture to think that if they do their full duty, they will experience, before the first year has expired, a very radical change of ideas.

I do not know how the people generally regard the teacher's work. I should not be surprised to find some of the good farmers, who toil from break of day to set of sun, regarding the twenty-five school hours a week as a perilously slight demand, leaving so much unoccupied time at the teacher's disposal as to make him a special prey of that evil genius who ever finds some mischief for idle hands to do.

The salaries paid to teachers would seem to indicate that in the general mind the teacher's work is not regarded as laborious, or as possessing any other quality calling for generous remuneration.

Of course there are indifferent, idle teachers, time servers. My own belief is, however, that where the school is of normal size,

and the teacher is conscientious and earnest, there are few kinds of labor more exhausting than that of the public school teacher.

One would not assert this so strongly if the teachers were mostly men. It is made true by the fact that the teaching ranks are made up for the most part of young women, who, with their natural love of young life, their quick perceptions, their overflowing sympathy, their high conscientiousness, pour their vital energy into their work without stint, and make it a strenuous and exhausting service. It is true that the hours are not long, and that the muscular system is not taxed, but the tax upon brain and nerve, upon thought, and sympathy, and the vital forces is very great indeed.

Did the people generally realize what an outpouring of life every school day means in the experience of multitudes of our young teachers, these teachers would be honored and respected as very often they are not, and that sympathetic help which school Boards and parents could render in so many ways would certainly be more largely and cordially extended.

For myself, I never pass a school house on the remotest country road, but I actually or in imagination raise my hat with profound respect to the visible or invisible school miss; and for this reason among others, that she takes honorable rank in the great army of genuine laborers who make the wheels of the world go round.

There attaches to the teaching office, however, not simply the dignity of labor, but the dignity of

AN EXALTED KIND OF LABOR.

I like to think of the material upon which the teacher works, as compared with that which falls to the hands of other men. One man tills the soil. Another mines the ore. Another hews the forest. In these cases the clod, the rock, the unconscious tree, are the materials which engross thought and engage the energies. Other men spend their lives as fishermen dragging fish from the sea, or as shepherds shepherding the flocks, or as herdsmen herding the cattle. The thoughts and energies of these are engaged chiefly with the unintelligent life of the lower creation. Multitudes of men expend their energies ranging over the world foraging for food to feed men's stomachs, or trading in material things that men may have wherewith to be clothed. Other multitudes engage themselves with the industrial arts and sciences, that special physical and social wants and desires of men may be supplied. All these activities and many others are essential to human comfort and well-being; but they are not the highest orders of service. There is a higher range of activities engaged directly and continuously with the human mind and spirit, and it is to this highest range of activities that the work of the public school teacher belongs. What can compare for depth, and mystery, and sanctity, what is so charged with possibilities fearful and glorious, as the mind and spirit of a child?

"Oh child ! O new-born denizen
 Of life's great city ! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed
 Like a celestial benison !
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,
 And with thy little hand
 Thou openest the mysterious gate
 Into the futures undiscovered land."

"And He took a little child and set him in the midst !" That is the picture of the ages ! No more absorbing object of study could be suggested. And the sensitive spirits of these young immortals—these are the materials with which the teacher is entrusted, and on which he is to impress his work. The painter works on canvas, and the sculptor on marble, that they may suggest life and beauty to the imagination ; the teacher works on the living spirit instinct with the mystery, the lineaments, the life of God Himself. Dignity attaching to the teaching office ? I should think so.

And what is the teacher authorized to do with this material ? Sometimes the fashion has been to regard the children as so many elastic bags into which it was the teacher's business to cram as much arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history, as the bags could be made to contain. Thank God we have done with that conception, at least theoretically. I say theoretically, for it is notorious that while in theory we denounce the idea that the acquisition of knowledge is the principal end of a liberal education, the system of tests and examinations which prevails from the common schools up through the University is constructed largely on the assumption that this idea which we denounce with such academic fervor is the very gospel of education. It is something, however, to be theoretically sound, and the day will come, doubtless, when we shall find courage and wisdom to abolish or reconstruct the practical anomalies also. Oh ! no, the teacher is not permitted to regard the children as so many elastic receptacles, nor himself as a mere cramming machine. The teacher's business with these young souls is far higher. He is expected to take them for what they are, living spirits in living bodies, beings with rich and varied capacities and possibilities, and whose lives and acts have infinite issues. He is permitted, nay, he is expected, to bring to bear upon them all the vigor of his intellect, all the knowledge with which his mind is stored, all the force of character he possesses, all the arts by which personal influence is made effective, with a view to quickening, informing, developing, and energizing the minds of the children, with a view to inspiring their souls with right ideals, and building up mind and character into noble manhood and womanhood. It is the teacher's privilege to open to the mind of his pupils the world of life and nature around them, the world of life and nature within them, and the world of spirit which is over all and through all. It is his work to train the senses, the emotions, the intelligence,

the judgment, the conscience, and the will ; to quicken the minds of the pupils to self-activity and aspiration, to furnish them with right ideals of character, and to develop in them reverence, love, and self-control. As Thompson quaintly puts it :

“Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,
To breathe the enliv’ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.”

If I am right in my conception of the teacher’s work, it would surely be difficult to find among the tasks which engage men’s minds one whose nature invests it with a nobler dignity than belongs to this.

Then, further, there belongs to the teacher’s work

THE DIGNITY OF PRIMACY.

If not absolute primacy, yet something that often approximates to this. The primal influence in all right directions should issue from the parents who have brought the children into the world. Such, however, is the pitiful incompetency of many parents that the first true hand upon the helm of child life is all too often that of the school teacher. Where parents are the most competent, the supplementary aid of the school teacher is hailed with the keenest appreciation, and prized as a partnership for all good ends. The tremendous influence of the school teacher even where the parents are of the best is often scarcely suspected. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lately told of her little grandchild coming to her with a question. listening to her answer, and then gravely saying ; “well Grandmamma, I will ask Miss Brown tomorrow if what you say is true.” Miss Brown was a little eighteen year-old teacher in a primary school. Thus, blending with parental influence where that is good, struggling to cancel it where it is evil, the work of the school teacher is a primal influence in directing life and moulding character whether for service in the commonwealth or in the kingdom of God. The colleges, the professional schools, the multiplied callings which engage the life of men, must all wait for material till the public school teacher has had his day, and will find their possibilities conditioned and defined by the work the teacher has done. His work is foundation work, and settles what the super-structure may be. It is the bending of the sapling which no later influences can ever wholly reverse. It is the generating of tendencies which will persist through all subsequent experience. If the responsibility is great, equally great is the honor of a primacy like this.

In thus hinting at the dignity and nobleness of the teacher’s calling, I am well aware, Mr. Chairman, that I am only echoing that which you have been insisting upon ever since these young people entered your school. I congratulate them that they live in a time

when they have not been permitted to rush into this important work without the special instruction which a Normal School affords. I shouldn't wonder if, in their inmost souls they once protested against the law which made them come here. They are wiser now, Sir, and are thankful that a wisdom superior to their own put its constraints upon them. My hope is that they have not only learned by rote what you and your colleagues have taught them about the importance and dignity of their work, but that they have by thought and reflection developed for themselves deep convictions on this point.

But now, if you will permit me, Sir, I should like, before I sit down, to indicate in two directions

THE PRACTICAL EFFECT

which such a view of the teacher's work as I have set forth, is calculated to exert over the teachers themselves who hold that view.

First, it will help to preserve through the years the freshness and enthusiasm of the early days. It is the rule, I believe, that young teachers enter on their work with great ardor. This, however, is often explainable simply on the ground that they have abundant energy, and that the work is novel. By and by energy flags, novelty wears off, and now if there is nothing left, the routine of school life, the dullness of the pupils, the slowness of their progress, the indifference of the parents, the deadness of the whole atmosphere, may easily quench all enthusiasm, and reduce the teacher's work to the veriest drudgery. The one thing that can save the teacher in these circumstances, and preserve his freshness and fire, is that he bring to his task insight, imagination, lofty ideals, which will transfigure the dull facts that lie upon the surface, which will enable him to rise superior to the low conceptions which prevail around him, and to see perpetually through the thick veil of the commonplace, the significance and glory of his work.

The second practical effect which a lofty conception of his work will have upon the teacher is that it will furnish a powerful stimulus in the development of his own mind and character. He who has this adequate and exalted view will quickly find that his tasks call for penetration, judgement, skill, of the very highest order. He will find also, that they call for strong and disciplined character; for self-control, patience, kindness; for ability to disclose to the scholars, in action rather than in words, true ideas of character in all its range; ability to lure them on to better things by a pure winsome example rather than by empty or rasping speech. And so it will come to pass that the teacher's lofty ideals with respect to the nature of his work will prove a constant spur in his side, spurring him to self-discipline, that his high tasks may not mock his impotence, but may be overtaken and worthily performed.

In conclusion, I can only wish, sir, that not only all the teachers might realize the dignity of their calling, but that all parents and all

our citizens might realize it equally ; that there might be developed more and more an enlightened enthusiasm for the public school ; and an enlightened and generous support for all teachers in their work. No work is more fundamental to our well-being as a country, or can contribute more directly to the realization of whatever is best in life.

Southern College Girls.

Southern college girls are almost as numerous in northern colleges as in those of the south. Though a leader in educational advantages before the civil war, the South has since that event fallen to the rear, crippled by the universal poverty of its tax-payers. As a result, southern colleges, with the exception of the magnificent Vanderbilt University at Nashville, are, in comparison with those of the North, poorly endowed and equipped. Owing to the limited opportunities afforded by their own impoverished colleges, and because they realize that education is not exclusively a matter of books, a number of southern girls who desire a liberal up-to-date college education, prefer the superior institutions of the North, with their more stimulating, broadening influences.

The girl of the South in a northern college soon becomes such an ameliorated Southerner that it is not easy to distinguish her from her northern sisters unless she is confronted with a negro or some monument commemorating the civil war ; on such occasions she rarely leaves the spectator in doubt as to her identity. In her own land she may be studied to better advantage, as there she displays more distinctly her special characteristics.

The southern college girl is after all simply a southern girl, as typical of the South as her ungowned sister. Four years exposure to learning does not seriously affect the nature and tendency with which she embarks on her scholastic career. Education in her own land has small power to change her, for the reason that public opinion is opposed to alterations in this quarter. She is expected to be what woman was generations ago—the pet and plaything of the home and society. Consequently, the college girl as we know her in the North, from her purposeful, independent, athletic school days, to her business or other self-supporting career, is comparatively rare in the South to-day.

The increase of this type of girl is hindered by two convictions deeply rooted in the Southern mind ; one, that work of any description is for a woman socially degrading ; the other, that marriage is her only honorable vocation ; and should be the chief aim of her life.

Entering college with the inborn conviction that she was made to be loved, not to be learned, and believing with Mr. Tulliver that "a clever woman's no better than a long-tailed sheep, she'll fetch no

higher price for that," the southern girl could scarcely be expected to develop into a recruit for the ranks of the new women. In fact, only shadowy outlines of that strife-producing, much-debated being, are as yet visible in the South, and sometime will probably elapse before conditions favor her complete materializing. For the genuine daughter of the South still regards with lofty scorn this untoward generation of her sex that lifts up its voice in public, flaunts abbreviated skirts, pedals a bicycle and insists that Shakspeare was a woman, and the Bible a literary production of the Queen of Sheba.

Her life purpose being matrimony, this southern girl wastes neither time nor means calculated to further that end. She considers it a serious matter, and such a trifle as backwardness in the man of her choice must not be allowed to obstruct the course of true love. And it does not. She is a person of resource, and accomplishes her little *coup de grace* with a diplomacy which refutes all suspicion of unmaidenliness. Runaway matches are in high favor. Frequently, the elopers "flee when no man pursueth," for mere romance. If it can be accomplished during school days, while still in short dresses and braids, so much the more romance.

This is but an incomplete outline of the typical girl of the South, who, with or without a college education, treads in sweet contentment the path laid out for her by old custom. None who see her life can wonder that she is content. In a land where the manners of men are a cast of the deeply courteous school of the past generation; where women are treated as queens; and every allusion to the individual conveys the impression that she is the most charming of her sex; where she never stands in a street car, and never mounts or dismounts from one unassisted; where, be she plain or pretty, young or old, all men acknowledge her influence and render homage—in such a land what woman would not be content? Even such an embodiment of progressive womankind as Mary Livermore, or Elizabeth Lady Stanton, would depart lingeringly from this atmosphere to the chilly-mannered regions where, as the glorious New Woman, the exquisite privilege is hers of swinging herself unaided upon moving street cars, or of executing hanging-bar gymnastic feats in the car, before a critical seated assembly of stony-faced, rock-hearted creatures of the masculine sort.

A few southern women have stepped forward in line with college women of the North, and made themselves a local fame in professions, literature, or other directions. These, however, are as a rule found in cities of northern spirit and tendency, as Chattanooga and Atlanta. When the southern girl does assume the qualities of the advanced woman, her feminine attributes do not suffer thereby. She simply adds to her woman's natural grace, modesty and sweet dependence, the trained intellect and consequent mental ability which renders her the true companion and helpmeet of her

husband, and then proceeds sweetly on her woman's way. To see her is to admit that this is as it should be.

But the classes of girls described are not the only college girls in the South, nor are the poorly equipped colleges before mentioned, the only colleges. There are institutions supplied by northern money, which are acknowledged by southern educationists to be superior to their own schools, and in these are hundreds of girls who are not, perhaps, included in the general thought of southern college girls.

College girls they are, nevertheless, with the same hopes and ambitions that animate your life and mine, and the fact that their skins are dark makes them none the less Southerners, and none the less girls. They are crowding eagerly into the light from which they were so long shut out, though education means to most of them only a life of self-sacrificing toil to spend it for the less favored of their people, or added insult and hatred from the world of white faces in which they live apart, despised and rejected. There are girls in these schools with souls of such greatness that many a white girl feels in comparison but a pigmy in character. Girls are there with a physical beauty, poetry of motion, and soft music of voice, such as few white girls possess, yet these gifts bring little happiness to them. Their life is filled with hardships and afflictions under which most of us would be tempted to curse God and die. They must secure an education not only for the small joy it brings them, but also for the future welfare of their race. Their student work is therefore characterized by a loftiness of purpose and heroism of endeavor, not found among the white college girls of the South, and found rarely even in the North.

Somewhere in God's world-plan there must be a place for these dark-skinned college girls, but the greater part of this generation will die in faith, not receiving the promise, God having provided that better thing for future generations.

The Flag of Old England.

BY HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

All hail to the day when the Britons came over,
 And planted their standard with sea foam still wet ;
 Around and above us their spirits will hover,
 Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving,
 The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes ;
 The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,
 Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained,
 Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours,
 The graves where they moulder no foe has profaned,
 But we wreath them with verdure and strew them with flowers !

The blood of no brother in civic strife poured,
 In this hour of rejoicing encumbers our souls !
 The frontier's the field for the patriot's sword,
 And cursed be the weapon that Faction controls !

* * * * *

From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in story,
 A century since, our brave forefathers came,
 And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory,
 Enlarging her Empire and spreading her name.
 Every flash of her genius our pathway enlightens—
 Every field she explored we are beckoned to tread ;
 Each laurel she gathers, our future day brightens—
 We joy with her living, and mourn for her dead.

Then hail to the day when the Britons came over,
 And planted their standard with sea foam still wet,
 Above and around us their spirits still hover,
 Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

Acadia a Christian College.

To train the mind is not to educate the man. To be a finished scholar is not to be a finished man. High scholarship and true manhood are by no means interchangeable terms. Keen perception, ready apprehension, unerring skill in logical processes, mastery of the multitudinous details that belong to any department of learning, all these may mark a man and yet he may be far from what a true man ought to be. There can be no complete education unless, in addition to the development of one's physical and intellectual powers, there is a corresponding development of one's moral nature. True education has to do with the whole man. It seeks to draw out whatever is good in him, to restrain the bad, to reveal possibilities for growth, and to furnish suitable conditions for the cultivation of a noble and beautiful character. Nobility of character, and not intellectual power, is the crowning excellence of man. When, however, the two meet in one life, they give it a beauty and a glory almost divine.

While it is true that any system of education is incomplete which does not relate itself to all the elements of the pupil's complex nature, yet the operations of an educational system may, probably will, be

distributed among a number of agencies. Of these the home and the school are the most important and are mutually helpful. So long as a pupil lives at home the responsibility for his moral training rests largely with his parents or guardians. But when a youth leaves home and goes to a distance to attend school the responsibility for his morals is in a large measure transferred to the school authorities. These cheerfully ~~and they~~ assume charge of the pupil for purposes of mental discipline, but in many instances fail to show any vital concern for the development of the pupil's character. Brilliance in scholastic attainments is often so dazzling as to prevent the discovery of any except the most serious faults in character; while on the other hand moral excellence rarely offsets mental deficiencies. Of course it is not easy accurately to judge character. There are, however, ethical principles that should be respected in all schools, and at least the attempt should be made to promote the growth of a robust morality among the scholars.

But any system of ethics that holds itself aloof from Christ and christianity has only slight effect upon the lives of men. A principle of morality apart from a person counts for very little. Christianity has given us a sublime system of ethics, and yet, were it not for the constraining power of the personal Christ, the system itself would be of little practical benefit.

Christianity and education, then, are closely related; so closely, in fact, that education may be described as vital christianity operating intensively. The highest type of education has been produced in those nations in which christian principles have not only been most willingly accepted but also had the freest operation. We may go further, and say that in these christian nations the most highly developed forms of the type are to be found in such institutions of learning as have tried to blend, in right proportion, the mental and the moral, the secular and the christian; in such institutions as concede the right of the mind to have its demands met and at the same time put Christ at the centre of their educational life. Such institutions are in a special sense christian. With these, we hope it may not be considered presumptuous to class Acadia. The founders of the College desired and planned to make it christian. The aims and endeavors of those who have guided its course for the past seventy years have been directed to the same end. We do not say that the ideal has been realized; we are aware that in many particulars failure must be adjudged. But we say, and we say it earnestly, that an honest effort has been made to give the life of the schools a distinctly christian character, and at the same time, so far as the meagre resources of the College have allowed, to produce a scholarship distinguished by breadth, accuracy, and independence of thought.

In Acadia College the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces have embodied their idea of the relation that should exist between educa-

tion and christianity. From the beginning of the work of higher education at Horton until the present day, the college has been inseparably connected with the life of the church. Acadia entered upon its work amid the prayers and blessings of a christian people, who, by sacrifice and labor for the College, had earned the right to pray and bless. The leaders of the denomination, men of power and ability, but in most cases of very little scholarship, who by their own mortifying experiences had learned to what an extent efficient christian work and thought are dependent on thorough education, looked to Acadia College as the source of an increasing supply of well trained men, who, as the years passed, should assume the responsible positions which their attainments would entitle them to. Nor was this expectation vain. A hasty glance through the College Calendars and the denominational Year Books of the last fifty years will soon make plain how largely the denomination is indebted to the College.

As Baptists we have always asserted our right to think for ourselves, and have unequivocally refused to be bound by the *ipse dixit* of any man. Independence of thought and freedom in expressing that thought is a Baptist birthright. Hence Baptists seek education where freedom of thought is permitted. The trammels of creed or of articles are intolerable to a Baptist. Truth, absolute truth, so far as it is attainable, alone can satisfy him. To the quest of this the thoughtful, earnest Baptist unhesitatingly gives himself; to obedience to its commands he as unfalteringly commits himself. One fact, however, the fact of facts, the Baptist believes he is sure of. He confidently asserts that he has found the truth, that central truth about which all other truth gathers and upon which it depends; this truth of truth he asserts is Christ who says of himself "I am the truth." Christ accordingly becomes the centre of Baptist life and thought.

And so, if Acadia be not unmistakably christian in sentiment, in the activities of its scholastic life, and in the aims of its teachers and students; if the schools at Wolfville be not sharply distinguished from such educational institutions as may be termed secular, it would appear that no sufficient justification could be found for the continued existence of the college as a Baptist institution, or for its claim on the general funds which the churches set apart for objects of so-called christian benevolence. He would be a reckless man, however, and one ignorant of the facts of the history of Acadia who should say that our college had in any large degree failed to satisfy the proceeding conditions. Acadia for more than seventy years has maintained its christian character. How has this been done?

The answer to this question must be reserved for another occasion.

The Rev. Edmund A. Crawley, D. D.

BY REV. E. M. SAUNDERS.

The founding of Horton Academy had become history, and had receded ten years into the past, when a soul stirring event aroused the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces a second time to bow themselves to a great educational task. For eighteen years Dalhousie College had been a mere name ; but at the end of that time, events so shaped themselves, that a plan was perfected to appoint the Rev. Thomas McCulloch, D. D., of Pictou, who for twenty years had been at the head of an Academy of that town, President, and with him two Professors, and so make Dalhousie a practical instead of a theoretical college as it had been for the first score years of its existence. Dr. McCulloch was a firm friend of the Baptists of twenty years standing. At this time the Rev. John Pryor, D. D., with such help as he could command was carrying on Horton Academy, and Dr. Crawley was the pastor of the Granville Street Church. As Dr. Crawley was second to no man in the Province in talent, learning, ability and culture, it was thought by his friends that he should be put on the staff of the Provincial College, now about to begin work. But good Dr. McCulloch did not have his way in the matter. State churchism of the Presbyterian species blocked the way, and Dr. Crawley was rejected. The sole reason why he did not warm that Dalhousie chair was this—he was a Baptist. This stung to the quick every Baptist in the Maritime Provinces. For ten years they had flattered themselves that the day to be ridden over rough-shod and kicked, as if they had no rights, had passed away. Dr. Crawley's rejection broke the spell of this delusion,

Where there is a will there is a way ! The result was this—Baptists made a College, and had it opened and at work in the same year that Dalhousie began operations—No railroads, no telegraph wires in that day.

From 1838 to 1842, the College was dodging about the Academy camp for shelter. Then it was face to face with this difficulty—a college building an absolute necessity. But there was no money in the country. Baptist barns were full of hay and grain, their cellars full of potatoes, and their stalls full of horses and cattle, but their purses were as empty as a collapsed balloon.—A bright idea entered some one's head. It is said it was the head of Professor Isaac Chipman. He was the first fruits of Horton Academy. He had gone from its class to Colby; he had graduated from that College, and was now a professor in the College that was born in a day. This was the sapient conception—in a college building there is no copper, no gold, no silver. What we want is the materials of which a home for a college is made, and mechanics to put them together—This word passed around, and it was pronounced good—Then away

went these brave men, now in full manhood, all over the provinces, east, west, north and south.

FIRST VIEW OF DR. CRAWLEY.

Aylesford at this time was covered with forest, stumps and apple orchards. The Bethel, a big school house and meeting house in one, stood a little south of the present Tremont meeting house.

One evening in the depth of winter, and in that time it meant plenty of snow, always licked away somewhat by the inevitable, "January thaw," all the surrounding country came together to hear from these men who were scouring the country in the interests of an enterprisè to build a college without cash. It is needless to say the house, which was large, was packed. The big stove was in the middle of the room. It was a stove—the first one I ever saw! Where it came from and where it went to, I know not. To me it is a kind of cast iron Melchisedec. Don't tell me this is youthful fancy. Dr. Crawley said to me many years afterwards, it would hold men-inside mind. It held boys on the outside. Well do I remember seeing a boy trying to stand on its flat top on one foot, holding a billet of wood on one shoulder, with one hand, and his book in the other, industriously studying his lesson. I now see that one bare foot convulsively struggling to do its duty to keep the centre of gravity. Men, women, boys and girls, warm in their homespun and cowhides were there to meet Edmund A. Crawley and Richard R. Burpee. There was but little space between the top of Crawley's head and the ceiling of the old Bethel. He was then about forty years old, tall and commanding in presence as any king could wish to be. The honest homespun men and women were told that evening how Baptists had been trampled on, ignored and held in contempt, how it was their duty and privilege to have an Academy and a College to do all the good work needed to be done—prepare ministers and school masters for their professions and diffuse abroad general knowledge and culture. Crawley and Burpee had their say. The turn of the brethren came next. The boys listened with wide open eyes and mouths. Up gets a good brother—"I have no money," he said. Give us your prayers. Give us boards, shingles and timber. That we can do. We have plenty of these materials. Amen!

So all the country east and west was treated. In an incredibly short time, the pines and spruce were falling along the valley and on the mountain tops and slopes. Teams loaded with this sort of material were soon drawing their loads over the snow road-bed toward Horton. Vessels along the shore of the Bay of Fundy were loaded with the same material, and by wind and tide drifted away toward the Basin of Minas—to mud creek. Mahew Beckwith's schooner was the first to stick her nose in the mud and unload. Professor Chipman was busy careering around on his little pony looking after these

team loads and vessel loads of material for building Acadia College. Not the men alone caught the enthusiasm. From the women came, eggs, butter, socks—all sent to Professor Chipman to be turned into money with which to pay the workmen.

ANOTHER VIEW OF DR. CRAWLEY.

In September of 1854 I climbed the stair case in the east end of this College building, built of butter, bacon, socks and other material. I entered the study of the President. There sat the man, seen twelve years before in the Bethel, made steaming hot by the big stove. His fluffy thatch of dark hair on the top and around the back part of his head had now been peppered with white; and might be called iron grey. Now he had to deal with a candidate for the honours of a freshman. The other time he was after prayers, timber, boards and shingles. Ah, but he was still kingly. Not his form alone and his mental and moral make up were aristocratic; but every drop of blood in his veins, a mixture in equal parts of Hebrew and English, was charged with nobility. But this was all tempered and mellowed with a fine and constant flow of simplicity and sympathy. Supercilliousness was abhorrent to his nature. But this son of one of Nelson's captains could not denude himself of the aristocrat—aristocrat in the best sense—It was innate—it was crystalized by education and culture in the Episcopal Church. He dealt tenderly with this case of an aspirant for freshman honours. Examinations were arranged for, and, with the pleasing prospect of being a full fledged freshman in a few days, the caller on the President of Acadia withdrew, and descended the stairs with a subsiding palpitation.

ANOTHER VIEW OF DR. CRAWLEY

The young gentlemen will remain after prayers are over. We of course remained, about forty in all, and were confronted by the president.—Dr. Crawley, and by Dr. Cramp, and A.P.S. Stuart, professor of Mathematics and Natural Science. What's coming now, was the mute enquiry in forty heads? The secret soon came out. "Young gentleman," said the courtly and kingly president, "it has seemed to the staff of professors that there has been a dangerous and unwarranted use made of the chalk in certain caricatures which have appeared on the black boards and elsewhere. I will now call upon Dr. Cramp to speak to you on this subject." Dr. Cramp was a spade-is-a-spade man. He soon told us in short sentences—sentences of biting English—what he thought of indelicate pictures. "Professor Stuart will now say a word." That professor who has just gone to his reward, was a pure, honest soul. He, too, spoke plainly and with an expression that he felt injured and was much pained by the objectionable use of the chalk. It is needless to say that in this narrow lecture room, the staff had an attentive audience.

Then the president elevated his chin a little and discoursed in this philosophical strain—the talent to draw pictures—to paint, is a

gift worthful and can be employed both for amusement and mental culture. Caricaturing within bounds often serves good ends, and within certain limits ought to be cultivated. So the trouble in the case now before us, is not the condemnation or the justification of the art of caricaturing by pencil or brush, but it is rather to determine some standard of taste to be respected in the practice of this art. The difficulty is to fix the proper standard. One might give more license than another. In this perplexity, young gentlemen I would make a suggestion for your consideration. You often have visits from you mothers and sisters. Should you be taking them about the building, and, on entering the lecture room where some of these figures were on the black board which you had drawn with your own hand, if you should feel instinctively, I wish I had taken the precaution to obliterate these caricatures before my mother or sister saw them, you may well infer that you have violated your own standard of taste in the matter. Some times your young lady friends, special friends visit you, who are neither your sisters nor mothers—friends with whom you have sacred intimacy. In case one of you should find such pictures on the board—pictures of your own production, when you were taking one of these special friends through the building, if you should say to her I may just tell you, that it was my chalk which drew this picture: and she, in response, would smile approval and say—"George really I think you have a genius for caricaturing. You certainly did that well."—Then, continued the president, you may be sure you have kept within the bounds of your own and that of your lady friends standard of taste. Study the problem on such a principle as this, and you will not likely get far astray. Young gentlemen you are dismissed, that was the end of questionable caricaturing for that year at least.

STILL ANOTHER VIEW OF DR. CRAWLEY AND THIS IN THE DARK.

The Halls of the old College were neither heated nor lighted in those days. Dr. Crawley had the habit of dropping into students rooms in the evening, and having a chat with them. He always said something that would be remembered. He was no pimp—no spy. His soul loathed that business. I believe, if he had caught students in any wrong doing, and it might seem, from appearances, that he was intending to catch them, he would have passed the offence by unnoticed, lest the inference might be made that he had been acting the spy. But he could reprove with tact and skill. One evening he visited a student's room. The pipe—tobacco pipe, I mean—was on the table. The visitor was courteously received by the student. He took his seat by the table, and as usual, enlisted the attention of the student in very interesting conversation. While talking with one elbow resting on the table, he took up the pipe apparently unconscious of the act. As the talk went on, he twirled the pipe among his fingers. At last it fell to the table and broke in

pieces: "I beg your pardon, Mr. A. I have broken your pipe;" but the conversation flowed on without further interruption. After the doctor had gone, the student was strongly inclined to believe that this was a bit of acting on the part of Dr. Crawley, and that the language of it was, don't smoke any more. That student is not now a smoker.

Simor was the baby of our class. He was young, small and good natured, and a great favorite. One evening while tearing down the dark stairway he found his head in contact with an unusually long pair of legs. There were a number of students who sported legs of this kind. So Simor exclaimed in the shock of the collision—"What in thnnder are you doing here;" and was more than surprised to hear the apology which followed—"I beg your pardon Mr. Vaughan," and it was in the soothing melodious voice of the President.

THE LAST TWO VIEWS OF DR. CRAWLEY.

The exercises of the Semi-centennial of the life of Acadia had reached the point where the venerable Dr. Crawley was to come in. I see him now stooped with age. What havoc years had made with that form, so straight, so grand, seen first in the Bethel in 1842. Forty-six years have left their marks. But O, wreat a sight. By an irresistible impulse, that audience that packed assembly hall, came to its feet. The men shouted and tears ran down their cheeks; the women waved their white handkerchiefs, and wept honest tears—The Halifax reporters threw down their pencils, and amazement was pictured on their faces.

Sixty years had come and gone, since Edmund A. Crawley, then a young lawyer, stood before the Baptist Association in Wolfville, made strong pleas for the higher education and entreated the people to rise and build an Academy. Fifty years had passed since he went out among the people again and said, "Let us have a College of our own," and they had a college in a time wonderfully brief. Forty-six years had passed since he and others braved winter storms and ice cold beds which were far worse, to arouse the people to go into the forest and hew them timber for a college building. All this and the grand results fell upon the hearts of the audience as the noble but bowed form of the grand old man came in to say a few parting words to his friends. But a seriousness settled upon the faces of the audience as after he had spoken a few words, he went through the door leaning on the arm of his son.

It was felt, that for the greater part of that assembly, that was the last time they should ever see the good and the great Dr. Crawley on earth. And so it was. In a short time after this, his own household bade him farewell, and closed his eyes. But his grand spirit still animates the college, and the denomination in which his name will ever be a household word.

Some Epistemological Observations.

Somewhat of an anomaly may be noticed in these days by the observant mind in the different attitudes of men in different employments toward the problems with which they have to deal according as these problems are philosophical or scientific in their nature. In the former case we see a close approach to scepticism and in the latter to a perhaps no less dangerous dogmatism.

We see the philosopher advance his theory with some hesitation and always a sufficient reservation to ensure his safety: truly marvellous is the dexterity with which these men handle opposing doctrines committing themselves to none. On the other hand within the realm of science, as such, the utmost dogmatism prevails. Have we not acquainted ourselves with the laws of nature so that we understand the method of her workings? Her most stupendous movements are made slaves to do our will. Yea! the movements of the great universe about us are reduced to rule and we can lay down our premises faultlessly derived from cunning experimentalism and with the utmost confidence proclaim the conclusion.

And yet wherein lies the ground of this so evident distinction here generally drawn? Simply in this, viz.; that the scientist proceeds from certain well defined assumptions and so long as these are granted fears no contradiction for from them his conclusions are logically derived; whereas the work of the philosopher is to discover the nature and ground of these very assumptions. So we have here a ground for reconciling, in a degree, scepticism and dogmatism. This will become more clear as we proceed to determine what may be considered a proper attitude in the case.

It may be well before proceeding further to discuss the implications of the two doctrines involved. In the first place, then, we have in scepticism the doctrine that knowledge is impossible to the human mind. To know is to be assured beyond the possibility of doubt and we are challenged to show one fact that cannot be doubted. This doctrine has been assailed by the majority of mankind on grounds both philosophical and practical. The philosopher will attack this definition of knowledge and the popular mind sees in scepticism nothing but doubt, general unbelief, indecision and universal paralysis. Though there is doubtless much truth in these objections it is still a question in our mind whether the doctrine has received a fair treatment, whether the sound of the word scepticism has not operated against it more than any of its real implications. For it is not hard to see that one might fully believe in this theory of knowledge and yet be a model man inasmuch as not knowledge, but belief is required as the ground of human activity. That I may be stimulated to dig for gold in any place, it is not necessary that I know there is gold there; but only, at the most that I believe it;

likewise, that we may love and serve God it is not required that we know that he exists; but only that we believe it and act accordingly. In short, in the whole round of our ethical relations our satisfaction does not require knowledge, but only belief.

I am aware that many persons have the idea that a sceptic is one who does not even believe the commonly accepted theories of morality and religion; but such men are more than sceptics, we must class them generally atheists. Again, there is a theological use of the term sceptic which makes it denote one who "doubts the truth of revelation, the divine origin of Christianity, etc.;" but this use is a hardly derived one and we avoid it, remarking at the same time that all that can fairly be said of a man who is simply known to be a religious sceptic is that he holds in abeyance any absolute judgment in the matter admitting that it is possible his opinion may be erroneous, and this, perhaps, is the most consistent attitude any of us can take much as we should like to be more positive; for he who affirms that he cannot be mistaken in any idea or opinion appears to me to claim omniscience, which those who know him best might not be willing to grant him.

Yet we must not be blind to the dangers that actually exist in such a view. True as it is that to the mind searching out the real import of the doctrine nothing very monstrous appears in it, it still remains that such minds are the fewest, the great majority failing to grasp the truth. And this mainly for two reasons. In the first place many minds are incapable either from lack of education or natural stupidity to make the distinction here drawn between knowledge and belief; for just as to the average laboring man a hell without fire is no hell at all, so many men if convinced that they have no knowledge of the existence of God will consider it therefore necessary to forego religious belief. And so, as we have previously noted, the inculcation of this theory would in many cases be productive of nothing less than a paralysis; therefore by giving ourselves without reserve and openly to a sceptical view we make our influence not the most wholesome. Secondly some educated persons who make this distinction with sufficient clearness and fully understand the principles involved often injure themselves by a too constant contemplation of the negative aspect of the case. It seems to me a psychological fact no less true because strange, that the feelings always flow not in the direction of clearest intellectual vision; but rather in that of the strongest intellectual habit. For just as we see men about us continuously with a clear perception of the pernicious effect of their moral acts still persisting in them simply because they think more of the pleasure of the act than of their obligation; so in the present instance the man who gives himself too much to the consideration of our lack of knowledge neglecting the practical fact that knowledge is not necessary is apt to become inert towards the active, positive affairs of life. Whereby

it seems evident that though we may give assent to the philosophical grounds of scepticism as we have defined it, we must nevertheless remember that it is because of the necessary limitations of our minds and not because the theory affords any basis of activity. This must be sought elsewhere. We shall attempt to make these statements more clear as we proceed now to a discussion of the implications of dogmatism.

We shall probably not be justified in attributing to dogmatism the character of a philosophical doctrine ; but for the purpose of our present discourse we think it perhaps the best word to express the opinion of those who, starting from certain assumptions, proceed to establish theories concerning all things and where all their conclusions are knowledge. Their definition of knowledge differs materially from that of the sceptics and here consists the entire philosophical difference between the two doctrines. Knowledge here consists of those expressions the denial of which would contradict the aforesaid assumptions which they name the laws of thought. We thus see that a dogmatist may or may not be a sceptic according as he considers the laws of thought questionable or otherwise. This class represents the popular type of mind and in its positive doctrines are found those grounds of assurance which furnish stimulus to all practical action. We need enlarge no further upon the necessity of this view as it is patent. But we are not to think that this doctrine is not fraught with dangers if followed to the extreme. In materialistic positivism we have the extreme case where all enquiry into the nature and operation of causes is condemned as useless and absurd, the element of mystery is eliminated from phenomena, that of wonder and therefore of worship from the mind, the supreme first cause is discarded as useless and we have a system of atheism.

Many will say, we do not understand what this scepticism applies to ; where does it begin ? We must answer : Scepticism begins where so-called knowledge begins ; whatever you say you know that the sceptic says you may doubt. But can I doubt whether the material object I see before me is really there ? Yes ! even that. But the majority of mankind will here strenuously object and call us mere visionaries even to imagine such absurdities as that our senses should deceive us. Sure, have we not been brought up to know that seeing is believing ? True ; but this is far from establishing the truth of the statement which, when proved, does not affect our doctrine for this deals with belief, while ours deals with knowledge. And again there are such things as sensuous illusions. Our theory of perception allows no other definition of the process beyond that it is a constructive process of mind against stimulation. This stimulation we refer to external causes ; but of these causes we know nothing. Yet many will here call us sophists saying that though our argument is very cunning, nevertheless, each one knows and must admit for himself that we cannot doubt the testimony of our

senses. We admit that the operation of the senses produces in us strong convictions of reality ; but we deny that this conviction amounts to knowledge in the absolute sense of the word, for knowledge, so-called, received through the senses is mediate knowledge and therefore liable to doubt. It will be clear, then, that the senses afford no rule or criterion of certainty—and in order to refute the doctrine of the sceptics we must find such a rule and show that all our knowledge is justified by it. To vindicate, in a measure, the philosophical validity of the sceptic's ground, let us examine as many such standards of certainty as we can find to see whether they prove sufficient.

With the essential validity of sense-testimony refuted the popular criterion of certainty is gone and we must seek elsewhere for such. The Pre Socratic philosophers took for granted the absolute reliability of the testimony of the senses and instead of seeking a universal ground of certainty they sought a principle to explain those natural phenomena that were evident to their senses. Consequently we need not search here for our criterion. The Sophists appear to have been the first to demand a subjective standard of truth and as none was forthcoming they themselves became sceptics. Socrates found his sphere in practical ethics and we should hardly expect to find our standard in his philosophy as he held speculation in light esteem. But he appears to have such a standard in his *conceptions* or *ideas* ; this, however, was merely a basis of dialectic and not a criterion of reality. Thus in arguing concerning justice he would start from a proper conception of justice itself which he would derive by the abstraction of the common element from a large number of evident cases. We see no principle yet such as we seek. And from Socrates to the dawn of modern philosophy men have dealt more in the field of ethics than in that of metaphysics.

Descartes' *cogito ergo sum* now comes in view and here at first sight we seem to have struck solid bottom. Our perception of the fact of our own existence is so immediate in its nature that the possibility of doubt is excluded and here the mind seems to reach a knowledge which even the sceptics must accept. This then is the universal criterion of truth ; what we perceive to be true as clearly and distinctly as we perceive the fact of our own existence, is true.

Granting the truth of the *cogito ergo sum* we have in it, doubtless, a means of arriving at knowledge. But this criterion must now be subjected to a critical and merciless examination and I conceive that even it may be doubted. It simply states in its most conclusive form that our perception of the fact of our own existence is so immediate upon our thought that we cannot doubt it. For to doubt that we exist is to doubt that we think ; but doubting is thinking and granting our doubt is granting our thought, consequently we cannot

doubt that we think. It must be admitted that we have here reduced the matter to a fundamental paradox which means that a contradiction of the validity of the statement is a contradiction of the law of thought that nothing can both be and not be; but the truth of the law of thought rests upon our perception or intuition of its validity, and as the reliability of even our immediate perceptions may be doubted the validity of the argument fails. We must admit that the doubt of the validity of our immediate perceptions involves the most palpable self-contradiction; but the *possibility* of doubt remains and this excludes absolute knowledge. Some persons will imagine that they are introducing a new argument by urging that though our perceptions are admitted to be false it still cannot be doubted that we have them; but it is easily seen that the refutation of this seeming argument is the same as we have just gone through. From the time of Descartes' until the present day we find no speculative principle of certainty expounded that can rival his famous *cogito ergo sum* and it is unnecessary to go into wearisome and fruitless details.

And now what say those persons who have deemed our enquiry vain and absurd? If they still hold to their opinion we would have them carefully ponder what we have said, show us wherein we have erred, and cite us that standard of certainty from which they attain such a degree of assurance. But withal we must not forget that scepticism is paralytic in its tendencies and so we are led to believe that there must be some ground for a strong belief in external reality. This we admit and can abundantly prove. Though we cannot prove the actual existence of the material world the same limitations prevent our proving it to be non-existent. Accordingly, admitting the strength of the sceptic's ground, we may if we choose, and I think we must whether we will or no, believe firmly in the existence of the external, material world.

And here we cite a rule of certainty that is enunciated in modern philosophy, viz.; since the external world by an appeal to our senses so forcibly compels our belief in its reality, it appears that we may be justified in assuming it to be actual. To this we must say that we are certainly warranted in making this *assumption* so long as we do not confound it with absolute knowledge. And here we get a hint that will help us to decide what our attitude is to be in the case. We must make and act upon the foregoing assumption or else undergo those experiences that make up our conception of death. For unless we practically assume that what forcibly appears to sense is true, we must fail to fulfil the conditions of life. If one fails to make the proper inference on the occasion of certain troublesome organic sensations and seeks not that which will satisfy them, excusing himself on the ground that his senses deceive him this will be found to be but a poor way of freeing himself from the pangs of hunger, and utterly unavailing to assert the sure consequences of such neglect. And so in the total sum of our experiences our com-

fort depends upon conformity to those laws that are revealed to us in the external world.

Utility, then, must determine our attitude in distinguishing between scepticism and dogmatism ; so the dogmatist will see that his boasted knowledge rests upon assumptions that may be questioned and will stand in humility and awe before the mystery of those same problems yet unsolved. Truly we "stand before the Sibyl-cave of destiny shouting questions into the darkness and receiving no answer but an echo," truly "the universe is as a mighty sphinx-riddle, which we know but little of yet must read or be devoured." Our hold of sensuous reality is weakened by considerations of this kind and sometimes as we have felt that reality is melting from our touch and the gulf opening beneath our feet, yet we have felt that the sum of our experience affords us a ground of assurance and the words have come home to us :

"I faiter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

And yet we are not to allow ourselves to be overcome with doubt and despair as we are sometimes inclined to do. Though we cannot know in the absolute yet the fulness and richness of life is not lessened by that. Granting the validity of our immediate perceptions, which admission we *must* practically make, our system of knowledge follows with logical necessity and our highest usefulness demands a continuous and powerful exercise of that faith in man, yea, of that faith in God which is sufficient to save us from paralysis and despair, and, by setting our feet upon a sufficiently firm foundation, affords us a ground for hope of the realization of our ideals.

'00.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM.

Dear Sir : It is a source of satisfaction to know that at long last the Board of Governors of Acadia University have awakened to the fact that they have under their control an institution known as Horton Collegiate Academy. Altogether too long has the Academy been neglected and left to struggle on alone. Vacancies have been filled it is true, and it is possible to imagine that occasionally a Governor would suggest that "Something be done ;" but it was merely a suggestion—nothing more.

The writer does not profess to be an authority in the matter but as near as he can ascertain the financial condition of the Academy is about as follows :—

First, a *magnificent* debt.

Second, no endowment.

Third, in the last thirty years not one cent of the convention fund has been placed in its coffers. In other words all the surplus energy has been poured into the college ; its interests must be fostered even if the Academy suffer.

The natural results of such a course are not hard to tell. Such an institution under such conditions cannot exist forever on its own resources ; unless something practical is done sooner or later it will succumb under the weight of its burdens. Horton Academy is not dead but to all appearances it is dying and considering the way it has been neglected, what wonder ! What wonder it is losing ground ; what wonder that the attendance is falling off !

The time has come when something definite must be done ; the efficiency of the school must be increased or its usefulness will soon be over. To continue as at present is an injustice to the denomination.

Three things are needed to place the Academy on a more substantial basis, and they are apparent to all who have any knowledge of the facts.

First, a liberal endowment. Where this is to come from is hard to say. Present prospects are unpropitious.

Second, increased accommodations. At present the Academy is dependent on the college for its class rooms ; these cannot well be spared by the college, consequently both institutions suffer for want of room. A new building is needed for the Academy and there is good reason to believe it will soon be erected. The 'Forward Movement' has made this possible. But apparatus is needed as well. In the past, the cast off apparatus of the college, apparatus which has served its usefulness, is gratuitously bestowed upon the Academy. If the teacher wishes to perform an experiment in physics he either has to employ worn out apparatus or borrow from the college laboratory. This naturally hampers the work and to an extent impedes the progress of the student. The Board of Governors should remedy this defect without delay.

Third and perhaps most important, the curriculum should be thoroughly revised and the requirements for matriculation be increased. This is rendered necessary by the increased efficiency of the public high schools. A person who has completed the high school course is as far advanced as one who matriculates from the Academy. Why then should three or four hundred dollars be expended for that which can be had for practically nothing ? What inducement is there for a young man to leave home for something

when he can get as good or, it may be, better at home? To induce young men to enter the Academy something better must be offered than at present. There must be a reconstruction. And such a reconstruction would have a beneficial effect upon the college, for the requirements for entrance, thus being raised, the whole course would be raised in like proportion and thus *Acadia* would add to her already high standing as an educational institution.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have jotted down these thoughts in a rambling way hoping that they will call out some expressions of opinion from others. As a graduate of the Academy I have a deep interest in its welfare and believe it is a necessary adjunct to the College. To close it would be disastrous; but to continue as at present is to be almost equally disastrous.

Thanking you, Sir, for your valuable space.

X.

The Junior Exhibition.

The annual rhetorical Exhibition of the Junior Class, which marks the completion of the first term's work was held in College Hall on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 19th. Despite the disagreeable weather, every available seat of the building was required by the audience which came to grace the occasion, and to do honor to the embryo orators. Ushers from the Sophomore class, wearing the Academic dress conducted the people to seats and presented each one with a dainty and neatly executed booklet which contained the following

PROGRAMME.

PROCESSIONAL.

PRAYER.

ORATIONS.

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| The Era of Machinery, | William L. Baker, Fairville, N. B. |
| The Dreyfus Case as a Moral Barometer, | John N. Barss, Wolfville, N. S. |
| Imperial Sentiment in Canada, | Charles E. Atherton, Woodstock, N. B. |
| The Progress of Peace Principles, | Charles L. Durkee, Digby, N. S. |
| American Imperialism, | Edwin V. Buchanan, Sussex, N. B. |
| Ambition, | Marshall S. W. Richardson, West Jeddore, N. S. |
| Troubles of the Poet, | Ralph M. Jones, Wolfville, N. S. |
| Labor Organizations in Canada, | Colin A. McLeod, Springhill, N. S. |
| Australian Federation, | John W. Roland, Factory Dale, N. S. |
| Fort Beausejour, | Henry V. Davies, St. Martins, N. B. |
| Harmony between the Thinker and His Style, | Miles G. White, Sussex, N. B. |
| Japan in the Last Decade, | Edgar H. McCurdy, Clinton, Mass. |

Kingsley's Hypatia, Georgie E. Heales, Port Williams, N. S.
MUSIC.

The Value of Technical Education, A. R. Cobb, Port Williams, N. S.

The Hour for Action, Arthur V. Dimock, Wolfville, N. S.

The Growth of the English Parliament,
William H. Longley, Paradise, N. S.

Kipling as an Author, E. O. Temple Piers, Wolfville, N. S.

Characteristics of the Boer, Harry L. Bustin, Melvern Square, N. S.

Bunyan as an Allegorist, Herbert H. Currie, Wolfville, N. S.

The Function of the Drama, A. Alberta Pearson, Canning, N. S.

The Standard of Canadian Manhood, Binney S. Freeman, Walton, N. S.

Growth of the English Drama, Albert C. Horsman, Elgin, N. B.

The Future Civilization of Africa, Burpee A. Coldwell, Gaspereaux, N. S.

The Book of Job as a Literary Work, Arthur S. Lewis, Sackville, N. B.

Horace and Juvenal as Satirists, Aaron Perry, Lake View, N. B.

Ruskin's Idea of the Beautiful, Laura R. Logan, Amherst, N. S.

MUSIC.

Economic Results of the Liquor Traffic,
Renford L. Martin, Gaspereaux, N. S.

Wireless Telegraphy, Wallace I. Hutchinson, Wolfville, N. S.

Aguinaldo.—Is He Patriot or Rebel?
Millie K. Bentley, Upper Stewiacke, N. S.

The Transvaal Question, George L. Blackadar, Kempt, N. S.

Unity and Variety in Nature, Josephine O. Bostwick, St. John, N. B.

Thackeray's Place in Literature, Wylie Manning, St. John, N. B.

Nature in English Poetry, Adele McLeod, Summerside, P. E. I.

Monarchy and Republic, Fred. R. Faulkner, Truro, N. S.

Campbell as a Lyric Poet, Grace A. Perkins, Springfield, N. B.

Development of the Alphabet, H. Judson Perry, Johnston, N. B.

The Historian of the Future, Avar L. Bishop, Lawrencetown, N. S.

Alfred the Great as the Ideal King, Robert J. Colpitts, Elgin, N. B.

MUSIC.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

At eight o'clock the processional march played by Misses Crisp and Christie struck up. Then with stately steps and slow the grave and reverend professors followed by the members of the Class of 1901 all arrayed in cap and gown entered the hall and proceeded to the platform. Thirty juniors sat down with a sigh of relief feeling that their only task for the evening had been successfully and gracefully accomplished; but eight others on whom the powers that be had laid the onus of the evening's performance were troubled in spirit and grave in aspect. There was little need, however. That a Junior Exhibition has ever been *so* successful may be questioned; that one has ever been *more* successful may be denied. The speakers all possessed that ease and grace which only comes as a result of thorough preparation and the pleasure and satisfaction of their hearers was complete. Both the *ladies* who spoke received two magnificent

floral tributes from friends in the audience.

The first speaker of the evening was Mr. Atherton. His subject "Imperial Sentiment in Canada" was peculiarly appropriate inasmuch as the news that Canada's offer of a second contingent had been accepted by the British Government was only a few hours old. His treatment of the question won the hearty applause of the audience.

Mr. Richardson spoke on "Ambition"—its universality and its unbounded influence over men's actions. History was made to furnish examples good and evil, to illustrate the power of this motive. The oration closed with an eloquent tribute to the memory of Gladstone.

The inception and growth of the movement among the Australian colonies towards confederation was carefully treated by Mr. Roland, who perhaps furnished his audience with more useful information than any other speaker.

Miss Pearson's treatment of "The Function of the Drama" gave evidence of much study and careful thinking: the language was chaste and the mode of delivery excellent.

"The Future Civilization of Africa" by Mr. Coldwell was a picture of the future possibilities of the dark continent when the glories of ancient Egypt shall be revived.

Mr. Perry discussed the only subject relating to the classics. He noted the origin of the satire, traced its development, and gave a comprehensive and analytical view of the writings of Horace and Juvenal.

Miss Bostwick, an honor student in English literature, had a poetic theme and she did it ample justice. Her essay showed wonderful powers of observation and a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature. Her voice was soft, but distinct and well modulated, commanding absolute attention on the part of the audience.

The last oration was delivered by Mr. Faulkner. He was fortunate in having a good practical topic which he discussed in a practical common-sense manner. His effort, as it well deserved, was warmly appreciated and while all, perhaps, did not agree with his conclusions they must have felt the force of his arguments.

At intervals the programme was enlivened with music. The vocal solo by M. G. White, the violin performance by Prof. Siebelts accompanied by Miss Beckwith on the piano, and the quartette composed of Messrs. White, Faulkner, and Richardson of the Junior class and Mr. Mersereau of the Senior class, who replaced Mr. Freeman in his absence, contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

Dr. Trotter announced at the conclusion that the Juniors, following the worthy example of the class of 1900, in place of adding to the number of banners had decided to make some useful gift to the college. So during the holidays there will be placed in the Pre-

sident's office an elegant writing desk with numerous receptacles to hold the multitudinous papers that at present lie in disorder on the office table. On behalf of the Faculty, Executive Committee, and Governors, Dr. Trotter heartily thanked the class for their thoughtfulness.

Our Exchanges.

EDITOR : W. E. McNEILL.

It is truly marvellous with what facility the editor of the Exchange column can acquire a vocabulary of stereotyped expressions with which to describe the various college magazines that present themselves for review. And just in proportion as he succeeds in this, so he is successful in divesting his column of any interest whatever. A mere notice of the leading articles in another paper, and a few general comments thereon which can be made without actually reading the articles, must be of very little value, and yet on the other hand space forbids a comprehensive review of our exchanges unless the discussion is limited to one or two each issue. This month in order to relieve the monotony to some extent, other papers are made to furnish a few extracts some of which are more or less relevant to the life at Acadia.

An editorial in the *Dalhousie Gazette* urging upon graduates the necessity of forming college clubs in the interests of their *Alma Mater*, concludes with a few sentences relating to the paper. To these we respectfully call the attention of our own graduates asking them to substitute "ATHENÆUM" for "Gazette," "Why the way the *Gazette* is treated in the matter of contributions is proof of this. For perhaps the first year as an alumnus the graduate may write in a negligent manner, but after that the editors' frantic appeals are answered by 'Sorry, lack of time', 'much interested but cannot contribute', 'appreciate your efforts but am far too busy', or most of all the crushing 'do not take the college paper now' dashed off in one long scrawl at lightning speed."

From different quarters comes the lament that the college debating society is not what it should be. The *Gazette* is disappointed in the Mock Parliament at Dalhousie while the Mount Allison *Argosy* has the following :— "We regret to say that from year to year there has been a lowering of the ideal once held by the members of the Eurhetorian. Much of the activity, dignity, and sincerity has gone . . . who does not know in what light he ought to regard a debating society in 'an institution of higher learning?' There is no one who uses his judgment but will feel himself disgraced for neglecting to prepare his debate and for resorting then to a verbal

burlesque to amuse those of smaller minds before him Good speeches cannot be made by a college student without study."

It is pleasing, however, to find the following in the *King's College Record*. "Quintilian has been holding regular meetings every Friday evening. The debates for the most part have been spirited, and the members have evinced a gratifying interest in the society." The *Excelsior* of St. Francis Xavier's College is likewise able to report progress. "We have this year a debating society which, we may safely say, equals, if not surpasses any organized in the college for many years.

The Literary Institute of Trinity University seems to be in a most flourishing condition. The brief accounts of the meetings as given in the *Review* indicate no lack of interest on the part of the students. On Nov. 17th, Trinity defeated the Osgood Legal and Literary Society in a debate on the question "Resolved that the adoption of Imperial Federation is inexpedient and inadvisable." Mr. Justice Moss who occupied the chair, left the decision on the merits of the debate to the audience.

The following is from the *Manitoba College Journal*. "The Journal would be glad to see the College authorities, and the authorities of the University united in their attitude towards one of the most ancient and honorable customs connected with College life, the wearing of the College gown. At present the University insists on its use at University functions by undergraduates, but our own college either has no opinion at all on the matter, or else one which is unknown to and consequently disregarded by the majority of our students." Then follows a plea "that steps be taken to secure *uniformity* and to protect the custom from the caprice of time and the individual student."

The *McGill Outlook* commenting on a recent decision of the Academic Board requiring Science students, in common with those of the other faculties, to wear gowns at lectures, has this to say:—"Science men as a whole would be sorry to see the Academic dress totally abolished in the faculty. They are conservative enough to desire the retention of a costume that has been associated with students for hundreds of years, taking into consideration the fact that at Oxford the Academic habits have been exactly the same throughout the last two centuries." The writer, however, thinks that since gowns are often serious hindrances to the Science student some exception should be made in the enforcement of the rule referred to.

The *McMaster Monthly* repudiating the charge of self-glorification because from time to time attention is drawn to the success of the McMaster graduates says:—"We are frequently met by the expressed or implied insinuation that, inasmuch as McMaster is a small denominational college, the training given here cannot be as good as that to be obtained at a larger institution, and that therefore our graduates will not be able to compare favorably with those of other

and larger colleges. To combat this it is not enough to express our opinion to the contrary ; we must reply with facts". And the facts are stated and go to prove beyond question "that the trained product of McMaster can compete with that of larger institutions."

The Editorial staff of the *Bates Student* is composed entirely of seniors. From this paper we clip the following "The usefulness of college students is again being demonstrated. Dr. Babbit of Columbia University is preparing a dictionary of college slang, which will no doubt be interesting and instructive. When we consider the fact that Germany already has six such dictionaries we do not doubt our ability to fill one."

We are grateful to the *Argosy* and the *Gazette* for the kindly worded and impartial reports which they have given of the football matches that Acadia has played with Mount Allison and Dalhousie.

The following Exchanges have been received this month :—*Presbyterian College Journal, McGill Outlook, Trinity University Review, Bates Student, Colby Echo, Manitoba College Journal, Prince of Wales College Observer, Excelsior, Argosy, Dalhousie Gazette, College Review, College Index, McMaster Monthly.*

We are interested to note in the December issue of *The Coming Age*, an article on "The Social Situation in Canada" written by Charles Aubrey Eaton, pastor of the Bloor Street Baptist Church of Toronto. Mr. Eaton was graduated from Acadia in 1890. The article referred to is given the leading place in the magazine and is a comprehensive and scholarly review of existing conditions in Canada.

A New Book.

FOR TROUBLED HEARTS. By Charles A. Eaton, M. A.
(Toronto, The Poole Publishing Co.)

The author of this little book is quite well known to our readers. His work bears the stamp of broad Christian culture. In his preface he writes : "These little messages were given from week to week in a Sunday leaflet to my congregation, in the hope that they might prove of help to troubled hearts. They are now published in more permanent form with the same hope and for the same purpose." Who are meant by "Troubled Hearts" one learns from a chapter bearing the same title as the book. "Like the disciple our hearts are troubled by experiences we cannot understand, by work we are not able to do, by sins we cannot overcome." Where such hearts are found there the book will have its place, a messenger of peace, of comfort, and of inspiration. The charm of the little work is its simplicity and naturalness and the plain recognition in every line that the Christ message is for this life and its requirements. Mr.

Eaton's book well deserves and will doubtless have outside the membership of the church for which it was primarily written many delighted and inspired readers, who will find on its pages saner truths than are too frequently doled out as religious teachings.

De Alumnis.

EDITOR:—S. S. POOLE.

In this issue we are pleased to give our readers a short sketch of the lives of two graduates who are well and favourably known in Baptist circles; men who, by devotion and earnestness in their chosen work, are exerting a lasting influence for the moral uplift of humanity. Rev. F. D. Crawley B. A., pastor of the English Baptist Church at Rangoon, Burmah, and Rev. Rufus Sanford M. A. the veteran missionary to India.

To his classmate, Rev. D. H. Simpson we are indebted for the sketch of Mr. Crawley's life.

Frederick DeMille Crawley, eldest son of Rev. A. R. R. Crawley, ACADIA '49, was born at Henzada, Burmah. At the age of twelve he was sent to America to be educated. For some years he resided in New England. Later he came to Wolfville and entered Horton Academy. Here he prepared for college entering with the class of '76. Fred, as he was usually called by the boys of that day, was a general favorite. Coming from a highly cultured ancestry on both sides, he inherited in a marked degree those gentlemanly qualities and refinements which are marked characteristics of the Crawleys and Johnstones.

As a student he took high though not the highest rank. He was a lover of good literature and a wide reader. His memory was excellent. He early formed a graceful and chaste style of composition. His correspondence, college essays, occasional papers for the ATHENÆUM meetings and the Missionary Society, and articles for the college paper always had a charm of style and literary finish that made them very good reading and rendered him popular with the public.

In college Mr. Crawley was known and admired as a devout, consistent and conscientious christian. While no one could be further than he from "wearing his religion on his sleeve," his influence was always on the side of righteousness. He took an active part in the religious meetings, and in his own tactful way sought by personal efforts to win others to the upward path.

After graduating, Mr. Crawley entered upon his chosen work as a minister of the gospel. He settled in Lunenburg County where he was ordained in 1876. After two years he resigned and entered Newton Theological Seminary, where he was graduated with his class in '81. Before graduation at the Seminary he had

been called to the pastorate of the church in Fredericton, and entered upon his work in that city as soon as he completed his course at Newton. Here for twelve years he ministered with large success. During this time the house of worship was burned and replaced with the present magnificent stone edifice.

At the close of this pastorate, Mr. Crawley spent a year at the Emmerson School of Oratory, in Boston, and then for a short time served as pastor at White Plains, a suburb of New York City. But now at long last the way was opened to him to carry out the long-cherished desire of his heart. He was the son of a missionary, was born on missionary soil, and early felt the desire to spend his life on the mission field. But in his earlier life the way was not opened to him to follow out these desires. But now the opening came and all hindrances were removed. He received an appointment from the American Baptist Missionary Union to proceed to Rangoon, Burmah, and serve in the pastorate of the English Baptist Church in that city. Since 1896 he has filled that position with marked ability. Recently he visited England and has just returned to his work in the East, after finding a home for his family in Oxford. This step has been rendered necessary by the state of Mrs. Crawley's health. Long may he live to serve the cause he loves and adorns in that far off land.

Rufus Sanford was born at Sheffield's Mills, Kings, N. S., in 1842. The early years of his life were spent on his father's farm in Pereau, working on the farm during the summer months and attending the public school in the winter. At the age of fourteen he was converted and united with the Pereau Baptist Church. Possessed of a deeply religious mind he found especial delight in the study of the Bible and in those early years laid the foundation for that thorough Scripture knowledge that now characterizes him.

During the winter of 1858-9, he attended Horton Academy and from 1859 to 1865 was alternately engaged in working the farm and teaching school. In 1865 he entered ACADIA and continued his course uninterruptedly till 1869 when he was graduated. His life at college was most exemplary. A man of sterling character he scorned to commit a mean act. Genial in disposition he was beloved by all. He was a lover of music and during his course led the singing at Chapel and other college exercises. As a student he was not brilliant but his work was done faithfully and conscientiously and he made a record of which anyone might well be proud.

After graduating he taught for one year in Horton Academy. In 1870 he was offered a position in a Cape Breton Academy with a remuneration of twelve hundred dollars a year, but there was other work for him to do. The cry for 'help' from the perishing millions of India was continually ringing in his ears. He resolved to devote his life to Foreign Mission work. Accordingly he entered

Newton Theological Seminary to further prepare himself for his life work and was graduated from that institution in 1873. In the same year he received from his *Alma Mater* the degree M. A. in course. On August 20th, 1873, he was married to Miss Mary Lamont of Billtown, N. S. and on the same day was ordained to the Baptist Ministry.

On October 1873 in company with six others he set sail for India. Those seven consecrated men and women were to found the mission which has become of so much importance to Maritime Baptists. It is thus seen that Mr. Sanford has been connected with our mission since its inception.

Returning to America in 1881 he spent one year visiting the churches in the interests of foreign missions. In 1882 he again bade his many friends 'farewell' and sailed away to his adopted home in that far distant land. He labored continuously till 1892 when broken health compelled him to return to this country. But his heart was in India; his work was there; he could not content himself to remain in this land. So, in 1895 though his health did not warrant it, his determination to return to India was so great, that the Foreign Mission Board reluctantly consented to send him back. In the fall of '95 he landed in India once more and since that time has been laboring with all his old time vigor. It may be interesting to know that Miss DePrazer, a native of India, who made such a favourable impression in these provinces last summer, was converted under Mr. Sanford's preaching and baptized by him. May many years still be granted to him in which to carry on his loved work.

The following, taken from the *College Index* will be of interest to our readers.

"Professor Wylie Churchill Margeson A. M. was born at Hantsport, Nova Scotia, Feb. 25, 1875. He received his preparatory training in the public schools of his native town and at the age of seventeen entered Acadia College. He graduated in the class of '96 as an A. B., taking first honors in Physics and Mathematics. During his Senior year he taught in Acadia University and was Director of the Manual Training School. Entering Harvard the following year, he pursued special work in the department of Physics and Mathematics and received the degree A. R. from that institution in '97. He returned to Acadia College and took Master's work receiving his A. M., with high honors in '98.

Last year Professor Margeson taught Algebra, Physics and manual training at Hillside, Wisconsin, meeting with excellent success in his chosen work. In September, '99, he became a member of the faculty of Kalamazoo College as instructor in science and mathematics.

Professor Margeson is a young man, thoroughly interested in his work and heartily in sympathy with all our college interests. We extend to him a more cordial welcome."

The ATHENÆUM extends congratulations to Mr. Margeson on his appointment to so important a position.

Says the New York Times: The Rev. William B. Wallace, a Baptist preacher of Utica is delivering a series of six sermons on Sunday evenings on "Striking Sayings of Noted Americans." He began with Henry Clay's "I would rather be right than be President." His text was from Proverbs. "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right."

Mr. Wallace was graduated from ACADIA with the class of '90.

In our first issue this year the name of Howard H. Roach was unintentionally omitted from the class of '99. Roach did not take the full Arts course consequently his name does not appear among the list of graduates. He took a general course and made a good record honorable mention being made of his work on Commencement Day. He was a general favorite among the boys. He has lately accepted the pastorate of the Annapolis Baptist Church, and has entered upon his work with every prospect of success.

The Month.

EDITORS: A. L. BISHOP AND MISS J. BOSTWICK.

One most noticeable feature of the first term of the present college year has been the almost entire absence of events marking any appreciable digression from the regular monotonous daily routine of the college life. Friday evening, December 8th, will long be remembered, however, by all the teachers and students of the institutions and those citizens of Wolfville who had the pleasure of attending the open session of the Propylæum Society held that evening, as marking one of the most pleasant and profitable events since the beginning of the term. The author under the consideration of the Society that evening was Oliver Wendell Holmes. After disposing of the ordinary business, the following programme was presented, every number of which was rendered in a most creditable manner, occupying the undivided attention of all the hearers and calling forth from them at its close rounds of applause:—

1. Roll Call, members responding with Epigrams from Holmes.
2. Biographical Sketch, (written by Miss McNeill) Miss Finney.
3. Piano Solo Miss Heales.
4. An Interview with Holmes, (written by Mrs. Grace D. McLeod Rogers.) Miss Logan.
5. Synopsis, Miss Pearson.
6. Essay, Talk on the Autocrat, Miss Bostwick.
7. Prose Selection, Miss Tufts.
8. Holmes, The Poet Miss Colwell.
9. Readings, Selection Miss McMillan.

If space permitted, several members would be cited as worthy of special mention, but the synopsis by Miss Pearson must not be passed over without mention as it is generally conceded to be the best synopsis presented in either of the literary societies for years.

The "Mock Parliament" in connection with the Athenæum Society is progressing favorably, and is proving itself to be one of the most interesting and profitable features of the Society. Many lively and interesting discussions have already taken place. According to the arrangements mentioned in our first issue, the Liberals have given over the reins of government into the hands of the Conservatives. The new Cabinet is as follows :

Premier and President of the Council,	E. N. Rhodes.
Minister of Justice,	J. N. Barss.
Minister of Finance,	C. A. McLeod.
Secretary of State,	A. L. Bishop.
Minister of the Interior,	E. H. Cameron.
Minister of Militia and Defence.	V. L. Miller.
Minister of Railways and Canals,	R. S. Leonard.
Minister of Agriculture,	H. H. Currie.
Post-Master General,	R. J. Colpitts.
Minister of Marine and Fisheries,	W. M. Steele.
Minister of Public Works,	C. K. Morse

Not often during the year are the students and people of Wolfville favoured with the visits of travelling concert companies. Though the number of entertainments thus obtained is few, their quality is generally of the highest order. Especially was this the case with the first concert of this kind given this term, when, on Friday evening, December 15th, the Fisk Jubilee Singers, after an absence of three years, again were greeted by a Wolfville audience. Owing to the very disagreeable rain of the afternoon and evening, the audience was considerably smaller than it otherwise would have been. The selections were most heartily enjoyed by all present, and no further words of comment are necessary as to the excellent manner in which every number was rendered, as the name of this popular company of Singers is a sufficient guarantee of the high character and excellent manner of the rendition of the programme.

An event of more than ordinary interest took place at Halifax on the evening of Dec. 13th. It was the occasion of the annual dinner given by the undergraduates in Law of Dalhousie University. The spacious and elegant dining room of the Halifax Hotel was a model place for such a function. The President of Dalhousie, the Law Faculty, Mr. Justice Sedgewick of the Supreme Court of Canada, Judge Townshend and members of the Halifax bar were among the guests. But the dinner is worthy of mention here, chiefly because of the new relations thus established between Dalhousie and her sister universities. All the colleges of the Maritime Provinces and others within reasonable distance of Halifax were invited to send

representatives. It was rather unfortunate that Christmas examinations interfered so as to prevent the presence of delegates from most of the colleges, only three being represented—Acadia by W. E. McNeill, King's by W. L. Payzant, and McGill by A. Wainwright. These gentlemen responded to the toast "Our Sister Universities," and were given a most cordial reception. As evidence of the good feeling existing between Dalhousie and Acadia, it may be mentioned that our representative, on rising to speak, was greeted with the Acadia yell, and on resuming his seat the men of Dalhousie sang "For he's a jolly good fellow." Such occasions as these tend as nothing else to make the men of different colleges realize that they are all members of a great fraternity, from which all but the kindest feelings should be excluded.

Locals.

EDITORS: I. M. BAIRD AND MISS EDITH RAND.

"Man is an independent creature."

The Thomas Kat is a "howler!"

When is it hard for a man to see clearly?
When he is *away up river* and as soon as the *hays* passes away
the fog sets in.

Professor in Classics. "He that ruleth his own spirit is mightier
than he who taketh a city."

B-k-r. Yes—that is a quotation from Socrates.

Visitor. "Why didn't you light that bonfire you had ready for
the football series?"

Student. We lost all our *matches*. Yale Record.

Prof. in Freshman English. What figure of speech is this?

Hon. C. K. M. Personation, sir!

Clerk. This shoe doesn't fit. Will you try a larger one?
Freshette (severely) No, sir, bring me the same size only a little
bigger.

Why go around with your head hanging and your heart burning
with REMORSE when you may as well be BUSTIN with fun?

Prof. in Chemistry. Discuss the compound Na Cl?

Freshman. I have no acquaintance with the subject.

Class in Chorus. We never heard of such a thing.

Prof. (aside). I thought not

Fair One (commenting on the Propylæum's Evening with Holmes) "I think it is so nice to spend the evening with one man."

It is suggested that the Janitor should carefully examine the College Museum some time during the Xmas vacation. At a previous reception one fair damsel is said to have been BOGGED there for the entire evening.

Prof. In Junior Classics. The word barbarian has a curious derivation. To the Greeks all languages of foreign nations were a confused and senseless prolongation of *bar. bar.*

Junior in front seat. Is the root *bar* found in BARSS?

After open Propylæum.

First Student. What did you think of it?

Second Student. Oh, it *was* splendid. I sat right behind the Sems.

Notice.—All Subscribers will please note that the subscription price of our paper is payable in advance. We cannot publish the Athenæum without money. Those who have not already paid their subscriptions will aid us very much by remitting promptly. All subscriptions should be paid this month if possible.

Acknowledgments.

C. J. Mersereau, \$1 00; Grace B. Reynolds, \$1 00; Rev. A. A. Shaw, \$1 00; C. C. Jones, \$1 00; Rev. M. P. Freeman, \$1 00; J. F. Herbin, \$1 00; Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co., \$2 00; W. H. Duncan-son, \$1 00; Edith H. Rand, .75; Rev. F. E. Bishop, \$1 10; Mrs. C. Ashley Harrison, \$1 00; Hon. J. W. Longley, \$4 00; Prof. Wm. Elder, \$1 00; Extra Copies, .95—Total \$17 80.

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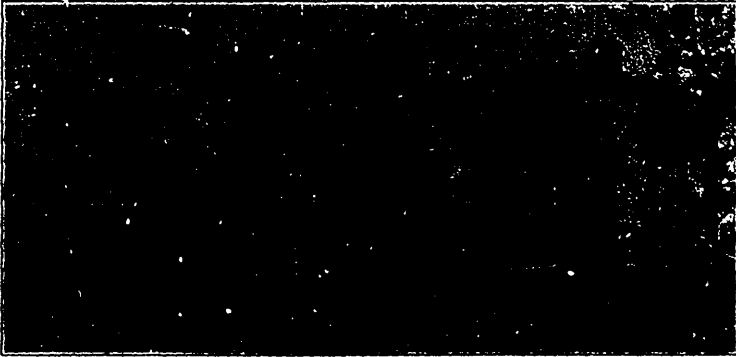
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