

Acadia Seminary

Acadia Athenæum

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

“Prodesse Quam Conspici.”

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Number 3.

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"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICUI."

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No. 3.

TO THE PAST.

Wondrous and awful are thy silent halls
O kingdom of the past!

There lie the by-gone ages in their palls
Guarded by shadows vast;

There all is hushed and breathless,
Save when some image of old error falls
Earth worshipped once as deathless.

Whatever of true life there was in thee
Leaps in our age's veins;
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery
And shake their idle chains;
To thee thy dress is clinging.
For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets see
Thy poets still are singing.

Here mid the bleak waves of our strife and care,
Float the green Fortunate Isles,
Where all thy hero spirits dwell and share
Our martyrdoms and toils;
The present moves attended
With all of brave and excellent and fair
That made the old time splendid.

JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

Learning From Nature.

BY G. U. HAY, D. SC.

Talking a short time ago with a recent graduate of Acadia, who is now the principal of one of our advanced schools, he expressed regret that the scientific course in his Alma Mater was not richer in biological work. There are few students he said, who would not enjoy field and laboratory work in botany and zoology, similar to that in geology; and they would be the better, physically and mentally, for the training. We had little or no experimental work, beyond what the botany professor gives his classes in horticulture, in these sciences of botany and zoology, so attractive because they deal with life in its many interesting phases. "I miss it now the more because, coming in actual contact with that life and having a desire to teach it experimentally, I know little or nothing about it. A few hours of each month in my course devoted to field work and followed by some laboratory investigation would have given me some zest for research which books totally failed to do."

What this student complains of is true of other colleges in these provinces. There is little interest and less equipment in any of them for training in the biological sciences. We still depend upon methods that are half a century or so old, and the students who insist on a modern training in these sciences must seek it elsewhere. I am well aware that our colleges with their crowded curriculums are doing all that can reasonably be expected of them. What with their courses in theology, in ancient classics, in English and other modern literatures, in mathematics and mental science, to which may be added geology, physics and chemistry, and in some of them mining and engineering, there is little chance to do effective work in any added subjects. But the question may well be asked,—is it not a distinct loss to the agricultural and kindred interests of our country that so little attention is paid to the study of biology in our colleges? Some better training along modern lines—in zoology, especially birds and insects, and in botany, especially those plants that are beneficial or injurious to agricultural interests—would seem to be an important factor in the development of the country. And much of the training can be accomplished without the aid of expensive laboratories or taking the time from other subjects.

The modern spirit in the study of biology is to visit animals

and plants in their environment, to study their origin and their relationship with other animals and plants, to seek to investigate their life-history and habits in the places where they live and grow. This practical fashion of studying biology by means of the laboratory and field excursion, with books useful for reference, has almost everywhere taken the place of the old or literary fashion. Lectures and lessons, the getting information from books merely to pass examinations, though not quite extinct is rapidly passing away. Such a system of instruction does nothing to develop the habit of observation, so useful to every one no matter in what walk of life. It were better to leave the study of animals and plants severely alone, to slip this out of the curriculum altogether, than to persist in any such make-believe as teaching the subject through books and lectures only. To accept statements of fact may give knowledge, if the statements are true and the memory is retentive; to verify statements of fact wherever possible gives training,—and more, such investigation furnishes a healthy stimulus to every other part of the student's work.

Years ago I sent my herbarium of eight hundred or a thousand plants to Acadia College Museum, hoping that it might prove useful to the students. My chief hope now is that it has not been used—except for reference. The life has long since gone out from those plants, except perhaps in the small insects that may be preying on their tissues. And yet when I visit that herbarium, I like to turn over the leaves of the pressed specimens, not to study the forms of leaves, or to count the petals and stamens of each flower, but to recall the haunts where I found them growing—sun lit meadows, leafy coverts with their joyous winged music, shady ravines. If I could make each plant tell the story of its little round of life, its long line of ancestry, how it came where it grew, and when, why bee and butterfly hovered so persistently over it, and answer a hundred other queries, the herbarium might be a useful appendage to the college equipment. But no. It is useful to me and to me alone. The “dry bones” of the collection that lies mouldering in the college museum are relics of days of feasting and rational out-of-door enjoyment, days when the “manual” I carried with me was never opened, so absorbing was the study of the plants themselves.

I studied botany at college thirty years ago under a very good teacher of the old school. There were casts and models

and drawings of plants everywhere about the class-room to illustrate structure. There were plants in the laboratory for dissection and naming: a very good course then when the life-relations of plants were but dimly understood. But the real interest in plants began when a half dozen of us kindred spirits at the same college roamed the fields of an afternoon and came in contact with them. When I began to teach botany I wondered at the lack of interest in it and the little real love that my students had for plants. But fortunately I remembered that my own living interest in the science was brought about by contact with living active plants in their homes, not by models nor by dead plants brought to me to dissect and name.

I have spoken before of the greater utility, especially to agriculture, of going to nature instead of to books, when we study the science of biology. But the utilitarian point of view has not been uppermost in my mind in writing this article for the *ATHENÆUM*. A true study of the life in nature, not only develops the powers of observation and reasoning, but it begets a deeper understanding of literature and a closer interpretation of it. True, the pursuit of science may become so absorbing that there will be little time or inclination for literature; but there appears to be no danger of that in our colleges. The broader attitude of our scholars should be to link science and literature more closely in a general education than has hitherto been done. It has been said that no one can claim to be liberally educated without possessing a pretty full knowledge of one of the natural sciences, and at least a bowing acquaintance with others. Science has become such a marked element in our common life that a general knowledge of it is needed to interpret contemporary literature. Prof. A. H. Tolman of Chicago University has well said:

“Great forms of thought, mighty molds which of necessity give shape to our thinking and then to our very imaginings—these come to us from the study of things, not from the study of language. Literature itself must largely find its raw material, its great metaphors and similes, its vivid pictures and mighty symbols, within the domain of natural science, and this increasingly as the years go by.”

How true this is, showing that the background of literature is life with its experiences, its activities, and its contact with the world of nature. The student of literature has his sympathies widened and his power to interpret its meaning

quicken by a study of the life in nature. And the student of science can never afford to neglect the literary side of education. The student of literature may find rest and a fresh stimulus to his powers by a close communion with nature. The scientific student who neglects literature will miss the humanizing and restful influences that come from its study. In a broad and liberal education they should be studied side by side. There is no conflict between literature and science. The one is the compliment of the other. But as I have said before there should be no make-believe in our study of natural science. It should be at first hand from nature, a personal contact with created things, with living things, thus giving us a clearer conception of Him who created all things and who takes pleasure in the works of His own hands. And why should we not derive our highest pleasure from such a study, linking it with theology, literature, art, and every study worthy of human effort.

////////////////////

LOVE.

I told a fib to-day. It did but dry
 A wee wee tear that fell and rested
 Upon a woman's cheek; yet that is why
 I know God blessed it.

'Tis true a brute, had it but words, would tell
 The truth, and like a brute, nor rue it
 But I?—God made me for a man, and—well,
 How can I do it?

My soul? Think you that I could weigh my soul
 Against a woman's blush, or love it
 Snow-white in woman's tears? Forget thy soul
 And thou shall save it.

O Fools! who draw a line in chalk to prove
 The bound of Right. Serve thou the God
 Who whispers at the heart, and selfless love
 Shall raise the clod.

RALPH M. JONES, '01.

An Essay—and an Incident.

A COLLEGE STORY.

It was at Padelford College, and it was near the end of May. Only four short weeks, and a hundred or more young people, each armed with ambition and an all-precious parchment, would exchange the kindly care of their Alma Mater for the cold, hard knocks of a very selfish world. The days that were left would be sweet to them—sweet with the memories of four happy years, yet sad, because so soon it would all be only a memory.

Now Padelford is co-educational, which means that a few very brave young persons, technically "co-eds," are graciously allowed the privileges of the lecture room, along with their brothers—also other people's brothers. On the year of which we write these young persons were not very troublesome, and were very good-looking, therefore some of the other people's brothers wore high collars and neckties to class instead of sweaters, and went to entertainments and things, and listened to classical music, for which they had no consuming love, and then sent home annual college bills, bearing the mysterious but suggestive item, "Extras \$150."—all of which has something to do with our story.

There was in that college, and in the Senior year thereof, a certain young man. He was tall, and he was dark, and he was handsome, and he looked like a Gibson drawing. His chin was firm and square, and his mean insignificant name was Sydney Albert Sterling, Jr. Nevertheless the fellows all liked him because he could play football and not talk about it, and the girls all liked him because he could play football and did *not* like them—which thing is natural in girls. Sterling was strong, and a worshipper at the shrine of Strength. Mental as well as physical strength delighted him, and especially did he love strength in a writer. Girls, he argued, being weak, could not write with force any more than they could play football with force, therefore his attitude toward the feminine was one of courteous contempt—for he was literary. Was he not the proud possessor of a Style? Did he not write for the college paper, and did he not have a certain box containing "not available" slips from many magazines, and also a letter from a famous editor, telling him to keep at it, as he might make a writer some day? Yea, verily.

Upon a day (near the end of May be it remembered) and in a room of Pembroke Hall, the Delta Theta Chapter House, there might have been seen, seated upon the middle of his back in a huge easy-chair, and with his feet upon the table, an interesting young man. It is Sterling's roommate, but he does *not* part *his* hair in the middle, and his clothes may fit him by accident but never by design. He, also is a senior but he is not dignified, for his name is Jack Brown, and who could be dignified with that name? This is Sterling and Brown's room, at least it was originally intended for a room, as it has windows and walls, though the latter are invisible because of posters and photographs promiscuous. Brown is busily engaged winding a baseball bat. Enter to him in haste a tennis racket and shoes, followed by Sterling, immaculate in tennis flannels, but red in the face, and looking both wrathful and dejected.

"Curse the luck, I'm done for now!" said he. When Brown's roommate, usually so serene, spoke in that way, Brown made it a point to pay attention, for something was very wrong.

"What's up old man?" he asked.

"It's *all* up, Jack," answered Sterling, "I'm no good any longer. I might as well clear out of this for home."

"For why, most noble Roman?"

"Because my Light has failed. On the way up, I called in to see the oculist again, and the old cut-throat says I'm not to read a word for six weeks, or he won't answer for my sight. My eyes have been getting worse for some time, you know, but I've kept putting it off, wanting to make them last the year out, but I've got to stop now. I can't see plain at all, and it hurts like blazes to read. That villainous man is going to treat them for a few weeks, and try to save them, but meanwhile how does the heathen think I'm going to graduate? Worse still, how am I going to win the Vanderlip?"

"The Vanderlip" was a prize of two hundred dollars offered for the best English essay written and delivered before the Faculty and public on the evening before Class Day.

"Oh, you'll graduate, flying," said Brown. "The last exams don't count much anyway. As for the Vanderlip Essay, you should have begun that weeks ago. Here it's only a month to commencement, and not a withering word of it written yet."

"You're deuced sympathetic, seems to me," answered Sterling. "If I don't win that two hundred, I don't see any Harvard next year. The Old Gent says he won't send me, if I

come out of here in debt. Here I've been counting on that Vanderlip money, and going in debt on the strength of it. I owe nearly the whole two hundred. Its up to me now, I guess."

"Don't count your prizes till they're hatched," remarked the philosophical Brown. "You might not have won it anyway. There's lots more orators in college. Why, even some of the co-eds, Miss Stone, for instance"—

At the mention of Miss Stone's name, Sterling reached for a something on the floor, and Brown, being a wise man, made his exit, *tempo vivace*. It would have been bad enough under ordinary circumstances, mentioning the possibility of Sterling's defeat by a co-ed, but on this particular morning it was unusually distressing, as it happened that he had just been defeated at tennis by that young lady. It was the first time Sterling had played with any of the girls, but it was not his fault that they had played this morning. "Runt" Anderson had been playing with him, but had been enticed into the next court by a challenge from Miss Merrill who was playing there with Miss Stone. That left Sterling and Miss Stone together, and they had played two sets. Sterling was not in a good mood and he had been beaten both sets, which did not improve his mood one little bit. Miss Stone was an excellent tennis player, and Sterling did not know it, and he was not proud of himself at all when he realized what had happened.

This Miss Stone was the daughter of one of the professors. His name was Professor Stone, and hers was Rosetta Stone, which is rather a gruesome name for a young lady, but her father had named her, you observe, for he was professor of the Semetic Languages, and his hobby was Egyptology. (If her mother didn't like the name, she could call her Rose or Etta) Professor Stone did not live in Camden, where Padelford College is situated, no, he lived in Ancient Egypt and came back for meals (when he didn't forget them) and for his classes (which he *wouldn't* forget.) His daughter was pleasant to look upon, being very fair and graceful, but he was not, for he was a Mummy. At least he was so called by the wicked students. He had once written a learned monograph on Rameses II, but he never got full credit for his research, because the students insisted that he wrote from a personal acquaintance with that gentleman—which was unkind of them, for he was really not that old.

Soon after Sterling's defeat at tennis, he began to show

unmistakable signs of insanity—that is, insanity in Sydney Sterling, though his conduct would have been natural enough in some fellows. That Friday night at the Delta Theta Social he had been observed to pay marked attention to Miss Stone, and the following Wednesday evening he escorted her to the Glee Club Concert. It was sufficient! The little college world at Padelford had something to talk about. There was a carnival of gossip. Such things move swiftly and grow greatly at Padelford—and elsewhere.

The fellows got together and said:

“Too bad, too bad. And so ^hnear the end of his course, too. He had fought the good fight, he had finished his course, he had kept the faith (and a heart intact) but now—Poor Syd!”

The girls, who at sundry times and in divers manners had tried to flirt with him and had been frozen, now got together and said:

“At last! But we’re glad its Rosetta.”

Rosetta herself said nothing,—she only smiled.

Sydney himself said nothing—he only laughed.

Not many days after this stage of affairs, Jack Brown, who *occasionally spoke to* Miss Merrill, told her about Sterling’s eyes and his ruined hopes of the Vanderlip. She was not to tell a soul of course, and (equally of course) she kept the secret well—for ten minutes, which time was required to go to Rosetta Stone’s house.

“Rosetta,” she said, “did you ever read ‘The Light that Failed?’”

Rosetta said she had—four times, she thought.

“Well, Sydney Stirling has gone blind!”

Rosetta did not do what Louise Merrill expected her to do. She said very low:

“Louise, is that true?”

“Yes, or at least he can’t read anything, and he can’t write his essay for the Vanderlip.”

Then Rosetta looked away and went very swiftly and quietly to her room. Louise said nothing, for she understood. She went away the bearer of a greater secret than when she came. She had made a discovery.

As Commencement drew near, Sydney Sterling grew morose. The Vanderlip had meant so much to him, he had been so sure of it, and now to lose it all—it was too much. He had chosen for his subject, “The Message of the Monuments,”

one that required more reading than any other of the four which had been assigned, and now he could not read. The fellows began to wonder "what in thunder was the matter with Syd Sterling." He moped around the campus, smoking furiously. Occasionally he would rush off to his room, pick up a novel and try to read it, then would he utter words quite foreign to Reception Room vocabulary, and the book would sail far out of the open window. When he passed a group of students on the campus, many were the comments that would follow him.

"Indigestion," said one, a Freshman, who was not supposed to have opinions—nevertheless the crowd laughed.

"In love," suggested a Sophomore.

"In debt," said a Junior.

"Same thing," remarked a Senior who had Been There.

The competitors for the Vanderlip were meanwhile very busy. Most of them had their essays done, and were learning them. A light was observed at both ends of the long June days in Rosetta Stone's room. The girls who were most intimate with her knew what it meant. Buried among the books of her father's magnificent library, she was writing as she had never written before. When questioned she would only say: "They shall see what a girl can do"—which her friends interpreted as, "I will win the Vanderlip." One girl who had heard about Sterling's eyes, suggested to Rosetta that she stood all the better chance of winning now that he was out of the race. Rosetta did not even smile at this—she looked very stern—for Rosetta.

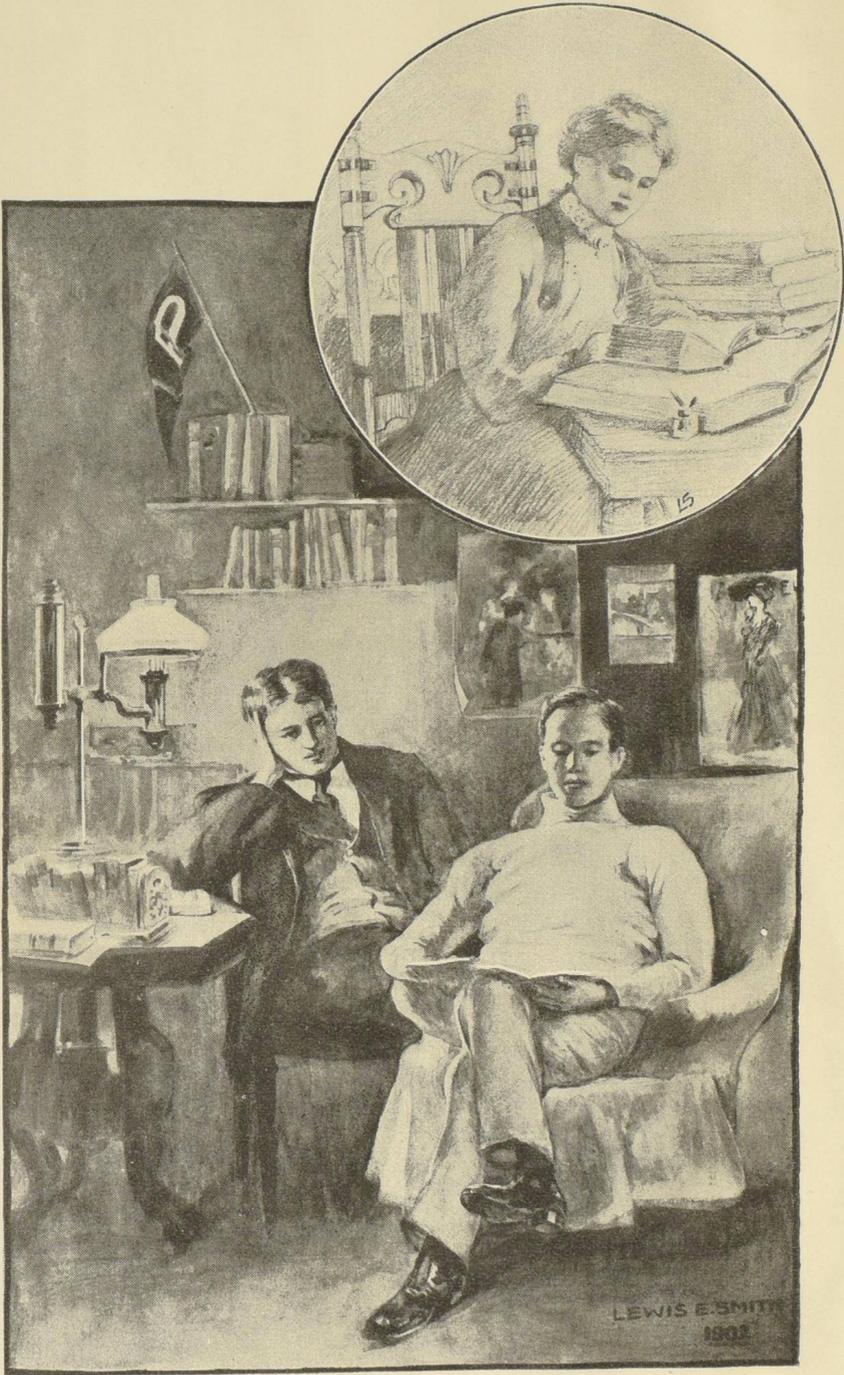
Some of those who had written an essay for the contest grew discouraged at their own productions as the time drew near, and dropped out of it. Sterling thought it was one of these deserters trying to play a trick on him, when, two days before the contest, he received a typewritten manuscript, entitled, "The Message of the Monuments." With it was a note in a bold scrawly hand:

Dear Sterling,—

Here's an essay for you. Learn it, old man, if it's good enough, and you may win on your delivery.

DELTA THETA.

He looked at the note for some minutes, then he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be everlastingly—. Is this a frothy fake, I wonder, or is it from some good fellow in the 'Frat' who really wants to help me out? Read it, Jack. Read the thing to your half blind old uncle."



"Its better than anything you ever wrote," said Brown.

Brown took the manuscript and began to read it, and it wasn't long before Sterling knew that he had the real thing here. He grew surprised, interested, absorbed.

"By the Great Green Grimace!" he exclaimed, when it was done, "But that *is* good. The beggar's got on to my style, too. It's most as good as I could do myself."

"Oh thou ass, thou conceited ass," said Brown, "Its better than anything you *ever* wrote."

Very shortly Brown had a head-on collision with a flying copy of Horace, for Sterling did not love pet-names.

"I've a good mind—shall I do it Jack? Shall I learn the thing?"

"Harvard is a nice place," was the laconic answer.

"I will, I'll do it," said Sterling, "I've got to that's all. No one need know. I won't have to tell any lies, and even if I did, I'm 'fraid I've told 'em before now for less than two hundred dollars."

"I'm afraid you have," said Brown reminiscently.

"Read him some more, Jack," said Sterling.

Jack read it and reread it, three four and five times did he read it, and then it was Sterling's—body, soul and all.

"Jack," said Sterling, that evening, "Who wrote that essay?"

"You did of course," said Jack, "you did it with your little hatchet."

"All right," answered Sterling, "be sure you remember that."

Two nights later, in the crowded Assembly Hall, there was a great hush when the judges filed back. The spokesman made a few remarks, explaining how they had to consider in awarding the prize, the three elements, Thought Power, Literary Style, and Delivery. Then he concluded,

"On all three counts we find—"

(Some one in the audience caught their breath with a little gasp)

"—We find Mr. Sydney Albert Sterling—"

Then came the deluge. Like the voice of many waters, down poured the students from the gallery. College yell, class yell, and three rousing cheers rushed together with the name of the popular victor into one big roar. Sterling knew they were coming, he could even distinguish Anderson's deep "Sis, Boom, Rah!" He knew they would use him worse than they did that night, two years ago, after the game when he scored against

Princeton. He started for the rear entrance, but he could not escape before the Mummy, who had been thoroughly alive this evening, grasped him by the hand and exclaimed,

“A masterpiece, Mr. Sterling, a masterpiece!”

The English professor too had uncoiled himself, and trotting across the platform, told the dismayed youth that he was proud of him. “Best thing you ever wrote.”

Sydney went oh very swiftly out of that hall, down, down to where the cool fresh air came in across the campus, up, up to his own old room, entered in, shut to the door, and then—swore softly at the Christy Girl on a Century Poster for July, who never did him any harm at all.

* * * * *

The moon hung low in the western sky. The breeze of the summer night, laden with the fragrance of June roses, stole through the college grounds. It stirred the leaves on the top of the tall dark maples, and gently swayed the Japanese lanterns swung beneath. Up on the hill the college buildings stood dark and spectral in the night. Down by the lake the frogs were trilling. Now and then a rippling laugh was borne across the dark waters. Beneath the trees white forms were wandering in little groups—little groups of two. For many it was their last night together. They had graduated now, and would soon be scattered forth into Life. Somewhere out on the lake a banjo was twanging, and part of the Glee Club was singing “Swanee River.”

In another boat two people were silently watching the oars break the dark surface of the water into myriad silver sparkles. Now that parting was so near they had just began to realize how much they were to each other. Sterling knew now that he loved this beautiful, fair-haired girl before him—that he loved her very much, and had loved her ever since that day—weeks, months or years ago he knew not which—when she had beaten him at tennis. Finally the girl broke the silence, and half hesitatingly congratulated him on winning some prize or other a few days previous.

“Don’t Rosetta, please don’t,” he begged. “I can’t stand it any longer, and especially from you. Will you hate me, despise me utterly? It wasn’t mine. I didn’t win the prize. I never wrote that essay.

“Do you know who did write it Sydney?” she asked almost in a whisper.

Sterling looked at her upturned face, and a great light broke over him. Now he understood it all! How foolish he had been! How blind in more ways than one!

"Oh, Rosetta—"

"Yes, Sydney, I wrote it—wrote it for you when I heard about your eyes. I tried to write like you, and tried to make you think it was one of the fraternity boys."

"I have been a fool, dear," he answered. "I am not worthy of you, but won't you forgive me, won't you let me love you? My noble little—"

Oh, but what he said was not meant for us to hear. Besides it would sound weak and foolish to us, for we might remember that he was that strong man—that literary man. What Rosetta answered we could not hear anyway, for it was very indistinct. She spoke as one speaks whose voice is muffled in a pillow. Many other things were said of interest to just two people in this world, but of great interest to them, so great indeed that all their lives they would remember that evening on the lake—the last at college.

Just before the Moon sank down to rest, he looked through the trees, and laughed to himself at a shadow he had made. It was a double shadow, but the parts were bound together as with a great strong link. He knew the sign. He had seen it before beneath those selfsame trees. Padelford had been co-educational for many years. The shadow moved slowly along. On the college steps a group of seniors were singing softly, reverently, the sweet refrain

"Farewell, O Alma Mater,
Our mother dear, farewell!
We know thee but to love thee,
We leave thee still to love thee,
Fair heaven bend above thee,
Farewell—a long farewell."

Two people heard it and smiled. Another farewell was to have been said that night, but they had decided it need never be said.

R. E. B., '04.

Could Shakespeare Have Been a Great Novelist?

Most of us have heard the praises of Shakespeare sung. Hero worshippers and worshippers of true English Literature have lauded him to the skies, where he still reigns supreme and from which lofty

height of fame we would not wish to draw him at this time. Quotations have been made from his dramas and he has been held up before the world as the prince of dramatists and it almost seems sacrilegious to speak of him in any other realm than this.

But since he was so great as a dramatist it may be that his greatness will be all the more apparent if we consider the possibilities of his having been eminent in some other field; had his wonderful powers been turned in that direction. So for a short time let us consider what possibilities there were in him for a novelist.

No one who has read such plays as Hamlet, King Lear, Midsummer Night's Dream, or Antony and Cleopatra can doubt that the author of these was a great dramatist. But what of him as a novelist?

In the true novel there must be certain fundamental divisions clearly marked. The first of these which the critic looks for is, the total meaning, the impression, the aim of the novel. Putting Shakespeare to the test in this respect we must acknowledge that he always had some definite aim in writing his dramas. For, note the retributive power of conscience displayed in Macbeth; honesty ruined by jealousy in Othello; the overpowering force of true love in finally conquering, in *As You Like It*. When we think of these striking impressions which come to us from these dramas and compare them with the impressions we receive from some of our novels, which seem to be the most aimless productions, we are led to exclaim, how vastly superior Shakespeare is to these novelists in this respect? Or if we take the best novels of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, while these do have particular aims, Shakespeare even more forcibly shows the aim in his dramas. It has been said that, "no man is a greater artist than he is a thinker," so Shakespeare knew what he was doing when he wrote his dramas, and he would also have a definite subject and write what he thought and knew of it into a novel.

Then further, the novel at its highest point is a prose epic, that is sets forth some grand achievement, and only those novels which have satisfied this requirement have lasted for more than one or two centuries. We certainly have in Shakespeare wonderful prose possibilities, for read the words he puts into the mouth of Hamlet:—
 "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" *This* is Shakespeare's prose and he has much more like it in his dramas. Conceive of a novel, good in other respects, and containing such elegant sentences a

these. It would certainly stand the test of centuries.

Another point of the novel on which much of the interest depends is the authors power of description, his power for portraying either real or imaginary scenery. How vividly Scott in his novels portrays the rugged beauty of the Scottish hills and dales; or, Dickens, the English cities and city life; or, our Canadian novelists Connor and Roberts, the different aspects of Canada and her people. It is in the elaboration of these facts as well as in the delineation of character that much of the charm of the novel rests. But turning to Shakespeare; where in the novel do we find such an exquisite scenic description centering round the hero or heroine (as it should in the novel), as that of Cleopatra in her barge on the Nile,—

“The barge she sat in like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The oars were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes,”

And this is only a sample of many such descriptions which we might quote, showing where,

“Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy’s child
Warbles his native wood notes wild.”

If he could write such gems of beauty for his dramas, surely with his wonderful, almost exhaustless imagination, and the fifteen or twenty thousand words at his command, he could surpass the greatest of novelists in portraying scenery.

Again the novelist is judged in a great measure by his characters. Scott shows us, Ivanhoe, Amy Robsart, Rob Roy; Dickens has David Copperfield, Little Nell, Macawber, Sidney Carton, Pickwick; Thackeray paints, Pendennis, Becky Sharp, Henry Esmond; and George Eliot has, Adam Bede, Romola, and Tito. Now all these are famous characters, types of certain classes and their portrayal has made their authors famous. But where in all the novelistic world do we find such characters as Hamlet, Othello, Romeo, Lear, Macbeth, Juliet, Cleopatra, Rosalind or Portia? Where do we find the author so free and universal in his sympathies, with such a rising above his particular *dramatis personae* and exhibiting the action and reaction of his characters, as in the dramas where these characters are found. And now in the novel there is more needed than simply the ethical or psychological aspect of the characters, as Shakespeare gives in his dramas, namely the physical. But if he could show their mental calibre with such nicety we cannot doubt that he could have just as correctly and beau-

tifully shown us the physical characteristics of his men and women.

Another point to be considered on characterization is this: in the drama, it is said, there is no character development, but in the novel there must be. This is the hardest problem to solve in regard to Shakespeare as a novelist, for there is so little material on which to construct a proof. True, there may be a trace of development in Hamlet or in Macbeth but it is very faint. But looking at another phase of his work, the action of the drama, and seeing how this action is developed moving on progressively to the climax and then being gradually rounded off to the close, we are led to ask, if Shakespeare could make such a perfect development in the matter of plot and action, why then could he not have developed characters for a novel in just as perfect a manner?

Furthermore, the novelist must exhibit the human passions and particularly love. But in the novel where do we find a better picture of hate than Shakespeare gives us in Shylock, crying for his pound of flesh; or of relentless cruelty and revenge then in Iago; or of lovely and unquestioning devotion then in Desdemona; or of pure love and affection than in Romeo and Juliet. Shakespeare, the myriad minded, exhibits practically all the passions of the human mind in the six hundred characters of his dramas and we must confess that he could have been a great novelist in respect to exhibiting human passions.

And now finally the novel is distinguished by the invention of incident contained therein. The "incidents" being the actions of the characters in the imaginary world of which the author is writing. On this depends the whole construction and a great part of the interest of the novel. The novelist takes us out of the realm of the natural and deals with the unnatural. He sets before us the imaginary world and is judged in a large measure by how he makes the experimental characters move in this realm. Was there in Shakespeare a possibility for a novelist in respect to this matter? We answer, yes. He sets up for us ideal or imaginary worlds, certainly. In *Midsummer Night's Dream* we are ushered into an imaginary world of Athens and then led out into an unreal but also imaginary world in the "wood near Athens," where, in the actions of the Fairies and Clowns there are enough of improbabilities if they were put into a novel to satisfy the most critical of readers. Or, the same may be said of the "forest of Arden" with the workings of its delightful, if probable, improbabilities. Shakespeare was certainly a wonderful dealer in unrealities. It seems almost as if his great mind could not find enough in the real world to work upon and so he made these delightful and enchanting excursions into the unreal.

But now in all seriousness, we ask—what in the face of Shakespeare's numerous writings may seem paradoxical—'Was he voluminous enough for a novelist? Could he extend his thought over hundreds of pages and still have it as forceful and attractive?' Of course in answering this question we have to recognize that he himself says, "Brevity is the soul of wit." And then we call to mind how apt he was in making a few words tell, what in a novel would be a whole chapter of incidents. For not then brevity with which Jacques De-Bois tell of the gathering and disbanding of Duke Frederick's army; or the Queen telling of the death of Ophelia. But we must look at the other side of the question as well. If Shakespeare was brief in some cases there are others where he was not. See *The Tempest*, where the events of only a few hours furnish the material on which the whole play is constructed; or again look at *Twelfth Night* with all the minutæ displayed, enough to satisfy it would seem the most fastidious critic of the incident of the novel. And so in this particular, though at first glance it seems as if Shakespeare would be lacking, when we come to study the matter we see that here also he had the possibilities for a novelist. Some may say, 'it is only a possibility,' but from the reading of these dramas there is irresistibly born in upon us this fact, that there is always some reserve force even after his most lofty flights of imagination, as Carlyle says, "Shakespeare's speech is great but his silence is greater." And we have this confidence in our immortal dramatist that he *had* power for filling in details if the exigencies of his time had required him for a novelist.

And now we have shown in a more or less perfect manner, that in respect to aim and subject matter, speculation, the painting of scenery, the portrayal of character and even in the elaboration of incident, Shakespeare could have been a great novelist.

But what of all this multiplicity of words. If Shakespeare had been a novelist, England and the world would have lost some of its most estimable treasures. Could we ask for the "old order to change, yielding place to new?" Could we possibly wish to exchange these delightful, soul inspiring, character revealing dramas, for novels written by Shakespeare even if they were better than those of any of our famous novelists? All students or true Englishmen would with one voice join in a shout that would shake the very foundations of learning. 'No! Take not Shakespeare's dramas from us!' And although he might have been a great novelist his greatness as a dramatist is unquestioned and we can join with Milton as he sings—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument."

P. CLINTON REED, '02.

The Junior Exhibition.

The storm of Tuesday evening, December sixteenth, 1902 was no doubt responsible for the small number of townfolk present at the Junior Exhibition. The raging elements, however had little effect on the attendance of those connected with the institutions. Indeed the "horse-shoe" gallery was crowded, and seemed to attract nearly as much interest as the Juniors themselves. The rather sombre colors of the class of 1904 are certainly not the prettiest in college. But by judicious arrangement of the blue and brown bunting, College Hall looked extremely well. The class emblem at the rear of the platform was a clever piece of workmanship and was a decided improvement upon the banner that is usually placed there on such occasions.

The marching of the Juniors to the strains of the "Marche Militaire," played by Misses Edith Spurden and Nellie Heckman, is deserving of commendation. Had they managed to take off any two of their caps simultaneously the appearance of their opening would have very much improved.

In the absence of Dr. Trotter the chair was occupied by Dr. Kierstead. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Johnson, pastor of the Wolfville Methodist Church.

The programme which was fastily printed in the class colors was as follows:—

Marche Militaire Op. 51		Schubert.
	Misses Edith Spurden and Nellie Heckman.	
	Prayer.	
Vocal Solo	{ (a) Since We Parted,	Allitsen.
	{ (b) A May Morning,	Denza.
	Miss Mabel Marvin.	
The Destruction of Saint Pierre,	Ralph Herman Slipp, Sussex, N. B.	
The Message of Charles Dickens,	Rosamond M. Archibald, Windsor, N. S.	
Canada and Imperialism,	Carrol Charlton, Middleton, N. S.	
Violin Solo	Legende op. 17,	Wieniawski.
	Miss Emma Denham.	
Woman's Social Position,	Muriel F. Haley, St. John, N. B.	
Ruskin's Lectures on Art,	Roy Elliot Bates, Amherst, N. S.	
Selection,	College Orchestra.	
	Announcements.	
	National Anthem.	

Mr. Slipp's essay on "The Destruction of Saint Pierre" was a clear, lucid description of the most awful catastrophe of modern times. Had Mr. Slipp written as well on a subject that would have allowed more original thought he would have been much more appreciated. In delivery he scored a triumph and in that respect was not improved upon by any who followed.

"The Message of Charles Dickens" was well written and revealed a careful study of the great novelist's work. Miss Archibald's otherwise, good effort was greatly marred by the expressionless monotone with which it was delivered.

Mr. Charlton's subject was a popular one and he made the most of this fact. His argument was well worked out and had

a ring of patriotism in it that pleased. Though the essay was somewhat lengthy by clever manipulation of the principle of "climax" its interest was sustained to its close. Considering the merit of the essay and the clear forceful delivery of it Mr. Charlton's effort was the most successful of the evening.

Those who knew Miss Haley expected something meritorious from her nor, as far as her essay is concerned, were they disappointed. Her treatment of "Woman's Social Position" was marked by good sense, flashes of wit and striking expression. Miss Haley's essay was as good as our college girls usually write and that is saying a great deal for it. Unfortunately her voice was sometimes so low as to be almost inaudible in the rear of the hall.

The crowning essay of all was that of Mr. Bates on "Ruskin's Lectures on Art." All that beautiful thought, choice language and an easy, flowing style could do to produce perfection was done. It was a clever handling of a most difficult subject, and we doubt if any Junior essay has ever been much better. Mr. Bates commenced to speak in a pleasing manner but before he had progressed far a lapse of memory unnerved him and the remainder of his oration was delivered in a manner that was equally trying to speaker and listener.

Mention must here be made of those outside the Junior class who helped to make the evening's entertainment a success. Miss Marvin and Miss Denham had already made a most favorable impression among the music loving people of Wolfville and the college, and they certainly sustained their good reputation. Prof. Moore and Miss Churchill were all that could be desired as accompanists. The college orchestra, while not as good as that of last year, gave a selection that drew forth hearty applause.

The Announcements were not the least interesting feature of the programme. The winner of the "Class of 1901 Scholarship" was first announced. This scholarship, of the value of sixty dollars, is awarded to the member of the Sophomore class who has made the highest standing on the Freshmen work of the year immediately preceeding. The winner was Mr. J. R. Trimble of Petitcodiac, N.B. The "Zwicker prize" of twenty dollars, awarded on similar conditions to the Sophomore standing next highest, was won by Mr. L. C. Christie of Amherst, N. S. These awards were received with loud applause. We wish to tender our heartiest congratulations to these men, both of whom, are among the youngest in their class and whose standings were very near the perfection mark. Mr. Roy E. Bates was the winner of the Athenæum Society prize for the best "Acadia" song. His production called "The Red and The Blue" will be found elsewhere in this issue. The song of Miss L. S. Simpson of Acadia Seminary, entitled "Acadia Forever," received honorable mention. The last announcement was made by Mr. T. A. Leonard of the Junior class. He, on behalf of his class, presented the college with a system of electric lights for the chapel. Dr.

Kierstead accepted the gift on behalf of the faculty and governors in a speech most suitable and happy.

The "trick" that many of the audience were looking for did not take place. The faculty are to be warmly congratulated on their excellent efforts to put a stop to this foolish practice that threatened to mar all Junior Exhibitions.

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The Red and the Blue—A Rallying Song.

[Winner of the Athenæum Society Song Competition.]

BY ROY E. BATES.

Tune: Red, White and Blue.

Acadia, the Gem of the Valley,
 Thy sons are all loyal and true,
 From far and from near they will rally,
 And pay their fond tribute to you :
 Defenders will never be wanting,
 Nor men who will dare and will do,
 When foes their proud banners are flaunting,
 To stand by the Red and the Blue.

CHORUS. Three cheers for the Red and the Blue,
 Three cheers for the Red and the Blue,
 Acadia, belovéd forever,
 Three cheers for the Red and the Blue.

Acadia, thy sons have been famous
 On gridiron—in halls of debate,
 And none there may be who shall blame us
 When we sing of our learned and great :
 Acadians found wanting? No, never!
 And what they have done we can do,
 So let us be loyal forever,
 And three cheers for the Red and the Blue.

The Freshmen so verdant and fearful,
 The Sophmores so newly made great,
 The Juniors so jaunty and cheerful,
 The Seniors so wise and sedate—
 Each class in its prowess rejoices,
 Each man to his colors is true,
 But we all join our hearts and our voices
 To sing for the Red and the Blue.

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To the Chapel Clock.

In our chapel hangs a clock,
 Dear old clock,
 And the song it sings "tick-tock,"
 Dear old clock.
 When the time I wish to see

I just turn and look at thee—
Dost thou ever look at me,
Dear old clock?

When the time is dull and slow,
Dear old clock,
You just seem to make it go,
Dear old clock.
Tho' the lesson you don't like,
Yet you're never *on a strike*
Be it "Peddy," "Polly," "Psych,"
Dear old clock.

Ever does the time seem long,
Dear old clock,
When you hang and sing your song,
Dear old clock?
Then just try a hard-wood seat,
With no room to put your feet,
And the air at tropic heat,
Dear old clock.

Did you e'er forget to tell,
Dear old clock,
When 'twas time to ring the bell,
Dear old clock?
Did you ever beat the sun,
Just to see old Billy run?
Oh, that time must have been fun,
Dear old clock!

Are you lonesome in the night
Dear old clock,
In the dim and ghostly light,
Dear old clock?
Or do mice their revels keep,
And departed spirits leap
Where the shadows lie asleep,
Dear old clock?

Please accept this humble rhyme,
Dear old clock,
For I've written it *on time*,
Dear old clock.
May we keep up with the pace
Which is set by thy dear face,
Never pausing in life's race,
Dear old clock.

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The New Year. The swift wheel of time has made another revolution, and we have left behind the second year of the century. Generally we take but scant notice of the coming and going of the minor periods of time, but when the knell of the old year is sounded and the new year's probabilities are forced upon us, we find the occasion of the beginning of a new year irresistably leads to reflections retrospective and prospective, and we would fain, with Charles Lamb, "lay our ineffectual finger on the spoke of the great wheel."

In spite of admonitions to look "forward and not backward," we must tarry just a moment and look through the gap in the sombre clouds, upon this scene of the past, lit up by a sheaf of sunset rays. A scene we see illumined with new resolves and hopes in the distance, but passing into a tract of confusion, struggle and defeat, only here and there sunshine and pleasant views. But why then does this feeling of sadness steal upon us, why not one of gladness in expectation of the new field where all this may be absent? The sunshine has far overcome the shadow, and we are losing an old friend; these joys and this happiness are becoming only pleasant memories.

But—

“There’s a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.”

Only one more rapid backward glance. Note our failures and faults, and with added experience let us gird up our loins and face the future with an unbroken front. The future opens up its glories, smilingly exhibiting its advantages, and with a single step we launch our hopes, basing their successful achievement on the profitable lessons of the past. Hence we begin the new year strong to accomplish its duties and ready to reap whatever harvest is destined for us.

Visions of great possibilities visit the youth of to-day. He reflects on this era of gigantic enterprises and determines, though life is stern and laborious, to stir his inner depths and acquires the needed skill, energy and executive ability which will make success his. The magnificent pace set by the last few years has sown the seeds of a wonderful future; it has opened up vast avenues to success for all, and while it is hazardous to predict the directions of development, we can safely say that there will be no decadence, no retrogression to chronicle at the close of this year.

Pessimism and despondency in the youth are unreal. The person who enjoys health and faculties must take courage and work with might and will to improve his whole being by educating the heart, getting out of the old ruts and overcoming miserable failings, in being truly energetic, making the best of all opportunities and striving with redoubled effort to fit ourselves for a higher and better existence in the great beyond. Above all, improving every moment, and filling life with a continual activity. We grant this present period for resolutions and determinations, for retrospective and prospective reflection; then let us face each day’s duties with manly vigor and virtue.

“Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, Death and that vast Forever,
One grand, sweet song.”

The ATHENÆUM joins in a hearty expression of best wishes of the season to all its readers and friends. May our progress during the New Year be onward and upward, may the best of life’s happiness be ours, and may we here and now sow the seeds of a continued happiness.

The Rhodes' Scholarships. The conference convened for the purpose of arranging the terms and conditions of the Rhodes' Scholarships met at Sackville on December 18 and

19. This conference is the first at which Dr. G. R. Parkin has asked advice for the guidance of the Rhodes' trustees, in forming regulations for the administration of the great bequest which has been intrusted to them, and was therefore a gathering of much importance.

Dr. Parkin, who acted as chairman, in rather a long address gave a clear, intelligible description of the whole plan, dwelling chiefly upon the points regarding which the trustees sought local advice in forming their scheme.

The conclusions arrived at, with which we, by the way, are chiefly interested, may be summarized as follows:

I. That one scholarship be allotted to candidates from each of the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

II. The competition for these scholarships shall be open only to graduates or undergraduates of at least two years standing of degree conferring colleges and universities.

III. The ordinary age limit of candidates shall be 23 years, provided, however, that in exceptional circumstances a candidate whose age does not exceed 25 years may be nominated.

Scholars being British subjects shall be selected by the trustees on the nomination of the colleges within the territory to which the scholarship is assigned. Colleges entitled to make nominations must be equipped to give adequate literary preparation up to the standard of Oxford responders, which is the minimum on which scholars will be admitted. These colleges shall nominate in a rotation fixed by the number of undergraduates in each. Each nomination shall be accompanied by a full statement of the school and college career of the candidates, including the evidence of qualification on which the nomination is based in compliance with the terms of the Rhodes' bequest, i. e. that the nominee be not only a student of ability but a leader among his fellows, a man of good moral character and an athlete.

By this arrangement 24 Canadians will be continually getting an Oxford education. And the question now comes home to us— who shall the man or the men from Acadia be? Let us not look upon the obtaining of these scholarships as a far away, remote ideal, but as a living reality, and govern ourselves accordingly.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the first piece of undergraduate fiction which has appeared in our paper for some time "An Essay—And an Incident" by R. E. Bates. The illustration of the story has been prepared by Lewis E. Smith of Halifax, one of Canada's rising illustrators.

Library Notes.

Professor DeMille's "Literary Progress of the Nineteenth Century" forms the second volume of Linscott's "The Nineteenth Century." To attempt within the limits of 550 pages to cover the literature of the world for the past one hundred years, is certainly venturesome. To accomplish such a task satisfactorily is probably more than anyone, unless he be grossly ignorant, could hope to do. A mere catalogue of the names and dates of authors, together with a list of their respective works, would be intolerably dry, although such a catalogue, if accurately prepared, would have the merit of usefulness for reference purposes. To make a selection of only a few of the leading authors and to give them any treatment adequate to their merits would call for volumes. To find the happy mean; to give just enough to let the reader into some knowledge and appreciation of the wealth of literary material that belongs to the Nineteenth Century; to give him a taste of the real flavor of the literature of the century is a piece of work that might well daunt even a Macaulay. When we say then, that Professor DeMille's book has its defects and limitations, we are saying of the book only what might naturally be expected, and what, probably the author would be the first to admit.

In such a book evenness of treatment is almost impossible. To our mind the earlier chapters in the book are the best. The pre-view in which the literature of the nineteenth century is linked with that of the later eighteenth is well done, and gives a clear background for an appreciative reading of the rest of the book. The character of the literary work after the first few chapters gives evidence of haste in preparation, and the style tends to monotony—a fault hard to avoid in such a compilation. The opinions of the author often seem to be those of others rather than such as are gained from first hand acquaintance. Some uniform method of indicating the dates of birth and death would add to the usefulness of the book.

We do not know whether the author or the publisher should

be held responsible for the proof reading. But, no matter where the responsibility lies, there are errors in proof reading that seriously blemish the book. To enumerate a few:—page 82, "Hippocreme;" page 160, 1842 for 1832; page 191, "climateric;" page 334, Gibson for Gifford; page 338, "healthsul." The context on page 64 leaves us uncertain whether Campbell or Moore wrote the "fine battle ballads." On page 91 the phrase "The biography of his son," is ambiguous. Professor DeMille has done something in the way of writing poetry, and his facility in metre betrays him with occasional lapses. The author's, "And is there nothing more for man," following on page 110, Tennyson's, "I care for nothing, all shall go," comes as a sort of echo. Is this imitation intentional? Writing of Browning, our author well says on page 118; "The mind must be alert to enjoy him; that condition present, great will the enjoyment be." But why has Professor DeMille invented this last chance? Has his fondness for rhythm again played him false? There appears to be no occasion for this inversion and it causes a distinct flattening in the tone of the discourse.

"Most important of the new writers was Matthew Arnold. This was especially true of his prose,"—so Professor DeMille expresses himself on page 119. Such an uncertain use of the demonstrative is opposed to clearness and ought to be studiously avoided. A sentence such as the one on page 175, beginning "Travelled on the Continent," jars on the reader. The form may do for an encyclopædic notice, but it is not in keeping with the character of this literary history.

What is the signification of the adjective "Napolean" in the phrase, "A story of Napolean days?" Does it mean days spent at Naples, or days of the time of Napoleon? There is nothing in the context to help the reader, and the inquirer finds no assistance in the dictionary. The form of the adjective leads him one way, the connection of thought suggests the other. Of course, if one is familiar with the fragment of Stevenson's to which reference is made, one may interpret the phrase, but an author of a literary compendium ought not to put so great a strain on his reader's powers of interpretation.

On page 217, we read that "The first three volumes of the History" (Lingard's) "were published in 1819, and it was eventually brought down to the year 1860." But we are not informed by whom this miracle was performed, or how it was brought about. Who was the medium through whom Lingard,

nine years in the spirit world, was enabled to maintain his connection with material affairs through all these years? How came it that this connection ceased in 1860? Is it possible that the proof readers have been napping again?

It certainly is refreshing to read that Grotes' history of Greece "is not well written, being heavy and unattractive." We had suspected as much, but never had the hardihood to make our feelings public. One of the aspirations of our youth was to read Grote through, but, shame to tell, we could not complete the first volume. Those terrible deities with their outlandish looking names were too many for us. And so we turn back to Magnall's Questions again, better satisfied with the simplicity of statement found therein.

Was it a slip of the pen that caused "To properly appreciate" to appear on page 297?

Professor DeMille makes rather free use of French and German phrases. Perhaps, however, his use is justifiable. The word *metier* we take to be a technical word, as such its power would have been increased, had the author defined it by some explanatory phrase.

"Novelist" at the beginning of the paragraph on page 310 evidently ought to be plural. The insertion of the little word "came" in the words beginning "Then the" on page 321 would make a sentence of what, as it now stands, is simply a congeries of words and figures. The expression "went one better" on page 342 has a decidedly vulgar association and detracts from the quality of Professor DeMille's composition.

But it is ungrateful to emphasize these slips. The work has evidently been done under considerable pressure and probably the proof reading has been hurried, with the inevitable result that blemishes which easily escape notice in manuscript have been allowed to make a place for themselves on the printed page. Professor DeMille has given us a readable book and that quality may very well stand as an offset against a good many mechanical errors. Should a reprint of this book be made such errors as have been noted might easily be rectified.

Our Exchanges.

We must congratulate *King's* on the *Record*. The November number tells that the financial difficulties of the paper were so great that the advisability of discontinuing its publication was

discussed ; and really when we consider the comparatively small number of students attending King's, we cannot but admire the energy and pluck shown by their turning out so good a paper. It contains a short story entitled "German Wooing" which vividly portrays the tragic results which may come from the way in which such things are managed in Germany, where the daughter has no free will in the matter, but the father's will is law. It is realistic, and has warmth of feeling enough, to warrant its claim to be taken from real life. The column entitled "Magazines" is especially worthy of notice. It gives a condensed, yet comprehensive and instructive view of the best known magazines, and is a credit to the Record. "A French Account of the First Siege of Louisburg" is a well written article of especial interest, in that it gives the French side of the story, which is little known to us of English sympathies. The author referred to an English translation of an unofficial French letter, written by an inhabitant of Louisburg and giving an account of the siege, as the source of his information.

The *University Monthly*, though not very handsome, is filled with good readable matter. The November number contains some good undergraduate work, including a story entitled "Doings of a Youth from the Hub." It is an interesting and lively account of how a dashing young son of a millionaire, not finding scope or excitement enough in the ordinary paths of life to suit him, dabled in crime for sport. He showed great cleverness and quickness but was finally caught. He then calmly wired for his father to buy him out. This was accordingly done, and the promising youth returned to his home. "A Trip to the Lumber Woods" takes us right into the woods amid those hardy men of "brain and brawn," who by persistent and skillfully directed effort courageously overcome almost insurmountable difficulties, and accomplish so much. This article is to be continued, and we anticipate the remaining portion with pleasure.

A clever humorous poem entitled "A Hard-Headed Parson" offers a rather welcome relief to the prevailingly weighty and scholarly articles in the *Presbyterian College Journal*. In "Theology and Evolution" Rev. G. F. Johnson makes out a good case to prove that "Theology can be at once scientific, evolutionary and Christian." Indeed the author goes as far as to say that evolution and theology "Not only dwell together in the creed of some men, but in the biblical system itself." Referring to some of the Epistles, he says "Is there not an evolutionary scheme

involved in their doctrines of a foreordaining divine purpose, the movement of human history, the destiny of the universe, all centering in the supreme doctrine of the headship of Christ?" The magazine is a good one and well worth reading, but it is not just what the average student would wish for, being filled mainly with contributions from learned Theologians and Doctors of Divinity. An occasional short story or popular article would give vivacity and variety to it.

We welcome to our table the *St. John's Collegian* which makes its debut with the November number. It is published by the students of St. John's College, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is attractive in appearance, being printed in large heavy type on the best of paper, and is readable from start to finish (all except the Latin poetry which is beyond us.) "Books and reading" set forth in well chosen language the great value of a taste for "the good, the beautiful, and the true," in our literature. The article contains some fine sentences and we make bold to filch a few, as they will give a better idea of the contents than would any words of ours. "Books are the great storehouses wherein are gathered the thoughts of the ages." "They are a powerful telescope through which one may view the world way back to the dawn of creation, and mark the rise and fall of Empires and all the great changes which the earth has undergone." Speaking of Shakespeare the author says "This great man by the light of his genius three hundred years ago enkindled a torch of knowledge which has never once paled or flickered before the storms of adverse criticism, but burns to-day with increasing brilliancy, and will continue down the ages a lamp to the feet of millions yet unborn, until obstructed by the barriers of time, it falls into the ocean of eternity. By the reflected rays of this unfailing beacon we can read and study that most instructive of all works—the book of the human heart." By means of history he says "We see the dark, frowning, jagged rocks of vice on which were wrecked a thousand human ships, and we gaze upon the graceful temples which an appreciative posterity have raised to the noble and the true." The magazine also contains sketches of Edmund Burke, Ben Jonson and Raphael, which are of some literary merit, besides being instructive and interesting. On the whole we congratulate the Collegian on its maiden effort, and if the future numbers keep up the high standard set by the first, it will always be warmly welcomed to our table.

The Argosy for November is rather sparing of matter of a purely literary character, this department containing, besides the usual editorials, only one short article, two short poems, and some more notes on the class of '02, the ministerials being the victims this time. The most noteworthy contributions to the magazine is a sketch entitled "The Foot-Ball Girl." The artist is one of no mean ability as his work shows, and the *Argosy* is to be congratulated on obtaining his services. This sketch is the second in a series, which we are told is to represent the college girl in the different phases of her life.

Other Exchanges received—*McMaster University Monthly*, *The Dalhousie Gazette*, *Bates' Student*, *Trinity University Review*, *Niagra Index*, *Prince of Wales College Observer*.

The Month.

Editors: T. A. LEONARD, MISS ROSAMOND M. ARCHIBALD.

Our debating society, we may safely say, surpasses the same organization of the last three years. We should be enthusiastic when we know that the standard of excellence in speaking and debating has not been lowered, but raised. Moreover there has not been a lowering of the activity, dignity and sincerity on the part of those who have been called upon to carry on these debates. We have in the past wondered how men could appear before the society with a very superficial knowledge of the matter and it poorly arranged. Any one, who uses his "common sense" should feel humiliated for carelessly neglecting to thoroughly prepare himself. Of course, this means that he gives much time to study and arrangement of his material, but the product well repays the speaker and is of worth to the society.

The inter-class debates for the month were exceptionally instructive and spirited, probably the best that have been in the Athenæum Society for a long time. The Seniors, as appellants and represented by Messrs. C. K. Morse, Chipman, Sipprell and Perry, have defeated the Juniors, represented by Messrs. Leonard, Cunningham, R. E. Bates and Crandall, on the question "Resolved that it should be the policy of Canada to permit only Teutonic immigration." The Seniors in their next debate, with the Sophomores, made two changes in their team, substituting Messrs. P. W. Durkee and Lombard for Sipprell and Perry, while the Sophomore were represented by the same team that they employed against the Freshmen. The resolution "that the Educational Bill is in the best interests of educational efficiency in England" was lost, the judges deciding that, both in strength of argument and manner of presentation, the Seniors had a slight advantage.

The first half of the series of interclass Basket-Ball games has ended with the Senior team in the lead and the other teams following in the order of their classes. The Basket-Ball season though short has excited considerable interest, and the faithful practice of the teams has produced a better kind of game than was first looked for. None of the teams however have reached the stage of perfection attained by last year's senior team. But this has helped rather than hindered the interest in the league games, for last year it went without saying that 1902 would win, but this year the result was always doubtful, with the exception of the games in which the Freshmen played. The first game was played between the Sophs. and Freshmen. It was an easy victory for '05 who won by the score of 15—1. The second game was played between the Seniors and Juniors. From a hotly contested struggle the Seniors emerged victorious with a score of 12 against 3. The Seniors and Freshmen battled next. '06 showed considerable improvement over their playing in the first game but were defeated by a score of 15—2. The Junior-Sophomore game was the fastest and roughest of the series and both sides played good basket-ball. The score was 12—3 in favor of the Juniors. In their game with the Juniors the Freshmen played almost an entirely new team; some of the changes were for the better but the wisdom of others might be questioned. The Juniors won by 21 to 4, but had to work harder than the score might indicate. The last game between the Seniors and Sophs started with the Sophs forcing matters; the seniors however soon recovered themselves and won the game by the score of 11 to 1. Poor light in the "gym" detracted much from the merit of this game, as indeed it had done in the case of several previous ones. Below is the standing of the respective teams:—

Class	Games Won	Games Lost
Seniors	3	0
Juniors	2	1
Sophomores	1	2
Freshmen	0	3

Impressions.

"Some have at first for wits, then poets past
Turned critics next and proved plain fools at last."—POPE

Editors: VICTOR L. O. CHITTICK, MISS MAIE I. MESSENGER.

It will take a student with a healthy constitution just about four weeks to recover from the effects of a Christmas vacation saddened by thoughts of the approaching mid-year exams.

W-b-t-r, the Freshie with the "far-away-look," has been making wonderful discoveries about this world since he came to college. Not long ago he was overheard confiding to a fellow Freshmen the following wonderful discovery: "Say —— do

you know Professor Jones must know an awful lot for he actually teaches 'Math' to the Seniors!"

NICE DISCRIMINATION.

They were speaking of the disturbance outside the Seminary when one of the teachers in that sacred edifice innocently asked: "Did *College boys, Cads* or *Freshmen* do it?"

Rumor says that the Juniors on the day of their Exhibition forcibly removed a *bell(c)* from the Sem gallery. Really, the way these Juniors are conducting themselves is positively shocking!

Broad cuffs, sweaters, paper lined sleeves and long finger nails will be in order from Jan. 24 to Feb. 7. With the aid of these appliances and a near sighted Faculty a "first" is assured.

DON'T.

Don't "plug." It's likely to make you unpopular with the Faculty.

Don't act decent on the streets. It's so unbecoming in a "college man."

Don't treat class girls with civility. They would feel hurt to have any consideration shown them.

Don't fail to "rubber" at the Sems in church. They appreciate this sort of attention.

Don't stop talking at society meetings. What would the presiding officer do if he didn't have to restore order?

Don't pay your dues. It's so much more honorable to have your name read in the list of those in arrears.

Don't above all things, *don't* fail to go to sleep in church. It's so edifying to the preacher, and then Sunday is the day of rest you know.

One of the Junior girls, who takes Astronomy, has been heard to think "out loud." She mused "thusly":

"Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are!
Up among the shining host
You're the one I look at most,
You're the brightest star by far,
You're the one they call the B'AR!"

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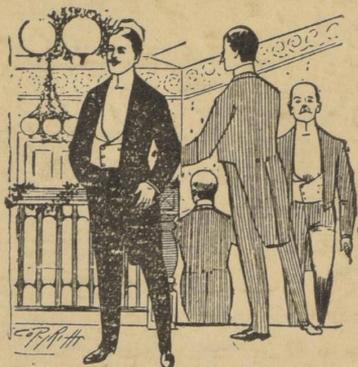
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