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THE Acadia Athenæum.

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ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

The Sanctum.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Our characters and our faculties constitute the basis of our actions. To learn the extent of our powers and develop them in the best way should be our ambition. Trial alone reveals what stuff we are made of. And too often, did not chance supply the trial, we never would know, or know only when too late, what is really in us. We are apt to distrust our abilities. Rarely do we venture to test our faculties to the utmost. Chance alone gave Athens a knowledge of her power. Marathon meant more to the Athenians than the mere warding off of an enemy. Above everything it revealed to the citizens what was in them, and taught them a lesson of manly reliance on themselves—the chief element of their future success. Only by the utmost use of her powers did Athens gain supremacy. And only through self-reliance was such exertion possible.

So it is with us individually, success demands not only our continued action, but that we continually put forth our best action. Self likes to be trusted, to be treated with confidence; then is done the best work possible. Continued mistrust in abilities will

inevitably make a weak character. A health-giving trust in their power aids in developing our faculties. There has been no great work or enterprise successfully carried out, but was fostered by manly self-reliance. Distrust in self leads only to inaction. Difficulties have been overcome by reliance in manhood, not by shirking duty through mistrust in ability. Opportunities must unhesitatingly be taken advantage of. Duties must be bravely faced. "One gets the standing he claims," is a proverb containing much truth. To make an effectual claim to a high and honorable standing, one must not only possess the fitting qualities, but hold them in such appreciation as to make the best possible use of them.

Faith in one's self works miracles indeed. But true self-reliance must have a foundation. Self-knowledge is necessary to intelligent self-reliance; for if ignorant of ourselves, firm self-reliance is impossible. It is important that we know what we cannot do, as well as what we can. In judging of our characters perhaps we often over-rate our importance as individuals; but we also frequently undervalue our abilities, and thus hesitate to improve opportunities. Self-reliance must be distinguished from that self-conceit which regards ourselves as possessing faculties which we have not. True modesty and consistent force of character must ever rest on an accurate knowledge of ourselves.

This knowledge is gained only by experience. The man who will not test his powers, who assures us that he has "no genius," "no talent" or "no capacity," will never really know himself. The first step must be ventured and the second will become easier. Boldness will beget assurance. Every manly effort put forth, every obstacle overcome will engender self-reliance. As "I am a part of all I have seen," so also am I a part of all I have done. Failure harms us not, if we do not lose heart. The lessons of experience make a surer trial possible. We all know "how far high failure overleaps the bound of low success." "The secret of genius," says Emerson, "is to suffer no fiction to exist for us; to realize all that we know, and to honor every truth by use."

The world gains no inspiration from weak men. The leaders in all departments of life have been men who relied in themselves and treated their own opinions with confidence. And why does the world ascribe such merit to these? Is it not because they were not bound by other people's opinions but spoke and acted what they themselves thought? No man ever gained renown but by acting on his own convictions and original views. The judgments of other people are

valuable to us, but we must rely on our own judgment for the final decision. Do we not see how weak and foolish it is to be continually conforming our actions to outside customs, popular though they may be, while our own hearts point to a different life a nobler course perhaps; which, if we would avoid inward strife and be true to ourselves, we must unseveringly follow? Self-consistency is a demand of our nature. We despise the man of policy, so smooth to everyone, whose very words and actions are an apology for his existence. We honor the man who, by true reliance on his individuality of mind and integrity of character, does honor to himself, and honoring himself praises the Master whose workmanship he is. Our confidence can be placed only in the man who has the self-reliance to show forth his convictions in actions. He who would live true himself, he who would seek to make the lives of others purer and better must not conform to popular standards, because they are popular, but must substitute as a guiding principle the law of his own consciousness. Every man is his own hero in the individual drama of his own life. "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string."

"But know, that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness; therefore first essay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant, get substantial worth:
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth."

HOW?

To-day we are Students. To-morrow we are not, yet we are, for each day presents its problems which are not determined by a blind sequence, but require a solution. This very idea reveals a working of the mind. The magic call *ad gradum baccalaurei in artibus* does not signify that the man has attained to such a stage that he is a master of knowledge. He is still an inferior. To receive a college education is but to lay the foundation upon which to build. When we go forth from the halls of our *Alma Mater* there is a problem before each of us: How shall I take my proper place in the world? At times we do not apprehend this in its proper bearing. Not without cause do we sometimes see such caricatures as the student in a blaze of glory on graduation day and, on the next page, another scene ten years later—teaming mules in Texas. How natural it is to suppose, when all things are lovely, that they will continue so. A hurrying world will not handle an A. B. gently, solely on account of the possession of such letters. So strongly utilitarian are we, that we look for something practical from each man. Yet we modify our demands here, and call for, not only the common products of brain and muscle, but also for "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The man of action does more than sway his arms or delve. He may be a leader of men and guide to a higher plane. But what of our question of preparation for our proper sphere? No cast-iron rule can be laid down. Let us keep it before us as students, and it may be that through our oft-conning, we may derive benefits unthought of.

THE Inter-Collegiate Lecture Bureau has, we are sorry to say, not proved of very much benefit to Colleges interested in it.

No doubt the fact that the work was commenced rather late in the Fall was a hindrance; but the principal trouble lies in the fact of the management being too cumbersome, and the absence of union between the colleges for the carrying on of the work.

It seems well nigh impossible to secure men of the stamp, it was the intention of getting under the Bureau, to come to the Provinces during the winter.

It may be possible to make the Bureau valuable, if the lecturers are arranged with and dates made during the summer.

FOR many years Wolfville has been in that condition usually denominated "dead." This state of affairs was of course greatly deplored by the inhabitants thereof, and many of them were not slow in expressing the opinion that the presence of the College and Seminary was having a very depressing effect upon the general health of the community. However that may have been, quite a lively boom has struck this highly respectable and hitherto conservative village, and for this there is no doubt that the presence of the educational institutions are responsible.

About a year ago building operations in different parts of the village commenced on quite an extensive scale, and with little interruption during the winter months, is still continuing in full blast. Those who visit Wolfville after a couple of years absence will find many changes awaiting them. The first thing the returning student will miss will be the old station house, where on cold winter mornings he jostled the Seminary girls as together they pushed their way through the crowd to buy the tickets that would take them home for the Christmas holidays. It has been replaced by a new and more modern building, clean and comfortable.

On the vacant lot south and east of the station, the Skoda Manufacturing Co. have built a large four storey building, to be used as a laboratory and warehouse for the preparation and distribution of their famous medical discovery.

The appearance of Main Street has greatly changed during the year. From the college campus to the chapel steps there is scarcely a vacant building lot, and the presence of the electric lighting wires and poles gives it quite the air of a city.

To the south the village is gradually climbing the hill toward Gasperaux. New streets are being opened up, making available for building purposes some of the best sites in the village.

College Hill is not behind in this forward movement. During the winter the new Seminary building has taken shape, and will, when finished, add much to the appearance of the Hill. But should the ex-student begin to feel strange among all these changes, the athenæum reading-room and auditorium still remain to remind him of bygone days.

IT becomes our sad duty to record the death of Harris Harding Chute, a well known member of the Baptist Denomination and a member of the Board of Governors of Acadia. Mr. Chute was born at Clements vale, Annapolis County, but removed early in life to the village of Bear River where he has since resided. For many years he was engaged in business, winning the respect of all by his upright and energetic character. A number of years ago, he was chosen deacon of the First Hillsburg church, where he has given much time to christian work. As an active member of the denomination he has always shown a strong interest in the institutions here.

At the time of his death, Mr. Chute was in Halifax attending the Provincial Parliament as a representative of Annapolis County. His remains were laid to rest in the cemetery of his native village, on Sunday, April 3rd. "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord," he has passed to his reward.

AT the present time papers of all shades of politics unite in doing honor to the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. It may not be out of place for a college journal to add its tribute to the sterling worth of him who has been so prominently before the people of Canada. He, from a humble position, rose to be premier, which position he held from 1873 to 1878. Though his views were not held by a majority since then, he has always commanded the respect of friends and political opponents as well. Mr. Mackenzie has proved to the world that a man can fill important positions in the councils of a nation and still keep a firm trust in a Power higher than himself. We admire the man not only for what he did, but also for what he aimed to do. He remains a living example to the youth of Canada. *Grip* honors him in the following quotation:

"His amplest service to the land was this—
Beyond, above the toils he undertook,
And those he finished—be not one forgot!
He gave the world an answer in his life
To that smug lie of this degenerate age—
'An honest politician cannot be.'"

THE DUTY OF SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY.

Industrial and social problems are demanding solution in this age with an imperativeness which has not been noted heretofore. The principles of Christianity, which at length made slave-holding in Christendom impossible, are working to free society from burdensome and enslaving, industrial, commercial and social systems, which even now fill the earth with oppression and sorrow. Not a few of the men who are leading in social and economic reform are not Christians. In some cases they may refuse to recognize as Christian, those principles for which they contend. And yet, in very fact, it is none other than the Christian influence which has awakened men so remarkably to these sociological duties and truths.

Men who are by nature restless and discontented will certainly join the company of reformers. There are always camp-followers where there is an army. But it is an impertinent error to suppose that all reformers are of this character. Many of them are the prophets of our age, speaking for God, and in arms against the ills which He abhors.

Two or three generations ago the burden of the prophet's message was, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Spiritual revolutions followed this earnest cry. And not yet is this message obsolete. Repentance must be urged upon all men everywhere. But in declaring its imperative need another formula may sometimes be chosen wisely: "Repent; *for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand.*" Men should repent, not merely that they may escape a future perdition, but that they may be prepared for a "Kingdom" which is "at hand."

In this day men are praying, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven." This is a very suitable prayer for that man to offer to-day who yesterday cried "God be merciful to me a sinner." It is also a very orthodox prayer,—it accords with the teaching of Jesus Christ.

That the "Kingdom" may come upon the earth it is necessary that social reforms be promoted. It were blasphemy to say that God is satisfied with present economic conditions. Who will dare to say that He is not moving in that restlessness which now is seeking unwearyingly to thwart the purposes of greed and give all men the due reward of their labors? The young men who are now in our colleges, whatever the work to which they mean to give themselves by and

by, will do well to study assiduously the sociological and economic questions of the present. Right opinions, and hearts bent on social righteousness, will put them into the way of leading the people to realize in their laws and customs the ideals of God.

And he who would be prepared for the duties of this generation must not be content to read only the books which were written fifty or even twenty-five years ago. He must learn what has been done and written recently; he must read books, and magazine articles which at first glance may seem revolutionary and absurd; he must listen attentively to the arguments of men whom many regard as the foes of good order; and out of all the mazes of confusing and contradictory teachings he must find a path into the open ways of truth.

And when the true way is found it will be discovered to be not extra-biblical, but the righteous application to present-day problems of principles which are set forth in the Scriptures.

O. C. S. W.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

We have all along been tickling our fancies with a delightful contemplation of no number of future alternatives open to Canada as a nation. We must now leave fancy and face facts. The time has come for Canadian Independence. This proposition is based upon a somewhat careful examination of the facts—our mutual and multifarious relations with England and the United States, our Geographical position, our moral, social, political and economic condition. Men talk of annexation but annexation would be honorable for us only after we had tried independence and failed. And the day that witnesses the birth of Canadian Independence will witness also the eternal death of annexation. Canada should become an independent nation as soon as possible.

1. Because we cannot remain as we are. If we grow weaker we shall become more closely related to England: or, if we become completely cartilaginous she might induce the United States to annex us. But we shall grow stronger; and every advance in Canadian strength is an inevitable step toward Canadian Independence.

2. Because Independence is our only honorable condition. We owe it to ourselves, to England, and to the world to become a distinct nation. If intelligent,

moral and civilized enough to govern ourselves we ought to be brave, strong and honorable enough to take the responsibility of our self-government. This means Independence pure and simple. We are already strong enough to fight our own battles, rich enough to pay our own bills, wise and moral enough to take our place in the family of nations.

3. Because, unless we aim at Independence, there is no reason for our present political being. As we are, we are nobody in particular. We can never make a definite *Canadian* impression for good upon the world. We are now no more Canadians than Nova Scotians or Manitobans. In the strictest sense Prince Edward Island is more truly a nation than is the Dominion of Canada. For the relations of the Dominion of Canada with the power that makes our treaties and enforces them are expressed in the unrepresentative functions of Governor General and High Commissioner.

To our immediate political Independence it may be objected that it is unnecessary and impossible.

1. Because we have no just cause for withdrawing from under British Rule. But we have. Our grievance against England is not that she has attempted to oppress us; not that she has purposely violated our rights; but that she has been too kind to us. By her maternal oversight she has cramped the spontaneous outflowings of our great American life into shallow and artificial imitations of her old European life. She has pampered us at the expense of our self-reliance and national back-bone. If we get into trouble, like a great soft lubber of a boy, we stand aside and watch our mother fight for us. The most benumbing and depressing force at work among us is the consciousness that we do not have to fight our own battles. If when England declared war we knew we should always be attacked; always have to fight, pay our share of the cost and receive our share of the glory then we would have some kind of self-respect. We have little or none now. And so long as, like idiots, maniacs, and insane individuals, Canada is not held responsible for her own acts so long will England's protection of us be simply a process of denationalization and degradation.

2. We cannot become Independent because it would cost too much. This objection refutes itself. It seems that the value of National Independence can be measured with dollars—that money is more than manhood. No nation in the world of our population can begin to compare with us in natural wealth.

3. Independence would plunge us into civil strife because no constitution could be formed agreeable to all interests represented by our present population. This is merely an objection. But we shall have to solve our own domestic problems any way. And Independence will set these varied interests in their true light and so help us to determine their relative rights and values. The history of Hayti, Mexico and the United States proves this.

4. England would not grant us our Independence. She might refuse if our aim were to become her unreasoning and implacable foe. But if we should remain in such friendly alliance as ought to subsist between two Christian nations in this century she could offer us no valid objection upon moral, economic or patriotic grounds. All these objections really aid the argument since they show just what a united and inspiring Canadian struggle our Independence would involve. And Canadian union, Canadian struggle, Canadian inspiration are what we most need.

Independence would unite us; give us a National spirit; give the acts of our parliament a meaning and dignity they now lack; give Canadians something real, tangible, grand to live for, think for, pray for, die for. Independence would irrevocably commit our rising generations to the conservation and perpetuation of a most sacred trust; would solemnize and ennoble the public mind by the weight of grave responsibilities; would create self respect by commanding the respect of others; would give to the world a new nation with all the vast implications of the word—a new set of earth-wide conditions created, a new type of citizen, a new ideal of citizen-ship, a new cause and inspiration of the highest achievement possible for man, a new literature, new science, new sociology, new religion, new manhood, new nationhood.

Our Independence would drown local bickerings in national questions; quicken the form of our now spiritless body corporate into life; fuse diverse elements; and demonstrate the triumph of the peace principle in politics. While the history of other nations is marked with blood and hatreds and tears, ours shall have no bloody battles to chronicle, no wreck of lives, no hatreds of Hell. But rather, future generations of Canadians shall be guided back to their country's birthplace by the white star of Peace and shall gain their national inspiration from the record of great thoughts, great inventions, grand dreams, divine ideals, christian love and the stupendous eternal power of National righteousness.

The time for Canadian Independence has come.

April, 1892.

CHARLES A. EATON.

WHAT SHALL OUR FUTURE BE?

Life is full of Mystery, yet of mystery that, after all, is not mystery. A mystery indeed, to him who expects a full answer to the questions: "What is the essential nature of life?" "How came Life to pass?" or "How does life continue?" Yet, to one who is willing to allow his Creator to be more powerful and to know more than himself, the mystery in very large measure, ceases to be. The mystery of life, being then relegated to the one who knows and whose function it is to know all mystery, there still remains to us, within the realm of our knowledge, all life's practical problems and those necessary to be known.

It is our privilege and our duty to know what can be known by us of life, just as it is *not* our privilege and *not* our duty to know that which lies beyond the ken of human vision. Locke likened knowledge to the ocean; in places so deep that the sounding line is of no value as a guard against danger, but, in places so full of shoals and reefs that continual soundings must be made to protect from disaster. This illustration, while it may undoubtedly be misapplied to support the narrow utilitarian view that value is to be measured entirely by immediate usefulness, is yet of the highest truth when applied to the subject in hand. Life, in its relation to us, life, as a possession to be used in the world, must, most emphatically, be known to us. In this connection, the "Know Thyself" of Socrates loses nearly all its difficulty, while it imposes the most solemn obligations on every responsible man and woman.

Why is this true?

The problem of our *future* demands it. Our *life*, as a quantity yet to be lived, is *our* contribution to the welfare of the world. Shall the *world* be the better for my living in it or shall it be the worse? Shall there be left by me upon the lives of men a positive impulse for good? Shall I get the most out of life of real practical utility and of the highest enjoyment? These are questions with which earnest men and women, especially those just starting in life, are confronted. These questions cannot be safely disregarded now for the all sufficient reason that a person's future course of life, however wise or however *foolish*, will be, in the judgment of others, in the judgment of self and in *results*, the practical working out of that person's answer.

The present of your lives cannot be divorced from

their future. Yet multitudes attempt this with disastrous results.

One class of people boast that they live in the present:—"The *Scriptures* say concerning what we cannot help, "Take no thought for the morrow"; we say concerning what we can help, "Take no thought for the morrow." "Life is a game of hazard, let us enjoy it while we may." "Foolish and contemptible are they who have lofty ideals, who think serious thoughts, who delight in common-place toil." When the knell of coming disaster begins to echo, these people laugh and say:

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined."

Another class of people live all in the future. Seeing only *results*, they entirely overlook *means*. The owner leaves his property to destruction; the student sleeps over his books; the thinker applies not himself to the problems of society and of the world. Their time is consumed in *dreaming* of magnificent fortunes, won without labor, of gorgeous castles in the air and of a Utopian world where no sorrows are.

Happy is he who realizes that the *present* is the gateway into the *futures*; who realizes that the joys of noblest life, the world wide fame of the grandest character, the fulfilling of the most desirable project, have been won, can be won and can *only* be won by steadily utilizing the resources of the present as a *means to an end*.

Assuming that we appreciate these principles and assuming that no one of us desires to be a cipher in the world, it behooves each to take immediate steps towards becoming what is possible for all, a *centre of real influence*.

What are some of these steps? 1st. Have a *definite object in life*. The present is an age of searching investigation. The light of knowledge is illuminating broad tracks of science which, fifty years ago, were entirely unknown. The natural effect is that science, scholar-ship and society have become highly differentiated, so that, to be successful, one must confine his energies to a narrow channel. Grasp one idea. Then *learn* and *live* that.

2nd. *Seek that object which appeals to you as the noblest in all the world*. Cast aside all secondary considerations, go below all momentary passions and find, stamped in your deepest soul, that ideal of living which inspires you most, which will give you the greatest real satisfaction and which you believe you would gladly follow through all vicissitudes.

Seek out from among the world's great men and representative men, him, who, by his life, exemplifies most perfectly that ideal. Make his experience your experience. It is wonderful what a feeling of companionship will spring up in you for this being perhaps of long ago. You will rejoice in his success; you will sorrow with his sorrow; you will heed his example more readily than that of your nearest friend. Learn a lesson from any and every individual that is enthusiastic with life. Laugh not at their opinions, scoff not at their doings: for, in so doing, you are like them that, even before they begin to climb life's ladder, "scorn the base degrees" by which they are to "ascend."

3rd. *Be prompt to seize opportunities*. The world cannot wait for the sluggard, nor can any man "tether time or tide." The world is changing, you are changing. If you are to keep pace with the world, you must suit your development to the world's development. If "A" of the year 1892, keep abreast of the times he will not be the same "A" in 1893. To "A" of 1892 has been added a year's development. If "A" reach 1893 without this year's development, he will have fallen behind in the world's march. Never can he fully regain that place, for every year brings its added possibilities, the fulfilling of which will occupy all his talents during all his available time. Promptitude, perhaps more than any other single quality, is necessary to winning a position of influence. He, who trains himself to think quickly, who "grasps the situation," who is ready to *act*, is the one who will win his fellow's confidence. Then, be keenly awake at critical times. Sleep when you sleep. Be awake when you are *not asleep*.

Having won a purpose and having mapped out your course, let there be, above all else, *earnestness, enthusiasm, determination*. Without these qualities life will be drudgery and life's purpose will never be attained. With these qualities there will be a place for you in the world. You will be really needed, because you will exert the right influence in the place at the right time. Remember that, while the future may be shrouded in darkness, yet, with that future chance has no concern. If the world go to ruin, it will be the fault of its representative inhabitants, if it rise to the heights of truth and righteousness, it will be credited to the *noble* people of the earth. Then rejoice that you may cast in your lot on the side of right and, by resistless earnestness for truth, may help to work out the world's problems for Godliness and right.

R. S., '91

COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

A most significant remark chanced to fall from one of our professors the other day, it was this, "We remember but few of the men we have met in the class room as *teachers*, the others we think of, as those who gave us some lessons." Having made inquiries of a number of students representing various colleges I find that their testimonies agree with that of the Professor. Some say that about one in five of the professors are master teachers, two are what might be called good teachers and two they will not attempt to classify as teachers at all. Some make the proportion of good men larger, others make them smaller. Perhaps the first is about an average, if so, and students affirm that it is, there is need of reform among college faculties. Perhaps it would not be out of place if this matter were sifted a little by those interested in the higher education. This is a day when all branches of public service is being inquired into, and why should this most important of all go unheeded.

Enquiry has elicited the following facts, from those who should be competent to judge, concerning the poor teachers.

First, they are not by any means ignorant men, they are usually men who have indulged in a wide range of reading; there is scarcely any subject about which they cannot give valuable information, some of them are veritable walking encyclopedias; they know a little of everything except methods of teaching, the one thing above all others expected of them.

Second,—they sacrifice depth for breadth, they are satisfied with a superficial knowledge of a great variety of subjects, and not sufficiently acquainted with that which they are expected to teach. A general knowledge is by no means a teacher's knowledge. A man cannot teach well until he has so thoroughly mastered his subject that it has literally become a part of himself, and he sees it in all its bearings. There is no objection to a professor having a broad range of knowledge, but his first duty is to make himself thoroughly familiar with his own subject. The professor, who will not sacrifice the personal pleasure of a broad range of knowledge for the sake of becoming master in the line he has taken upon himself to teach, does a great injustice, first, to the governing body which has elected him to the position, and expect him to use his time and energies in such a manner as will enable him to do the very best pos-

sible work; in the second place, he does a great injustice to the students who spend valuable time and hard earned money to receive an education, and obtain only fifth class instruction when they ought to have first if the professor had been true to his profession; third, he does himself great injury when he thinks to gain popularity in public by breadth, he loses the respect of students for himself as a teacher, his influence over them for good is diminished to the merest fraction, if indeed he does not do them positive injury, by getting them to follow his rambling habits.

Third—the third fact is they have no method in developing their subject, it is impossible to know what they are driving at, they wander everywhere, and when the class is over the student feels as though he never wanted to hear anything more in that line. The professor may have a working knowledge of his subject but lacking method he lacks the most essential thing in a teacher. Shooting at random seldom does effective work. During our college days we were accustomed to hear with considerable merriment stories concerning a certain class of clergy who used to make it their boast that they never prepared their sermons, but waited for the inspiration of the moment to give them a line of thought and method of development. These might fairly illustrate some of our college professors who seem to wait for inspiration to come to their aid, and when it does come it serves them after the manner of the unfortunate clergy.

If these men can do better than they are doing and refuse to make the effort should the public suffer on their account? And even if they are doing their best and prove a failure it is surely unjust that the interest of the many should be sacrificed for the interest of the few. Why should a state of affairs be permitted to exist in a college faculty that would not be tolerated in any other department of service. The railroad employee who is unable to discharge the duties of his office is at once displaced by a more capable man. The lawyer who does not understand his business soon loses his clients. The physician in whom the community has lost confidence will not be called into the sick room for mere courtesy sake, and for the sake of giving him something to do to earn a living. The clergyman who cannot meet the demands of the parish is asked to retire. If in all other employments men have to stand on their own merits, why not college professors? If after a fair trial they are unsuccessful ask them to retire, the rights of the public demand it. The law of demand and supply holds good in regard to the teaching profession. Hitherto there has been but little if any practical pressure brought to bear upon the teaching body by the governing body. Once a professor, always a professor, has been the motto in the past. Create a demand for better men and better men will be forthcoming.

H. Y. C., '91

HERE'S TO THE SPRING!

Here's to the Spring
In a long deep draught
Of air from west and south!
Life's in its depths—
Let the rising foam
Dash on the eager mouth.
Drink, drink! life and love
Fill the cup to the rim above:
Drink, drink!

Here's to the Spring
In a dewy waft
Of odors newly born!
Earth is a child,
And her breath as sweet
As the waking breath of morn.
Drink, drink! speed the hours
Drown their cares in the breath of flowers:
Drink, drink!

Here's to the Spring
In a thousand songs
A thousand throats set free!
How the ear thrills,
And the blood leaps strong,
And the heart laughs in its glee!
Drink, drink! pours the sound—
Ho for Spring in the merry round!
Drink, drink!

BLANCHE BISHOP.

A STRANGE LIFE.

We had been reading the life of Mrs. Shelley, and were quite delighted with the circumstances under which she conceived the story "Frankenstein;" so with that inspiration one of our number wrote the following story:

Edward Everett was just graduated from an American college of note; and with his Bachelors's parchment was journeying to his home. The son of wealthy parents, he had all the opportunities for improvement that one would desire. As he rode along, he was thinking of the future as it lay before him, and the life that he would lead. Suddenly, he was interrupted in his meditations by a jerking motion of the car, and then a halt; a bridge was drawn and further travel was impossible, so the passengers found themselves left in a small country village to while away the day as best they could.

Edward Everett sauntered along the quiet road until he came to a green bank where he threw him-

self down under a spreading tree and gazed up into the clear sky; his thoughts wandered across the ocean to the crags and woods of Scotland, where he was going to spend a few months in restful travel. The cool breeze that gently fanned his cheek was as the breath of roses so laden was it with the sweet perfumes of early summer. A slow, moving procession attracted his attention; it came along the quiet street, and as it moved, he saw its mournful sadness, a strong contrast to the calm and joyous summer day. It was the funeral of some loved inhabitant, he knew at once from the general sorrow of the crowd. All the while, a bell in the little church was tolling, and, when it reached the twentieth stroke, the procession passed through the little gate and into the village church.

Out of curiosity, and perhaps from a feeling of sympathy for his fellow beings, young Everett went with the people and listened to the service: the gray-haired pastor prayed for the stricken friends who that day were forced to bury their young daughter forever from their sight. He spoke touchingly of the blighted prospects of the young maiden whose remains were then before him, and urged the young to prepare for death. All this Everett heard in a dazed fashion, for he was thinking of his own bright future, and he felt almost defiant as it flashed through his mind that Death might wrench all from him.

Hope was high within him, and he looked forward to a happy and prosperous career. The service over, according to the local custom, all were invited to take a last glimpse at the fair form which used so often to move among them. On he went with the rest and looked in the narrow casket. What he saw there was burned on his brain to his dying day; a young girl fair and lovely, the bloom of health scarce gone from her rounded cheek; her long fair hair enveloping her like a veil; robed in white and covered with sweet and beautiful flowers; truly a vision for another world.

His gaze was riveted on that face and form. "Can that body have no life?" he thought, "can the soul have fled away?" "Can I have been led here by Fate to love a breathless piece of clay?" So his thoughts were running on. His whole passionate soul was aroused, and he loved, madly loved the form that lay before him; and, to the consternation of the people, he bent down and pressed his lips on her cold brow, then quietly passed out.

His brain was reeling, how suddenly the whole current of his life was changed ; what agonies, what soul tortures he endured ! Instead of the happy heart-throbs of the lover, he had the dull thuds of a breaking heart. All that night, he lay awake thinking of the girlish form that was then resting beneath a mound of earth. He loved the body, and that was but the dwelling place of the soul. But in death the soul had vanished, and it was hardly possible that a man could concentrate his heart's affection on an object so inanimate. But in some lives there comes a crisis hard and bitter as death, and to Edward Everett's life that crisis had come. Perhaps if he had braced himself against the emotions of the hour, he might have gone on his way but little affected by the scenes he had passed through. But he drifted on until he was beyond the control of his reason.

Wildly he thought of the perfect misery of his hopeless condition, until his imagination pictured for the buried form a soul and spirit such as she possessed in life. When the next day dawned, his mind was quite at ease, for his thoughts were lifted from the lifeless form beneath the ground to her beautiful spirit just ushered through the celestial gates into the realms of bliss.

This world is but a halting place between the two eternities,—the past and the endless future. Man dwells a little while on earth but for a purpose, and, that purpose accomplished, he is taken away and begins another existence. Mayhap that fair girl's mission was to save Edward Everett from himself, from the ruthless ambition which would gnaw his life away. Who can tell ? Mystery as a veil hangs over all, and through it neither the sharpest sight nor the keenest judgment can penetrate. All is hidden save the result.

One short day spent by chance in a quiet little village had served to turn the current of one life from the calm channel in which it had flowed.

The following day Edward Everett continued his homeward journey ; and e'er two more sunsets had been viewed, he was once more in the home of his childhood, and surrounded by loving friends. Still his life seemed empty and useless, and, when he set sail for Europe, he had not that enthusiasm for Scotch scenery that he once had. Not even new scenes had the effect of effacing from his mind the image that he worshipped ; his thoughts dwelt upon

her, until at last, he conceived the idea of searching for her spirit. He believed that there is a spirit-world and into its mysteries he tried to pierce. Vainly he sought for the soul he loved, and he was near to despair when he accidentally met with a spirit medium, and to her he gave the story of his life. She listened patiently while he told of the spirit he longed to greet. When he had finished she fell back apparently dead, but it proved to be only a trance, for, after a time, she awakened and told of a restless spirit hovering near to earth and anxious to hold communion with him.

With delight mingled with fear lest all should be a farce, Edward Everett gave himself up to a deeper knowledge of Spiritualism. As a result of his labor and faith, one day, about a year after his first interview with the medium, it was permitted him to hold communion with his beloved in the world of spirits.

His joy was boundless ! The pure young face cold and stiff with death had not stamped its image on his brain in vain. All that was mortal was forgotten while their very souls were bound together by cords which none could break ; and they spoke a language not understood by bodily ears.

These interviews continued at intervals for several years then suddenly stopped, and the man whose very life was nourished by them was on the verge of despair. He thought of death and wondered if that would end his miseries. He longed to be released, but he dared not take his life for fear his darling would be lost to him forever.

II.

Fourteen years have passed away, and Edward Everett at forty is a broken down old man. Before that fatal day which marred his life had come, his one ambition had been to make himself famous in the study of Natural Science. He proudly thought of a future day when his name should stand as an honored professor of a European University. But that ambition had passed like a dream away when he gazed upon the lifeless form which took his heart from him.

Money he had in abundance, so he had no need to work. The years were spent in travel, and in the study of the relationship of the living to the dead. He wrote a book setting forth his own opinions on the subject, but as its teachings were considered pernicious, its circulation was suppressed.

Not once in all those years had Everett visited his home in America ; but, at length, worn out with a

mind ill at ease, he decided to cross the ocean and let his dim light flicker out in the land of his birth. As he neared his native shores, he grew almost feverish with impatience to see once more the grave in which his idol was sleeping. On to the little village, he travelled, and, arrived there, he went to the old-fashioned inn, rested a little, then slowly walked to the church-yard. He found the little spot so often in his mind, and knelt beside the grave. Then once again he heard the voice from the other world calling to him as of yore. He looked around, the whole earth was filled with a glorious light, and angels were hovering near.

Overcome with the wondrous sight, he fell across the little mound of earth and wept.

The next morning, two workmen passing by saw the figure of a man stretched across a grave, they went to speak with him, but found him,—dead. His spirit had fled to be forever with the one he loved.

***DURATE, ET VOSMET REBUS SERVATE
SECUNDIS.**

With many wanderings on the homeless sea,
Toiling and watching by the swaying mast,
The heirs of exile, and by stern decree,
To dare the rock, the billow and the blast,
We toil with joy and suffer hopefully
Seeking the vanished who have gone before,
And regions fairer than Italia's shore.

To-day the wind comes round us whispering peace,
The smiling heavens propitious o'er us bow,
We sail mid sunlit waves that never cease
The music of their murmur round the prow.
To-day is life replete with life's increase,
Unmarked by shadow flies the winged hour,
To-morrow storms arise and dangers lower.

The myriad perils of the treacherous deep
That lurk unseen beneath the crystal wave,
The circling waters that with eddying sweep
Bear the doomed vessel to a yawning grave,
The wrath of warring elements that keep
Their revels where the pitiless surges roar
Bursting in thunder on a rock-ribbed shore.

The past lives round us,—we may not forget
The land far, far behind us, in our dreams
It comes to us with all its beauty yet,
A land of waving woods and laughing streams—

*Virgil *Æn.* I. 207.

A land to which we turn with vague regret *
As to that fairer land with strong desire
To which our wishes tend our hopes aspire.

Dear are the scenes mid which we first behold,
God's love gaze on us, dear till life is fled
The Autumn sunsets prodigal of gold,
And deathless memories of those long dead,—
We ask not to return a thousand fold
More sweet does fancy paint those joys removed
For time hath witten change on all we loved.

Nothing remains the same, not boyhood's brave
And joyous heart, not childhood's happy face,—
Life hath no friends to give like those it gave
The brief companions of our earliest days
Now severed by the wrath of wind and wave;
Or those who rest in darkness and alone
Above whose graves the sea makes ceaseless moan.

From year to year we wrestle with the woes
That strong men steel their bosoms lest they feel,
And, seeking tranquil skies and long repose,
Furrow the trackless sea with wandering keel
Till life one unrewarded effort grows;
Alas that passing toils so great appear,
And heaven so distant that should be so near.

And vague mysterious longings will arise
On days divine with Summer's fervid glow
Breathing a sacred sadness such as lies
In memories fragrant of the long ago.
When loveliest beams the glow of cloudless skies,
When with a long sought issue life is blessed,
Steals from the heart the whisper of unrest.

Unheard when o'er the level sea the gale
Calls us aloud its gladness to partake,
To chase the flying spray with curving sail,
And watch the white foam widening in our wake.
With joy the coming of the storm we hail
If by its might our shattered barks may be
Nearer that land whose shores we long to see.

Unheard amid the tumult when the waves,
Blending the ocean with the sky rejoice,
Opening the greedy depths of caverned graves,
And mad with strength the floods lift up their voice.

Endeavor grasps the stern delight that saves
The heart from gnawing care and manhood tried
Grows strong to wrestle with the opposing tide.

But heard in peaceful hours when calm and bright
The ocean slumbers in unbroken rest;
Heard mid the stillness when the waning light
Is slowly dying in the crimson west,
Sated with joys that bring no true delight
We feel what loss, regret and change have taught,
All that life is and all that life is not.

Heard when on moon lit waters floating free,
 What time the light looks out through silver bars
 Of drifting cloud, and all night long the sea,
 Holds up its molten mirror to the stars,
 And we are lost in dreams of what may be
 Until the first faint blush of eastern sky
 Tells the lone watcher that the dawn is nigh.

The dawn, the ruddy dawn that brings again
 To cheat the smiling promise of the morn
 The weary waste of the unchanging main,
 And sad familiar faces wan and worn,
 Weary of endless toil and hope in vain,—
 And effort fails and old enjoyments tire,
 And life grows weary of its long desire.

And yet be strong. Full many a bark before
 Tossed by the waves and driven by the blast
 Has reached that far off land where man no more
 Shall fear that tomb of mortal joys—the past,
 And omens not uncertain point us o'er
 To that fair home to which our wanderings tend;
 *And God himself will give to all an end.

We are not harshly, cruelly decreed
 To pile a monument of hopeless toil,
 Slaves of necessity, and only freed
 By that chill touch from which our hearts recoil;
 The doing is more noble than the deed,
 And future years shall render us again
 The long reward of labor and of pain.

Wanderers who lead a life of alien cares,
 Matching the future with the past in vain,
 †Perhaps it may delight in after years
 To count our long past wanderings o'er again,
 To smile a happy smile at all our fears,
 And read the acts of that unerring will
 That darkly naming we call good and ill.

There is a rest for us beyond the ring
 That bounds these curving seas, beyond the might
 Of wandering tempests, and where changes bring
 No winter's breath, no gathering gloom of night.
 There falls no shadow from despair's dark wing,
 But long content the tranquil bosom fills
 And beauty crowns the everlasting hills.

Not like these islands of desire that cheer,
 The heart with hopes of joys it may not feel,
 That as they fleet the distant wave, appear,
 Clad with all glories that our dreams reveal,
 But where the wanderer must forever hear
 The roar of sad waves on a lonely coast
 Strewn with the wrecks of ventures life had lost.

We seek a land the home of all things fair
 That too, too soon to leave us life bestows;
 A land where grief and suffering die, and where
 No voice of storm shall ever mar repose,
 No murmur as far off from waves of care,
 There shall be no more sea, no sea, no sea,
 No moaning, homeless, melancholy sea.

And that exemplar of a life sublime
 Strong aspiration for itself has wrought,
 But yielded not to search by sea or clime,—
 The purer, nobler self long vainly sought
 In the uncertain course of mazy time.
 Lingers to welcome us on yonder side.
 There we shall grasp it and be satisfied.

'Tis not alone that that new life shall keep
 No vexing memories of servile year,
 Nor that in immortality's broad sweep
 The long abuse of time shall disappear,
 There we shall know all mysteries, dark and deep,
 And learn how strangely seeming ills combine
 To work the counsels of a love divine.

This world God's hand hath formed upon it bears
 Unnumbered traces of the first impress
 Of beauty's signet, and the smile it wears
 Makes glad the heart with wondrous loveliness,
 The dwelling-place celestial he prepares
 In that bright realm has charms beyond compare,
 Eye hath not seen a vision half so fair.

Sweet voices float around us even here,
 Glad voices call us o'er the summer sea,
 Nature hath countless tones with power to cheer,
 The toiled-bowed heart with grateful melody,
 But never yet hath fallen on human ear
 Such strains as you triumphant choirs prolong
 In varying cadence of unending song.

Dream the bright dream of fancy, let the mind
 Portray the wonders of that blessed sphere
 Where hope at last its long sought good shall find,
 And life and act be joy not pain as here;
 Yet is the bliss of heaven undefined,
 Thought cannot sound its depths nor reach its
 heights,
 Wish cannot number its divine delights.

Look up,—the morning of a fairer day
 Breaks slowly dawning o'er these wastes of foam,
 Our night of exile passes swift away;
 The distance holds for us a tearless home
 Unseen but, yet not far, not far away;
 Such hopes are thine O man the sport of time,
 Such glories ripen in celestial prime.

*Debit Deus his quoque finem. Virgil Æ. I. 129.

†Forean et hæc olim meminisse juvabit. Virgil Æ. I. 203.

[The above poem was written by one of the old Students of the college, and delivered as his sophomore essay in the winter of 1865.—Eds.]

MUSIC A NECESSITY.

When the circle of creation was completed, man found throughout the entire realm of nature, the materials and laws of harmony. True, this all perfect melody was marred by the discords that rushed in with the entrance of sin. But sin was not to reign supreme, and among many golden relics of perfect days has been given unto us sweet strains of that primeval song, awaiting but the magic touch of the minstrel's wand to bring forth in all their melody.

Scanning backward through the royal avenues of time, beside "transparent founts of purest euphony," we behold the beautiful sovereign, music, ever swaying the golden sceptre of her power.

Since Jubal swept with cunning fingers the strings of his new found lyre, the echoes of harmonious sound have not ceased to awaken upon the harps of many a son of that Prince of Song. Before the dawn of letters the sway of music was begun. A thousand years before Orpheus lived, are dated Chinese and Hindoo fables in regard to this ancient art.

It is well known that in Greece, music was considered one of the most important branches of education, and that Plato and Aristotle, Plutarch and Pythagoras wrote elaborate discourse extolling the advantages of music. The language of the Greek drama was sung and not spoken. The Muses, those inspiring goddesses of song had won the affections of the Grecian heart, and unto Euterpe and Polymnia vows were continually offered by the sons of that cultured race.

Though in Europe the song of the sacred muse may have become hushed to a low monotone midst many dark and discordant strifes, yet in recent years the notes have swelled into a grand and glorious chorus.

The song of St. Ambrose was taken up by the knights of chivalry, and the rocky hills of Europe often echoed to the music of the Troubadours. Then Israel's harp was taken from the willows and set vibrating in dulcet melody by Pasta, Rosini, Mendelssohn and Meyerber. Next, immortal Handel with his mighty chain of oratorios; Sebastian Bach with sublime and lofty choral; Haydn with the luxuriance of orchestral song; the master Mozart with mighty and magical melody; Pergolesi with sweet inspiring note, and lofty Beethoven with his infinite intricacies of symphony; without any theory

as yet, without star or compass to guide over trackless seas; piercing the utmost depths of a natural law, still acknowledged Euterpe's sway, and brought unreluctant mortals to the foot of her shrine.

Man's nature is highly emotional. He is not what he *knows*, but what he *feels*. There must necessarily be a universal language to express these emotions, and the power of music to interpret transient affections is sublimely strong. As sings the poet:

"Music, oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fade before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever *speak*
When thou canst breathe her souls so well."

Mendelssohn at the close of his letters to his sister would say: "This is how I think of you," and would jot down a bit of music. He could not tell his thoughts in words, but the music was so expressive that her heart could always understand.

Thus, music being the combination and intensifying of the cadences, intervals and pitch of speech that express feeling, becomes that subtle language known by all.

The master harper has grasped his lyre. In melancholy mood he touches the responsive strings in slow and pensive measure. In one great stroke he sweeps his hands across and, fearful, backward would recoil himself from the jargon of his notes. The music changes and the quick and tinkling notes of joy come tripping on the morning air. Through all the diapason of the notes he runs; ascending sweet and clear he strikes the chord of love; then rolling down the glooms and glades of despair, pours forth his soul in the low, deep tones of sorrow. Again the harp awakes, pours forth inspiring harmony, and, as the music ceases, sweet chords of whispering melody still linger upon every string and seem to say, "Awake! Hope on thou tired spirit, the future lies before thee."

The language of the affections is certainly equal in importance to the language of the intellect. Sympathy or fellow feeling is one of the chief constituents of civilization.

Through music, like affections, may be created in others. She has been truly called "Enchantress of the souls of mortals," and marvellous is her power in not only soothing the troubled soul but encouraging it to deeds of chivalry, philanthropy and patriotism. The Bourbons cared more for that thrilling French anthem called the "Marseilles" than they did for

the armies of Europe; and among many other instances showing this power of music may be cited that told of the Scottish regiment at the Battle of Waterloo. They had begun to waver. Wellington named a national air to be played. Again the rugged hills of stern Caledonia flashed across their vision, again the memories of a thousand years of Scottish valor arose in their minds. They rushed to the heights and gained immortal victory.

Again, music is supremely the language of the *Ideal*. 'Tis only when we catch for a moment the light of a great ideal that we commence to live as mortals should, are charmed and aroused to mighty possibilities.

The Ideal embodies the True, the Good and the Beautiful. These come from God and therefore our highest, grandest ideal rests in the Eternity of God Himself.

Behold what lofty skies the power of music rears above our heads, refulgent in the beautiful glow of light unfading. On the swift and high-flying pinion of song we are borne from the material to the ideal, from the temporal to the eternal, from man to God.

'Tis music that draws forth, from the bosom of mankind a sigh for a better world and becomes a prophecy of that elysian state which the soul is capable of realizing. 'Tis music that leads us to the margin of a boundless sea, while over the translucent waves reverberations of a universal music strike upon our ear from afar. We catch for a moment sweet echoes of the song of eternity swelling through empyrean archaisties as mighty waters roll. Our imagination leaps all bounds; lost in the enchantment of a universal and superhuman song we fall at the feet of the Infinite, filled with repentance, love and hope.

Shall we not then call it a useful art which binds closer the hearts of men and teaches them the grand and noble truths of an infinite God? It is more than an accomplishment, it is a necessity to our very life.

It will, however, be in the glorified state that man will be able to know the full use and power of song in praise.

The world has heard the swelling symphony of mighty music, yet all transcendent chords that have been struck are but one note of that exultant anthem that shall in the dawn of eternity break forth from the lips of purified mankind, and seraphs of celestial hierarchy, striking the very vertex of the vaulted roof of heaven and peeling back from many a battlement tower, ascribing praise and honor and glory unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

I. E. B., '93.

BOOK REVIEW.

"A New Grammar of the English Tongue, by J. M. D. Meiklejohn, M. A., Professor of Education in the University of St. Andrews," cloth, pp. 208 with 16 pages of ruled paper for notes. W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto.

This admirable school book is a portion of Professor Meiklejohn's celebrated work on the "English language; its Grammar, History, and Literature."

It is a transitional production clearly accentuating the rhythm of progress in the methods of teaching English. As the work of an acknowledged authority in Great Britain where conservatism to mere theory is so tenacious, it is hopefully refreshing to those who have patiently waited for the era of common sense in teaching English.

The title would seem to link it to the past more closely than the numerous "Language Lessons" now so popular and helpful, but its treatment, and especially its structure, proves it to be in advance of them.

The time is not distant when technical Grammar will be laid aside as a useless anomaly. Its reign of terror is doomed. "A Grammarless Tongue," as Richard Grant White so tersely termed it, cannot tolerate the strait-jacket of the highly-inflected Latin. But what the speech could not do, speakers were compelled to attempt. Teacher begat teacher, method perpetrated method, which conservatism made the sufferers and their chains eventually become friends. Because all scholars were made familiar with the Latin Grammar, and for years were not permitted to use the vernacular in the class-room, it was easy to make them believe that all language, especially English, was conformable to that. Hence rule upon rule and exception upon exception has been the means of torture.

So long as schools were able to dominate all pupils; so long as their methods were unquestioned; while education was a secret art and its craftsmen virtually formed a guild, just so long could any ideas be enforced and any methods employed.

When the divine right of curricula was questioned, and utility and truth began their sway, teachers scrutinized every text-book and tested every method, Pedagogy began to dawn as the harbinger of that new era, in which we now rejoice.

"In general there is nothing in the look or appearance of the verb which will enable us to tell whether it is transitive or intransitive." "The Subjunctive Mood is rapidly dying out of use in modern English." "It is an open secret that English Grammar lies in the knowledge of what words go together." These quotations show the honesty of the author of the work before us, but his attempt to blend honesty, accuracy, and an illogical method gives us a book that is confusing, dull and unsatisfactory in many parts. Had he begun at page 61, where words are treated apart from their inflexions, and developed all there is of Grammar

under such an aspect; had he omitted altogether the section in Syntax, which is the least satisfactory portion, and combined any important principles of Syntax with what follows page 116, the work would have been clearer and would have needed no successor.

These criticisms apply to all works that try to combine the results of comparative philology and pedagogy, with the effete methods of less favored times. Just because this work comes the nearest to the ideal English Grammar are such criticisms advanced against it.

There are many teachers who have no independent knowledge or opinions on these subjects. Perhaps also the greater number of schools will cling to the phraseology of earlier days. For such this work will prove a stimulus and a teacher. It accommodates itself to old and new, while it gives a taste of the sweets of ascertained fact.

It may be impossible to make a text-book that shall please all teachers. This one is likely to rob a trained teacher, by printing so much that would come more effectively from his lips. On the other hand it puts valuable aids into the hands of those numerous teachers who have faithfulness rather than originality. Since effective teachers of English are painfully scarce this book will do missionary work.

From beginning to end it is training both teacher and pupil in the mastery of English words. This is the soul of our vernacular, and that which alone makes it living and powerful.

This part of the author's work is done with accuracy and success. No criticism can be brought against it. In this lies the practical value of the work, and its superiority to such works as "Angus' Handbook of the English Tongue." He is so much more abundant than Angus, that he attracts rather than repels the pupil. The use of etymology from the first, and as an illustration of everything possible, is beyond all praise as a true pedagogic method.

He sometimes, however creates a false impression by the constant use of etymologies. For example, "Inflexio is a Latin word which means bending, an inflexion is *therefore* a bending away from the ordinary form of the word,"—Italics ours. Some illustrations too, are beyond the pupil's if not the teacher's knowledge, e. g. "How shall we account for the curious possessive Witenagemot?" Italics ours. But on the whole it is the best book now before the public on the elementary study of English. It is well and carefully printed, and sold at a reasonable price.

W. B. Wallace, '90, arrived home from Rochester, April 20th. He was injured in the gymnasium towards the close of February, and consequently was obliged to discontinue his studies for the present year. He is fast recovering and soon we hope to see him well as usual. Wallace was one of Acadia's finest athletes. While we regret the accident, we are glad to know the prospects for his recovery are so favorable.

BASE BALL.

ACADIA, April 26.—Balmy breezes no longer tempered by Arctic rigors float lightly round the classic landscape. Yet one experiences a strange thrill of expectation. Excitement is borne to our nostrils on the wings of the west wind. Evidently there is something in the air. Yes, *the stuff is come*, and Hera, Apollo, Athena and Hepaestus, in order to assist their favorites, have taken their stand at the four corners of the campus, where the sturdy Invertebrates meet the Pterodactyls, in *certamine honoris*. Pride in our *athletae* expands our shirt fronts as we glance over the contestants who, fortified by a mighty dinner, range themselves, with set faces and grating teeth, each brimming with determination to dare all, do all that in them lies to lose the game.

The rival teams panting for the fray were arranged as follows:

INVERTEBRATES.

McLean, p.
Higgins, c.
G. E. Chipman, 1 b.
Pineo, 2 b.
W. Starratt, 3 b.
Crockett, s. s.
Archibald, r. f.
Churchill, c. f.
Ganong, l. f. Capt.

PTERODACTYLS.

Bill, p.
Case c. Capt.
Wood, 1 b.
MacFarlane, 2 b.
Nicholls 3 b.
Parker, s. s.
Davis, r. f.
Jost, c. f.
Bentley, l. f.

Zeus won by pity for Hypaestus, or moved the night before by a curtain lecture from Hera, hung out his scales and the Invertebrates obtained first innings, Crockett going first to the bat. The first ball he succeeded in batting to shortstop, who dodged it with difficulty, Crockett arriving safely at first. Chipman landed a ball at second base. Big Bill as usual was *waiting* and he took it in. Crockett by mighty effort arrived at second soon afterward but he only called and reluctantly accepted the invitation to await his turn. Two men made safe hits and landed on bases. Starratt struck the ball beyond centre field and each of above came home.

However, no further runs were made and presently Case of the Pterodactyls went to bat, Captain Ganong generously exclaiming, "we'll let MacLean throw," while he himself went to left-field, the condition of his hands not permitting him to take his old stand on second. And now the eager multitudes of onlookers, whose hopes rise or fall as the balances ways this way or that, hang breathless upon the next move in the game. And when after even bases on balls had been given, and twelve runs made the announcement of the first strike was made, uproarious cheering burst from a hundred throats. In the meantime a ball struck to centre-field had been returned to the pitcher but he with the fortitude of a Casibianca let it go by rather than give up the box and three bases were made by the batter. Some of the most brilliant plays of the game are associated with Parker who

dropped an occasional ball, and after forcing a man home from third succeeded in stealing second. Starratt next went into the box and soon the Pterodactyls were noticed to be acquiring the habit of seating themselves upon the home plate waiting till the ball got up to them. It is whispered that one individual challenged the crowd to a friendly game of jack-stones but no one carried a set. Now Crockett avenged his ill fortune with McFarlane by catching Case, Pineo caught Bently and when the side went out the score stood 27-2. Some phenomenal playing was done when Parker caught Archibald and McLean went down on three strikes.

But what word painting is equal to the portrayal of the groan uttered by Little Bill when he was run down by Pineo! Imagination itself is inadequate for, as was remarked you could see him groan. At the change of sides at bat the score stood 27-10. Churchill went into the box and pitched so successfully that he was ruled out, only one run being made by the Pterodactyls. When the side went out the score stood 28-10. When the sides again changed the score stood 28-18.

Archibald was adjudged by all to have won for himself sufficient glory, and Stack who had till now been playing on the reserve came to the front and took his old place in the box. The cheering that greeted his placing a ball at first in advance of the runner showed him to be still the favorite. At the close of the third inning the score stood 38-18.

Our modern Joshua not being able to keep the sun up all night, the Invertebrates had small opportunity of making the game a tie. It is expected that the remaining innings will be played out sometime in the future. In the meantime both teams have gone into extensive practise but as yet no one has attained to Stack's high throw for base.

Personals.

H. F. Waring, '00, occupies the pulpit in Athens, Ont. The best of reports come to us concerning his ministry. He proposes to resume his theological course next year.

F. S. Messenger, '00, returned home early in April, from the University of New York.

G. R. Baker, formerly of '02 now of '03 Cornell, is, we are informed, making a good record for himself, both as a student and athlete. Last fall he played a good game of foot-ball with Cornell's first eleven and is now training for the crew. He will probably row in the College races which are to take place at Seneca Lake early in June.

A. J. Kempton, '80 has been called to the pastorate of the church in Carlton, N. B. He will complete his course at Rochester the present month where, we understand, he has made an excellent reputation.

Miss Alice Rich, who graduated from Acadia Seminary last June, is to study at the School of Nursing in connection with Boston City Hospital.

Our Societies.

Y. M. C. A.—Since the last report of the Y. M. C. A. a business meeting was held at which it was decided not to send a man to the deputation school at Dartmouth College.

On Sunday evening, the 24th ult., an unusually large audience gathered in Assembly Hall to hear the Rev. J. E. Goucher of Truro. His sermon was of a high order and was listened to with much pleasure and profit. N. E. HERMAN, *Rec.-Sec.*

MISSIONARY:—The regular meeting of the Society on April 10th, was made highly interesting by the presence of Rev. and Mrs. I. C. Archibald. As the Society has not frequently the privilege of listening to active workers in the cause, the regular programme that was prepared for the evening was carried over and the time fully given to the missionaries.

With the aid of maps Mr. Archibald showed the large extent of country that is still unoccupied for the Lord, and the comparatively few sections in which our missionaries are working. At the present time there are only three male missionaries on the field, with the language.

Messrs. Morse and Barss expect to be able to take up the work in January and Mr. and Mrs. Archibald will be back by that time. While the prospect is encouraging for the future the needs just now are great. With the amount of building that is imperative a large part of the time of the missionaries is necessarily withdrawn from active evangelistic work.

Mrs. Archibald in her pleasing manner, took the audience through an imaginary tour of a missionary in India, pointing out the sights and explaining the habits of the people through the country.

ATHENÆUM:—The following officers were elected for the spring term: O. N. Chipman, Pres., R. D. Bentley, Vice Do., B. K. Daniels, Cor.-Sec'y., R. R. Griffin, Rec. Sec'y., F. W. Young, Treas., Executive Committee: Churchill, Crockett, Jost, Payzant, Lockhart. The night of meeting has been changed from Friday to Saturday. It was considered an advantage to change the night of meeting from the fact that lectures, recitals, etc., are usually held on Friday. The inconvenience of having both on the same night is thus avoided.

A. A. A. A.—At a recent meeting of the Association it was decided to take the control of tennis played on the Campus, to prepare courts and provide nets. The ten courts which have been fitted up are generally occupied during recreation hours.

La Crosse has again made a start. A large number of crosses have been obtained and the game is being boomed by some of the ardent supporters of this distinctly Canadian game.

Exchanges.

The *Haverfordian*, a well conducted journal, is among the best of the exchanges which we receive from our neighbouring republic. Published as the official organ of the students of Haverford College, it gives an interesting account of their college life and a good idea of their social, mental and religious surroundings.

The results of Puritan influence in the development of American institutions are forcibly pointed out in a well written article in a late issue. The Puritans toiled to found new homes where they might put in practice the great principles of their religion. From sturdy English stock, possessing bold individuality and moral strength, they were well fitted to become the builders of a nation. We inherit the results of their moral influence and their pioneer work in education. No doubt, America to day owes a tribute to the memory of the Puritans.

The March number of *The Theologue* gives a short sketch of mission work in Labrador, carried on under the direction of the students of Pine Hill College. Some one of their number has been actively engaged on this field for the greater part of the time since 1888. The educational needs of the people have also received attention. It is pleasing to notice the success attending these labors. Thirty-one communicants in good standing are reported. And the educational privileges have been greatly appreciated by the people. All such efforts to enlighten the more isolated parts of our Dominion are well worthy of commendation and support.

Also, *The Normal Offering*, *The Normal Critic* and *The Trinity University Review*.

Locals.

Ferg. rose and he told of a terrible dream
Brought on as we think by excess of ice-cream;
Then he said he was weary and to rest would away;
His hearers were too and they left for the day.

SPECIAL ENGLISH—Freshman. Question 6: "Distinguish between *older* and *elder*." Student's Answer: "*Older* is an adjective and *elder* a deacon in the Presbyterian Church."

How can you expect to get rich when you persist in getting corned and raising cane?

Who hath o'eturned the æsthetic world,
And fogies in confusion twisted,
And through formalities keen hurled
A deathful dart,
And straightened everything that's curled?
Alas! Delsarte.

What makes the ladies to and fro
Sway graceful as the lilies do,
And languishing full sweetly bow
In perfect part,
With glaring eyes and shaded brow?
Oh, my! Delsarte.

What makes the young man as he reads
His fingers spread like garlic weeds,
Or like a hen-hawk when he feeds,
With claws apart,
And roll his eyes like spring-rigged beads?
Thou, dark Delsarte.

Who makes the skeleton to stand,
His bony foot grasped in his hand;
And grins to think how well he's planned,
Grace to impart;
And slowly swings with motion grand?
Sunbright Delsarte.

HYMENEAL. - At the Roman residence of the bride, on the Ides of March, Miss Delsarte and Mr. Greek. Rev. Mr. Pittontheamericanrevolution acted as officiating clergyman. The guests in honor of the occasion appeared in their time-honored sable togas. We understand that the happy couple have deferred their honey-moon till shortly after the Calends of June.

SENIOR: "Is Plautus the same as Plato?"

PROF.: "I don't know." Wisdom is justified of her children.

HYPNOTIZING.

Listen while I tell the deed
Of the hypnotistic creed.
First he grasps thee by the fingers,
Not a moment then he lingers,
But he glares with jaundiced eye
Winking, blinking, hideously;
Screws his face into the shape
Of an empty grinning ape.
Then he changeth it right soon
To a pillow-lipped babboon,
Twisting with malicious leer
His vast mouth behind his ear.
Still his trials do not take,
And the victim stands awake.
Then with fiercer foul abortion
He continues the contortion;
Turns him to a hungry rabbit,
Shows his teeth and makes a grab at
His poor victim's meek proboscis,
Then draws back and upward tosses
To the skies his chocolate forehead,
Rolling eyes so grim and horrid;
Next anew with mighty flare-up,
Stands his uncombed smutty hair up,
And attempt with Delsarte nose
Straight to swallow his flat rose,
Brings his ear with earthquake spasm
Till it fills that boundless chasm
Named his mouth. Then the poor victim
Of his wiles, as conscience pricked him,
Fell, all-hypnotized, stone-dead,
Laden with a hallowed dread
Lest poor creed should eat his head,
And the coroner's verdict be
Died of eating wood *per se*.

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