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THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow.
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow!
Even in the very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methinks, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

The Fact of Christ.

BY W. N. HUTCHINS, M. A.

Few facts are so thoroughly established as the fact of Christ. Yet, so significant and serious, so pressing and personal is the fact of Christ, that it calls for a frequent baring of its moral and historical basis. Moreover, recent New Testament criticism has challenged the fact of Christ and forced the battle by concentrating its forces about the historical Jesus. Believers have imagined that they had through the Gospels direct access to the Christ of history, but recent criticism claims to have closed forever that door of access. In the second volume of the *Encyclopedia Biblica* Dr. Schmiedel leaves us with an historical fact of Christ that is no more than a thing of shreds and patches; while

Dr. Bruce gives little or no ground for regarding Jesus as being historically more than a lofty teacher or noble healer. In Moffat's "The Historical New Testament," the method is different, but the result is not far removed from that of Cheyne, Bruce and Schmiedel. Of course the historical existence of Christ is not questioned; that lies secure beyond the reach of the critic's knife or denial. But instead of the Creator in the hands of these critics Christ becomes a creation of Christianity, the fair dream of imaginative and loving hearts. As day by day we have turned with reverent fingers the pages of our New Testament we have read with the belief that Christ was the Creator of the early Christians. Not so, say these scholars. The evangelists were not intentional deceivers, but rather than the early Christians being a creation of Christ, Christ is a creation of the early christians, the product of apostolic devotion, with every color in the character of the historical Jesus greatly heightened and enriched under love's imaginative touch. There is no denial of the fact of Christ, but a denial that we know the fact, a claim that the fact of Christ is buried beneath oriental imagination and apostolic devotion.

The issue thus raised, as every Biblical scholar well knows, is not new; it is as old as Straus, Bauer and Renan. But though not new it is most urgent and of immeasurable moment. Be not mistaken. There is no side issue, no questions of secondary consideration. There is the heart at the heart of the battle; for either Christ, as we know Him, is a fact, or Christianity, as we have it, is false. Other alternative there is absolutely none. The heart of Christianity is Christ or Christianity has no heart and is hollow. With the fact of Christ, Christianity lives or dies, and the aim of this paper is to lay bare once more the moral and historical basis of the fact of Christ. Nor shall we need to seek that basis outside of Christ himself. Christ is His own defense, and neither the manuscripts which contain, nor the men who wrote this record, require apology beyond Him.

Before our task is begun, however, and we attempt to show that in Christ as we know Him through the Gospels we have the real fact of Christ, a word must be said in criticism of the research that fails to divest itself of philosophical prejudice before it studies the fact of Christ. To approach the New Testament with a philosophy that rejects the supernatural and is open to no evidence for the occurrence of the miraculous is at once unfair to Christ and disastrous to the inquirer. In "Supernatural Religion," a book which in its day was thought to have made an end of Christianity, the author went upon the assumption that miracles were incredible. But that is to pronounce sentence before and without evidence—a method that absolutely excludes an historical acquaintance with the fact of Christ. Before we affirm what Christ can

do, we must determine who Christ is. For what Christ does—whether miracle is to be found in the New Testament or not—depends upon who Christ is; and if Christ turns out a moral miracle, with a character as supernatural as any material wonders attributed to Him, one finds it not too much to affirm that miracles not only will, but must accompany Him.

Now what is our proof that in Christ as we know Him in the Gospels, we have the real fact of Christ?

First of all we appeal to the unique character of Jesus, the invention and delineation of which, would have been a literary miracle, utterly beyond the most resourceful genius, to say nothing of unlettered fishermen. As literature, in its sweetness of cadence, its ease and elegance of expression, its charm and richness of diction, its fine poetic insight and dramatic narration, the Bible has won all praise. But no pen that ever wrote within its pages—or elsewhere—ever wielded power sufficient to create and portray the character of Jesus. Theodore Parker was right when he wrote—"it would take a Jesus to forge a Jesus" and he was right on literary considerations. "It is almost a law of literature" wrote a great literary critic, "that any portraits of the ideal in the least degree satisfactory are closely transcribed from life." Yet in Jesus we have the ideal, original and most unique. Never was there a character of near approach to that of Jesus. In its perfect balance, in its strong and graceful symmetry, and its harmonious blending of diverse and contrasted virtues it stands alone. Powers of mind and heart which in all others lie far apart combine and mingle in the character of Jesus with charming ease and beautiful simplicity. With all the colours of all manly virtues he combines all the lines of all womanly graces. Side by side in Him we find meekness and majesty, tenderness and sternness, unparalled self-assertion and profound humility, an imperious demand for reverence and a pathetic hunger of heart for trust and love. Imaginative as well as argumentative, practical as well as profound, acute as well as didactic, contemplative as well as active, patient as well as intense, in a character free from all extravagance or eccentricity He sums up all moral graces and mental strength. You cannot classify the character of Christ. Like the sunbeam where all prismatic lines and colours blend in one perfect ray of light Christ gathers up and unifies all high qualities of life and being in one perfect character. And did the Evangelists originate and delineate that character? Did those unlettered fishermen succeed where the literary genius of all centuries and all languages has failed and give to literature its one original and perfect character, whose portrait stands out upon their pages, not as a moral mist but as a living person taken up with the business of life? Then the Evangelists performed a miracle for as

Rousseau said, "the conception and delineation of such a character as that of the man Christ Jesus, by such men as the fishermen of Galilee, would have been a greater miracle than the actual existence of such a man." Between these two miracles the critics must choose. For there is the character of Jesus, unique, original and ideal, and either the evangelists performed the miracle of its origination, or they transcribed it from life and in Christ as we know Him through the Gospels we have the real fact of Christ which of these appeals to reason?

As a second proof that in Christ as we know Him through the Gospels we have the real fact of Christ we refer to His sinlessness as exhibited in them. Without hesitation the New Testament claims sinlessness for Jesus. The word of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews is the word of every evangelist:—"He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." As His disciples they knew Him as only the intimacy of friendship and love may know us, and they never admit a flaw in His character nor swerve from their assertion of His absolute sinlessness. Indeed at their hand even His enemies bear the same witness. Nowhere in the New Testament do the enemies of Jesus impeach His character or prefer a moral charge against Him. With all their ingenuity of hate and malice they detected nothing impure, untrue, ignoble or sinister and the challenge of Jesus, "which of you convicteth me of sin" lies upon their pages unanswered. Further as we see Jesus in the Gospels He Himself has no consciousness of sin. A keen and lively sense of sin has ever been a characteristic of saintly men. "When I look at my own sinfulness," says Rutherford, "my salvation is to me my Saviour's greatest miracle." "My daughters," said Santa Teresa on her deathbed, "do not follow my example; for I have been the most sinful woman in all the world." "When a man like me" says Luther, "comes to know the plague of his own heart, he is not miserable only—he is absolute misery itself, he is not sinful only—he is absolute sin in itself." Such ever has been the judgment of the saints upon themselves; but as for Jesus no word of penitence ever crossed his lips and fell on the ears of men or was uttered in secret to God. It was not that He closed His eyes to the presence of sin, or made light of its guilt, for He was keenly aware of it in others and fiercely scourged the Pharisees for their lack of moral discernment. He had no consciousness of sin. Thus evangelists claim sinlessness for Jesus.

Our proof, however, from the sinlessness of Jesus, that in Christ as we know Him through the Gospels we have the real fact of Christ, does not depend upon the mere assertion of His sinlessness by the evangelists. To assert the sinlessness of Jesus were easy. But the New Testament writers do not pause or content themselves with declaring

His sinlessness. They exhibit it. To affirm stainlessness of character for their Lord required only the stroke of a bold pen. But to exhibit sinlessness in life, that were impossible except from life. Yet Christ lives in the Gospels a stainless life. In the Gospels we have what Christ said and did in the most varied circumstances and on all manner of occasions, in public and in private, in the sunshine of success and the shadow of sorrow, in the homes of His friends and in the face of His foes; it is the detailed picture of the life of the Living One and the picture is without flaw to the very edge of the canvass. Now such a portrait is of necessity a true portrait. Without the reality the disciples had neither the hand nor the paint to portray such a character. Artistic inspiration is a fine thing; but it is simply nonsense to say that it reached such an unheard of height in four Jewish writers of the 1st century as to make them, and all of them harmoniously, to draw from their imagination the lines and colors, the lights and shades of the perfect." To imagine such a character and carry it successfully through a life of great publicity, significance and moral tragedy is beyond the possible, and so far beyond the possible that only a miracle or its transcription from life are sufficient to account for its presence in the Gospels. Is the portrait of the Sinless One a literary miracle? The question is ridiculous. Then it was transcribed from life and in Christ as we know Him through the Gospels we have the real fact of Christ.

Our next proof that in Christ as we know Him in the Gospels we have the real fact of Christ takes us to the empty tomb of the ascended Jesus. The greatest miracle of Christ is this last. Nothing that He did in life equals what He did with death. When He pressed His hands against the dark walls of the tomb and sent them crashing into ruins His strength was at all its fulness and the glory of the supernatural shone through His risen life. Now is the Resurrection a fact? If not how did the story get into the New Testament? If Christ be not risen, if He still sleeps beneath the blue Syrian skies, if death laughed at Him as she mocks all human flesh whence the story of this empty tomb and glorified body? In the last analysis all explanations resolve themselves into the spirit, the swoon, and the vision theory and these reduce the disciples to deceivers or dupes.

Were the disciples deceivers? "Men of all schools in modern times would be ashamed to identify themselves with so base a suggestion." What possible motive was there for deceit? Every man of them knew that malicious and determined persecution awaited them. Their Master warned them of the fierceness of their future and experience made His words true; for we know from Tacitus, Pliny and others that for preaching the Resurrection of Jesus they were wrapped in pitched sheets, and burned and crucified and worried to death by dogs." That

men should be willing to face such deaths merely for the sake of preaching a lie is beyond reason. Toil, sacrifice, the abandonment and high courage of martyrdom are not founded on rottenness, and yet that is what we are driven to believe if we regard the story of the Resurrection as a fraudulent conspiracy on the part of the disciples. Or if the disciples were not deceivers, were they deceived? Did the Resurrection grow out of their overstrained and excited feelings? How impossible! What did the disciples think when they saw that Jesus was dead? Words cannot describe the despair into which they were plunged. It was as though the great stone of the sepulcher had rolled its weight upon their hearts and crushed out faith and hope. Early on the first day of the week Mary Magdalene and the other Mary hastened to His tomb, but they went with no expectation of His Resurrection. In their hands they carried spices to embalm His body and when they found His tomb empty they wondered who had stolen and where they had laid the body of their Beloved. The women who loved Him most did not look for His rising and sought the Living One among the dead. So wherever we read in the New Testament narrative of the Resurrection nothing appears with greater clearness than the total want of expectation, the incredulity, the unwillingness to be convinced which marked the disciples. They were as Jesus told them slow of heart to believe and so men could be more exacting in their demand for evidence or more cautious and conservative in accepting it when given. To weave such a story as the Resurrection there must have been some web and woof of desire and hope. But such a hope never for a moment threw its light across their hearts. To them Jesus was dead—conquered like the thieves on either side of Him by life's last foe, and His Resurrection was no more expected than theirs. What happened on that memorable morning, the day of death's dying, was a surprise to the disciples, and so much of a surprise, that to represent the Resurrection as a fiction woven out of the hopes of the eleven and their companions, is so unworthy thoughtful men as to be ridiculous. Thus once again we are constrained to believe that in Christ as we know Him through the Gospels we have the real fact of Christ, or else we must believe in the ridiculous, and it were better to believe in the supernatural, as another has said, than to believe in the ridiculous.

Finally we know the fact of Christ as presented in the Gospels to be the real fact of Christ through the demonstration of Christian experience. It must be confessed that the appeal to experience is open to criticism, and yet when the last word in criticism of the appeal has been spoken every one feels that experience is a test. "It was a fair and conclusive appeal to experience when Diogenes, unable to expose the fallacy in Zeno's demonstration of the logical impossibility of loco-

motion got up and walked. *Solvitur ambulando.*" So experience demonstrates the fact of Christ. The Christ of history and the Christ of experience answer and correspond to each other. There is no divergence between them. What we read about the Christ of history we discover in the Christ of experience. Indeed the two are one. Had the Christ of the Gospels been idealized experience quickly would have detected the divergence and ruthlessly would have exposed the false colours and untrue lines. But experience discovers no divergence, the Christ of history tallies with the Christ of experience, the claims of Christ in the Gospels correspond with the workings of Christ in human life. One characteristic of believers is their tone of assurance. The positive note rings full and round and strong whenever they speak of Christ. Whence this confidence? Why are the mass of Christians so unaffected by the critics and the mustering of their pretentious findings. Why are they so little stirred with uneasy dread and so free from alarm as school after school, with unhesitating confidence, announces the discovery of fallacies or exposes the fictitiousness of Christ? Is the explanation mental incapacity or is it blind and stubborn religious conservatism? Rather is not the explanation the soul's experience of Christ. With Evangelists and Apostles they know whom they have believed. The advent at Bethlehem has been repeated in the conscious advent of the Living Christ into their souls. The Christ of history has become the Christ of experience and because these two are one, history evoking experience, experience endorsing history, the believer maintains a quiet spirit, for he knows as criticism cannot know that the fact of Christ as represented in the Gospels is the real fact of Christ.

Thus the apology of Jesus is Jesus. He takes the stand for Himself and renders all other defense unnecessary. By this character and person, this resurrection and regnancy in the human soul He proves the New Testament record to be true and instead of the manuscripts defending Him He defends the manuscripts. Jesus Christ must be a fact. No other explanation can account for His portrait as drawn in the New Testament. Only from life could such a life be described and be given the unique touch of reality. Other explanations are incredible. They ask us to accept the miraculous at the hands of the disciples, when they have denied its possibility at the hands of Jesus. They make the disciples greater than their Master; they attribute a supernatural task to them and withhold it from Him. But the disciples are not above their Lord and to think of Him as the product of their imaginations and affections with just enough of reality to give the story origin is to ally oneself with the absurd. Such an explanation of the New Testament will never stand. Whatever our mental or moral attitude towards it the New Testament is a fact and the only explanation of its existence that carries weight is the fact of Jesus Christ.

Physical Education.

BY H. C. TODD, A. B., M. D.

I read with considerable interest the article by H. C. Creed, A.M., on "Physical Education, Its Place and Scope," in the November number of the *ATHENÆUM*, and it has served to deepen a conviction that I have had for some few years. The writer spoke of Physical Education as being "both a science and an art," and from the position which he allowed the words "science" and an "art" I judge he would give pre-eminence to the former, and I think this should be so with regard to Physical Education, as in all other things. We should know before we do. If we cannot know just why such and such results are obtained, we should at least know what results should be expected. Reason makes us poor empiricists, and it is well that it does. It is this glorious attribute that lifts us above the barbarian, or the creature of mere impulse. The barbarian had but one purpose in the development of the body. He strengthened his arm that he might bend a stronger bow and hence shoot a more deadly arrow. He developed the leg that he might have a swifter foot to pursue and cut down his enemies. He had no true conception of the magnificence of this temple for the temporary abode of the soul. He had no thought of an obligation to make it as grand, as perfect and as stalwart as God intended it should be. To him the body was a mere machine to be used or abused at will. But it is not to the savage only that we can depute so poor a conception as to the importance of caring for and developing the human body. While his purposes or motives may not have been the highest, nevertheless, experience taught him that, if he would maintain an existence amidst his enemies he must be physically strong; and so to this end he developed himself as best he could.

But how many there are of professed and acknowledged intelligence, possessing minds well exercised and disciplined by most careful and diligent training, who, in body, are dwarfs, emaciated, anaemic, neuratic, dyspeptic,—in fact physical wrecks. I recall the remark of fellow students, in my college days, which was made with more candor than would seem possible, that they must look pale and thin when they got home or their parents would not think that they were studying as they ought. It was a most common thing to hear it said that one had not time for exercise. I remember one individual, a thin, pale, shivering dyspeptic, who would sit in his room and study with his overcoat on and the collar turned up, the body cold, the head throbbing from the effects of an ill-ventilated room, the pulse below normal and the life energies at a minimum for lack of exercise. To the entreaty to take exercise and warm up, his one response was "I have not time." Think

of it! Not time to care for the needs of this body that God has created so beautifully and so wonderfully!

But why do we meet such conditions among those of so well-trained minds? One explanation for it is, I believe, the tendency to forget the material in our eagerness to attain the spiritual. Idealistic philosophy is so engulphing us as to make us almost forget that we have a *body* as well as a mind, until all at once we are aroused to the fact, that, through our lack of care, some awful and fatal malady has taken possession of the body, and then, and often not until then, its real value appears to us. Experience in active life teaches us that the world is not looking for a sick, frail, puny intellectual giant to fill the important positions in life, but it is the *all round man*; he who has a good head, set upon square shoulders, a well poised body and possessing a constitution unbroken by excesses of any kind.

A second reason I would mention, for this low physical condition and that which, in my paper, I wish to especially impress is that it is due to *ignorance*. The word ignorance seems to introduce a paradox in my thoughts, for how can men and students who have just been considered so intelligent, be criticised for acting ignorantly. The paradox however, is only apparent, for while our college students and graduates, in many instances at least, are well learned in the classics, in mathematics, philosophy, history and many of the sciences, most if not all, are grossly ignorant of the structure and functions of the human body. Think how absurd! Young men and women taught regarding the structure of plants, the structure of the earth, of stars and planets; the structure of languages, governments, philosophy, and still almost, if not quite uninformed as to the structure of the human body, all the beauties of this wonderful piece of mechanism to be undisclosed to them forever, unless it may be their good,—or ill,—fortune to study for a physician. I cannot but believe that, if we will secure a proper and intelligent development of the material man, the human body with its functions, must be more carefully studied in our schools and colleges; and in all the works of nature, nothing can be found that is more interesting or wonderful. It is impossible for us to appreciate and respect the just rights of the body, or to be obedient to its lawful demands without an adequate idea of its anatomy and physiology. How much more intelligently could the work be done in the gymnasium or upon the training fields, if each student understood that every different movement was to bring into action certain muscles, or groups of muscles with which he was already acquainted. How much more pleasing would become the training of the hand of the penman, the artist, or the musician if the mechanism of that wonderful little instrument, the hand, were understood. How much better respiration could

be regulated if we were conversant with the mechanism operated in that most remarkable function, and to the singer, the orator, the conversationalist, the weak-lunged, etc., it would be an inestimable benefit. In fact how much better we could regulate our exercise, our eating, our drinking, our sleeping, indeed our whole physical life if we were brought to *know* our *physical selves*. The best work and the only intelligent work, and it is almost as impossible, making mere machines out of young men and women, to induce them to go into the gymnasium, or upon the training field enthusiastically to produce mere mechanical movements, as it is to solve the problem of perpetual motion. Lead the young student into the beauties and mysteries of this wonderful organism, and he will readily see and appreciate its needs, and be guided willingly and intelligently, into those things which will result in the best good of the physical man.

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'97.

Shakespeare and Prayer.

Miss Mary A. Wadsworth, formerly Principal of Acadia Seminary, has written a booklet of 57 pages, entitled "Shakespeare and Prayer." The work is published in elegant style by W. M. Welch and Company of Chicago. The design, ornamentation, printing and binding are well-nigh perfect. The paper is of fine quality and the little book suggests by its appearance the remote past, richness of thought, beauty of expression and refinement.

We trust many of our readers will procure the dainty volume which we are sure they will prize for its own worth, and, in the case of many no doubt, the interest will be increased by their acquaintance in past years with its gifted author.

The text is largely a compilation from Shakespeare's works of the passages relating to Providence and Prayer. The object of the author has evidently been rather to allow Shakespeare himself to speak than to make a very distinct analysis of his teaching and then to quote his utterances in support of her own interpretation of his philosophy. The reader is not, therefore occupied so much with Miss Wadsworth's reasoning as with the thought and music of the great dramatist's poetry. Nevertheless the quotations are so arranged as to give unity to Shakespeare's thought on Religion and especially on prayer. The author thinks "failure to appreciate Shakespeare's moral genius has led to much crude criticism." "The great literary artist portrayed life as he saw it, its joys and sorrows, its triumphs and defeats." With no attempt to explain this strange and contradictory thing which we call life, Shakespeare teaches humble submission to the will of God with

earnest striving for that chief good which shall forbid "that capability and godlike reason to fust in us unused."

"As a means for attaining the best he shows an appreciation of the influence and power of prayer. From the lips of saint or sinner, christian or pagan, "prayers of humble heart" to heaven go: prayers full of hypocrisy "remain below."

"There are few subjects of literary contemplation more interesting or more profitable than to observe the hold which a great practical subject like that of prayer had upon a mind like that of Shakespeare." The passages quoted from Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Henry VIII. and other plays confirm these statements of our author.

"It is pleasant to think of this great teacher's leaving glitter and show behind and seeking 'some desolate shade' where he could weep his sad bosom empty" and "find relief in prayer," "which pierces so that it assaults mercy itself and frees all faults."

Of unanswered petitions we read:

"We, ignorant of ourselves
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers."

"Shakespeare is rather to be looked upon as a prophet than a poet." "In Shakespeare's sonnets we find a sorrow for sin as great as the Psalmists in the penitential psalms."

When our "way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,"
God send what should accompany old age
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

When we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished—may we all full of repentance
Give our honors to the world again,
Our blessed part to heaven and
Sleep in peace."

These quotations from "Shakespeare and Prayer" will partly indicate the scope and character of the book.

The subject of the Supernatural in Shakespeare as compared with the Supernatural in Milton and in Tennyson would well repay study and elaboration. Our great poets have found inspiration in the great themes of man's relation to the Unseen World.

The Diffusion of Knowledge.

Man is first a speaking animal, and next a writing animal. Each word that he uses expresses some meaning. Each word stores up an indefinite amount of experience. All men may pour into it their experience, and by it recognize the experience of others. The art of writing at once increases infinitely the possibility of intercommunication, because it preserves the experience recorded for persons widely separated in space, and far removed in time. The experience of each man—what he sees, and feels, and hears,—is communicated to his fellow men, so that each one shall have the experience of all. Not only what is perceived by the senses, but also what the activity of reflection arrives at, shall be recorded and distributed for the use of other and succeeding generations.

When man can only speak—when oral intercommunication only can be carried on—the individual is limited to what he experiences of life in his own person, or in the comparatively few persons whom he sees daily, or lastly, to what he hears from the traveler. The nature of this process of obtaining experience of human life, is so defective, that it leaves the individual immersed in his own special atmosphere. He is unable to increase his views in comparison with other men's. He is unable to comprehend and understand, or even to know, the life of the various countries, or even the remote parts of his own country. It follows that he has no idea of government and lacks patriotism. The limiting of one's knowledge to what can be perceived by the senses, gives a narrowness to one's ideas and prevents the perception of such processes as institutions, and hence there is little or no knowledge of those phases of life which embody human or divine reason.

Therefore the condition of mankind is improved when he is able to find out the experiences and results of the thinking of others. The discovery of paper manufacture, and the invention of printing have aided the recording of men's experiences and thoughts wonderfully. Before printed books and newspapers were known there was an age of intellectual darkness and confusion. This dark age was the separating period between ancient and modern civilization. Justice and liberty were unknown terms in those days. The world's chief occupation was quarreling and fighting. A man's power was determined by his physical strength and by the lands he possessed. From the poor peasant to the king no person was secure; plots and insurrections disturbed every nation from within, while from without frequent invasions of barbarian hordes devastated the lands. Learning was at a standstill. Then came the revival of learning. It was largely by means of the invention of printing that this great revolution was begun. Literature

exists only to promote the rapid interchange of ideas between man and man, and the device of printing is a further long step in the same march and a part of the same endeavor. Valuable classics and philosophical treatises, which had been kept in the great libraries and by scholars who were dispersed over Europe after the fall of Constantinople were printed and distributed. Large numbers of copies could be made with little cost, so that in five years, books reached countries which before they had not reached in twenty, and readers were multiplied a hundred-fold. This worked a revolution. The means of experience of illiterate communities were broadened and the participation of the individual in the life of all was increased to such an extent that the face of society and the state, and all that it contains, at once wears a new aspect. The life of the individual becomes a constant process of readjustment with the life of man outside of his community, and outside of his age even. The wisdom of the race as preserved from other times and from other nations becomes accessible to the individual. Each one becomes capable of thinking greater things than the cheap ideas of his village gossip and the transitory excitements of the locality, and now takes interest, or may take interest, in what is widely separated from him by time and space.

A great change has been wrought in the methods of diffusing knowledge since the fifteenth century. Those great educational instruments, the printing presses, can each turn out thousands of newspapers per hour. Thousands of books are printed daily. The present common school system only becomes possible by means of the printed page, and the common school fits man to make use of books. The printing press and the common school, the two greatest educational instruments, go hand in hand. Each is almost necessary to the other's existence. By means of the printed book and the newspaper, we can secure independent self-activity to an extent never dreamed possible before the invention of movable types by Faust and Gutenberg.

The history of books is interesting. The Romans, after the Augustan age, reached a high degree of proficiency in fabricating books. A copy of one of the esteemed productions of a Roman author—as for example, a copy of Vergil or Horace,—was an elegantly done-up roll, about thirteen inches in depth, wound round a cylinder, the two ends of which were ornamented with ivory or metal knobs. Outside, it bore various decorations along with the title, and for safety, was put in a neat case of parchment or wood, which also bore sundry ornamental devices, including perhaps, a portrait of the author. These rolls were often collected into large libraries, the most famous being that at Alexandria, which is said to have contained 700,000 books or rolls. In the middle ages the plan of rolls was dismissed, and the leaves were

sewed together, and enclosed in boards. We are greatly indebted to the Benedictine Monks, who were the chief fabricators of books, during that dark period. Their peacetul monasteries were the centres whence literature was dispersed, and where it was preserved during those ages of intellectual darkness and social disorder.

The establishment of universities in the twelfth century greatly stimulated the manufacture of books by transcription, more particularly the classics and philosophical treatises. The convulsion consequent on the reformation caused the destruction of enormous quantities of valuable books, so that not a great many works of ancient times exist. Since the invention of printing almost all great works have been preserved, and these works form the fund from which the most of our knowledge is obtained. Our universities fit men to produce books and to use books. In the days before the invention of printing, a man's participation in the wisdom of the race well nigh ended with the close of schools, after that he could only pick up a few crumbs of divine wisdom, by constant attendance at church. In the present age our education is largely a training to use books, and studies are continued, or may be continued, throughout life by means of the printed page. It would seem that the greater part of the present civilization of the world would be impossible without books. Before man wrote down his experiences, he was limited to the experience of a few short miles of country, and a few year's existence; now, by means of the printed page, his experience ranges over the whole earth and even beyond it. Instead of the knowledge of a few years of existence, he has the experience of centuries.

The growth of prose fiction in modern times is remarkable, and now forms a large part of the reading of the world. The novel of the present time occupies itself chiefly with the portrayal of the growth of character, by describing the reaction of the deeds of the person upon himself. The novel holds the mirror up to human nature, and calls on the individual to see his image reflected therein. It occupies a sphere which was formerly held by music and poetry.

But by far the greatest instrument for diffusing knowledge is the newspaper. Its existence in its present state is only made possible by means of the steam-engine, which has so greatly increased locomotion, and the telegraph which makes instantaneous communication with all places possible. Before the railroad and telegraph had rendered possible the daily newspaper, each person adjusted himself to his narrow environment through village gossip, which he heard at the neighboring inn, or at the clubs; now, instead of village gossip, he reads world gossip without leaving his fireside.

In the past civilization each section grew more sectional, except

in times of great wars, that mingled the soldiery of different localities. In the modern civilization, the daily newspapers of all lands have substantially the same presentation of the world, and reflect nearly the same views. The newspaper is therefore, a sort of world court, in which passing events are brought up daily for judgment. Under these circumstances there rises into power the majestic presence of public opinion—a might which controls the actions of kings, the deliberations of parliaments, and the ballots of electors. Public opinion has become the educator of nations. Formerly, through ignorance of the effect that overt acts might have, nations were often precipitated into war. Now, it is easy for statemanship to feel the pulse of nations in advance, and by prudent diplomacy to avoid extreme issues.

The newspaper is the organ of public opinion. In this capacity it tries and judges criminals. It punishes all manner of sin that escapes the whip of the law. It rewards good deeds; and sounds the trumpet of fame before the favorites of public opinion. It popularizes science and literature. It has a page of fiction in which the modern literary artist paints the ideals of society with halos of glory, or with satire and caricature.

The modern citizen looks into the newspaper and sees the spectacle of the doings of the entire world. The movements of commerce, the transactions of the various nations; crimes and retributions; the events of society; the doings in science, art, literature, the drama; methods of performing work in foreign countries; an indefinite domain of personal gossip—all these are presented to the citizen, and he regularly adjusts himself to his world environment. This daily glimpse of the spectacle of the human race which our generation is becoming accustomed to, combines in one all the educative virtues of the means and appliances heretofore employed by the four forms of education, namely, the family, civil society, the state, and the church.

The printed page in its myriad forms, seems to be the most perfect means for the emancipation of man, from slavery to his own ignorance and passions, and from his dependence on others for guidance. Each man has now a little university in his own home. By studying there he becomes more rational, more independent and self-directive, and he participates more in the wisdom and goodness of the human race.

J. W. JONES, '03.

Tale of a Possum.

[The following "poem" comes from Whealen College, Illinois. Some of the Latin is rather original, but requires only a moderate familiarity with that language to get a tolerable understanding of the "lingo."]

The nox was lit by lux of Luna,
 And 'twas a nox most opportuna
 To catch a possum or a coona;
 For nix was scattered o'er this mundus
 A shallow nix et non profundis
 On sic a nox with canis unis,
 Two boys went out to hunt for coonus.
 The corpus of this bonus canis
 Was full as long as octo spanus;
 But brevis legs had canis never,
 Quam had hic dog; bonus, clever,
 Some used to say in stultum jocum
 Quod a field was too small locum
 For sic a dog to make a turnus,
 Circum self from stem to sturnus.

Unis canis, duo puer,
 Numquam braver, numquam truer,
 Onam hoc trio unquam fuit,
 If there was I never knew it.
 Hic bonus canis had one bad habit,
 Amabat much to tree a rabbit.
 Amabat plus to tree a rattus,
 Amabat bene to chase a cattus.
 On this nixy moonlight night
 This old canis did just right;
 Nunquam treed a starving rattus;
 Nunquam chased a starving cattus
 But cucurrit quit intentus
 On the track and on the scentus,
 Till he treed a possum strongum
 In a hollow trunkum longum,
 Loud he barked in horrid bellum,
 Seemed on terra venit hellum,
 Quickly ran the duo puer,
 Mors of possum to secure.
 Quum venerint one began
 To chop away like quisque man.
 Soon the axe went through the truncum,
 Soon he hit it, per, cher chuncum.
 Combat thickens, on ye bravus!
 Canis, puer bite et stavus.
 As his powers non longus tarry,
 Possum potest non pugnare.
 On the nix his corpus lieth,
 Down to Hades spirit flieth.
 Joyful puers, canis bonus

Think him dead as any stonus.
 Ain't his corpus like a jelly,
 Quid plus proof ought hunters yelley
 Now they seek their pater's domo,
 Feeling proud as any homo,
 Knowing certa they will blossom
 Into heroes when with possum
 They arrive narrabunt story,
 Plenus blood et plenoir glory.
 Pompey, David, Samson Cæsar;
 Cyrus, Blackhawk, Shalmanezzer;
 Tell we where est now the gloria,
 Where the honor of Victoria.
 Quam at donum narrent story.
 Plenus, sanguin, tragic, gory.
 Pater praiseth, likewise mater;
 Wonders greatly younger frater.
 Possum leave they on the mundus—
 Go themselves to sleep profundis.
 Somniunt possum slain in battle,
 Strong as ursæ, large as cattle.
 When nox gives way to lux of morning,
 Albam terram much adorning.
 Up they jump to see the yarmen,
 Of the which hoc est the carmen.
 Possum hic est resurrectium,
 Leaving puers most dejectum
 Possum linquit track behind him,
 Sed the puers never find him.
 Cruel possum! Bestia vilest!
 How the puers tu beguilest.
 Puers think non plus of Cæsar,
 Go to Gramen, Shalmanezzer!
 Take your laurel cum the honor,
 Since ista possum is a goner.

—*Current Literature.*

Shakespeare or Bacon?—The Bi-Literal Cípher.

Fresh life has been infused into the old controversy by the activities of certain American writers—in particular one Mrs. Gallup author of *The Bi-literal Cípher of Francis Bacon*—who profess to have discovered a cipher running through many of the so-called Shakespearean plays as well as through a number of works known as Bacon's. In beginning let it be understood that such a great subject cannot be dealt with fully, indeed cannot even be touched on some of its phases—from lack of both knowledge and space—for “the world itself cannot contain the books” which may be written on the apparently endless debate. An attempt will be made to give the sum of the arguments of the con-

troversy pro and con and then to indicate the phenomenal demonstration which has recently added such interest to the time-worn quarrel.

The tendency to cling to a popular idol is so strong that antagonism is evoked at once if it is barely suggested that some one other than William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon may have been the genius who produced the unique literary works now accorded to that personage. Yet it must be understood that, while many of the litterateurs of the day are satisfied that they need no longer trouble themselves with the controversy, there is a strong aggregation of evidences which point to the dethronement of the hero and to the ascension of a more royal personage. At least, if the data which will be cited later are accepted as veracious it will be seen that the literary crown must go to one whom the contrariness of circumstances alone prevented from wearing the regal crown of the Empire! Why should we have any objection to discovering the truth if Bacon did write the plays? In fact it is much easier to suppose from our unquestionable knowledge of his life and genius that he might have written them than to accept from the little we do know of Shakespeare that *he could* have done so.

And about this point of *possibility* centres the negative argument of the Baconians. It is freely admitted by all Shakespearean writers that we know, absolutely, very little about this William Shakespeare. We know that he was the son of a tradesman of Stratford who could neither read nor write. That from the age of fourteen he lived a careless life. That he married at eighteen and started a family. That he got into some trouble and ran away to London when he was nineteen. This somewhat meagre history is most wonderfully augmented by the commentators who find in the plays constant call for such supplementary data. *Because* the plays show some signs of classic education he must have learned Greek in the Stratford Grammar School; *because* the plays show a familiarity with legal expressions he must have spent some time in a attorney's office; *because* he knew so much about history and geography (?), about the sea, and foreign ways he must have travelled very extensively. Then when he got to London he was ready to produce the plays. If we pare away from the beautifully semi-invented construction all statements that rest on the idea that *because* he was the author of the plays, some other things *must have been* so, we really have little more than the bare facts cited above. There is no evidence that he was ever in a school. Apart from the theory that he wrote the plays we have not, beyond five scrawly signatures differing from each other and showing no great familiarity with the pen, any evidence that he could write at all! Settling at Stratford a rich man at the close of his literary career, he lived for some years without a book in his possession and without producing a single scrap of poetry.

His will makes no mention of copyrights which should have been among his most valuable effects. No mention need be made here of oral tradition or of biographical notes of contemporaries consequent upon the death of Shakespeare.

If we turn next to the evidence that points to Bacon as the author everything is fair sailing for a time. Bacon was a scholar and a genius. He knew the classics. He was familiar with law. Many of the parts of Shakespeare's works are so intensely legal that without considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure they cannot be understood, much less composed. But if Bacon was a lawyer he was not a poet? He seems to think he was and wrote learnedly of poetry and discussed metres, and on his death-bed religiously employed himself in making metrical translations of the psalms. Macaulay says that "the poetic faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind." The evidence which shows that he put out a great deal of concealed writing is abundant. He sent poems to his friends with the request that they be kept private. The critics, who consider productions other than those in certain metres as poetry, find innumerable metaphors and comparisons that are distinctly poetical in their conception. Bacon *may have been* a poet but it is more certain that the writer of the play *was* a philosopher. No need to prove this point from the works. That the philosophy in some passages resembles Bacon's style of thought is apparent. No allusion to Stratford are found in the plays; allusions to St. Albans—Bacon's country home—are numerous. The common people are viewed from the point of view of the courtier not that of the countryman. And so we might point out many such indications of Baconian authorship, any of which are expanded with greater or less effect in the literature of the subject. Bacon's motives for keeping his authorship secret are intelligible before we encounter the huge motive suggested in the late discovery. Bacon needed money and was not willing to compromise his social position by any open connection with a despised vocation.

But we must pass to some discussion of the dazzling discoveries set forth in the work quoted above. Mrs. Gallup, it appears, while assisting an American scholar to decipher another cryptograph, accidentally discovered what is called "The Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon." This cipher, strange to relate, runs not only through the works of Bacon and Shakespeare but also through a great deal of Elizabethan literature suggesting that the works of Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Spencer and Burton were all from the pen of one genius. The shock will be somewhat softened when we find that the introduction of the cipher may be made in any work while in the hands of the printer and has nothing to do with the original manuscripts. What we are asked to believe, in short, is this: Francis Bacon introduced in nearly all

his writings a private cipher which any one discovering the key might decipher and therefrom read his private history with all its wonderful disclosures. But let us illustrate the cipher first and then it will be easier to see its results.

The "bi-literal cipher" is altogether a matter of typography. It does not depend on what the author writes but on the manner in which it is printed. Not only so, but this cipher is in only one particular edition—the celebrated first folio. This edition is remarkable for its extraordinary anomalies in the typography. These anomalies are all explained now for the first time. Let us describe the nature of this cipher and for this purpose we quote from Bacon's own works. In one of his works with a lengthy Latin title Bacon writes thus :

"Let us come to Cyphars. Their kinds are many, as Cyphars simple, Cyphars mixed with Nulloses, or non-significant characters and others. We will annex one other invention, which in truth we devised in our youth, when we were in Paris : and it is a thing not worthy to be lost. It containeth the highest degree of Cypher, which is to signify *omnia per omnia*, yet so as the writing *unfolding* may bear a quintuple relation to the writing unfolded it shall be performed thus. First, let all the letters of the alphabet, by transposition be resolved into two letters only ; for the transposition of two letters by five placings will be sufficient for thirty-two differences, much more for twenty-four, which is the number of the alphabet. The example of such an alphabet is in this wise :

| | |
|---------|------------|
| A.aaaaa | E.aabaa |
| B.aaaab | F.aabab |
| C.aaaba | G.aabba |
| D.aaabb | H.aabbb——" |

and so for the rest of the alphabet. Then follows a long list of combinations that might be used. The point is that this cipher is not the product of an ingenious mind of the twentieth century but is the work of Bacon himself. To explain the use in the plays as clearly as possible let us take an example. The printer would be instructed to set up the play in an ordinary style of type ; as long as the usual type appears in order we have the first letter of the cipher "a" : whenever necessary to the cipher an *unusual* type—perhaps not differing greatly from the ordinary but enough different to be distinguished from it by a careful observer—was inserted. This unusual type was the second letter or sign of the cipher "b". That is, three usual, one unusual, and one usual would give you the combination aaaba which by referring to the table above is seen to be "C". The method is seen to be identical in its nature with the Morse telegraphic code. Letters need not be used. Dots and dashes will do as well. All we need are the two signs and the combinations of five. Then would be 'a',—'b', and . . . —'c'. Now let the phrase "ends rough hew them how we will" be printed with seven italic letters in it as above. By dividing the letters into groups of five and referring to the cipher alphabet above it will be seen that the letters will be B-A-C-O-N—"Bacon."

For, irrespective of the length of words and irrespective of punctuation you have to break up the text into groups of five letters each to get the concealed meaning. "Endsr oughh ewthe mhoww ewill" will be seen at once to give the alternations of usual and unusual letters that will produce the word "bacon." In the original it can be shown there are no glaring differences in the usual and unusual type—any defective type or a different font will answer. And even this would not be very apparent in a time when printing generally was somewhat irregular and clumsy.

Now that we have learned to apply the cipher we must go to the proper text,— the folio of 1623 —and no doubt we will be able in no long time to place beyond controversy forever the whole debate. But lest we may find some difficulty even with the cipher at hand, let us take the products of Mrs. Gallup's arduous work and see what it reveals. Most the four hundred pages of Mrs. Gallup's book are taken up with productions of facsimiles from the original works and interpretations of the same. These interpretations read like a novel. Bacon has much to say of his own history, and repeats the story of how he has been wronged. "Our name," he says, "is Fr. Bacon by adoption, yet it shall be different, being of royal blood, for the Queen, our sovereign, who married by a private rite the Earl of Leicester, and at a subsequent time also as to make sure thereby, without pompe, but i' th' presence of a suitable number of witnesses, bound herself by those hymeneal bonds again, is our mother, and wee were not base-born or base-begot, we be Tudor, and our stile shall be Francis First in all proper course of time, th' king of our realm." Not only so, but the Earl of Essex, the cipher story declares, was also the son of Elizabeth. Bacon, at the age of sixteen, learned the truth of his parentage from a lady at court, and in a stormy interview with the Queen, she in a rage, admitted that it was so. The cipher story wanders here and there, and ever returns to the wrong under which Bacon suffered. Sometimes it touches on the authorship of the plays, sometimes gives a new coloring to history. To quote again a most startling portion :

"When the Masques in my friend Ben Jonson's name have been entirely deciphered, take Green's and Peele's work in th' order giv'n in the Fairie Queen. My plaies are not finished, but I intend to put forth several soon. . . . The next volume will be under W. Shakespear's name. (!) As some which have now been produced have born upon the title page his name, though all are my own work, I have allowed it to stand on manie others which I myself regard as equal in merite. . . .

My best playes, at present as William Shakespear's work fostered, will as soon as one more plaie bee completed, weare a fine, but yet a quiet dress, . . . and be put forth in enlarged folio. . . . As half the number I shall assemble have already appeared in Will Shakespear's name, I think it will be well to bring out the folio also by some means in the same name, although he be gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

These selections are made from a great mass of material that is read from the work. The cipher gossips with the unknown decipherer of the future, and is especially interested in the discovery of the schemes and the excitement that it will cause.

Two important discoveries are made from all these allusions to history; Bacon was the son of Elizabeth, and heir to the throne, and for this reason could not be known as a common playwright; Bacon was the author of all the works known as Shakespeare's, and concealed his authorship for the reason above stated.

According to Mrs. Gallup a certain "inspiration" is needed to decipher such wonderful things, so it is useless for a novice to attempt the task. Yet so much is proven that was necessary to be proven, in order to fully establish the Baconian theory, that we are at once a little suspicious of the total result. It seems that too much has been discovered. Much of it had some foundation either in fact, rumor, or more particularly, in *necessity*. We look for testimony hostile to the revelation, and if not successful in the search must accept the story. In the first place, no one other than the author has been able to decipher any intelligent message from the works. Few have been able to discover any differences in the type "a" and "b." In the *London Times* of recent issue enlarged photographs were given of the two kinds of type in all the letters of the alphabet, and it is not possible to distinguish any marked peculiarity in either font. A printer would say that there are not two fonts but many, and in different stages of wear. He would conclude that the types were not kept clean, that they were not carefully locked in the forms, and that the paper was not of a kind to take sharp and uniform impressions. Whatever else may be said of this typography, one thing can be said with certainty, that by no ingenuity can these numerous forms be reduced to two uniform classes certainly distinguishable. If this is so, there is an end of the bi-literal cipher. But the Baconians will not admit this readily, and Mrs. Gallup's "inspiration" may decipher still more wonderful tales. Then let us see if what she has deciphered is all right in every way.

First the language used by Bacon is not always correct for his time, and apparently he knew a good deal of the twentieth Century language. A considerable number of words in the book given as those used by Bacon, were not in use until one hundred years after Bacon died. But if he by mistake, used improper words, he ought at least to have kept his own history straight. It is hardly conceivable that Bacon could write in 1591 that "Our wilfully blind mother hath for many long years been wedded to the Earle of Leicester," or that in 1623 he could write, "The opportunities are not this Queen's orders, therefore not seene, if it so gratifie Elizabeth." Some people less

learned than Bacon, knew in 1623, that Elizabeth had died twenty years before; and the report of Leicester's death which occurred in 1583, ought, by the most moderate computation, to have reached a man in Bacon's position by 1596! But he is as careless about the dates of his friends as he is about those of his true parents. In a cipher statement in "Romeo and Juliet" (which, by the way, he wrote to commemorate his love for the beautiful French Marguerite) he says "that it (love for women) uplifts our life who would e'er question? Not he our friend and good adviser, knowne to all decyphering any of these hidd'n epistles, Sir Amyas Paulet." Now there seems to be little ground for the fear that Paulet would question anything, for he died in 1588 and "Romeo and Juliet" was printed in 1597. Again, the cipher informs us that Davison, upon whom Elizabeth contrived to throw the responsibility of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, was put to death. History, of course not contemporaneous evidence, here erringly states that this punishment was disgrace and a fine. The cipher claims to be contemporaneous evidence. But James I. did not know that Davison had been put to death, and very honorably, extended to him some royal grace. Nor was Davison fully convinced that he had been killed for he sent a petition to the king! Could Bacon have made the error? He may possibly have done so for he states again "our colonies in all the regions of the globe, from remote East to a remoter West." If Bacon wrote this in the reign of James I. it might also be proved that he wrote the "Iliad". For where were the colonies at that time? Perhaps a mathematical error will not be received from us but it is simple and a glance will reveal the difficulty. To get a cipher message we must use just five times the number of letters we wish to get; or, we can get just one fifth the number of cipher letters that there are letters on a page. On the page from which is deciphered the message that will cause to tremble Edward VII., "Queene Elizabeth is my true mother and I am the lawfull heire to the throne, &c.—F. Bacon," there are 755 letters, while the whole passage deciphered there from has 171 letters. Multiply 171 by 5 and it seems to require 855 letters. Where the other hundred are to come from we cannot tell. The matter seems to be getting worse and not only makes the author liable to be designated a fraud but makes Bacon an ignoramus. This is not just the purpose of the work. The authorship of Shakespeare's plays is just where it was and is not touched by the truth or falsity of this cipher story. Some have even turned the tables with a fair degree of success and have proved that Shakespeare wrote Bacon. This is not for us. Neither is it possible here to give a resume of the positive arguments for Shakespeare's being the author of his own plays.

"Sleep rare tragedian, Shakespeare! sleep alone
Thy unmolested peace in an unshared cave."

W. M. STEELE, '02.

Jason, Nova Scotia.

This is the name of a new and original romance by Mr. Percie W. Hart, author of "The Ludovic Zam Affair," and it is now being published by The Bibelot Brothers, New York. The book will a 16mo. of about 260 pages, made up in a neat and artistic manner. An addition de lure in buckram, signed by the author, will sell at \$1.50 per copy, while the regular edition in flexible linen board, colored stamping will sell at \$1.00 per copy.

Mr. Hart is a Nova Scotian, an experienced and facile writer, particularly happy in romances and tales of his native land. Doubtless this work will be of especial interest to Nova Scotians, as it must also be to many others to whom Nova Scotia is yearly increasing in attractiveness as a summer resort. The central scene of the romance is Annapolis Royal during the reign of Queen Anne, and the story in a charming manner works out a most fascinating web of historic fact. The many exciting events, and the intensely interesting characters cannot fail to sustain the reader's attention.

A Midsummer Night's True Tale.

(*Sports Afield.*)

BY JUDSON KEMPTON.

Mr. Bailey was telling us about his winter trip to Florida.

Arth and I really constituted his audience, since Harve, his boy, had been with him at the time and now stood by to corroborate, by his mere presence, the difficult parts of the various stories his father told. And yet he listened, as a boy generally listens, with eyes, mouth and ears wide open, as if he had never heard the tale before.

We were gathered about the windward side of the camp-fire. Opposite, the tent stood out white and clear against the dark background of the woods. Behind us swept along, black and silent, the Manitowish, brimming full. A few miles further and it would be called the Flambeau, and then the Chippewa. Our lines, unreeled, were drying by the fire. Excepting the ordinary occasional sounds which disturb the stillness of a cedar forest in northern Wisconsin—the distant hooting of an owl, the crash of a falling tree or the cry of a belated loon—all was still as a summer night can be. To add to these ideal conditions for the telling of a good story, a score of mosquito hawks—as Harve termed the dragon-flies—had visited our camp just after sundown and almost ridden us of a swarm of "cheerful" pests.

"Was that the biggest fish you caught?"

Mr. Bailey in his narrative, had just landed a large and unusually active tarpon which his wife had hooked, and which had given them both fun for the best part of an hour.

"Well, yes," he said, the light of another story coming over his smooth face—Bailey always shaved while camping, just the same as he did at home; "I suppose, since an *alligator* is not a fish, that that was the biggest fish we caught."

"Why! did you catch an alligator on a hook?"

Here Arth thought he heard a porcupine on the other side of the tent and shied a stone in that direction; but as nothing was heard but the thud and remound of the missile, Bailey continued:

"I'll tell you how it was. Right down the river from our hotel about a mile, and in full view, there was a sand bank. And every



Rev. Judson Kempton, '89.

Mr. Bailey and Son.

Rev. Arthur C. Kempton, '91.

morning an old alligator used to crawl out of the water—where he spent the nights in fishing—up on this sandbank to sun himself. Alligators are not as plentiful in Florida now as they used to be. This craze among the ladies for alligator leather in belts, pocket-books, bags and so on, together with the increased number of tourists to Florida, has

thinned the saurians out. When we first began going down there, ten years ago, we would see them lying around like logs on the banks of every stream, but now you seldom see a 'gator and to get a shot at one is rarer still. So we were all very much interested in this old fellow, though the boarders had given up trying to shoot him. He appeared to know the hotel boat, and, by the time it was launched and fairly out into the stream, Mr. 'Gator would open his weather eye, give his tail a wiggle, yawn clear to his fore-legs, take a plunge and be seen no more for the rest of the day.

"Well, one day we were out on the river, as usual. Cleveland, our boatman, was rowing, and Harve and I were strolling along, looking out for bass, sheep-heads, snooks, king-fish—"

"What's a snook?" said Arth.

"It's a kind of a sea-pike; a good, gamey fish all right."

"How large are those king fish?" said I.

"Oh, when I've been fishing outside with a hand-line, I've caught them to weigh twenty-five and thirty pounds; but this day we weren't looking for anything big. My line was deep, as I had quite a heavy sinker, and we were moving lazily; and just as we went past the sand bank—"Hold on, Cleveland", says I, "back her up a little. My hook's caught a snag on the bottom." At the same time I gave the line a little jerk, and 'bishh!' it went, out through my fingers. The pull was not swift, but strong as a horse. 'Boys,' said I, 'I've hooked a tarpon!'

"My line was strong and I held taut, and soon we were following right after it, boat and all, in a wide curve; but nothing broke water. Then Cleveland took his eyes off the line and looked at me with a queer expression and says he:

"Do you know what you've got on there. You've hooked the alligator, and you'd better cut that line right now."

"Hooked the alligator?" says I.

"Yes," says he, "jigged him in the belly as we drifted over. He slipped off the bank just before we came along."

"Cleveland pointed a hundred feet ahead. "Look there!" said he, and, sure enough, there was a row of dots protruding above the surface of the stream where the alligator's rough back showed through. In a second they disappeared and at the same time the strain on the line ceased. During that second I had grabbed by rifle. I was excited and my blood was up for an alligator hunt. Cleveland looked at me as he never had done before and as he never has since.

"Mr. Bailey" said he, half rising in the boat with a commanding gesture. 'put down that gun! and cut that line!'

"For an instant I had a feeling of resentment and angry blood leaped to my temples. Was Cleveland boss? Was I a boy? But

before I could speak, I realized that my boatman knew 'what was what' with alligators and that I was probably making a fool of myself.

"I dropped the rifle as if it were red hot and cut that line, instantan. Then I looked at Cleveland.

" 'That's right,' said he, himself again, and rowing hard, 'It would be risky to hang to him any longer. You see, after he came to the top that time he went down into the mud to sulk, and, if you'd 'a' kept on bothering him' he'd 'a' got mad and then you'd 'a' seen more fun than you wanted, 'specially with a boy in the boat. He would have turned this bayou into a foam for a hundred yards and, if he'd got a whack at the boat—as is most likely—it would have been all day with us.' "

Here I interrupted the story to ask if the alligator ever came up on the bank again.

"Well, now," said Mr. Bailey, "let me tell you about that. As I said, my blood was up for an alligator hunt and I made up my mind that I would get that particular 'gator. So the next morning early, I took the boat, crossed the river, and cautiously worked my way down, among the flags and tall grass. I was very careful to keep out of sight of the sand-bank until I got within two hundred yards of it: then I left the boat in the mouth of a creek, waded ashore through the mud and crept and crawled toward the haunt of the old alligator. So carefully did I move that I got within gunshot of the bank before I risked even looking up to see if the old fellow was there. I hardly expected to find him, but when I did peep out and look in his direction, there he was, as long as a saw-log and as still. He seemed to be asleep, but I have an idea he had the hotel mirrowed in one corner of one eye.

"I crept a little nearer, took a bead and fired. He scarcely stirred and I was afraid I had missed him. Then he gave a shudder, rolled down the bank and lay still. I fired once more; then ran back, got the boat, rowed down to the sand bank in a couple of minutes and undertook to load him in. It was the heaviest, and, at the same time, the most delicate bit of stevedoring I had ever tackled. He was nearly nine feet long, and when I got him in, got the boat off, and got in myself, the gunwale was only an inch out of the water. As I began to row back, I became aware that my proceeding were being observed from the hotel. The other boarders—there were only seven of us, all told—were down at the landing waiting for me. Cleveland was with them, grinning from ear to ear. Perhaps I wasn't tickled, myself! I figured out how I would have that old 'gator skinned and stuffed, and take him back to Janesville.

"After a hard row, I grounded the boat on the sandy beach below the hotel. Four or five darkies waded out to meet us, grabbed the

boat, walked her right up shore and turned her bottom up, dumping out the alligator on the sand."

Arth here interrupted the narrative by asking Mr. Bailey if he found the piece of line and the hook he had lost the day before.

"No," said Bailey, "I think he must have rubbed it off on the bottom. Any how I didn't see it; but if it had been on him I wouldn't have got it."

"Why not?"

"*I didn't get the alligator!* As soon as he touched the gravel, he righted himself up, gave his tail a swing and knocked a darkey one way and the boat the other. Then, before any of us got over our stupefaction, he struck the water and dove like a torpedo for the middle of the stream. Well, boys, as I watched the rings he left on the water, as they widened toward the other shore, and realized that I had been nearly half an hour in a little shell of a boat with a nine foot live alligator that had only been stunned by my first bullet and probably missed entirely by my second, I didn't faint or anything like that; but I saw a wonderfully vivid picture of my home, wife and babies, and, in the space of a few seconds, some pretty serious thoughts went through my mind."

The story as we heard it, ended here, but in justice to Mr. Bailey I will add that he *did*, finally, kill that alligator, and has his hide at home, the pride of his "Florida exhibit."

Mount Carroll, Illinois.

Dr. Sawyer's Birthday.

We take pleasure in publishing the following two letters which are self-explanatory. The ATHENÆUM joins heartily in the greetings tendered our venerated professor.

Wolfville, N. S., Mar. 4th., 1902.

TO REV. DR. SAWYER,

DEAR SIR:—It having come to the knowledge of the professors and students that this is the anniversary of your birthday, they beg to tender you their heartiest greetings and good wishes.

It can hardly need to be said that the entire collegiate body cherishes the warmest affection for your person, the greatest admiration for your abilities, and the largest appreciation of those great services which you have rendered to the college through so many years.

They congratulate you upon your continued health and vigor, and earnestly trust that there may be many happy returns of this day.

On behalf of Professors and Students { T. TROTTER
W. M. STEELE.

Wolfville, N. S., March 4th, 1902.

REV. DR. TROTTER and
MR. W. M. STEELE,

In response to the exceedingly kind expressions in reference to myself in the communication sent to me to-day from you in behalf of the Professors and Students of the College, I wish to assure them of my

most grateful appreciation of their kindness. The communication will find a place among the pleasant remembrances connected with the many years of service in Acadia.

With ardent wishes for the prosperity and happiness of the Professors and Students and for the welfare of the College, I am

Sincerely yours,

A. W. SAWYER.

Acadia Rally at Toronto.

While attending the Student Volunteer Convention which recently met in Toronto, amidst the genuine spiritual good things, students did not forget their own Colleges. Even the graduates proved their loyalty in many ways. Among the latter Acadia was remembered. Chiefly through the thoughtfulness of Mr. G. W. Elliott, Ac. '99 and others of McMaster University, an Acadia Rally was arranged for. About twenty of us met on Saturday evening. The common link, our Alma Mater, made us feel the possession of a strong friendship toward one another. After enjoying a well-prepared banquet for our material necessities and comfort, Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, Chancellor of McMaster University, took his place as Chairman.

Dr. Wallace with his genial spirit and kindly words made us really feel we belonged to a great family when we were sons and daughters of Acadia. His genuine expressions concerning his experience would certainly have made the professors under whom he studied while here feel that they had at least one worthy and loyal son of whom they might justly be proud. Not less favored were we in having with us Dr. Welton, Professor of Hebrew at McMaster. His lively reminiscences and energetic personality brightened us. We felt uplifted by hearing him. Both he and Dr. Wallace revealed the true spirit of love to the old College and appreciation of her high ideals and grand achievements.

Brief speeches were also made by Sebra C. Freeman '98, and Miss E. O. Johnson both now of Newton, H. G. Colpitts, '00 now of Rochester, H. L. Kempton, '00 now of McMaster, Bessie E. Cooper, Ac. Sem., and Etta J. Yuill, Ac. '97 as representatives of the various institutions from which they had gone to Toronto as delegates. A humorous reading from Drummond's works in the Canadian French dialect was well rendered by J. A. Glendenning, '00, now of Newton, and was much enjoyed. The program was interspersed with College songs and two or three exhibitions of the College yell, characterized by a spirit and a volume worthy of a larger number of voices.

Besides the persons above named there were present Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Welton, Miss Hall, Miss Corning, Miss Adams, C. D. Schurman '97, Irad Hardy, '99, F. L. Cann, '00, W. H. Dyas, '00, A. LeRoy Chipman of Toronto University, C. S. Eaton of McMaster, and G. W. Elliott, Ac. '99.

A most delightful hour and a half was brought to a close by singing The National Anthem, "Blest be the tie" and "God be with you till we meet again," followed by the benediction from the lips of Dr. Welton.

E. J. Y., '97.

Acadia Athenæum.

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BUSINESS LETTERS should be addressed Horace G. Perry, Sec'y-Treas.
In regard to all other matters address, **Editor, Acadia Athenæum.**

The Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

The Standard At Acadia. Our attention has recently been directed to what has for a considerable time been a growing conviction with us, that the standard of intellectual requirement at Acadia is too low. This impression grows throughout the course on anyone who thinks at all of it, but it is the graduate, and especially the graduate who has attended some other college who sees most clearly the defect. Of course allowance must be made for the fact that burdens seem lighter and difficulties less, the farther we are removed from them; also, that one is apt to compare the amount of work demanded at an earlier time with his capacity for work in maturer years which generally results in the disparagement of the former; but even a true perspective reveals a disparity between what is and what should be that furnishes adequate ground for complaint.

The standard must be determined to some extent by the relation of the smaller college to the Public School system of these provinces. From the primary and intermediate schools the pupil passes to the high school which serves to give the boy or girl a good elementary education; or to the Academy which is more truly a preparatory school for higher education but which also make some effort at specialized work. The great mass of young people go no further than this in their education. But there is an ever-growing number, who having tasted the pleasures of knowledge in these elementary schools look for an opportunity to drink deep and satisfying draughts. The smaller college

serves this purpose. It occupies more or less fully the ground between the high school or academy, and the larger colleges in which knowledge is specialized to the greatest degree. Its purpose is to give one a liberal education in the higher branches of learning, fitting him extensively for every duty and intensively for none, though incidentally some opportunity for specialization as preparatory to professional studies is afforded.

It follows then that the college, receiving its recruits largely from the high school, should make its matriculation standard in large measure conform to the attainments of high school graduates; and as the latter designates a wide range, we would limit this and say only those high school graduates whose averages were at least fifteen per cent. above the prescribed minimum. The standard for entrance at Acadia is below this and since a gap exists between it and the work in course, we find each new class encumbered by some unfitted to carry on the work.

But not only is the matriculation standard too low. The pass mark on the regular work of the curriculum is too low by ten points, and in this Acadia is not so culpable as some other of our Maritime colleges. The work laid down is sufficient to keep the cleverest student busy if he will get the most out of it, but where there are those who care only for "getting through," the low pass mark permits them to get along with the least amount of study and the most superficial knowledge of the subjects. It also makes practicable in a larger degree than were otherwise possible, the practice of "cramming," not bad in itself, but pernicious in its effects. And passing to those who have left Acadia, it is due to the same cause that we find some who almost put their Alma Mater to shame by the meagreness of their scholastic acquirements; most regrettable, since, thanks to the strange perversity of human judgment, every such case has much more power to lower people's estimation of Acadia than the brilliant success of another of her sons has to raise it.

A raising of the two standards, some one might object, would lessen the attendance, but if this were true, it would be beneficial rather than otherwise as it would cut off only those least desirable to have, that is, those who are too stupid to meet the requirements and who as one of our professors recently remarked "ought to be picking stones," and those who are too lazy to work, or have the impression that the college is the place for four years of recreation. A higher standard would compel closer attention to work giving more thorough knowledge while inculcating habits of greater diligence. In addition, while the primary object in attending college is not to secure a degree, it is the duty of the college authorities to make it represent something

more to the possessor than would an academy diploma. It the honor of our institution is to stand secure her graduates must be finished, cultured and capable of successful competition with the best in the directing of the nation's thought.

We regret that it has been found necessary to omit the Exchange column this month.

Obituary.

Charles W. Eaton, '88 a native of P. E. I. met with a fatal accident in the Yukon under exceptionally tragic circumstances. While at work in the shaft a descending bucket fell twenty-two feet striking him on the top of the skull. He shouted to his companion above to send down the rope. Eaton then made a loop and placed his foot in it and sustained himself while his friend drew him to the surface. He then made his way to the cabin but it soon became apparent that medical assistance was needed. Six hours after the accident he fell asleep and nothing could be done to revive him. He was the last of four partners operating in the Klondike who have died within one year. Eaton reflecting on the fate of these in so short a time contemplated leaving the Yukon some months ago but his forebodings gradually wore away and he resumed his work as a miner.

While at Acadia Mr. Eaton was very popular as a student was captain of the foot-ball team in his Senior year and a good athlete. His father Charles F. Eaton now resides at Kentville, N. S.

De Alumnis.

L. H. Morse, B. A. '91, M. D., is practicing his profession in the town of Digby, N. S.

Rev. M. P. Freeman '62, has retired from the active work of the ministry and is now a resident of Wolfville.

Miss Edna C. Cook '99 has an excellent position as governess and private tutor in one of the most cultured homes of Philadelphia.

Rev. T. A. Blackadar '65, is now stationed in Lower Granville where he is doing good work as a pastor and is highly esteemed by his people.

Leander S. Morse '66, holds the position of Inspector of Schools for Digby and Annapolis Counties. Mr. Morse is well known throughout the Province as an efficient and competent official enjoying the respect and confidence of all the teachers in his district.

Rev. Luman B. Crosby '91 who has been for some time in the Western States is contemplating a return to the Maritime Provinces.

Rev. A. Judson Kempton is at present the pastor of the Baptist Church, Mt. Carroll, Illinois. The Shinar Institute, affiliated with Chicago University, is located at Mt. Carroll.

Miss Winnifred Coldwell, Acadia '98 has returned to Wolfville and will spend the summer at her home. Miss Mabel Coldwell formerly a member of '02, has resumed her studies at Acadia.

"Intemperance and its remedy, the question of the hour for Church and State," was the subject of an address recently delivered by the Rev. John H. Jenner, B. A. '91, M. A. '95, at the Park Street Church, Halifax. Special invitations were issued to the members of the Legislature to be in attendance.

J. W. DeB. Farris '99 winner of the Frazier prize for debating in the University of Pennsylvania, was largely responsible for the victory won by his University over the University of Michigan on March 7th. Mr. Farris was the leader of Pennsylvania's debating team in that contest. Again the ATHENÆUM extends congratulations.

John F. Herbin, B. A., '90, has just been elected Mayor of Wolfville. Mr. Herbin is a graduate of the Ontario Optical Institute and for some years past has been Wolfville's leading Optician. He has also a good reputation as an author and literary man. He has always taken an active interest in civic affairs, having served as member of the Town Council.

Edwin D. King, K. C., Acadia '63, writes as follows: "I always read the ATHENÆUM with much interest. It is one of the periodicals visiting my home that tends to keep alive and cement the ties binding me to the past. I read your paper with much of the old time enthusiasm for Alma Mater." Mr. King is the senior member of the well-known law firm, King & Barss, practicing in the city of Halifax.

Among our new subscribers we note the name E. M. Chesley. Mr. Chesley was graduated here in 1870. He then took a course of study in the Meadville Theological Seminary of Meadville, Pa. For some years he was a member of the Faculty of that Institution being Professor of Philosophy, Ethics, and Psychology. At present Mr. Chesley resides in Boston and is devoting his time to lecturing, private teaching and literary work.

The Month.

Editors : L. W. D. Cox and H. G. Scott.

The Propylæum Society was very pleasantly entertained at the home of Professor Wortman on the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 28. One of the most interesting features of the programme was the Freshmen-Sophomore debate, in which the former were the victors.

This Society was fortunate enough to receive an invitation for the next meeting on Friday, March 14. This meeting was held at the home of Professor Haycock, and an enjoyable hour was spent in discussing Kipling. The Society owes a debt of gratitude to the many friends who have extended to it, so much kindness during the past year.

The Vocal Recital given by the Students of Acadia Seminary on the evening of Feb. 28 in College Hall, was by no means the least interesting event of the month. This is the second of the series of recitals given by the Students during the year. The audience though not so large as we could wish to see at such interesting entertainments, was appreciative, and the pleasure which they received on that evening will insure their presence at the next function of a similar nature. The program was as follows :—

PART ONE.

- | | | | |
|---|-----|--|-------------------------|
| 1 | (a) | Spinning Song | <i>Eichburg.</i> |
| | (b) | Robin Adair | <i>Dudley Buck.</i> |
| 2 | | Serenade (Obligato by Miss E. Starr) | <i>Gounod.</i> |
| | | Miss Jennie Eaton | |
| 3 | | Nearest and Dearest | <i>Carracciola.</i> |
| | | Miss Francis W. Burditt | |
| | | Miss Florence M. Elkin | |
| 4 | | I know that My Redeemer Liveth (The Messiah) | <i>Handel.</i> |
| | | Miss Annie M. Murray | |
| 5 | (a) | Fantasie | <i>Chopin.</i> |
| | (b) | Ghosts | <i>Schytte.</i> |
| | | Miss Mamie W. Chaloner | |
| 6 | | Daybreak | <i>J. D. C. Parker.</i> |
| | | Miss Murray, Miss Slade | |
| | | Mr. Keddy, Mr. Sleep | |

PART TWO.

- | | | | |
|---|----|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| 7 | | Inflamatus est (Stabat Mater) | <i>Rossini.</i> |
| | | Chorus: Solo, Miss Epps | |
| 8 | 5e | Air Varie | <i>Dancla.</i> |
| | | Miss Evelyn Starr | |
| 9 | | Love's Nocturne | <i>Kellie.</i> |
| | | Miss Eaton and Mr. Cohoon | |

| | | |
|--------------------|---|--------------------|
| 10 | Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower Miss Sadie Epps | <i>Rubenstein.</i> |
| 11 (a) | Ave Maria (Solo, Miss Murray) | <i>Abt.</i> |
| (b) | Cradle Song Glee Club | <i>Brahms.</i> |
| GOD SAVE THE KING. | | |

Each number of the programme was well rendered, and showed much care on the part of the instructor, and earnest work on the part of the student.

On Tuesday evening, March 11, Acadia finished her Hockey season with a return game with Canning, when Acadia surprised her warmest admirers by putting up a remarkably fine game of Hockey and playing Canning to a standstill. The score as officially given was 1—1 the last goal however (by which Canning tied the score) was made after time was up, but the Referee, not hearing the timekeeper, did not blow his whistle before the goal was scored. From first to last the game was Acadia's and throughout the game especially in the second half, Canning was on the defensive, but the brilliant work of her defense saved her from defeat. Acadia wished to play off the draw but it could not be arranged. The game was by far the fastest and best of the season. There were several slight injuries to players but none serious enough to cause any retiring from the game. The Acadia team was as follows:

Left Wing, *Haley*, Capt.; Centre, *Keddy*; Right Wing, *Patterson*; Rover, *De Witt*; Cover Point, *Condon*; Point, *Boggs*; Goal, *Taylor*.

All of our men played a splendid game and it is impossible to single out any for special mention. Although the Hockey season has not been a very successful one this year, still after the fine showing the team made against Canning, one of the best teams in the province we should all feel proud of it and can but be sorry that we were unable to meet the teams from the colleges.

The Interclass Hockey League has been finished by the following games:

| | | | |
|---------|----|------------|-----|
| Academy | vs | Freshmen | 2—0 |
| Juniors | vs | Freshmen | 2—0 |
| Seniors | vs | Sophomores | 7—6 |
| Academy | vs | Sophomores | 5—4 |

The game between the Freshmen and Academy was very close and fairly interesting. The teams were evenly matched and the Academy only succeeded in scoring the necessary goals a few minutes before the end of the game.

The Junior-Freshmen game was slow and uninteresting both teams seeming to play in a half-hearted manner. The Juniors made both goals during the first half.

The Senior-Sophomores game was a surprise to all for the Seniors instead of winning with ease as was expected only succeeded in pulling off a victory by their best efforts. In the first half the Seniors had the better of the game and ran the score up to 4—2 but in the second half the game was the Sophomores and the score was several times tied and the Sophomores were once in the lead.

Around the final game, between the Academy and Sophomores considerable interest centred as it decided second place in the League. If the Sophomores won as was expected the Academy, Sophomores and Juniors would have tied for second place. The Academy won however by a score of 5—4 and thus received second place. The Sophomores started in well and at the end of the first half the score was 2—1 in their favor but they did not appear to have the endurance of the Academy team and lost the game.

The standing of the teams is as follows :

| Class | Games Won | Lost | Per Cent. | Points Won | Lost |
|------------|--------------|------|--------------|---------------|------|
| Seniors | 4 | 0 | 100 | 27 | 8 |
| Academy | 3 | 1 | 75 | 9 | 15 |
| Juniors | 2 | 2 | 50 | 9 | 7 |
| Sophomores | 1 | 3 | 33 | 16 | 22 |
| Freshmen | 0 | 4 | 00 | 6 | 15 |

Since the end of the Hockey Season Basket Ball has again come forward and the second series of the League is now being played. At the end of the first series before the Christmas vacation the standing of the teams was as follows :

| | | | |
|-----------|-------|--------|---------------|
| Seniors | Won 3 | Lost 0 | Per cent. 100 |
| Juniors | " 2 | " 1 | " 66 |
| Sophomore | " 1 | " 2 | " 33 |
| Freshmen | " 0 | " 3 | " 00 |

In the second series four games have been played :

| | | | |
|------------|----|------------|-------|
| Sophomores | vs | Freshmen | 8—3 |
| Seniors | vs | Juniors | 26—10 |
| Juniors | vs | Freshmen | 20—9 |
| Seniors | vs | Sophomores | 52—20 |

The game between the Freshmen and Sophomores was close but not very fast. The Freshmen were superior in team play and the Sophomores in goal-shooting ability. Each team scored one goal from

the field and the Sophomores won by free throws on fouls.

In the Junior-Freshmen game the first half was close the Juniors winning 6—5 but in the second half the Juniors scored several goals from the field and won by the above score.

In the game between the Sophomores and Seniors the former started in well and scored the first three goals when the Seniors started in to play and play they did as the score shows.

On Friday evening March 21 the Propyleum Society were 'At Home' in College Hall to the students and professors of the university. The hall was artistically decorated as was to be expected when the ladies had full control. A pleasant and unusual feature was the setting apart of a corner to each of the College Classes where with marked success they had rivalled one another to make their respective corners the most tasteful and enticing in class colors. The evening half spent, the conversation was interrupted in a very pleasing way by a violin duet prettily rendered by the Misses Vaughan, followed by a reading from Miss Grace Patriquin to whose popularity both attentiveness and applause gave evidence. If the success of these social functions is to be decided by a prevailing freedom, geniality, and by æthetic culture our fair hostesses made this eminently so.

Observations.

And ye shall see their ways and their doings :—Ezekiel, 14 :22.
What thou seest, write in a book.—Revelation 1 :11.

Editors : E. W. REID, and MISS M. E. HALEY.

Men dying make their wills ; but wives
Escape a work so sad.
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had.

An Honor Roll has been established at the Sister Institution. Anyone whose name is enlisted there must adhere to certain rules and as a reward receives certain privileges. Spring is coming, and many who formerly got on the Roll, but lost their balance and fell off, are renewing their efforts to reach the top and gain the fields of freedom beyond. For any Institution wishing to establish a similar Roll, we have a sample of the rules, which are a great benefit to discipline.

1. All pupils must avoid visiting Kentville for any purpose,

particularly on Saturday nights, as the influence is not good.

2. Proper behavior is demanded at all times, particularly at church and prayer-meeting. Two rubbers and a pair of snickers are allowed, but any additional *feet* will necessitate a removal from the list.

3. On going over to the college gynosium, assume a stony stare, keeping both eyes firmly fixed on the ground, and the lips closed. At basket-ball refrain from damaging walls, windows, chairs, empty benches, etc., as the offence is nothing less than house-breaking, and is worthy of a fine.

Note. A *Dexterous Sem*, was found one day solemnly standing on a piece of paper. When asked the cause of such a position, she answered: "There is more than one way to get on the Honor Roll."

During the summer months Th m-s will travel in the Maritime Provinces as an advertisement for Chipman Hall.

How doth the busy little *Bea*
 Delight to pass her time?
 She loves to *Carol* sweetly
 In notes almost divine.

M-e I-t--e, says that when he goes to Harvard he will take his M A there.

C-n-i-gh-m spent the Sabbath recently at Mr. J. W. Bigelow's, in town. His visits seem to follow a Periodic Law.

This is inserted to assure the Freshettes who scurry into Chapel at such a rate, that Mr. Oliver says the back seat is perfectly safe and will easily seat seven.

It will soon be time for field sports again. Already the classes are choosing their men. The juniors think that Sh-nk-l will take the hundred yards dash, if they can induce Mr. DeWolfe to follow him.

Pastor (gesticulating wildly), "And now my brethren, do you follow me?"

Drowsy voice from the gallery, "Like Peter—afar off."

Why does J-h-s-n go West on Sundays?

Chipman Hall. At junior supper-table: "Look out, there is lint-on what you are *Eaton*."

C-lh- -n; "This way please, gentlemen, ten cents a pane to see the Sems in the gymnasium from my window."

At chapel service as the clock strikes nine,—stern leader:
 “That clock is out of order.”

An Easter delicacy for those who went home—“goose eggs.”

A general Truth: Invention is the daughter of Necessity. A particular application: M-r-e sold a valise of apples for thirty-five cents and went to the Smiley Concert.

The weest Sem. has caught a *black adder* in church, which she still preserves in good spirits.

The Ministerials of the hall have instituted a smoking club. Although great results are expected, at present writing some of the Reverend Gentlemen are somewhat indisposed. Mr. Ell-t has been confined to his bed for three days; Mr. D-k-n has been unable to tend classes; Mr N--ly is assiduously partaking of Shoop's Nerve Tonic, and Mr. Wh-t- is using Carter's Little Liver Pills.

A light should certainly be placed in the enclosed stairway leading to the museum gallery. During a recent reception, it is reported that an *osculatio* took place there.

A certain Sem's, favorite song:
 “O where's my Gordon *Highland laddie* gone?”

HOW PADDY MET THE ANGELS.

(Crowded out of last issue.)

Two Angels from confinement freed
 Spent Sunday in the town,
 And Percy Hotspur with *good speed*
 Got dressed and hastened down.
 Their raptured souls with hope did swell
 To sweet communion hold;
 But soon the bell broke off the spell
 And Paddy walked in bold,
 Yet with a *Frank* an honest sport
 With joyous fear upon his face.
 When Percy saw the game was short
 He almost fell from *Grace*.
 And as the Angels sped away
 Upon the snow, suffice
 One dreamed that night of the Nymph so gay
 That came from Paradise.

Sl-pp, (in N-ch-ls-n's room standing on a chair examines his time table): “Say, Bob, why do you have an hour here for calling at the Sem.? Whom do you go to see?”

N-ch-ls-n: “I am calling on Miss E-k-n now.”

Before the hockey season ended the second team played a game in Hantsport. As they failed to defeat their opponents, on their return the Faculty found it necessary to reduce their standard ten per cent. We believe this is the beginning of a good policy for football, baseball, hockey, etc. It will be an inspiration to urge the boys on to more valiant work.

Why does not C-x make better marks on his exams? Because he makes so many *Miss* statements.

It is generally thought that a certain Freshman *airs* himself too much.

Parson El-i-tt and Parson Wh-te returning from a preaching expedition in Gaspereau. Wh-te, (having accidently dropped his bible in the mud): Now Pa'son I preached for you dis mornin', you swear for me now.

Acknowledgments.

D. J. Neily, \$1.00; Rev. H. R. Hatch, \$1.00; C. H. McIntyre, \$1.00; E. D. King, K. C., \$4.00; W. W. Chipman, \$1.00; H. F. Calhoun, \$1.00; Rev. H. G. Esterbrooks, \$1.00; O. T. Daniels, \$1.00; R. J. Colpitts, \$1.00; C. E. Atherton, \$1.00; Miss Grace B. Reynolds, \$1.00; Prof. E. M. Chesley, \$1.00; Prof. J. E. Barss, \$1.00.

APOLOGIA.

If I have rudely trod upon some corn
 Of one I know and love; if some aesthetic
 Toe doth nurse a grudge; I do not scorn
 To smear the same with salve apologetic.
 And more, if some good man, full sorely tried
 Swallowed his wrath, this picture may provide
 A fine emetic.

But pshaw! why need I trouble? These are men
 To big for vanity. For pygmies suffer
 If we plant them small; but giants, again,
 Smile at their tiny copies. A buffer
 May laugh indeed, but dare not ridicule
 To see a god attired like a fool
 Or common duffer.

AUTHOR OF THE "FACULTY SERIES."