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Marie Woodworth Tufts.

A Personal Tribute by MRS. T. TROTTER.

During the last summer vacation one who for more than twenty years had been closely indented with the life of our Educational Institutions passed from our midst. Most, if not all, of those who have studied here during these years, have come into personal touch with Mrs. Tufts, and have enjoyed the delightful hospitality of her home. It will therefore be congenial to the readers of this magazine, and is in every way appropriate, that some extended reference should be made in its columns to her life and work.

Her life, though limited in its early opportunities, and always quiet and unobtrusive, was yet large in achievement and far-reaching in its influence, and its story is one on which it is good to dwell.

It began half a century ago, in a simple but refined home, amid the beautiful natural surroundings of the Cornwallis Valley. Her father was a thrifty, intelligent, up-to-date farmer, a man of weight in the community, and an honored deacon in the Baptist Church. Her mother, a very lovely woman, died when she was only a child, so she early felt "that mother-want about the world" which always gives pathos to a young life. Only a few rods of country road, a winding brook, and a grassy hillside lay between my home and hers, in which, as the pastor's daughter, I was a frequent visitor, and her figure is a very distinct one in my picture gallery of those early days. I admired and looked up to her for years before I came really to know and love her.

In her childhood, as later, she loved to be in close contact with nature. When, a few years ago, we spent an afternoon together at her old home, she told me of her early fondness for the woods and the brooks, and her delight in romping and in boyish pursuits; and I well remember watching her canter by on horseback, and hearing of her daring rides on the mowing-machine in her father's hayfield. This out-of-door-life doubtless helped to lay the foundation of the good health she enjoyed for many years, and communion with nature fostered her innate love for all its beauty.

When not more than twelve years old she came under the influence of a remarkable teacher who conducted a private school near her home. This lady recognized the rare mental endowments of the young girl, and did much to develop in her a taste for the best in literature and art, and to aid her in cultivating her own style.

While in her teens she took the course in Grand Pre Seminary, graduating in 1867. The five or six years which followed were full of strenuous mental work. The best literature was not only eagerly devoured but well digested. She had a quick and retentive memory, and the poets, especially Tennyson and Shakespeare were read and re-read, until they became part of her mental furnishing. Years later she studied Browning in the same way. Though she did not again attend school or college, she so disciplined herself by careful reading and writing that she gained a command of her mental powers equalled by few college graduates.

From 1873-1879 she had charge of the Seminary, which was then organized as a department of Horton Academy. During the last two years of that time it was the writer's good fortune to be one of her girls. Though when she came to this work she had enjoyed no wide opportunities, and was without experience in teaching, she soon demonstrated her entire fitness for her difficult task. She gave herself to it without stint. The amount of work she carried is simply appalling in these days of specialization and division of labor. She spent four or five hours daily in the class-room, teaching the most varied subjects—Latin, English Literature, rhetoric, mental philosophy, elocution, botany, physiology—and teaching each with the ability and thoroughness of a specialist in that department. As a former pupil of hers remarked the other day, "whatever she taught, she taught well." She was a teacher "to the manor born." She had the quick sympathy which led her to appreciate and make the most of any attempt at thought or expression by the dullest student, and the inspiring power which made any subject dealt with for the time the most interesting. But this class-room teaching was only a fraction of her work. She had charge also of the drawing and painting, as well as the general oversight of the young ladies.

In her intercourse with the students, while always self-contained and dignified, she was uniformly gracious and sympathetic, and she formed many friendships with them which have been life-long. A few years ago, in connection with the furnishing of a room in the Seminary to bear her name, it was my privilege to share in the pleasant task of writing to a large number of her former pupils. The answers received made a chorus of loving appreciation and gratitude, and showed that after twenty years her influence was still felt in many lives.

She was active in the formation of the Alumnae Association of Acadia Seminary, and as a member of the Executive Committee contributed largely to the success of its yearly meetings. Last June she was appointed by the Association as a visitor to the Art department of the Seminary to act in connection with the Seminary visitors of the University Senate.

While in the Seminary the heavy demands made upon her left little time for original work with her pen, but then and in later years, she wielded the pen of a ready writer. Her style was clear, epigrammatic, and forceful. Her thought was always serious and elevated, often original and profound. Among her best prose productions were several able papers written for the W. C. T. U. conventions, notably one on the law of heredity, which was published in the Halifax Herald.

She was an intense lover of poetry. She apprehended quickly and appreciated keenly the deepest thought of a poet, and could readily unfold his hidden meaning. That a thought was profound, and its expression obscure, only gave her the added pleasure of discovery. Indeed she often seemed by poetic intuition to see as in a flash of light what to others was dark and enigmatical. She not only had poetic insight, but she showed no little skill in versifying. The brief lines which follow serve as a specimen of this skill, and indicate also the quality of her spirit:

In the Dark.

When all is dark my baby wakes,
And fears to find herself alone;
The tiny hand a movement makes,
And o'er my face, like rose-leaves strown,
The velvet palm its pressure keeps.
Closer I clasp the form I hold,
And breathe about the baby's brow;
The little hand in mine I fold,
As God has taught us mothers how,
And then she sleeps.

Out in the dark I reach mine arms,
And grope to find my Father's face;
Helpless, and filled with vague alarms,
My spirit yearns for Thine embrace.
I do not ask Thy form to see,
Nor yet Thy ways to understand;
Could I but feel the breath divine,
But feel the pressure of Thy hand,
And on my Father's breast recline,
Enough for me.

These lines were written about ten years ago, and show that though she had for twelve years been married and the mistress of a home, her intellectual activity had not ceased. The problems of wifehood and motherhood were faced with the same intense sense of responsibility which she had carried into her work as a teacher. She had still that

peering mind which took equal interest in the discovery of a new botanical specimen, the discussion of a theological or sociological problem, or the interpretation of one of Browning's obscurest passages. She was very fond of the white-ribbon phrase "An arrest of thought," and rejoiced in such an arrest upon any new phase of reform.

Her educational work did not end when she left the Seminary. So carefully had she thought out the questions of the day, so strong were her convictions, so facile was her speech, so quick and warm were her sympathies, that throughout her life she impressed herself upon all with whom she came in touch. An hour's intercourse with her left one intellectually and spiritually quickened. She was a constant educative force. Her friends treasure up many beautiful things they heard her say from time to time which helped them to form their opinions and model their lives. For instance, speaking at a mother's meeting, she used words like these, "We hear a great deal about having a vocation in life, about being called to this or that high service. I have come to think that there is *one* vocation, that we are called to above all else,—not to be doctors, or lawyers, or preachers, or teachers, but to develop a character like that of Jesus Christ. If my days must be spent in the merest drudgery, I have still ample opportunity to fulfil this calling, to develop the most beautiful Christian graces." This was but a re-statement of Paul's, "Predestinated to be conformed to the Image of His Son," but her putting of it impressed and stayed with one and made it easier to live through many a commonplace day.

Knowing that this was her thought about the work of life, it is easy to understand her perfect satisfaction in the simple duties of her home, and her distaste for any parade before the public, though she had gifts which might easily have won public applause. While, however, she believed that home duties had always the first claim, she believed also that the almost ideal happiness of her own home life placed upon her a burden of responsibility in relation to other homes and other lives. Her time and strength were given gladly and in large measure to any Christian work needing her help. By nature a reformer, the temperance reform lay especially near her heart. For several years president of the Wolfville Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she proved herself a capable and inspiring leader. Largely through her zeal and efficiency the Wolfville Union came to be one of the strongest and best conducted in the province.

One of the most noticeable traits of Mrs. Tufts' character was her uniform cheerfulness and brightness. This may have been partly natural, but certainly it grew in part out of her philosophy of life, which came to be that of her favourite poet Browning, he

"Who never turned his back
But marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

She believed, with him, that "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world," and believing that, little room was left for sadness and gloom.

That this was no mere fair-weather philosophy those learned who watched her during the anxiety and suffering of the last two years. That cheerful courage did not fail even to the end. The manner of her going away suggests those other words of the great poet teacher,

"I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past."

Without flinching she bore the utmost anguish of pain. Calmly she faced the great crisis of her life, saying to a ministering friend, "It is not death, it is only, to wrap the drapery of my couch about me and lie down to pleasant dreams," Often during the last days she quoted the beautiful words of Tennyson

"Sunset and evening star.
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea."

And so, peacefully, she crossed the Bar and met her Pilot face to face.

Many friends far and near have sent words of appreciation and of loving sympathy to those who sorrow most. A few extracts from these messages will serve to show the beauty and influence of the life that has ceased among us. A clergyman of another denomination than her own wrote, "I always look back to my acquaintance with Mrs. Tufts as one of the happiest privileges of my stay in Wolfville. Lives such as hers are not common. They come amongst us now and then to show how high a mark can be reached Of her we can truly say

"A life fulfilled,
In rapture stilled
With Him who led her by the road
Of suffering to be crowned with God."

Another clergyman, a lifelong friend, one whose voice and pen are familiar to readers of this magazine sent a beautiful letter from which the following words are culled. "Her mild, firm, intelligent, Christian heroism in the ordeal she passed through in the Infirmary at Halifax put joy and strength into my heart which will last me through life. It filled me with wonder and thrilled me with the ecstasy of emotion. Thank God, I said, religion is real. I seem now to see her calm, sweet face looking at the grim visage of death. To her there was no death. My talk with her was worth a thousand sermons. What joyous submission! Not the helplessness in the

grip of fate, but the smiling, graceful acquiescence in a kind Father's will."

By these, and many other friends who miss her bright face and helpful words, her memory will be cherished while life lasts, an inspiration to all that is noblest and best.

"Of such as she was there be few on earth;
Of such as she is there are many in Heaven;
And life is all the sweeter that she lived,
And all she loved more sacred for her sake;
And death is all the brighter that she died,
And Heaven is all the happier that she's there."

Browning's Death in the Desert.

An analysis of the poem. A paper selected from Mrs. Tufts' writings.

The opening paragraph of the poem, enclosed in brackets, is given to us by an early Christian into whose possession had fallen the original manuscript written by Pamphylax of Antioch.

The poem proper begins with a touching description of the circumstances connected with the death of the aged disciple. His soul on the eve of dissolution "withdrawn into its depths"—"retreated from the perished brain, whence it was wont to feel and use the world thro these dull members done with long ago" rises to a clearer perception of truth and grasps eternal verities with a stronger hold.

After struggling for awhile to comprehend his surroundings, and to realize the superficial relations of life, he reflects that when his ashes scatter, "there is left on earth no one alive who knew Christ personally and so could testify concerning him 'I saw, I heard, I knew'."

He briefly renews his own personal growth in the perception of christian truth and how he had first taught what Christ had bidden him teach by word of mouth. Then, in Patmos isle, how he had simply listened, took a book and wrote naught other than the given word. Later again he had penned Epistles to his friends, reasoning from his knowledge gained, and teaching: "Men should for love's sake, in love's strength, believe."

But already Antichrist was in the world, and men were asking, "It is long ago. Where is the promise of His coming?"—and now as his soul is freed from the limitations of time and sense he sees in prophetic view the difficulties that will attend the acceptance of Christianity by generations yet to come, and hear men say, "Was John at all, and did he say he saw. Assure us, ere we ask what he might see." John asks:—

"And how shall I assure them? Can they share. They, who

have flesh, a veil of youth and strength about each spirit"—can they share truth with me—who scarcely am so withheld at all from its perception?

“But shudderingly, scarce a shred between
Lie bare to the universal prick of life?”

In this illumined atmosphere John can discern one truth more clearly than aught else, viz. that God is love, and asks:—

“Is not God now in the world his power first made
Is not His love at issue still with sin?”

Is it not visible even when a wrong is done on earth? for pain follows. Even the pessimism and doubt and despair which come to the human heart in view of the apparent waste in the world and the miseries of life take their source from the Godhood within us, making us “hate what is and love what should be.” Without love of good there could be no recognition of evil, nor any condemnation of it. And so, John says “When such truth, breaking bounds o’erflood my soul,” I, who saw the sin and death now see “the need, yet transiency of both, the good and glory consummated thence.”

But for these younger Christians and for the weaker souls about him, John wishes he could use an optic glass such as when turned on objects brought too close for the unassisted eye to master, would place them at such a distance as should render them succinct and clear. If thus, he says, ye were enabled to apprend the truth in Christ as I see it now—

“Ye would withdraw your sense
From out eternity, strain it upon time
Then stand before that fact that life and Death,
Stay there and gaze, till it dispart dispread
And grow into a world about you.”

The central truth in Christianity is God revealed in Christ as love and the grasping of this fact, and the holding of it to the uttermost, despite the world, is the supreme test accorded to each individual soul. And thus it becomes necessary that this truth should not appeal to our belief, just as do material truths. Provision must be made “for keeping the soul’s prowess possible.” New barriers must be built as the old decay, for a spiritual athlete is developed on the same principle as a physical athlete, namely by lifting weights and contending with obstacles.

“There needs no second proof with good
Gained for our flesh, from any earthly source:
We might go freezing ages,—give us fire
Thereafter we judge fire at its full worth”
“Could man give Christ up were His worth as plain?”
“Therefore, I say, to test man, the proofs shift”

to suit each individual case, nor can the facts of Christianity be grasped like other facts.

But, says one, the obstacles in the way of accepting Christ are

greater in our day than they were in John's lifetime. How could one forsake the Christ he saw transfigured "Him that trod the sea and brought the dead to life?" Then John assures such an one that

"Even a torchlight and a noise
The sudden Roman faces violent hands
And fear of what the Jews might do"

referring to the arrest of Christ, had been in his own case a harder test than he could stand.

"And it is written, I forsook and fled"—

But a little later and the truth in Christ had gained so much firmer a hold upon the human mind that the martyr's fate was a common story and—

"What little child
What tender woman that had seen no least
Of all my sights—but barely heard them told
Who did not clasp the cross with a light laugh
Or wrap the burning robe round thanking God?"—

Then later still, the difficulty, which at first had taken a material form, became an intellectual one. Already the doctrine of Christ's divinity had been assailed. Teachers had arisen who denied this while they accepted his moral teaching. Thus had a succession of barriers been raised to an easy acceptance of the truth as it is in Christ, even in John's own life time.

But the dying apostle, peering into the dark recesses of the coming years, is filled with anxiety for the safety of a truth so precious and so new, but already assailed, and sees a vision of men conversing on this theme in ages yet to be,

"On islets yet unnamed amid the sea
Or pacing neath a portico—out of the crowd
In some enormous town—where now
The lark sings in a solitude,"

and asking of his fellow "has God ever been revealed, at any period of His existence as Power, as Love, as Influencing Soul?"

Objections are then stated, such as might be urged by these :—
The story of Christ's life, says one, cannot be proved. "It is a tale of things done ages since," and is thus reduced to the realm of myth. But suppose, says the objector, that we none the less accept the doctrine taught, and acknowledge and pay homage to the power and love manifest in the character of Christ, it does not therefore follow that Christ actually lived. The love we ascribe to Him we find existing in ourselves, and recognizing it as the highest quality in man we ascribe it to our conception of deity.

Next take the power. You say God made and rules the world granted it once was made, and is now ruled. But our sires once taught that the yoked steeds of Phœbus brought the sun up the east and down

the west. Thus they reasoned because they themselves had wills to plan and hands to execute, and they could not conceive of force apart from these. But with a broadened conception of deity, a "new whisper" arose, urging that all force need not, as in ourselves, be combined with will. "What drives the sun, they now assert, is law, force, named but not understood. True, says the sceptic, it is asserted by Bible writers that marks of will and love have been discovered behind the forces of nature, and that miraculous interference with the order of the world, such as would devote will and love, did occur in former times. But sneers the sceptic, "what will not man affirm?" As miracles no longer occur, while the same need for them remains it may be safely argued that they never did occur. In the infancy of the race man ascribed to God his own bodily form, and peopled every hill and dale with deities that embodied every distinct passion of which his own mind was capable. Gradually the bodily form was cast aside from conceptions of divinity.

"Jove's brow, Juno's eyes were swept away but human attributes were still ascribed to deity." Later yet, as in John's day, power, will and love had discarded these. But now in our own time, says the sceptic, natural law alone remains as an intelligent conception concerning God.

John answers these arguments by stating that man was made to grow, not stop—

"The help he needed once, and needs no more," having grown thereby, is withdrawn. Miracles were wrought when save for them no faith was possible. They were needed in the early stages of Christianity that it might take root. But, like the ladder-rung man's foot has left, in climbing let them go, they are no longer needed. Now that christian truth is established in the world, it can be judged by its fruits. Miracles would no longer help, but hinder, making lack of faith impossible, and excluding from man the power of choice.

Still they form the basis of our acceptance of Christianity. Christ's divinity was made manifest by His power over the forces of nature. And since we have God manifest in Christ as Love which alone could satisfy the needs of a soul capable of that lofty emotion, let thy reason accept this vital truth. It will solve for thee "all questions in the earth and out of it."

Dare not to "leave this knowledge and revert to how it sprung" in life's mere minute, but use this truth so plainly proved for thee, use it and forthwith, or die.

John goes on to state that when man is unable by his unaided reason to discern a truth, divine assistance is always given. When man, appalled at nature, first questioned "what if there lurked a might be-

hind this might?" By displays of miraculous power God showed to man, once for all, that an intelligent will did exist behind the forces of nature, and again when they needed proof of His love, in a world so full of wrong and pain, He revealed Himself to them in Christ as a God of love, and when a man refuses to accept this truth because he finds within himself the same union of power and will and love, you can no longer reason with such a one, or help him. This combination of power and will and love is really the only conception of deity that could meet the demands of a nature like our own, combining in some degree these same qualities, and if rejected on this account the man does not will to believe and dies spiritually,—as a lamp dies "when, replete with oil, it chokes; a stomach when, surcharged with food, it starves."

But, rejoins the doubter, the truths of the Christian revelation are so bound up with external facts that cannot be proved, and are unlikely to be true, we cannot distinguish wheat from chaff. Why was not truth given uniform and absolute, such as had stopped all doubt. "Why breed in us perplexity, mistake, nor tell the whole truth in the proper words?"

John answers, "Have ye yet to argue out the primal thesis, the plainest law?" namely, that man is a progressive being and cannot, by the constitution of his nature reach absolute truth at one bound.

If he reduces God to force, while in his own nature he finds force combined with love, he must himself be greater than God and rightly claim the title—"First, last, and best of things." But if, in humility he admits he is mere man, and that he has "somewhat to cast off," his knowledge will ever grow, and will more and more tend towards absolute truth.

The poet in the concluding lines of the poem sums up his own conception of the nature and aim of human life. Man is a progressive being. This, as John has just stated is the very plainest law. It would be easy to multiply passages in Browning's writings which show that his fundamental conception of the human spirit is that it is a process, not a fixed fact.

"Man is a war of elements"—"hurled from change to change unceasingly"—"getting increase of knowledge as he grows"—"creeping ever on from fancies to the fact"—"conceiving of truth, yearning to gain it, but catching at mistake."

The sculptor sees an ideal image in the clay and calls the shape thereout, "yet all the while goes changing what is wrought."

"God only makes the live shape at a jet." If we renounce this "part of creatureship" and stand still, nor strive nor climb, the judgment on our heads will be, "never to reach the ultimate, which is the estate of angels."

"Indulging every instinct of the soul
There, where law, life, joy, impulse,
Are one thing."

The poem then closes with a few lines relative to the death and burial of John, and Pamphylax assures us that all was as he has said, and that now John lies as he lay once breast to breast with God.

A postscript is added, written by some early Christian, not Pamphylax and meeting the heresy of Cernithus, who denied the divinity of Christ. The argument it contained is this: If Christ was not divine, as he claimed, he was an imposter, and wretchedest of all.

"Call Christ then, the illimitable God, or lost!"

Y. M. C. A. Convention.

The eleventh annual convention of the Y. M. C. A.'s in connection with the colleges of the Maritime provinces met this year with the Association at Dalhousie University. As usual delegates were present from U. N. B., Mt. Allison, Acadia, and Dalhousie. In number of delegates present the convention was above the average, and in interest and usefulness probably exceeded all previous gatherings. All papers and discussions were eminently practical and the enthusiasm aroused was wisely directed along definite lines.

On Thursday afternoon, Oct. 18th, fifteen delegates from Acadia took the train at Wolfville. We found on board nine good men from U. N. B. and were surprised to learn that seven others from that institution had gone to Halifax via Moncton. As two delegates from Acadia had gone by the morning train we still had the largest delegation, Mt. Allison sending only eight. The delegates from Acadia were: Freeman, Roland, Colpitts, Lewis, Blackadar, Dakin, I. M. Baird, S. J. Cann, S. W. Schurman, R. P. Schurman, Crosby, Tedford, Shankel, Killam, Payzant, and Warren.

On reaching Halifax we were met by the Dalhousie reception committee and after a little delay in getting located we were hurried away to our respective stopping-places. The session on Thursday evening was an "At Home" when for a few hours we had the pleasure of forming new acquaintances and of renewing old ones. The serious work of the Convention commenced on Friday morning. The election of officers resulted in the choice of W. T. Hallam of Dalhousie as President and R. C. Murphy of U. N. B. as Sec'y. Much of the time was given to discussion and conference on live topics, though several papers were read introducing some of the subjects discussed. Of these papers two were presented by Acadia delegates, one on the Basis and Significance

of Membership by S. J. Cann, and one on the Evangelistic Efforts of the Association by A. S. Lewis.

Of the addresses delivered before the convention perhaps the best was by Rev. Clarence McKinnon on the subject, *The Text-Book of Life*. A few thoughts gleaned from his admirable address may not be out of place here. 'The choice of a text-book is extremely important since things learned from a familiar text-book remain with us and largely determine thought. The Bible was not designed as a text-book on all matters under the sun, but it is a text-book on life and is absolutely the best in its department. It should not be studied mechanically or for controversy, but for what it teaches in respect to life and the problems of life.'

In all discussions the Convention was greatly helped by the presence of two of the International Secretaries, H. W. Hicks and F. M. Gilbert. In fact we may say that the success of the gathering was largely due to the wise advice and assistance of these men. Coming as they do with wide experience and boundless enthusiasm they are able to arouse the same spirit in others and to give wise counsel in respect to the work to be accomplished.

On Saturday afternoon an important discussion took place in regard to the amalgamation of the different Maritime Y. M. C. A. Conventions. Though strong arguments were presented in favour of the union a majority of the delegates were opposed to what they evidently considered a doubtful experiment, and so for the present at least there will be no change in respect to the Intercollegiate Convention.

A valuable feature of the Convention was the delegation meeting held every evening from nine o'clock to ten, at which the delegates from each college met and discussed the problems that had been taken up during the day, with a view to the needs of their home Association. Another noticeable feature of the gathering was the absence of noisy demonstration which latter is sometimes too pervasive at our Conventions. A spirit of seriousness and earnestness was manifest in all the meetings, and promised well for the Association's work in all the Colleges.

On Sunday afternoon the presidents of the Associations met Mr. Hicks and with him formulated the following

POLICY FOR THE YEAR.

(1) To deepen the spiritual life of the Christian men in the college: (a) by more careful supervision and conduct of the devotional meeting; (b) by laying greater emphasis on systematic devotional Bible Study; (c) by promoting the observance of the morning watch and the secret prayer life.

(2) To wage an aggressive warfare against sin in all its forms

and to encourage higher standards of moral life.

(3) To make intelligent unceasing effort to lead men to Christ : (a) by special prayer ; (b) by personal work ; (c) by conducting meetings affording men an opportunity to make public profession of Christ ; (d) by a life beyond reproach.

(4) To cultivate the missionary spirit : (a) by enlisting a greater number of students in the scientific study of missions ; (b) by the conduct of regular monthly missionary meetings carefully planned ; (c) by a much wider circulation of well selected literature ; (d) by cultivating the habit of systematic and proportionate giving.

A high ideal is set before us in this policy, and if that ideal is to be reached every member of the Association must feel a personal responsibility.

A Happy Discovery.

“At last !” I laid down my pen with a sigh of relief and reviewed my work with complacency. For six long weeks my thoughts by day and my dreams by night had been of my junior essay. The result of many hours of thought and hard study and delving among musty dust covered books, lay in that innocent little pile of paper. My subject was a congenial one and I felt that I had done well, yes, even better than I had hoped.

Our class in College was a large one, but contained only two young ladies, a delicate, ambitious young girl who was paying her way through college, solely by the means of her own exertions, and myself.

Naturally we had been drawn much together and the better acquainted I became with Helen Arnold, the more I admired the fine, sterling qualities of her character.

By degrees I learned much of her history. She was an only daughter. There had been a son, many years older than herself. He with his father, the captain of a large ocean steamer, had been lost at sea when she was scarcely more than an infant. Since that time her mother had struggled on bravely alone, barely contriving by means of her needle to keep the wolf from the door.

Five years before, they left England and came to America, hoping to find more congenial and lucrative employment.

By means of constant labour and rigid economy, Helen had reached her third year in college. Her mother had obtained the situation of housekeeper for a judge, a widower, and Helen was eagerly looking forward to the time when by means of her education, she could make a little home of their own and relieve her mother from all future labour.

Helen's life of unceasing toil, had told severely on a constitution never very strong, and many times as I watched her bending over her books, I was filled with a sad foreboding, that her education for this world at least, would be in vain.

I gathered up the scattered leaves of my essay and laid them in my desk and went out for my morning mail.

Half way to the office I met Helen, flushed and radiant, holding an open letter in her hand, which she had evidently just been reading.

"Ob, Amy!" she exclaimed the moment she caught sight of me, "Mother is coming to the exhibition after all, I'm so glad. The judge insisted upon it. Have you finished your essay yet? I wrote the last word of mine a quarter after twelve last night. I wish you would go over it with me Amy if you have time and give me the benefit of your criticism. My head has ached so lately that I fear I have not put my best work upon it. However I hope the faculty may consider it sufficiently good to place me on the list of speakers. It will be a dreadful ordeal to face that audience, but there is mother, you know. She would be so delighted."

"I'll run over awhile, this afternoon," I said, "and afterwards we can take that walk around Margeson's Lake, that we've so often planned. I feel as though I could walk a dozen miles in this bracing atmosphere."

Helen hurried to her room with the brightest, happiest expression upon her face that I had ever seen there.

My only mail that morning was a letter from my mother. She too, was coming to the exhibition, and the joy of joys, my Aunt Carrie was coming with her!

I had seen my mother's youngest sister but once, and that was when I was quite a child. One day I was sitting on the rug before the nursery fire, reading to my little sister some favorite story, when the door opened and my Aunt Carrie entered. She had just arrived on a visit from England.

I shall never forget the impression which the first sight of her gave me. Children have strange fancies sometimes, and, somehow Aunt Carrie's face as it looked that day has been associated in my mind, ever since, with the face of an angel. I looked upon her as nothing short of a fairy, for did she not write books and stories, like the very ones over which I loved to pore for hours at a time? When she patted my curly head and looked at me with those wonderful spirit-like eyes, a dream was formed in my mind, child as I was, that someday, I too, would be a writer of books.

I remember well how I cried, on the day that she left us. Ever since we had corresponded, and that tiny flame of literary

ambition, kindled so long ago, had grown and strengthened, until, let me say it after many years, with all due modestly, it became a star which has not yet set beneath the horizon of the literary world.

Five years before, Aunt Carrie had married an officer in the British Army and since that time had resided in India. I had heard many interesting stories of my uncle's romantic life,—of perils, adventures and hair breadth escapes without number, and I looked forward to meeting him with a great deal of pleasure.

My mother's letter contained another item, not without interest to a young girl's heart. Stowed away among Aunt Carrie's luggage was a beautiful India silk, destined for her niece Amy and just the thing for the "Junior."

From our class eight were to be selected by the faculty as the speakers of the evening, and as there were but two girls in the class, I confidently hoped that we might both be chosen.

I sat before the fire dreaming the dreams, glad dream of girlhood, until the bell called me to dinner.

In the afternoon I went to fulfil my promise to Helen and found her just putting away the remains of a frugal meal. Her face had lost none of its brightness, and I could not but admire more than ever, the strong, enthusiastic spirit which bore up so bravely amid such discouraging circumstances.

"Please be frank Amy and tell me just what you think of it," Helen said as she handed me the manuscript. "I have until to-morrow afternoon in which to revise it."

I read it through and laid it thoughtfully on the table. It was good, but as Helen had said, I knew she had not put her best work upon it. Those severe headaches were not inspiring to literary genius.

As I read it through a number of ideas occurred to me which I thought would tend to improve it. In its present form I was almost sure that among so many excellent essays it would stand very little chance of being selected. I thought rapidly for a few minutes, Helen meanwhile watching me anxiously. The result of my meditations were that two hours later found us still in Helen's room, two pens rapidly inscribing the thoughts of busy brains.

The trying ordeal of reading our productions before the faculty being over, we waited impatiently for their decision.

One morning as I was crossing the College square, I met one of my classmates.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Miss Stanley," he said, "your name is on the list of speakers."

"And Miss Arnold?" I asked.

"No, she has not been chosen. I'm sorry, but I can sympathize with her for I too have been passed over. Not that I regret it though. I would rather face a loaded cannon, than that audience."

I walked on, lost in thought.

"Poor Helen, how sorely disappointed she would be,—and the mother. No, it must not be."

The thought came to me. "Why not have her put on in my place?" Satan ever ready with his insidious suggestions, argued against my better impulse, but at length I came off conqueror.

As soon as possible I obtained an interview with the president, the result of which was, the dropping of my name from the list of speakers and the substitution of Miss Arnold's.

The next morning Helen met me with a radiant face, and told me what I already knew. Surely it was worth any little sacrifice I had made to witness her pleasure. She expressed regret that my name was not on the list, but when I assured her, and truthfully too, that I was glad of it, she seemed perfectly satisfied.

By 7.45 Friday evening the large audience room of the University brilliantly lighted, was thronged with eager, expectant faces. In tune to an inspiring march, came the steady tread of many feet and the President entered the Hall, followed by the professor, and a long line of juniors. They wound through the aisles, ascended the platform and as the last chords of the march sounded through the Hall, each was seated in his appointed place and the ceremonies began.

From where I sat, I looked eagerly around in search of my mother and aunt. They had not arrived until late that afternoon and I had barely had time to welcome them when I was called away to attend to some detail connected with the evening exercises.

Now I looked at the face that had been the inspiration of my childhood and found it more beautiful than ever. There were the same spiritual eyes, the broad open brow, and the soft waves of hair with just a tinge of gold in them.

My uncle was a handsome distinguished looking man of some five and thirty years. I studied his face attentively and was surprised to find how familiar it looked. My head was filled with romances and I was fond of imagining all kinds of scenes and incidents.

Suddenly it occurred to me that my uncle had the same name as my classmate Helen. Of course I had thought of it before, but somehow the coincidence struck me with new force that night, and yes, there was a wonderful resemblance between them. My brain was in a whirl. I felt that I was on the verge of some strange discovery.

Presently I realized that Helen was in the midst of her essay. Very fair and sweet she looked that night, her usually pale cheeks

flushed daintily pink under the excitement of the occasion.

As her mother too, had but just arrived, I had not met her, but I knew that somewhere in that large audience, a woman's heart was beating with motherly pride and joy. That thought took away the last regret that I was not to shine among the honored eight that night.

The remaining part of the exercises seemed interminably long. Never had essays been so dull, speeches so dry and music less inspiring.

The social hour or two which we afterwards passed at the home of one of the professors, dragged wearily by.

Naturally I was fond of society. But this night my heart burned with the excitement of a thought before which everything else paled, and I knew that there was no rest for me until I had ascertained whether or not my romance was true and not a mere fancy of my brain.

Early the next morning on my way to the hotel where my friends were staying I called for Helen. I found her with her mother engaged in packing her trunks.

Mrs. Arnold was a pale, worn little woman, but with one of the sweetest face I had ever seen. Time and care had indeed lined it with furrows but had also left there a beauty which no young face however fresh and blooming can ever possess.

At my earnest solicitation they agreed to postpone their packing and accompany me to the hotel. Just before we reached it I remarked as carelessly as I could. "By the way, Mrs. Arnold, my uncle's name is the same as your own and he too is from England. Possibly he may be some relation of yours."

"That is hardly possible, my child. Arnold is a very common name in England, and all my nearest kin have long since passed over the border."

We were now at the entrance to the hotel. I had just time to observe her furtively wipe away a truant tear, before I was clasped in my mother's arms.

And then a strange scene transpired. We were all gathered in the large reception room of the hotel. My mother was in the act of introducing my uncle to Mrs. Arnold, when her face became white as snow and she fell to the floor in a dead faint. For a time all was confusion. A doctor who happened to be passing the door, was called in, and after some moments succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. Her eyelids quivered and she murmured, "George, George, can it be he?"

"That was my father's name" said Helen and looked at my uncle, while her face grew red and then white by turns, while a strange expression of awe stole into her eyes.

I drew her to a distant part of the room and made her sit down for she was trembling so she could scarcely stand. "What is it Helen?" I asked.

"Your uncle, Amy. He is the very image of my father's picture which hangs in my mother's sitting room, only younger, much younger. Do you think it can be possible that he is my brother Jack? But no, they told us both had been lost. Yet stranger things have happened. Amy, what is your uncle's name?" "John," I said, "John Henry Arnold."

"It must be, it must be! No wonder my mother fainted,—a son returned from the dead! Oh, Amy, really it must be a dream, it is all so strange!"

We rose and crossed the room to the other group. But who can describe that scene? The sea had indeed given up its dead!

On Christmas eve, around a blazing wood fire in our sitting room at home a happy group were gathered. As the dancing fire light rose and fell, casting our faces now in light and now in shadow, and a raging storm without beat mildly against the windows, we listened to the tale of my uncle's life.

Shipwreck and rescue;—shipwreck again;—life on a desert island,—adventure in strange and unknown lands, and last but not least a soldier's life in the British army, united in forming a story of peril such as few have lived to relate.

As my uncle finished his tale, the great home clock pealed out the hour of twelve, and Christmas was once more with us. "Christmas, merry Christmas" passed from lips to lips, and from every heart rose a prayer of silent thanksgiving, that a mother had found a long lost son,—a sister, a long lost brother.

M. V. JONES.

Our Library.

BY THE LIBRARIAN.

The library of any educational institution must always be an object of interest to those who have the welfare of that institution at heart. No school that aspires to give a liberal education can hope to attain that most desirable end without the aid that comes from a well stocked and carefully selected library. In the case of a small college like Acadia a good library is a prime necessity. Under the conditions that obtain here specialization is practically impossible. The most that can be done successfully is to give such a course of mental training as shall prepare the student to enter upon the sterner activities

of life with awakened and energized powers that are controlled by a spirit of thoughtful catholicity. To produce such widening of the mental horizon, no means is more effectual than an acquaintance with what is best in the world of literature and thought; but to make this acquaintance the student is largely dependent upon his college library, and the quality of his scholastic acquirements will be determined to a considerable extent by the books he finds in that library.

Since the library has so important a future in the development of the student, it follows that whatever funds are devoted to the equipment of the library are spent in a way directly contributory to the advancement of the highest life of the college. Let us examine a few facts connected with the history and work of our own library and see what has been done here.

The library to-day contains between 10,000 and 11,000 volumes. These books are either purchases or gifts from private individuals, societies or governments. We have no disposition to depreciate the gifts made to the library, and yet to one familiar with the library and its work, the fact is apparent that the books most often used are as a rule those that have been bought. The working portion consists probably of not more than 3000 books, and is constantly changing as some works grow out of date and new ones are introduced.

Where has the money come from that has enabled the college for so many years to maintain the efficiency of the library? This question is important because the answer to it shows in a marked way how much good a small sum of money wisely invested can produce.

Some fifty years ago Jacob DeWolfe of Liverpool, N. S., left the college a legacy of £500 Nova Scotia currency to be invested for the benefit of the library. This investment has been known as the DeWolfe legacy fund. The income from this fund, varying from \$120.00 in earlier years to \$96.00 during the past few years has procured the larger part of the working portion of the library. The library records are not sufficiently complete to tell just what number of books have been added through this fund but a moderate estimate would put the number between 3000 and 4000 volumes. These books are among the best in the library. No money contributed to the college since its foundation has done more for the college than has that designated by the wise foresight of Jacob DeWolfe to the upbuilding of the library. Would that others might be led to imitate his thoughtful generosity!

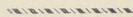
Of late the income from the DeWolfe legacy has been intrusted to the Senate to administer. Along with this the Governors of the college have granted the Senate the use of such net revenue as annually occurs from granting diplomas and certificates. In this way

the library committee has been able each year to spend altogether a sum of from \$150.00 to \$200.00. This money is all the college library can depend on for regular growth. To those who are unfamiliar with books and with the demands made by a wide-a-woke body of professors and students, the amount may seem sufficient; but to one who knows, how paltry the sum! Of the thousands and thousands of books that are yearly published, there are very many, of course, that we should never think of buying; but, after all the comparatively worthless have been excluded, there still remains a very large number of books that ought to be placed on our shelves each year. From this number, the most that we can do is to select a few of the best.

Fully one quarter of our income is necessarily spent on reviews and magazines that record the results of advancing thought and investigation. To bind the most serviceable of these reviews takes one eighth more from our scanty revenue, so that we have only about \$125.00 to lay out each year on new books and in making good the wear and tear of those already in the library.

Books suitable for library purposes range in price from fifty cents a volume for the smallest books to seven or eight dollars for the largest with an occasional volume at ten or twelve dollars. Accordingly from fifty to one hundred books a year is all that we can hope to get through our regular channel of supply. If the income of the library were increased by \$300.00 each year, we might get within hailing distance of the point we should reach to keep abreast of the times. As it is in the case of some of the higher priced books we are often forced to wait three or four years until the cheaper editions are bought out, and unfortunately, until the books have little more than an historical value. However, what books we do buy are standard works, and make a real addition to the working power of the library.

In a subsequent number we hope to give some notes concerning additions to the library that have been made lately.



The Late Judge Johnstone.

James William Johnstone, Judge of the District Court of Halifax who passed away to his rest in Heaven on the 19th of November at his home in Dartmouth, was the son of the late James William Johnstone Judge in equity of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. He was 77 years old at the time of his death. These judges were descendants of very distinguished families. John Lightenstone, and Elizabeth Lighten-

stone, their maternal ancestors, were natives of Cronstadt, an island near the mouth of the river Neva in Russia. This family came to England from Germany. The name was in that country spelled Lich-testein. One of this family found employment in the English Service which required his presence in America. He married in Georgia Catherine Delegal, a native of that Colony and who was by extraction a French Huguenot, whose grandfather was commandant of the Island of Jersey. Philip Delegal was lieutenant in the British Army. Their daughter Elizabeth married William Moreton Johnstone. The Judge in Equity, the father of the late Judge who has just passed away, was the son of these parents. The husband of Elizabeth Delegal, William Moreton Johnstone was compelled to be much of the time away from home as a commandant of a troop of dragoons during the Revolutionary War. He removed his wife for greater safety to Augustine, Florida, then a colony of Spain. The war closed and the property of the Loyalists was confiscated.

The Johnstone family are of Scotch descent. The grandfather of the late Judge of the District Court as already intimated was Captain of the New York Rangers during the Revolutionary war. His sons were Andrew, Lewis John, James William; and his daughters Catherine, Eliza and Laleah. The family after the war removed to Jamaica. The son, James William, the father of the subject of this notice, was sent to Scotland to be educated when he was eleven years old. When about sixteen years old he came to Nova Scotia, where he met his mother, his father in the meantime having died. This was in 1808. He was articled to his brother-in-law, T. R. Ritchie, M. P.P., of Annapolis as a student-at-law. He was admitted to the bar in 1813. He commenced practice at Kentville, Kings County. After a time he removed to Annapolis and finally settled down in Halifax. He united with the Baptists in 1827. His career as a lawyer and politician is well known. His first wife, Miss Almon, was the mother of the judge lately deceased.

The senior judge was one of the founders of Horton Academy and Acadia College. In early life the son heard much of these Institutions. His name is familiar in the list of Academy students of 1838. But it is probable that he began his studies in that institution two years earlier than this. He was one of the first students of the College. The class to which he belonged graduated in 1843. He never lost his interest in the schools at Wolfville. There he got his earlier mental and spiritual training. He was foremost in organizing the Associated Alumni. For many years he was a member of the Board of Governors and of the Senate. It was his delight to attend the Anniversaries of the College and Academy. His sympathy and money were given freely to these

institutions to which he felt himself greatly indebted. To attend the Baptist Associations and Conventions was always a delight to him. He was equally faithful in his own church while for many years he served as deacon. The pastors all speak highly of his kindness and sympathy. The generous hospitality learned under his father's roof was perpetuated in his own home. He was much attached to his wife and children, and made for them a home rich in all those elements which make the family life a most precious possession, and when it passes away a most sacred memory.

He was a careful student of law and his administration on the Bench was generally satisfactory to the Bar and to the interested part of the public.

His funeral on Thursday the 22nd of Nov. was largely attended. The Bench, the Bar and the public were well represented in the large congregation which filled the Baptist Church. Dr. Kempton the pastor presided. The Rev. Mr. Stewart, Presbyterian, read the Scriptures and prayed at the home. Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, Episcopalian, led in prayer at the church, after the reading of the Scriptures by the writer. Dr. Trotter represented the Institutions, and at the request of the pastor, spoke words befitting the occasion. The following are some of Dr. Trotter's utterances :—

“It is fitting that the college should be represented here to-day because of Judge Johnstone's direct and intimate connection with it throughout his life. He was cradled in devotion to the college. His father, the Hon. J.W. Johnstone, was the active founder of the college. Not only was he the head of the government which

GAVE TO THE BAPTIST PEOPLE

of this province their college charter, but as a public advocate of collegiate education under Christian auspices as the privilege and obligation of the Baptist churches, his influence was the paramount influence in bringing the college into existence. Having been born of such parentage and nurtured under such influence we are not surprised to find our brother who has just passed away registered at the age of seventeen among the first students at Acadia college. In 1843 he was graduated as a member of the first class sent forth from its halls. Having passed into public life his devotion to his alma mater continued unabated. As a member of the senate, and as a governor of the college, he rendered intelligent, unremitting, and highly valuable service through many years. At the annual celebrations his presence could be counted on. Even as late as a year ago last June, though becoming infirm with years, he was present at the commencement exercises, and consented to make a brief address.

“In view of these facts it will be seen that for sixty years past

Judge Johnstone's life has been interwoven with the life and work of Acadia college, and that it is most fitting that the college should note the passing of one of her most devoted sons. Reminding myself, then, that I am speaking in a representative capacity, that I am speaking for the alumni, for the senate, for the governors, for the professoriate, for the students, yes, and for all those interests throughout the land to which the college has so effectively ministered—speaking for these I pay my humble tribute to the cultured, simple, pure, honorable, and useful life which has just closed. Having paid this brief tribute, I go a step farther, and beg to extend to those who have been nearest and dearest to the departed, my congratulations. Does the word “congratulations” seem out of place on such an occasion? Surely it is not so. There is ground for congratulation in that the life which has vanished was spared so long, that it was not cut off in the early years, or even at the meridian, but was encompassed with the Divine care, and was continued until the years had reached their full measure. There is

GROUND FOR CONGRATULATION

also that these many years were filled with a quality of life which can be contemplated with thankfulness and satisfaction. Finally, there is ground for congratulation in the fact that being called to contemplate our brother's death, we are contemplating the death of a Christian. As the import of that word breaks over the mind of one who believes in the Christian verities how the soul lifts up herself and exults! When I say “Christian” I am not thinking of a nominal Christian who merely wears that name as one might wear any other external badge, I am thinking of a man who by the grace of the Divine Spirit has become sensible of the sinfulness of sin, of the leprosy of his own heart, and who also by the same Spirit has been brought to the apprehension and acceptance by the faith of the redeeming grace of God in our Lord Jesus Christ, a man who has become possessed of a new Divine life through the gospel of the Son of God, and in whom that life reigns unto righteousness. If what Dr. Kempton has said about that beautiful hymn of Horatius Bonar's is true, if our departed brother loved that hymn as a confession of his own faith, and, day by day as he faced the end, asked for the reading of it, and could rejoice in its sentiments, he was a Christian in the sense which I have described, and we are contemplating in truth the death of a Christian. As we do this, and then turn our thoughts to the future, what great words come to us out of the past to transfigure this scene? The poet sings:

“There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.”

That is literal truth in respect to the Christian, for the Lord Jesus said : 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live ; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' Then there are those other great words of Christ, just quoted in the prayer of our brother, 'In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you ; I go to prepare a place for you, And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' And those other great words of the apostle, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Aye it is a Christian's death we are contemplating, and that means 'gain.' It means the perfecting of knowledge, the open vision of God, the seeing no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face ; it

MEANS COMPLETE EMANCIPATION

from the presence and power of sin ; it means perfect conformity to the image of the Holy One ; it means eternal service under the sinless and exalted conditions of the heavenly life. Instead of congratulations being out of place when a Christian dies, if the Christian verities are verities indeed, it is a supreme occasion for just that thing.

"I am well aware, however, that if faith be ever so strong in the things of Christ, and those things of which I have spoken be most surely believed, the exultancy of a time like this will be an exultancy mixed with sorrow. When a life inexpressibly dear to an immediate circle of friends, a life with which their own has been closely interwoven, is removed, and instead of a full, constant, radiating presence, there is left only an empty chair and the sense of irreparable loss, sorrow is inevitable ; and so while I bring my tribute, and my congratulations, I bring also a message of tender and heartfelt sympathy, praying that in the hearts of the bereaved the comforts of God may abound."

Dr. Kempton paid his tribute of respect to the departed in words testifying to his devotion to his church and kindness to his family and to him as pastor.

Judge Johnston will be much missed by a host of friends, but most of all by his family and church.

E. M. SAUNDERS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Athenæum,

DEAR SIR :—Some months ago much enthusiasm was shown in what was to be known as the "Student's Building." For the purpose of bringing the matter before the united student body of the Academy and College, a meeting convened in College Hall on May 10th, 1899.

After discussing the feasibility of the scheme, it was unanimously resolved "to undertake the erection of a building for the use of the various student organizations of the University. The building to contain an Assembly Room for Students' meetings and debates, Y. M. C. A. Parlours, Reading Room, Editor's Sanctum, etc."

To raise the necessary funds each student was to help with a voluntary private subscription and during the vacations to collect from friends of the College as much as possible.

Without doubt many others besides the writer would like to know what is the present condition of the "fund," and about what each class has done. Could not the committee who have charge of this matter furnish us with such facts. What should be the attitude, toward this object, of the present undergraduates who for the most part will not be directly benefitted by the building? What should be the feeling toward it of the graduates? These are questions for each one to settle for himself or herself. But dispose of these as you may, one thing is certain, that there is great need of such a building. One has only to go into the Reading Room to see this. The "Athenæum" and Propylæum societies both meet in the College. This is also the case with the A. A. A. A., and Y. M. C. A., while the Bible study classes meet in Chipman Hall.

When the proposed building is completed, it will serve as a centre for these and other organizations and something which the students will find of great service in their College life.

This requires and deserves the hearty support of all, both student and Alumni friends of the College.

Thanking you Mr. Editor for the space taken,

I am yours &c.,

QUAERENS.

Windsor Junction.

Here, at the change of ways, the steel steed halts,
The train stands still, and weary travellers gaze
On what appears to be a wilderness
Of barren rocks, grim, desolate, and stern.
"What place is this," they ask, "so bleak and bald?
Here surely are the bones of Earth laid bare;
The gaunt frame of this time-worn world!" Such words,
Contempt infused, are heard from jeering lips,
But the drear wayside maketh no reply.
Yet look! the train moves on; the funnel snorts,
And rocks fling echoes on the trembling air;
From the new point of sight the scoffer sees
Deep pools of water bosomed in the waste—
Calm ponds reflecting Heaven's own lovely blue,
With gray rocks, verdure-touched, around their brinks.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS,

—From *A Treasury of Canadian Verse*

Acadia Athenæum.

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The Students are strongly urged to patronize our Advertisers.

The Elections. In any country in which representative and responsible government obtains a general election must be an event of national importance. This is especially so in a country like Canada, where both the legislative and the executive functions are so quickly responsive to the expressed will of the people. Whether the present system of selecting representatives to govern the country for us is the best that can be devised may well be questioned. Yet it seems the best that has thus far been discovered and it fulfils its purpose in proportion as all men realize the responsibility which attaches to the exercise of the franchise.

Within a short time elections have been held in the United States, in Great Britain, and in Canada. The results of those elections are well known to all our readers. In each country the prevailing prosperity was no doubt a factor that contributed to the success of the existing government. In the first two countries at least the question of Imperialism was a distinct issue. On the whole we may say that the result of the elections does not seem unfavorable to the cause of Anglo-Saxon unity and the extension of Anglo-Saxon influence.

A few words in regard to the contest in Canada may not be out of place. In no previous election, perhaps, have the two political parties been so nearly agreed on all great questions of policy. The struggle was based largely upon details of administration. A most reprehensible feature of the campaign was the wide use of personalities. Yet this

may have been the natural result of the pettiness of the issues involved. If the party press and the campaign orators are to be credited the leaders of either political party are utterly unfit for the positions they hold, their rascality being equalled only by their incompetence. But in spite of this we are slow to believe that in uprightness and ability our public men have degenerated or are in any way below the average. Surely to all right thinking men a better type of political journalism would be more satisfactory.

While many good men will take their seats in the House at the opening of parliament, the friends of temperance throughout the Dominion will regret the defeat of Mr. McClure of Colchester, N. S., who has been a life-long and consistent supporter of the temperance cause. Like regret will be felt at the defeat of Dr. McLeod in York, N. B., and Dr. Weldon in Albert, N. B., each of whom almost won a victory against heavy odds. Dr. McLeod is closely connected with Acadia, having received the degree of D. D. from this University in 1886. He has long been known as a most fearless advocate of Prohibition, as well as one of its ablest. Dr. Weldon is a man of spotless character and exceptional ability. Dr. Gordon of Pine Hill in speaking before the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. Convention expressed his belief that no man in Canada had done so much to raise the standard of political morality as had Dr. Weldon and the storm of applause which followed the statement showed how fully those who knew him well agreed with that opinion. The defeat of such men must be a loss to the public life of the whole Dominion and was a disappointment to others than those who worked and voted for them.

**The retire-
ment of
Sir Charles.**

The retirement of Sir Charles Tupper from the leadership of the Conservative party is a not unforeseen result of the election. For the last thirty-five years he has been a prominent figure in the public life of the Dominion. Since the death of Sir John A. Macdonald he has been the most prominent figure in Canadian political life. His strongest enemies (for he had strong enemies as well as strong friends) were compelled to acknowledge his conspicuous ability. How large a place he has filled in the history of his country cannot now be estimated. This can be determined only by the perspective of time. But it can be no small place, even to the most distorted vision. And now, as in his old age he decides to withdraw from the turmoil of politics to enjoy a well-earned rest, his former foes and his many friends unite in wishing that the years of quietness which he shall be permitted to enjoy may be neither few nor unsatisfying.

**The Entrance
to College Hall.**

We note with interest the discussion which a short time ago was carried on in the columns of our local exchange in respect to this subject. It must be conceded that the facilities for rapid exit are somewhat meagre, and if a fire should break out on other occasion of panic while the Hall was crowded—as it always is at the Anniversary exercises—some serious inconvenience, if not positive danger, might arise. That such a thing will ever occur is highly improbable. Still it is not pleasant to contemplate even the possibility of such an occurrence, and we believe that it is a matter which the Board of Governors should take into consideration. So while we may not agree with Mr. Logan as to how the difficulty may be obviated, and may think that the bridge which he proposes would be a somewhat unsightly addition to the college building, still we feel that he deserves a vote of thanks for having called attention to the matter.

Moreover, in behalf of the student body as a whole, we wish to disclaim all responsibility for the articles with the pseudonym 'A College Friend' attached, which appeared in reply to Mr. Logan. Though we are by no means perfect and though our peccadilloes are often a source of annoyance to the people of the town and are with justice severely censured, yet no student, we believe, whose mental equipment is sufficient for the production of such articles, would so far forget the courtesy which is due to one gentleman from another. We would remind our self-styled 'friend' that ridicule and sarcasm can never take the place of argument, at least in the minds of men who think. We hope that the University has not many 'friends' if such articles are the result and evidence of their attachment.

During the summer a notable addition has been made to the Library through the munificence of the heirs of the late Dr. Cramp. With the exception of a few books the entire residue of Dr. Cramp's splendid library was presented to the college. This means an addition of at least two thousand volumes.

There has also been received from Dr. M. C. Smith of Lee Hall, Lynn, Mass. a collection of coins which will be placed in the museum. This is an example which may well be commended to the notice of graduates and friends of the college generally. By such timely gifts, even though the individual contributions may be small, the interest and utility of our museum will be greatly enhanced.

Several complaints have reached us in regard to the inferior quality of the paper and cover used in the issue for November. No blame for this attaches to the editors, nor, except in a very small degree to

the printer. The disturbed condition of the paper market made it impossible to match the paper used last year without long delay. So a choice had to be made between poor stock on the one hand, and no issue on the other. So serious has been the trouble that this issue is delayed waiting for suitable paper, and even now no suitable cover paper could be procured. However we are confident that next month the difficulty will be conquered.

In another matter of complaint that has been called to our notice the printer was not so free from blame. The binding of the last issue was done in a very unworkmanlike manner, for which someone in the printer's office was responsible. We can assure our subscribers that such a thing will not occur again.

The attention of the students and others is called to some new features in this number. The Notes from the Seminary and Academy we hope to make permanent, giving a regular space to news from these affiliated schools. The same may be said in regard to "Our Library" column. Also if found practicable, one or more cartoons from the pen of our college cartoonist will be published each month. These changes should make the paper of greater interest to the students, and those who are not already subscribers should see that their names are added to the Business-Manager's list as soon as possible.

Several requests have been received asking for the publication of the lecture delivered by Prof. Haycock in College Hall on the evening of Oct. 8th. We are glad to be able to state that the above lecture has been received for publication in the January issue. Everyone who had the pleasure of listening to it when delivered will wish to obtain it for more leisurely enjoyment. Subscription to the Athenæum may commence with the January number, continuing to the last of the college year for seventy-five cents. Without doubt the subscription list should contain the name of every student of the University.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* comes to us in a new and badly-needed coat. We thank Editor Cumming and staff for the simple but artistic changes they have made. The old cover with its custard-pie complexion was garish, obtrusively vulgar, and not in any way fitted to the dignity of a college journal—or at least to a paper of such indubitable merit as the one in question. But (if we may speak a word of mild censure where reproof on any point is impossible) the *Gazette* is too formal

and restricted in its monthly menu. A few choice and savory dishes served up by more experienced artists than can be found within the student body would add something to its attractiveness. The number however is excellent throughout.

October's *McMaster University Monthly* is a Rand memorial number. Strong tributes to the dead scholar and poet from the pens of E. M. Saunders, T. Trotter and R. C. Mathews, deal felicitously with the various phases of Dr. Rand's character and work. The poetic muse also laments her favoured child. One short poem on Dr. Rand we beg leave to quote: a literary gem of some beauty, graceful, unstilted, and not too much hampered by the political machinery:

"Himself a singer by another thrilled,
Silent for years—content attuning souls
To vibrate to the laureate voice which filled
His heart. As sacred music rolls

Thro' arching nave, so memory's temple keeps
The sound of his low tones, as while he told
Of blest Avilion (and now he sleeps
With his loved poet), where's nor rain nor cold.

But ere he passed, the song of silent years
Burst forth. Life's twilight called no notes of pain
From that clear heart, but gladdened listening ears
Which he had wakened with another's strain."

Miss Blanche Bishop (Acadia, '86) also comes out in the *Monthly* with a more pretentious but less musical poem to the McMaster Bard. Miss Bishop is a bit of a mystic; she sings in an impenetrable fog of words. But no doubt the poem is a good one and some day, perhaps, we shall get Miss Bishop to tell us all about it.

Only one paper from over the border has come to us—not a very good one either, somewhat trite indeed, but we notice it as a matter of international courtesy. The *Bates Student* is a good specimen of printer's art but not what one would call an intellectual picnic. Too big a place is given to the short story; crudely constructed figures limp feebly across the pages. And there is nothing else of any moment. Miss Irving's paper on *Abraham Lincoln* is rather good in its way but the style is a little 'highfaluten'. Also we have heard about Mr. Lincoln before.

The *Presbyterian College Journal* is more than a rude chronicle of student life. No exchange which reaches our table exhibits the same high standard of excellence, nor will any so liberally remunerate the mental effort (in this case not small by any means) required for the appropriation of its riches. A paper by Rev. J. F. McLaren entitled "Does God answer prayer?" merits special notice; a well-packed article, bulging with hard solid logic, thought-bred and a thought-breeder, it solicits more than the shy squint which well-fed students (with brains,

stomachs, but seldom souls) are apt to bestow upon subjects of a theological tendency. "Talks about Books," (a staple article) is also worth the attention of a busy man, both for the superior quality of the material and the crisp vigour of the style.

Upper Canada Journals make a fine appearance. The *Ottawa Review* is as artistic and egotistic as usual. Its little world (a very neat well-kept little world to be sure) is compassed by the College palings. *Queen's University Journal* is chiefly remarkable for the excellent finish of its engravings. "It is our intention" remarks the Editor, "to reserve at least four pages of each issue for engravings. In this way any deficiency in the quality of reading matter will be more than counterbalanced by the illustrations." We do not hold with Editor Anthony. Pictures are pleasant things; but no amount of artistic finish can gloss over a weak letter-press. Beauty and frailty make a poor couple; beauty and strength go well together.

So far the *Argosy* has steered a good course under its new Jason. It is readable from start to finish. We are glad to see that Mount Allison boys do not forget the brave lad who sleeps beneath the South African veldt; Harold Borden received his bachelor degree from the Sackville University and the tribute paid him in the October *Argosy* is a timely one. Borden was a true gentleman and a gallant soldier. Mount Allison does well to be proud of him.

Other exchanges to hand: McGill Outlook, Kings College Record, The University Monthly, Excelsior, Manitoba College Journal, O. A. C. Review, Niagara Index.

De Alumnis.

A. H. Hay, '99, has a good position in the Bank of Nova Scotia at Woodstock, N. B.

Ernest R. Morse, '87, is taking the M. A. course in Higher Mathematics at Harvard University.

A. L. Davison, LL. B., '97, has recently gone to Middleton, N. S., to take charge of the law office of Roscoe & Dunlop.

A. S. Burns, '98, is registered as a student in the Department of Medicine at McGill University, taking the second year work.

A. L. Dodge, '99, after pursuing his studies in Higher Mathematics and Physics at Harvard for a year, has secured a good position as teacher of Mathematics in a private school in California.

P. W. Gorden, '98, is meeting with good success in Journalism in his position on the staff of the Saint John Sun.

Frank L. Cann, '00, who was mentioned in our last issue as being at his home, is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Middleboro, Mass.

Churchill L. Freeman, '97, is one of the most promising young lawyers of Lunenburg Co., being a member of the popular firm of McLean and Freeman of Bridgewater, N. S.

I. B. Crombie, '92, is principal of Sydney Academy, C. B. He was appointed to this position rather more than a year ago, and reports from the thriving town of Sydney ascribe to Mr. Crombie great praise for the excellent work being done under his principalship.

A fashionable and pretty wedding took place at Lower Economy, Colchester Co. on Oct. 10th. when Rev. F. E. Roop, '92, pastor of Economy, Bass River, and Five Island Baptist churches was married to Miss Clara Maie Soley, of the first mentioned place. The officiating clergyman was Rev. O. N. Chipman, '92, of Great Village. The ATHENÆUM joins with hosts of friends in very hearty congratulations and best wishes.

Chas. E. Seaman, '92, has recently been appointed to the chair of History and Economic Science in Vermont University, Burlington, Vt. Mr. Seaman took his M. A. degree from Harvard in '99, after which he made an extensive tour of the world as companion to a wealthy young Harvard graduate. The ATHENÆUM congratulates Mr. Seaman upon his appointment, and extends to him its best wishes for success in his new field of labor.

Dr. J. B. Hall, '73, teacher of History of Education, and Method in Language and History at the Provincial Normal School, Truro, N. S., has been granted a year's leave of absence that he may more thoroughly equip himself for his important work in connection with his department of the Normal School. Dr. Hall is at present in Edinburgh where he will spend most of the year under the able instruction of Prof. Laurie, one of the ablest British Educationists.

W. M. MacVicar, '72, was appointed in May last to a responsible and influential position as Head Master in one of the best schools in Cambridge, Mass. Mr. MacVicar held for nine years the position of Principal in the County Academy at Annapolis Royal, and it was with deep regret on the part of the citizens of that place that in July '98 he tendered his resignation to further pursue his studies at Harvard where he received the degree of M. A. with high honors in '99.

NOTES.

From the Seminary.

The work in all departments is encouraging. There are at present about 95 students taking work at the Seminary. Of these, 50 board in the building. This number will no doubt be much larger after the Christmas holidays.

The three new teachers, who were added to the staff this year to fill the vacancies caused by the resignations of Prof. Siebelts, Miss Hall, and Miss Ashtenau, are satisfying the most critical. Prof. Max Weil the new teacher in Violin, has appeared before Halifax audiences a few times, and at each appearance has received an ovation. Miss Drue, the teacher in Vocal Culture, comes to us from Boston, having spent ten years there in study, during which time she sang in some of the leading churches in that city. Miss Brown, the teacher of Elocution and Physical Culture, is a graduate of the Boston School of Expression, at which institution she also took a post-graduate course. She also spent two years in successful teaching at Allentown, Pa. To these new teachers the ATHENÆUM extends a hearty welcome on behalf of the student body.

Miss Gillmore, Director of Piano, spent the summer in Germany taking advanced musical studies. The Vice-Principal, Miss Johnson, spent her vacation at her home in Providence, R. I. Miss McLeod (French and German) had the pleasure of a trip to the Pacific Coast.

A short time ago the Seminary was visited by G. U. Hay, of St. John, and Rev. C. H. Martell of Canard, who expressed themselves as highly pleased with the methods used and the character of the work done.

From the College.

The students as a whole are steadily taking up the work of the year with more than usual interest and earnestness. The enrolment at present is 137, distributed as follows: Seniors, 34; Juniors, 29; Sophomores, 48; Freshmen, 26. This number will be increased before the year closes.

Of the students who have this year registered for the first time nine are taking Sophomore work, thus giving us a total enrolment of new students of 35. Ten out of the twenty-six in the Freshman class prepared for college at the Academy.

As might be expected a majority of all the students enrolled come from the province of Nova Scotia. The exact figures are: 93 from N. S.; 34 from N. B.; 6 from P. E. I. and 4 from the United States; A census according to religious affiliations shows that there are in the

college 117 Baptists, 7 Free Baptists, 5 Methodists, 3 Presbyterian, 3 Episcopalians, 1 Congregationalist, and 1 Roman Catholic.

At present there are enrolled 25 students who purpose entering the Baptist ministry. Eighteen of these are in the two upper classes. In the Sophomore and Freshman classes there are seven ministerial students out of an enrollment of 74. In past years the proportion has been about one to three. These are only statistics but they are eloquent ones and bear striking testimony to a condition of Baptist churches throughout these provinces which may well cause serious thought. The fact that only 12 out of the 26 members of the Freshman class are professed Christians is another index of the state of affairs in the churches from which these students have come. The college can in no way be held responsible for these things since these student have least felt the influence of the life here. We know that similar conditions are found in other places and among other denominations, but that does not at all improve the situation. It demands consideration on the part of the pastors and church workers generally throughout these provinces.

From the Academy.

The Academy classes are still conducted in the college building. It is hoped though that before long the much needed improvements may be made whereby the Academy will have its own class-rooms. At a recent meeting of the Board of Governors it was decided that during the Christmas holidays Principal Brittain spend some time laying the matter before the churches. Perhaps no one is better fitted for this work than Mr. Brittain, and we believe that with increased knowledge of the needs will come a ready response to the appeal for the necessary money.

In reply to a request for some information in regard to the work of the Academy the Principal has kindly handed us the following:

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I suppose that when you asked me to write something about the Academy, you intended my notes to be rather statistical than otherwise. If therefore you do not find anything which appeals to the esthetic and poetic side of human nature, you will be able to explain that fact without supposing that nothing could be written about the humble institution on the margin of the campus which would so appeal. The architectural beauty, the modern conveniences, and the classic atmosphere of the Academy Home, render such a thought impossible!

As to the numbers we are very well off this year. Forty-four students are in residence, while the total number of students enrolled is sixty-five. The Manual Training department is in an exceedingly flourishing condition and numbers among its pupils several of the college boys. We would that there were more.

Already applications for rooms are coming in from students who intend to come next term, so that we expect to be very full indeed after Christmas, though not so full that we cannot hold more.

The Senior Class numbers thirty, of whom twenty-four are taking the full course. Acadia will probably receive from the academy a much larger quota of students than it did last year.

Trusting that these facts will be of interest at least to the old boys of the academy now attending the college. I am

Yours,

H. L. BRITTAIN.

The Month.

Editors: O. B. KEDDY AND MISS B. M. McMILLAN.

The fall term is always characterized by more or less interest and excitement in connection with sports, more particularly with football. One of the most important matches of the season was played in Wolfville on the afternoon of October 26, between Truro and Acadia. Mr. McKenzie of Dalhousie College refereed the game to the entire satisfaction of both teams. Good playing was done by both sides and the result was 3 to 0 in favor of Acadia.

“Blessings never come singly” and on the evening of the football victory the students assembled in the Hall to attend the reception given by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. The guests were received by Mr. Freeman, President of Y. M. C. A., and Miss Colpitts, Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. The Hall was prettily decorated and the usual merry-go-round seemed to be the principal feature in the entertainment of the evening. Unfortunately the young men outnumbered the young ladies present and thus were obliged to resort to the somewhat novel method of asking *themselves* the queries “Is this your first reception, etc.?” The national anthem brought to a close the very pleasant evening.

The term football has already appeared in this column but one match does not necessarily exhaust that subject. The game between Acadia and Mt. Allison was played also in Wolfville on the afternoon of November 8. A large number of students and town people collected on the campus to witness the match which was quite exciting. Some of the fair occupants of the grand stand manifested their enthusiasm by practising their gymnastic exercise of jumping up and down and by even venturing to add their sonorous voices when the College yell was given in appreciation of a good play by Acadia. Mt. Allison has a splendid team and the result was 10 to 5 in her favour.

An interesting event of the month was the return of the Biograph to Wolfville. That a good impression had been left by its former visit was evinced by the large crowd which assembled in College Hall on Saturday evening November 3rd. Every available seat was sold once and in a good many cases twice, and even standing room was at a premium. Although many of the pictures were not as distinct as might have been desired yet they were very interesting and instructive as well as amusing. Among the more attractive may be mentioned the various glimpses of real soldier life in South Africa. Mention may be made of that part of the entertainment rendered by the manager as a supplement to the moving pictures. His selections, consisting of readings, songs, etc., were received with hearty applause. That he will long be remembered is evident from the persistent efforts of the "Chip Hallers" to reproduce some of his musical strains.

Acadia played her final football match of the season at Halifax on the afternoon of November 14. Although most of her players were new men and although she had played but two matches previously, yet she would not give up the idea of matching with Dalhousie. Accordingly the football team in company with a good representation of other students took the morning train for Halifax, we must add, with very grave fears as to the result of the game. The opposing teams lined up on the Wanderers' grounds at 2 p. m.

<i>Acadia.</i>		<i>Dalhousie.</i>
COREY	FULL BACK	CAMPBELL
STEELE	} HALF BACKS	{ COCK
A. BOGGS		{ HEBB
L. EATON		{ SLAYTER
T. H. BOGGS		{ CAMERON
REYNOLDS	} QUARTER BACKS	{ STAIRS
HALEY		{ McLEOD
BURDETT	} FORWARDS	{ RHODES
CANN		{ HALL
RICHARDSON		{ LINDSAY
JONES		{ A. YOUNG
GOODSPEED		{ L. YOUNG
THOMAS		{ MURRAY
KEDDY		{ CUMMINGS
DICKSON		{ MALCOLM

The afternoon was beautiful but owing to a heavy rain during the morning the grounds were very slippery. Quite a strong wind prevailed throughout the game. Dalhousie won the toss and defended the windward goal during the first half in which she scored a try and converted it into a goal. In the second half, Acadia, urged on by the cheers

from her supporters, pressed the opponents hard, keeping the ball constantly with one or two exceptions in Dalhousie's territory and several times carrying it dangerously near their line, but failing to make a try before the whistle blew for "time." Score 5 to 0 in favour of Dalhousie. Mr. Hunt of Halifax refereed the game satisfactorily to both teams. Captain McCurdy of Acadia and Mr. McKenzie of Dalhousie were touch judges. The team left Halifax on the same evening feeling well satisfied with the gentlemanly manner in which the game was played.

Everybody who is acquainted with the circumstances at Acadia must realize the disadvantage under which she must struggle. Having no near teams with which to compete, her chances for improving, either from observation or experience, are very slim. Would it not be a good idea to join the Haligonian league and thus put ourselves on a more nearly equal footing with our neighboring friends.

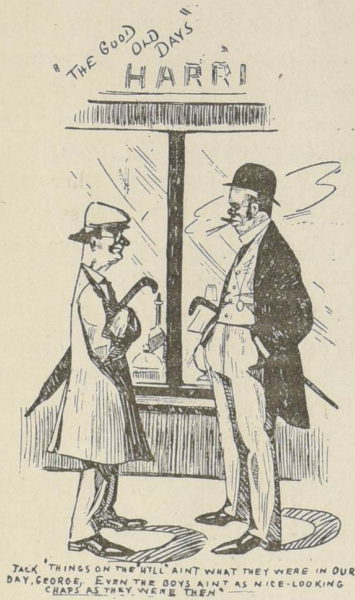
Although the College girls do not as yet, play football no one will say that they do not take a lively interest in the game. That they do is evident from the loyal manner in which they make their presence on the campus felt, when a match is to be played. At the end of the season their interest took a practical turn in the form of an At Home in College Hall, November 15, to the football team and officers of the Athletic Association. The Hall was very neatly attired. After a brief conversation all were introduced to the quaint old game of "Jenkins" in which all joined with heart and *hands*. During several intermissions we were favoured with readings by Miss Lina Burgess and Messrs Borden and W. Jones. Then came the more substantial entertainment, after which toasts were proposed to our Queen by Miss Coldwell, and responded to by chorus "God save our Queen;" to the A. A. A. A., the policeman, "the black eyes" the football team, Faculty, and Alma Mater, by Miss Edith Rand, Miss Muriel Haley, Miss M. Crandall, Miss Adele McLeod, Miss Logan and Miss Pearson, and responded to by T. R. Faulkner, W. K. Haley, F. G. Goodspeed, Capt. McCurdy, Professor C. C. Jones, and Professor Haley respectively. A toast then proposed to the College girls by W. I. Hutchinson was responded to by Mr. Borden. The evening's entertainment closed with singing of familiar songs. Having ended with "Auld Lang Syne" all felt that they were saying Goodnight after a very pleasant and enjoyable evening.

Is the world really growing better or worse? Judging from the headlines and comments of some of our daily papers, one would at first sight think that the students of Acadia had by a carefully conceived plot almost succeeded in annihilating the town of Wolfville, but had been, at the last minute, by Her Majesty's officers, very cleverly detected in their dastardly work. We rejoice to say that the affair is

not so stupendous as this; however to the students it is a matter of no small import. We do not claim to be perfect. Far from it. But when nine of our number are charged with breaking the civil law and are summoned to appear at court, it is time to wake up, and wake up we did. And appear at court we did; but in a manner somewhat surprising we think to the administrators of the law. We were charged with walking in a group on the sidewalk so as to obstruct the free passage for foot-passengers. Well, the boys did parade the sidewalk, but strange to say, although they met a number of persons, they proved an obstruction to no one but the policeman. Another very strange circumstance, but equally true, is that one of the nine seen by the policeman was not in the crowd at all. We walked over the sidewalk in a crowd; we had done so many times before, on our return from foot-ball matches, and have even had the audacity to occupy the whole of the sidewalk; but we supposed it was not a crime so long as we interfered with no one. Again we might mention a certain part of the sidewalk of our fair town where certain persons, and not students either, seem to have no difficulty in occupying all or nearly all of the space allotted to foot passengers and even to the annoyance of passers by. If the town authorities thought they would be doing a deed of charity for the students, by making an example of some of them, let us suggest that charity might possibly have begun nearer home. It does not seem reasonable to us that the policeman would have been so anxious to show his authority over the students, had he not been advised, by his employers, to take advantage of the slightest provocation. Whether in giving such advice, the instigators have acted wisely or not, is a matter for each person to decide for himself. We have come to the conclusion that wisdom, in that respect, could not be named among their more prominent attributes; and we know in this we are voicing the sentiments of many of the best citizens of Wolfville. And now the students must stand another and even greater surprise. No unprejudiced person could have heard all the evidence, given on this case, before the stipendiary magistrate, without feeling that the defendants had made a clear case. On one side was the evidence of the policeman; on the other, the evidence of students in the crowd, of students not in the crowd, and of citizens. Which shall be taken? From the verdict it is very evident which *was* taken. Nor can anyone be surprised that the students felt they had received grave injustice at the hands of the dispenser of the law? It is a great misfortune that this trouble has arisen between the civil authorities and the students. Now that it has, we are going to have the opinion of one, who, from an unprejudiced standpoint, will view the affair as it is. Then will we be satisfied; but not until then.

Sharps and Flats.

Editors: B. S. COREY AND MISS M. V. CRANDALL.



The most popular College anthem:—The cop came over the mountain.

Prof. in Geology to Sl—p:—
How was trap-rock formed on the North Mountain?

Sl—p:—Don't know Prof., wasn't there.

Found in the Gym,—Two hair pins, one side comb, one set false teeth and a small red ribbon. Owners can have same by applying to the Instructor, and proving property.

Some of the College girls were very much startled when a certain lady addressed one of their number with this question: “Miss E—s do you board at Mrs. Currie's”?

Prof. in Math:—What's the reciprocal of Secant I?

Y—t—s:—I can't see.

First Sem:—Mr. Tingley's moustache makes me laugh.

Second Sem:—Yes, it tickles me too.

Mr. Denton appears to be very much interested in a study of Spencer's Faerie Queen.

Why did Sipprell get off the front of the train when he came from Kentville the other Saturday afternoon?

J—n—s (after football reception) They proposed a toast to the policeman.

Mercy:—I guess it will be egg on toast.

Although “Jenkins up” was the favourite amusement at the football reception, one of the Juniors seemed very much interested in a game of *dodge*. The reason of this is beyond our *ken*.

"E pluribus unum" exclaimed the Soph. when he lifted a hair out of the butter.

Appropriate extract from a recent sermon:—"The boat *slipped* down the river Floss."

Dr. Jones.—(giving derivations of torques) Tortuous, torture, and Tarte, which we have in the house.

As the cop has a few more summonses on hand, these can be obtained at the College Office by anyone desiring.

Thomas receiving his *sheepskin* in the Dr's. office and spying the Cop exclaimed,—What does he wear that badge for and will it shoot?

Things have changed.—Only the other day he was a shy bashful freshman, who wouldn't look toward the Seminary for money. Now he is a mighty Senior, wears sidelights and buys one cent stamps by the hundred.

It is agreed by fifteen Seminary girls, that a certain new Sophomore be reminded that "variety is the spice of life," even in the case of conversations at receptions. Advice: Leave "'ittle 'tones and big 'tones'" for class discussion.

Vice-principal to principal of Sem. at 2 a. m.:—All the Chip Hall boys are in the Seminary.

Principal:—How do you know?

Vice-principal:—They are giving that awful yell of theirs.

Scipio Sophomorus (to Sem at reception) Is this your first year?

Sem:—Yes.

Sop:—I also am new here. Believing I ought to do all the good I can, I am studying for the ministry.

Sem. (rising to the full height of her dignity) do you think I look very green?

Scipio Sophomorus retires in search of greener pastures where the herbage is more in accordance with his taste.

We have heard of the Free Masons and Oddfellows but it now becomes our painful duty to chronicle another society—The Antishavers. A few days ago a goodly number of the upper class men met in a coal-closet and decided to form this Society upon a mutual and solid basis. The constitution reads as follows:—

Whereas, the practice of shaving consumes much valuable time; and

