



# ACADIA ATHENEUM



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# The Acadia Athenæum

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NO. 3

## The Boatman and the Swimmer

A Palace of Pearl; a placid beach;  
And a fair broad river smooth as pearl.  
But black night scowled on the lower reach,  
Where, far below the Palace of Pearl,  
The riotous water did seethe and swirl.

A Boatman slips thro the upper reach;  
The water is silk, and the wind is fair.  
He moors his skiff on the placid beach;  
And when he ascends by the Palace stair,  
White Shapes of Love are awaiting him there.

But far below, where the eddies carouse,  
A Swimmer writhes in the mad pell-mell,  
Panting, and cursing and knitting his brows.  
His hot eyes gleam like the windows of Hell,  
Yet he yearns for the place where the White Loves dwell.

White Shapes wing out to the seethe and swirl.  
And they bear the Swimmer about to sink  
Home to the place of the Palace of Pearl;  
And a servant kneels—'tis the Boatman, I think—  
And holds his cup that the Swimmer may drink.

*Ralph M. Jones, '01*

## The Return of the Oldest Order

**A** SHRIEKING, blustering wind without was doing its very best to usher in a snowy Christmas, for at last the anniversary of that great Eve had arrived, which years before had brought so much joy to the world. And just because it was Christmas eve, She sat alone in the long, low-ceilinged room, half-music room and half library—alone with the fire and her thoughts.

She suited that antique room, or so the fire-light thought; for the shadows and lights played never ceasingly over her—nestled in her bright curly hair coiled low on her neck, for an instant; loitered dangerously near her lips, then, catching a glimpse of sadness in the gray eyes, gleefully escaped to play mad pranks with the shining folds of her soft white gown, the brightest spot in the room.

She was seated in a large arm-chair, as ancient looking as the room, gazing, ever gazing into the flames as if her whole life were written there,—past, present and future. And the Past? Oh, that was a far-off picture only faintly defined by the fitful flames and seemed to be separate from all the others.

Of course *She* was there, a wee tot skipping off to school, romping and laughing, always laughing. And *He*, why did that picture now seem very incomplete without Him in it? He was seated behind her in school, slyly pulling her curls and smuggling choice marbles and sticky taffy into her desk to 'make up' again.

To be sure he had always disdained to walk home from school with her, a fact she had been perfectly oblivious of then, but they had always met under the old oak tree on the edge of the glen, where acorns served the purpose of a hundred different things in playing shop, keeping school and—oh most laughable picture, keeping house. How superior were the plans there adopted to those in their own homes, and with what seriousness had they pledged themselves to abide by them when they should be "grown up."

Did he ever think of them now? Was he thinking of them at this very moment, just because it was Christmas eve and because—of so many other things? It was just at this stage in her dreaming that a shadow barely escaped drowning in a tear trembling on her lashes.

But that was a dream of the very Past and it must die, perhaps

forever, now. For soon she saw herself a maiden grown, shocking her parents with her pranks and escapades, and assuring them with an independent toss of always-tangled curls, that she was never going to be grown up and wear long skirts and stay in the house. And simultaneously she was looking into a pair of brown, boyish eyes that were ever ready to laugh at her fun or share her troubles. Why had she taken it all so indifferently then? Why should she value it now?

There lay the reason, the only one she could give, right there in her hand. A small square white envelope with only her girlhood initials and "Laddie" down in one corner of it. It was old, ten years old and yet the seal had not been broken. She fingered it nervously but could not command her trembling fingers to open it, just yet. She must be allowed to think for awhile at least, and perhaps then she could find courage to read the contents, promised to be kept until this night.

Suddenly the room was lighted up from corner to corner; the polished floor reflected, between the richly-hued rugs, the massive furniture and even the pictures covering the walls; and the shadows fled in wild disorder from the brightness. The oak log in the fire place was cracked in two huge pieces and lay glowing to the very core. A little ember detached itself from the mass and rolled out on the hearth, glowing too. To her it seemed a live thing, the painter of all her fire-pictures; and now it began to talk to her in a low almost inaudible voice, and she was compelled to listen.

"I am of that Oak Tree, and I know your thoughts well. Have I not recorded them ever since you two played beneath my sturdy branches, told me all your secrets and made all your promises? Oh, I have been truer to them than you, for I have never forgotten. My acorns grew for your amusement alone. My leaves sheltered but two people from the hot summer suns, and died to make leaf-houses for you in Autumn. Have you forgotten that winter day when you stood under my snow-covered branches and he showered the snow all over you just because he liked that picture of you best to carry away with him? Was it not then he broke a sixpence in two and sealed one half up in that very letter you hold, to be kept until tonight?"

The embers fairly hissed the last words out. Her face was hidden in her hands, the letter had fallen to the floor unheeded, for she was listening, listening, listening.

"O," continued the ember with the voice of an avenging angel, "you have been faithless, faithless. He promised to return, and you—forgot. But the Heart of the Oak was true. The West Wind has brought to me tales of his daring, the North Wind of his peril and the South Wind has whispered sometimes of his wooing, sometimes of a sorrow which he has never been able to drown, go where he will. You know what it is and so do I. But through everything he has been constant and true, true to a memory of—"

Just at this moment the door was pushed softly open and a small white-gowned figure stood on the sill doubtful whether to advance or retreat.

"Mother", a childish voice disturbed the stillness, "do you think Santa will *ever* come? Nursie"—

"Come here, darling," said she stretching out her arms almost eagerly for the real picture of the Present. Soon the shadows crept closer to them, listening to the childish prattle and the low, musical voice that told such wonderful stories.

"And now tell me about Father all over again, please"

Was it a shudder that passed through her even to her finger tips and which made her clasp the little form almost convulsively?

"Why to-night, Laddie? Shan't mother tell again about Jack and the Bean Stalk?"

But the curly head insisted, and so the shadows listened attentively while she related scenes in which "daddy" had taken so prominent a part; of how proud he had been of his "Laddie," a nick-name he had adapted just to please "mother", of merry makings and fun—did the relating of them charm her more now than the real occurrences had then? Only that silent ember could tell if it would.

"And then", persisted the baby voice. Must she go on to the end? "And then", her telling of it caused the very embers to shiver. The happy home-leaving in the morning; at eventide the cruel telegram of a terrible railway accident and last, the sorrowful home-coming. It has happened two years ago, but seemed very real to-night.

Was it of this she was thinking while her lips were repeating the oft-told story which had ever fascinated the child? Ask the ember for it held the secrets of her heart—and the letter. She remembered it now and stooped to pick it up. Instantly the baby fingers clasped it and a childish voice wished to know what it was.

But she had resolved never to know for the sake of the Present. Taking possession of it, she lightly touched the signature in the corner to her lips, and leaning forward, dropped it in the flames. The heart of oak should keep the secret to the end.

Two large, frightened gray eyes looked up quickly into her own, two little arms almost choked her in a loving embrace and a quivering little voice that tried to be brave whispered—"Don't mother, please don't cry, 'cause Laddie loves you still".

"Does he?" she whispered, looking into the eyes as like her own, "how do you know little one?"

"'Cause I does just, *awfully* and—oh, look mother, is it Santa Claus?"

Why did her very heart stand still and her brain cease to think? Was it a dream-picture of the Very Past or were things real? For in the door-way stood a form tall and strong and fair as a Viking, a veritable Prince of a Santa.

He was coming toward her, she could not rise—but, still clasping an awe-struck, curly-headed boy in her left arm she stretched her right hand toward the stranger, and all the pent-up longing love of a life, of a life to be in the Future, was in her voice as she said simply—"My two Laddies."

Was it a chuckle from the fire-place which broke the eloquent silence? But no; for there on the hearth lay a little black ember, dead.

'O?



## My World and I

Upon an Eastern headline,  
Above the seething spray,  
Gray gulls slow wheeling over me  
Through all the summer day.

The breeze from off the ocean  
Goes through my veins like wine,  
And the singing heart of Ocean  
Chordeth well with mine.

The sun is gleaming, gleaming  
Upon the waves below,  
And the ships along the offing  
To their haven go.

The clouds are climbing, climbing  
Up o'er the ocean's brim  
Where the mighty bowl of heaven  
Rests its azure rim.

The waves are breaking, breaking  
Along the crescent shore—  
Hollow voices calling, calling,  
At each cavern door.

The wide, blue breast of Ocean,  
The waves and wind and spray,  
The sails, the sun, the heaven itself—  
The World — is mine today !

*Roy Elliott Bates, '04.*

## A Glimpse into the Unknown

WE live in an age of inquiry. Men are grappling with science and its laws in a manner suggestive of sorcery; they are thinking the thoughts that will be the precious inheritance of generations yet to come; they are doing the deeds that will reduce the habit of living to a Fine Art. The life of today is rife with noise and shock and tireless activity—a jangling and incomprehensible discord, while beyond this, far off and faint, like a sweet strain of half-forgotten music, comes the thought, *After this life what?* Let us draw nearer, listen, and then look about us for the answer. On this side we can never truly find the answer as in a problem in Mathematics, but we can glean a little from one and another master-mind that will make a complete idea furnishing at least, a working basis for thought.

When the hurly-burly's done what becomes of that vital personality, that living something, that distinguishes mankind one from another? In answering this question, Literature is our chief resource, and in Literature—Poetry. We will look through the eyes of Shakespeare and Milton at this great problem of Immortality and think again the thoughts of Tennyson and Browning.

Shakespeare was the greatest painter of human nature that the world has ever seen. In this realm of literature he stands unsurpassed. He deals with the concrete rather than the abstract. His pictures portray noise, action, confusion and these are painted with a master stroke. He is so taken up with the affairs of this present life that he has said very little about the life hereafter. Nevertheless, although he has no skillfully hewn doctrines on the possibility or nature of an endless life, he weaves in through his strong dramatic action some few truths making up his concept of Immortality.

That Shakespeare believed in God and Christianity is evident in the speech of Clarence to his murderers,

“I charge you, as you hope to have redemption  
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins,  
That you depart and lay no hands on me.”

This then gives us a guarantee of Shakespeare's faith in Immortality; for what need of a redemption if with the body dies the soul?

Again the words of Hamlet in his thoughtful soliloquy, express anxious doubt begetting faith.

"To die : — to sleep ; —  
To sleep ! perchance to dream ! Ay, there's the rub,  
For in that sleep of death what dream may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil.

Must give us pause :  
And make us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

There seems ever to be a restless activity about the poet's conception of life. After death, therefore, the soul is merely transferred to a new life, with the possibility of dramatic action just as strong.

Shakespeare has, however, said so little about eternal things that it is only conjecture that enables us, to paint a Heaven or a Hell and call it Shakespeare's. Even the ghosts and witches are strangely quiet about the character of their abiding place. He only makes the ghostly King of Denmark grimly say :

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul ;  
Make each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

It seems from this that the dramatist consigns the unsaved soul to actual fire and brimstone. His Heaven as well, to be consistent, must be an earthly Paradise, filled with spirits of the blest. For in Hamlet, Laertes cries, —

"I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be  
When thou liest howling."

But Shakespeare had no imagination when dealing with the unreal. He invested the Unseen World with neither mystery, nor the sanctity of mighty changes of the soul, beyond the most practical conception of these things. He only knew the reality of unrealities when his eye closed on this world to open in Eternity.

While Shakespeare is unrivalled in forcing action on the stage of this life, Milton is without a peer in dealing with the Universal.

"I thence invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aeonian Mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose and rhyme."

His conceptions are marked with grandeur and sublimity. The affliction of blindness in his advancing years gave him, no doubt, an unrivaled opportunity for thinking of the life of the Unseen.

During his lifetime he seems to have had two distinct conceptions of Immortality differing essentially one from the other. In his earlier writings his mind was less on the subject of eternal things. At this time, the idea of the soul passing immediately into the interests of the life beyond was his. He gives us a suggestion of the mystery of it all in this passage from "Il Penseroso," when he speaks of ushering in

"The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds or what regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in the fleshy nook."

In "Lycidas," an elegy on the death of a college mate, he asserts the soul to be a partaker in the joys of hereafter even from the death hour.

"Weep no more, woeful, shepherds, weep no more ;  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;  
So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love."

In later life, however, this conception changed materially, and sadly enough, seems to be a retrograde from his former views. He now entertained the idea of the soul lapsing into an unconscious state on the death of the body. In this condition he believed it remained until the dawning of the Resurrection morning when the body and soul revive together and began the life that would last throughout eternity.

Although Milton's great Epic treats chiefly of Universal facts, his conceptions are of eternity as it existed before the creation of the world and little is said of the future life of man. We can, however easily infer somewhat of the nature of that life from his grand picture and sublime creations. This gives to us a Heaven — colossal in its proportions, dazzlingly beautiful, gloriously perfect, yet of the earth, earthly. His lower world shows us an imagination of wonderful capabilities, and a descriptive power awful in its bold fondness of detail. Milton, however, like Shakespeare never gets fully into the realm of spirit life; but ever clings helplessly to earthly customs and traditions.

The poetry of Tennyson is rich in its teaching on the growth and development of the soul. His mind was ever pushing its way into an inner and higher world. The soul, its struggles, and its destiny, were themes of which he never tired. A suggestion of the mysterious halo surrounding the birth and passing of the soul is grandly set forth in the "Passing of Arthur." "From the great deep to the great deep he goes." That there is a great deep, and that it consists not of oblivion is a thought that is absolutely necessary to this poet's philosophy.

Tennyson was an introspective master-painter. To him the outward life of man was but an index to that far greater and more glorious inward life. It forms the background, on which the artist throws his picture of the passions, struggles and triumphs of the soul. Why these passions, struggles, triumphs costing often the keenest anguish or a glorious joy, if the soul-life could be blotted from existence in a little moment of time? To his student nature, therefore, the conception of immortality could be the only true one.

"My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life should live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is."

We find then that Tennyson gives us no opportunity to doubt the existence of the soul after death. It is left to us now, therefore, to inquire into the nature of that life throughout the measureless eternity. The possibility that the soul drifts out into a dreamless sleep to awaken only when the last day of Time shall come is accepted by Tennyson only as a passing thought. The rather does he advocate the passing of the soul into a new eternal life with the qualities of the

soul-life quickened and rendered more acute. With identity unchanged the new-born soul can see with perfect vision the mysteries of that Unknown World. He can view the past struggles of his earthly life with an eye divine in its perfection and its kindness.

“There no shadow can last  
In that deep dawn behind the tombs  
But clear from merge to merge shall bloom  
The eternal landscape of the past.”

Whether this identity, well defined at first, gradually merges into a general soul is a query merely suggested in “In Memoriam,” that greatest religious poem of the century. He does not, however, entertain this theory long. The love he felt for Arthur Hallam compelled him to believe that satisfaction of that love, denied him here, should yet be granted in the life to come.

But, the most beautiful thing about Tennyson’s conception of immortality—is its sublimity. The growth and development of the soul after death is grand indeed ; for it is infinite. From the petty spirit, blindly groping to discover its own existence in this life, it finds itself at its translation, and forges its way out and up, struggling, broadening, conquering, fulfilling measureless possibilities as the Almighty’s most sublime creation.

“For tho’ the Giant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work their will ;  
Tho’ world on world in myriad myriads roll  
Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul ?”

Tennyson seemed truly to catch a glimpse of the mystery and the glory in this life. What, then, would that revelation be to such a soul, as, when the summons came, he passed.

“To where beyond these voices there is peace.”

With Tennyson mystery and idealism envelope the soul in its ever changing moods keeping off the out-side world and ever striving to preserve its sacred character. Not so with Browning. This

poet, more than any other poet of his age, has taken for a worthier stage, the soul itself, its shifting fancies and celestial light. His battleground is the soul—the armies, right and wrong—the victor right. He solves the problem of life by the principle of Love. This forms the ground of his abounding optimism. This gives the promise of immortality. To him, this universal war of Light and Darkness is the grandest work of all, beside which other conflicts sink to the level of trivialities.

But if the battle-cry is heard throughout the din of this present world, does the weary victor lay down his arms and sink to a peaceful and idle rest in the life eternal? Or shall he be cut off in the midst of the conflict and fling the possibility of victory to the four winds of Heaven? Browning answers most emphatically "No."

"No work begun shall ever pause for death,"

Again in "Abt Vogler."

"On the earth the broken arc, in heaven the perfect round."

Thus, though Browning deals with the soul preeminently when it is in the body, he believes that the perfecting process continues throughout eternity.

"So take and use Thy work, amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!  
My times be in Thy hand! Perfect the cup as planned!  
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

With Tennyson the soul passes from this life with a deep hush on all the world, stilled in silence and in awe at the great mystery of death. Browning sends his soul into eternity with a glad shout of victory and clash of arms in preparation for a grander fight and more decisive triumph.

Finally we have given in a mere outline sketch the general concept of these poets.

"Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

We have said that in the study of this subject our reward, at best, was speculation and uncertainty. Is that true? We have still a higher source to which our hearts unconsciously turn for comfort. To the words of one, more divinely inspired than Shakespeare or Milton

of nobler character than Tennyson or Browning, the Christ Himself. "As thou hast given him power over all flesh that he should give eternal life to as many as thou has given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

Thus the speculation becomes fact, and on the uncertainty breaks certainty.

*Mary I. Currie, '06*



## Editorial

THE ATHENÆUM extends to each of its readers a belated, but none the less genuine, wish for a Happy New Year. 'Tis a pretty custom, this, of wishing one another happiness as each successive New Year's Day goes by, and the ATHENÆUM falls into line sincerely hoping that it may indeed help its readers to make this year, so lately begun, a happy one. Happiness, although influenced by the relations others assume toward us, depends after all largely on our own selves. It is really from our work that we derive our happiness, and the degree of this life's pleasure attained depends on that which we are able to do rightly and well. Hence it is, that at each New Year, with the realization that old Father Time has put down another mark to our credit (or discredit), we make endless resolves to do better in the future than in the past. The making of resolutions, however, avails very little in procuring happiness for ourselves; it is in the carrying-out of them that we derive benefit and pleasure, provided, of course, that what we attempt to do is worthy. College students, with the leisure of a long Christmas vacation, have, perhaps, more than other persons, opportunity for surveying the past, and for making resolutions concerning the future. Of course all of us resolved to study hard for the mid-year exams., which is hardly to be wondered at, considering that they are only about two weeks distant from the end of vacation. Perhaps some of us resolved that for the rest of our course we would conform to the Faculty's wishes, or that we would go in for Athletics, or that we would make high class standing, or that we would take better care of our morals, or that we would write something for the ATHENÆUM. Hold on! *Did* anyone ever resolve to write something for the ATHENÆUM? Oh yes, quite a few, but most of them got little beyond the resolving stage. Now this year we hope that, not only have resolutions to write for the college paper been made, but that they will be carried-out. From the undergraduates especially do we look for work, for unless they make use of their college magazine its most important *raison d'etre* vanishes.

But this brings us face to face with the question: What *is* the use of a college magazine? Well, to begin with, there are so very many uses for a college magazine that even an enumeration of them would be beyond the scope of this editorial. But we shall mention one

thing a college magazine is useful for, and were there no other, this one ought to be sufficient justification for the existence of such a journal as the ATHENÆUM. It is this, that the ATHENÆUM, and similar publications, by offering their pages for undergraduate work, act as an incentive to those who are ambitious to write, and so encourage the development of literary skill. Class instruction in English composition is confined, here at Acadia, to the work in the Freshmen class, which, however excellent it may be, is only a step in advance of that received in the High Schools. Those who are fond of this work only get enough to make them want more. No classes are offered in advanced composition, such as criticisms of art and literature, or the writing of fiction or of verse, but we are left to work out our own literary salvation. True, we are supposed to derive some help along these lines from the preparation of the various essays and theses, required for a degree at Acadia, but transcriptions from material found in the library are too common for any wide-spread benefit from this source. So, that under present conditions the usefulness of the ATHENÆUM is evident, and so long as those conditions prevail there need be no doubt that the college paper is "worth while." Of course, the ATHENÆUM can never take the place of class instruction in advanced English, and it is just possible that the undergraduates may go on writing for their college paper year after year and yet nothing of great worth be accomplished for either the writers or readers. The probability is, however, that the discipline of writing for publication, with the object of pleasing, will have a beneficial effect on the contributors, and repeated attempts will doubtless go far towards making one competent to undertake some really difficult literary work. And if the ATHENÆUM can do this much for those who write for it, is not its existence justified? And if this magazine is able to "discover" once a year, or once in four years, or in even a longer interval of time, someone who has a talent for writing, and could encourage and improve the use of that talent, would it not be doing something "worth while"? And we frankly say that to bring to light literary talent seems to us to be the most important use of the ATHENÆUM, and that unless some new talent for writing be "brought out" this year we shall consider the time we have spent on the paper as expended in vain, no matter what others may say of the year's results.

Despite the fact that what we have said, concerning the usefulness

of the college paper, is common knowledge, the undergraduates certainly do not take advantage of the opportunities presented to them by the ATHENÆUM as they should. It is, of course, one of the duties of the editors of the ATHENÆUM to be on the look-out for promising literary talent. Yet although we have kept in touch with the college paper rather closely for nearly three years, and have always had our eyes and ears open for contributions of value, there is undoubtedly more literary ability in college than we have, so far, discovered. Indeed, when there is so little effort on the part of the students to make known what they can do at writing, it is almost impossible for the editor to find out every student who could or would write for the ATHENÆUM. When occasionally our attention is directed to some probable contributor, whom we had not heard of before, and we ask why they have not done something for the paper, we are met by some such answer as, "Why no one ever asked me to!" Now really this is no excuse at all. For consider the position the editor is placed in when he asks for a contribution from someone of unknown ability for writing. If the article requested is satisfactory, all well and good. If not, then there are but two alternatives, publish it and so lower the standard of the magazine and lay it open to severe criticism, or return it, and be regarded by the author as the incarnation of rudeness. For after one has been coaxed and begged into writing for the paper, it certainly is not pleasant to have one's contribution rejected. Depend upon it that whenever the editor is certain that any of the students can do creditable work for the ATHENÆUM they will be asked to contribute. But where the quality of their work is in doubt there is naturally a hesitancy on the editor's part to make a request for an article, so, many worthy ones may be ignored. To prevent this we ask that our undergraduates will freely offer us their manuscript without waiting for the request which, through lack of information, the editor may never make. Whether your contribution be essay, fiction or verse it will be given the benefit of kindly criticism, and should it be returned it will be accompanied by whatever suggestions we feel ourselves competent to offer. The pages of the ATHENÆUM are available for the meritorious work of any student. The ATHENÆUM is not the paper of the editors, nor of any select few. It is the college paper—*your* paper—and it is in your power to make of it what you will.

There ! we started out to write an editorial on the New Year and we have written "A Personal Talk with our Readers." We have wandered from the subject considerably, have we not? Yet we trust, that in following us in our ramblings, our readers may have derived something of benefit. And now, lest you have forgotten that with which we set out, the ATHENÆUM wishes you again a Happy New Year,—the happiest you have ever known !



## Cribbed and Coined.

THE December issue of the *University Monthly* is an attractive one. Brief editorial comments upon collegiate matters; department columns devoted to the different phases of college life and affairs; literary articles; poetry and fiction give an interesting and varied character to the contents, that is quite pleasing to the reader.

An interesting biography of Chas. G. D. Roberts one of Canada's most prominent literary men—who has won distinction as a poet, a novelist, a teacher and as an historian, will be read with especial interest by all students in any way familiar with his works; and who is not? Prof. Roberts is a graduate of U. N. B. and is an Alumnus of whom she may be justly proud. We fully endorse the writer's words when he says "We believe there is no graduate whose name is better known and of whom his *Alma Mater* has more reason to be proud than Charles George Douglas Roberts, one of the greatest of modern writers. And not only this institution, but this, his native province, yea even the broad Dominion is proud and eager to claim him as a son who has ever been proud to claim this Canada as his country."

From this article we learn that Roberts began writing poetry when quite young. His first poem, written prior to his graduation in 1789, was published in Scribner's Magazine. For this the young poet was financially rewarded. the editor at the same time specially commending his production and soliciting more of a similiar quality.

In 1875 he retired from professorial work in order to devote his attention exclusively to literature and in the following year his "History

of Canada" was published. His latest novel "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle" the scene of which is located in Acadie, has recently been published and is receiving favorable criticism.

In this connection we quote the following tribute to the above poet, also found in this number of the Monthly.

"Canadian Roberts! Master of the Art  
That woos from Song its loveliest minstrelsy,  
Sweeping thy lyre with touch divinely free,  
Quickening in turn each impulse of man's heart;  
Peer of the warrior on thy field of peace!  
To thee this night we yield our meed of praise  
Who do but bask in thy reflected rays,  
Or in thy presence bid our dwarflets cease.

The strength of Horace, with anacreoris grace,  
Tennyson's full-orbed faith and Shelley's fire,  
In the Immortals' number give thee place,  
Above thy magic fancies' best desire!  
The lapse of ages fail to dim thy sunlit lays,  
Thy music ring in deathless strains beyond the days!"

Prof. Roberts is a native of New Brunswick; but of late years he has resided for the most part in New York. An excellent cut of him appears as a frontispiece in this issue.

"A Practical Joke"—a short story written in French dialect; an article entitled "The Significance to Canadian Literature of the Champlain Tercentenary Celebration," suggesting what material may herein be found for the basis of literary productions; also an article entitled "Man, The Paragon of Animals" will amply repay the reader for his perusal of them.



'The heights that great men reached and held,  
Were not attained by sudden flight.  
But they while their companions plugged  
Were sleeping soundly through the night.'

“A miss is as good as a mile—  
There’s something funny in this;  
If a miss is as good as a mile,  
Then a mile is as good as a miss;  
The absurdity raises smiles,  
For I’d rather walk out a single miss  
Then a couple of hundred miles.”

—*O. A. C. Review*



“Canada is becoming more and more a fatherland and is daily awakening to the consciousness of her distinct life. Political allegiance the Canadian cheerfully and reasonably owes to England. The individual too treasures tender memories of social origins, the legacy of the best of the old world’s civilization. To admire and love the reflection on us, it may be of France’s glory, of Scotia’s fame, of Ireland’s name or Albion’s power, is nothing mean, but to Canada the new national entity, belongs our first devotion, our patriotism. Whether reared on the historic slopes of the St. Lawrence, or cradled amid the blue lakes of Ontario, nursed in the sound of the Atlantic breakers or under the shadow of the foot-hills of the Rockies, there is among us a fellow-feeling, a new kinship . . . . When on the night of Nov. 3rd. from the confines of the three oceans, came the voices of the constituencies, who but felt the throbbings of a mighty life eager to accomplish its destiny. There *is* a Canadian soul. May it be magnified and made more local. ‘Tis *ours* to participate in it, to make it known and loved.”—*University of Ottawa Review*.



In the November issue of *MacMaster University Monthly* is found the synopsis of an address recently delivered by John Morley to the students of the University of Toronto on the occasion of the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Civil Law upon him by that institution. Morley’s reputation as an orator was on this occasion more than sustained. His theme was the purpose of a university which he main-

tained should primarily aim at the making men of strong character and personality; and this by concentrating attention on the simple and fundamental things. "That there is a relation between cause and effect, and that there is a difference between right and wrong" should be clearly ascertained by the student. Emphasis should be placed upon the strengthening of character rather than upon mere acquisition of knowledge in a college course. Such, in his mind is the Oxford ideal.

Another necessary element in education advanced by Mr. Morley is the cultivation of fairness of mind, of respect for the opinions and actions of others remembering that there is another point of view from which they act."

Speaking in reference to literature, he adds, "In our day, in England, certainly literature as distinguished from science is less brilliant, less powerful, less an object of general popular interest than formerly. The strongest intellects seem to have turned their powers in the direction of the physical sciences, but of course, the human mind is so constituted that a reaction from that is inevitable."

And again in reference to poetry he continues, "Poetry does not depend upon the care or desire of anybody, that depends upon men being born who have the power and imaginative force to stir the mind and heart of their generation. In the middle of the nineteenth century there was a great poetical influence. Now we have no great poetic force."

Not only in literature but also in history and classics, this spirit of scientific research, as prevalent to-day, is working havoc. We are not independent of but vitally connected with the past.

His closing remarks directed towards the young men and women of the Canadian universities and colleges are well worthy of consideration. He says, "There is no part of life comparable in my experience, to early days at college. There you have truth and beauty dawning upon you. You have your aptitudes to train, whatever they may be, but more important than this is the inculcation in the minds of the young, who have the world before them, of high and noble and pure ideals. Time may deface them, they may be dimmed, the dust of life may choke the purposes, but at all events seize the time whilst you are still young, seize the time, and whatever calamities, whatever perplexities come, so long as these ideals are kept alive, there will still shine in upon you the rays of this divine time and diviner mind."

A sonnet entitled "The Sunset" also found in this magazine we quote in full.

"There was a deep sweet stillness over all,  
 Entranced, we watched the lingering day decline,  
 And worshipped at the ever sacred shrine  
 Of the Eternal—Nature's palace hall.  
 Softly the lengthening shadows were unrolled  
 As Sol's great chargers neared the sinking west.  
 Then Heaven's artist dipped his brush, and dressed  
 The whole in hues of purple, red and gold.

Breathless with awe we watched its splendor die,  
 Greatest in glory ere it sank to rest,  
 What strange emotion entered every breast,  
 As joy and peace with sadness seemed to vie !  
 Then, as the gentleness of even fell,  
 The calm of Heaven whispered, "All is well."

Other literary articles of high merit are to be found in this issue, yet space forbids further comment. Upon the whole *McMaster University Monthly* takes a prominent place in the list of our Exchanges. It is always a welcome visitor.

Other Exchanges received are ;

*Dalhousie Gazette, Argosy, Kings College Record, Manitoba College Journal, Queens University Journal, University of Ottawa Review, Niagara Index, O. A. C. Review, Acta Victoriana, Church Work, Columbia Monthly, Harvard Monthly, Yale Lit, Presbyterian College Journal, Mercerian, Nova Scotia Normal, Nassau Lit.*



## Among the Colleges

THE interval between the close of the football season and the Christmas vacation has given an opportunity to college men to direct their energies in other lines of activity than the merely physical. As with ourselves, debating has taken up a large share of the attention of the other Maritime Colleges. Arrangements are being completed for the intercollegiate debates to take place this winter. And happily through the entrance of Kings into the league, the six Maritime Colleges are to be represented this year. The competing colleges and subjects are: U. N. B. vs. Dalhousie, at Halifax, on "Resolved: That the Trade Unions are beneficial to Canada and the United States;" King's vs. Acadia, at Windsor, on "Resolved: That the United States is justified in enforcing the Munroe Doctrine;" Mt. Allison vs. St. Francis Xavier's, at Antigonish, on "Resolved: That a system of mutual tariff preference within the Empire would be in the interests of the Empire."

Whatever the American Rhodes Scholarship men are doing intellectually, they are certainly distinguishing themselves in the realms of athletics. In the Freshman athletic competition at Oxford, the Americans captured seven of the eleven first places. Ralph Bevan, Brown, '04, Rhodes Scholar at Worcester College is a member of the Champion Crew of his college. W. E. Shutt, Rhodes Scholar from Cornell at the Brazenose sports, Oxford, won four events — 100 yard dash,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile run, 1 mile run and throwing the weight. He was selected as a member of the Oxford cross county team for competition against Cambridge.

The University of Munich has recently admitted women as students and is the first German University to do so.

Building operations are now in progress on Strathcona Hall, the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association of McGill University. This building will cost when completed about \$95,000.

The students of Lehigh University have adopted an honor system. Their pledge is as follows : "We, the students of Lehigh University, do hereby pledge ourselves, on our honor, to abstain from all fraud in university written recitations, quizzes and examinations and to take proper measures to prevent any infringement of this resolution.

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At Harvard four new courses in Forestry have been added this year to the three courses given last year.

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Negotiations are being carried on with a view to arranging a baseball match between teams representing Waseda University, Japan and Leland Stanford University, the game to be played in San Francisco.

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It is estimated that the Yale's receipts from football this fall amounted to \$70,000.

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The law students of the University of Chicago have petitioned the council asking that the women of the college be prohibited from using the law library. They claim that the younger law students converse continually with the "co-eds," thus annoying those who are there for serious work.

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A cosmopolitan club has been formed at Cornell for the purpose of strengthening the social and intellectual intercourses of the Cornell students.

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A faculty basket ball team has been formed at Cornell at Leland Stanford. A baseball team has also been organized, composed of members of the faculty and a schedule of games with the classes arranged. Their first game brought defeat on them at the hands of the Freshman by a score of 8-7.

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The enrollment of the principal universities from the latest statistics for 1904 is as follows : Harvard, 6013 ; Columbia, 4557 ; Chicago

4146 ; Northwestern, 4007 ; Michigan, 3725 ; California, 3690 ; Illinois, 3661 ; Minnesota, 3550 ; Cornell, 3438 ; Wisconsin, 3221 ; Yale, 2990 ; Pennsylvania, 2664 ; Syracuse, 2207 ; Leland Stanford, Jr., 1370 ; Princeton, 1383. Michigan is credited with 15000 graduates, Harvard with 14000 and Yale 11000. The largest university in the world is that at Tokio, Japan. It has a total enrollment this year of 48000 men.

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The elections for next year's football captaincy among the American colleges are about completed and the more important are given below. Yale's will take place after the Christmas recess the delay being caused by some question as to the eligibility of quarter-back Rockwell, who will probably be elected if the question is settled favorably. The others are :

Daniel J. Hurley, '05, Harvard, re-elected  
 F. J. Sharp, '05, Columbia.  
 J. H. Castello, '06, Cornell.  
 James T Cooney, '07, Princeton.  
 G. A. Russ, '06, Brown.  
 Mark Catlin, Chicago.  
 John H. Hubbard, '07, Amherst.  
 Nicholas Bowen, Carlisle Indians.  
 M. S. Reynolds, '05, Pennsylvania.  
 F. S. Norcross, '05, Michigan.

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The American football season once over, it has been the custom for a number of years among the leading newspapers and sporting periodicals to speculate as to an All America team. So the ATHENÆUM though not pretending to belong to either class of publication named, might still be pardoned if such speculation is made in its columns. Our attempt would choose the following : Shevlin, Yale and Butkiewicz, Penn., ends ; Hogan, Yale and Cooney, Princeton, tackles ; Tripp, Yale, and Piekarski, Penn., guards ; Tipton, West Point, centre ; Rockwell, Yale, quarter back ; Hoyt, Yale and Hurley, Harvard, half backs ; Smith, Penn., full back.

## De Alumnis

Fred R. Faulkner, '01, is clerking at the Victoria, one of Boston's aristocratic hotels in the Copley Square district.

W. M. McVicar, '72, is Principal of the Roberts Grammar School, Cambridge, Mass. At a recent meeting of the Harvard Canadian Club, when the topic for the evening was "The Canadian Colleges" Mr. McVicar gave a splendid address on "Acadia" which, so some of our old students, who heard it say, easily eclipsed the addresses made on any other provincial college.

Andrew R. Cobb, '01, has an excellent position with a firm of architects in Cleveland, O. He was this year chosen to work on the Hartshorn roller exhibit at the St. Louis fair.

Wallace Hutchinson, '01, now in the employ of the United States Forestry Department is the author of an article on, "Forest Planting and Tree Growth in Eastern Nebraska," which appeared lately in a magazine in that state.

Rev. Louis M. Duval, '00, of St. John, N. B., has recently returned from Sukai, Africa, where he has been actively engaged in missionary work under the Baptist Southern Mission Board. His labors have been remarkably successful, considering the hardships which he and his wife, who accompanied him, had to undergo. Mr. and Mrs. Duval will remain at home for a year, and then return to the scene of their recent labors.

The following Acadia men are this year at Harvard, in the departments named :

C. L. Vaughn, '98, is in the second year of the Graduate School, and is an Assistant Instructor.

J. C. Hemmeon, '98, is in the second year of the Graduate School, and is an assistant Instructor.

R. R. Sanford, '01, is studying Sanskrit in the fourth year, Harvard College.

N. B. Spinney, '98, is in the first Year Graduate School.

L. W. D. Cox, '03, is studying Landscape Architecture in the second year, Lawrence Scientific School.

R. E. Bates, '04, is in the fourth year Harvard College.

B. W. Roscoe, '02, is taking up special studies in Law, in the Harvard Law School.

T. B. Gilpin, '00, is in the first year of the Law School.



## The Month

AT the first of the month an enthusiastic meeting of the football men of the college was held. At that meeting important business was transacted, and the football prospects for the coming year were ardently discussed. Mr. H. E. Bates, '06 was chosen as first captain of the college football team, and Mr. J. A. Estey, '07 as second captain. The ATHENÆUM wishes these men much success in their work, and hopes that they may be the means of bringing much prosperity to the department of athletics during the coming year.



On Friday evening, November 25th, a pianoforte recital was given by Mr. George Pratt Maxim in Alumnæ Hall. The programme was listened to with interest by an appreciative audience. An enjoyable feature of the entertainment was the introductory readings of Mrs. Maxim explaining the character of each selection as it was presented. Mr. Maxim excelled himself in all the essentials of good playing, fluency, evenness, good phrasing and expression. His fingering although firm was light and showed to advantage in his delineative pieces, and especially in those selections in which the motive and action are psychological rather than externally descriptive. The composers represented were somewhat modern consisting of Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Liszt, Grieg, Sgambati, and Chopin. The programme included typical selections from the work of these, and was presented in such a manner as to make a rich musical entertainment.



A meeting of the intercollegiate debating committee, which consisted of representatives from the various colleges of the Maritime Provinces met in Wolfville, Nov. 22nd. Those present on this occasion were Mr. J. Barnett from Dalhousie University, Mr. H. P. Dole from the University of New Brunswick, Mr. A. G. McKinnon from St. Francis Xavier's College, Mr. G. Q. Warner from King's College, Mr. A. S. Tuttle from Mt. Allison University, Mr. A. B. Balcom from Acadia University. Several amendments to the intercollegiate debating rules were adopted, and provision was made for the entrance of Kings College to the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League.



On Sunday afternoon, November 27th, a very interesting address was delivered in the Assembly Hall of the College building by Dr. Ian C. Hannah, President of King's College. His subject was Christian Manliness, and the lecture was delivered under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A. The meeting was presided over by Mr. D. J. McPherson, President of the Society, and Rev. R. F. Dixon and Dr. Kierstead were also on the platform. The speaker was introduced by Dr. Kierstead in his usual pleasant way. The address was an earnest and practical discussion of those things that make for the development of true manly Christian character. The necessity of a purpose in life, of esteeming the mental and moral as against the sensual, and of the value of life as against military glory were among the subjects discussed.

Dr. Hannah is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and is a man of very enthusiastic spirit. He possesses a fluency of speech, and wins the sympathy of his audience by his forms of expression which are easily understood, while the simplicity and genuineness of his personality give added strength to his address. Dr. Hannah's discourse was much appreciated by the large number who were present, and we hope that we shall be favored again in the dear future by the new President of King's.



The meetings of the Athenæum Society have been of unusual interest during the past month, and the attendance has been large.

Much activity has been displayed in debating, and the interclass debates that have been held have created much heathful competition between classes with the result that very creditable work has been done by the respective class teams. Two very interesting debates held in College Hall. The first was that between the Juniors and Seniors. The Juniors, who had the appelland side of the question, were representatd by Messrs. Porter, Havey and Bower. They were opposed by Messrs. Simpson, Oakes and Mason of the Senior Class. The discussion of the subject, which was "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished," was well conducted on both sides. When the decision was given, the strength of argument and presentation was declared by the judges to be on the side of the Juniors.

The other debate took place on the evening of November 17th. The subject before the Society was "Resolved, That the United States is justified in enforcing the Munroe Doctrine." This debate was between the Freshman and Seniors. The Freshman, who were appellants, were represented by Messrs. Margeson, Shortliffe and Geldert; the Seniors by Messrs. Chittick, Simpson and Reid. After a heated discussion of the question by these men the decision was given in favor of the Seniors.



On Friday evening, December 15th, a recital was given in Assembly Hall by the teachers of Acadia Seminary. The following programme was presented to a large and appreciative audience :

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|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1.—Andante and Scherzettino, Op. 59 | <i>Chaminade</i>   |
| MISS IREDALE AND MR. MAXIM          |                    |
| 2.—Lascia ch'io pianga (Rinaldo)    | <i>Hanaedel</i>    |
| MISS ARCHER                         |                    |
| 3.—The Prodigal Son                 | <i>Davis</i>       |
| MISS LYNDS                          |                    |
| 4.—Mazurka de Concert               | <i>Ovide Musin</i> |
| MISS WARREN                         |                    |
| 5.—a Sous la Feuillee               | <i>Heller</i>      |
| b. Capriccio                        | <i>Scarlatti</i>   |
| MISS IREDALE                        |                    |

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|---|---------------------|
| 6.— a. Dites-Moi                              | <i>Nevin</i>        |
| b. The Parting Hour                           | <i>Ellen Wright</i> |
| c. Spring Again                               | <i>Ellen Wright</i> |
| MISS ARCHER                                   |                     |
| 7.—Romance (from Second Concerto)             | <i>Wieniawski</i>   |
| MISS WARREN                                   |                     |
| 8.— a. Selections from "Snowbound,"           | <i>Whittier</i>     |
| b. Evelyn Hope                                | <i>Browning</i>     |
| c. That Old Sweetheart of Mine                | <i>Riley</i>        |
| MISS LYNDS                                    |                     |
| 9.—Variations on a Theme by Beethoven, Op. 35 | <i>St. Saens</i>    |
| MISS IREDALE AND MR. MAXIM                    |                     |

It was a thoroughly artistic performance, and much taste and skill were shown in the execution as well as in the arrangement and selection of the numbers. The numerous encores attested to the popularity of the performers. The first number, given by Mr. Maxim and Miss Iredale, the new pianist, was a good example of a moderate though attractive movement, and their second was most majestic and impressive. Miss Iredale became an immediate favorite with the audience in her selections, exhibiting a most graceful touch and fine discrimination. Miss Archer, the vocal teacher, with her pure sweet soprano voice delighted her hearers, by the artistic rendition of her part of the programme. For an encore she gave with good effect "The Maid of Japan." Miss Lynds in her reading captured the audience. Her encores were bright and amusing. Miss Warren exhibited great skill and technique, and her selections were enthusiastically encored. Miss Morse as accompanist added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.



The public announcement of Acadia's affiliation with Oxford University brought delight to our applicants for the Rhodes Scholarship, for by the new arrangement Acadia men will have to write no preliminary examinations. The application lists will, therefore, remain open until the first of February, shortly after which the election will

take place. One very pleasing feature of our newly assumed relations with Oxford is the fact that the Oxford authorities have recognized our work in Honors, so that an Acadia Honor graduate on graduation from Oxford will be considered to have taken his degree from the English university With Honors.



## The College Jester

*Wit's last edition is now i' th' press.*

1st. Sem. (at the Basket-Ball); "*Chicken* seems to be *it*."  
2nd. Sem; "Yes, *He's the cock of the walk!*"

ON THE STORMY SUNDAY OF DEC. 18.

Young Ladies; "Let's go to church, the boys won't be there."

Young Men; "Let's go to church to show that we can go when the young ladies are not there."

Result——Everybody satisfied!

Miss H-l-y; "I got my ticket for St. Jocrn."

Miss Br-wn: "How much was it?"

Miss H-l-y: "Seven dollars and thirty-one cents."

Miss Br-wn: "O dear me! Isn't that awful! I thought it was only \$7.30."

Young man at recital: "We are having plenty of *cradle-songs* at the recital tonight."

Prof. Jones: "Yes, and we had plenty of *crib-songs* in class today."

A certain Chaosite received on the Xmas tree a ring. Someone remarked that it was not a *Heavy* ring.

AT SODOM.

"What's this?"

"Bean soup."

"Not what it has been, what it is now?"

Extract from Barss's diary: "Matches are made in Heaven—sometimes in Chaos."

Alumni Visitor: "Smell the sulphuretted hydrogen."

Oliver: "Dat aint no gin, dat's jes' gas."

H-yd-n (being introduced): "Your face is very familiar. Have you had it long?"

Prof. Wortman: "Why are the verbs called weak?"

G-rdn-r: "Because children use them."

Kn-tt: "Some of the townfolk have been giving candy-pulls lately."

Ba-lc-m (who rooms with St-nd-s-n): Yes, but there has always been a fellow at the other end."

1st. Sem.: "What's the meaning of *scintillate*?"

2nd. Sem. (in bed suffering from the effects of a midnight banquet): "Ask my stomach!"

#### A STREET TOPIC.

Sem: "I do love dogs."

D-Fl-n: "I would I were a dog."

Sem.: "Never mind, you'll grow!"

McInt-r-(on Dec. 21): "Was the sleighing gritty last night!"

Wh-l-ck: "I didn't notice any friction."

McInt-r: "You must have been Star (r) gazing."

"Simoson 'o6 has joined the great silent army."

"Is he dead?"

"No, he's married!"

The next exhibition of Margeson's combination Kick and Bounce will take place on the platform of the Wolfville station next Easter holidays.

The Sem girls do say,  
 As at chapel they pray;  
 "Help us good maidens to be;  
 Give us patience to wait  
 Till some subsequent date,  
 World without men. Ah me !"

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"All the learned and authentic fellows."—*The Faculty.*

"He was a man of an unbounded stomach."—*Wh-l-k.*

"And of his port as meke as is a mayde."—*P-tu-m.*

"There was a sound of revelry by night."—*Chip Hall from 11 to 12 p. m.*

"Fierce as ten furies."—*J. S. Margeson.*

"A damned cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life."—*An Exam. Paper.*

"It will discourse most eloquent music."—*Fat Ad-ms.*

"What imports the nomination of this gentleman."—*H-ut-t.*

"Sweet bird that shuns't the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy."—*F-st-r.*

"The bell strikes one, we take no note of time  
 But from its loss."—*Sodom callers.*

"Eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog."—*Chip Hall soup.*

"Ah ! why should life all labor be."—*Happy.*

"They are a sweet society of fair ones."—*Propylæum.*

He was a sporty Freshmen  
 When he came to Wolfville town.  
 He thought the first term easy;  
 "Oh, I've passed," he said, "hands down."

But a letter there was sent  
To this lad so full of hope,  
Containing five or six of plucks,  
And a bill owed to the Pope.

So when he found just how things were,  
He behaved like one bereft;  
He jumped into the Physics Lab,  
And smashed things right and left.

He replied to the Faculty's questions,  
"I was searching after truth,"  
And he thought he'd done the Pope himself,  
But the Pope he dunned the youth.

---

Prof. (after the exam.): "Suppose you are now saturated with  
English."

Kinley: — "Well we got soaked in the exam anyway !"

---

GOOD-BYE LEAP YEAR,  
FAREWELL HOPE.



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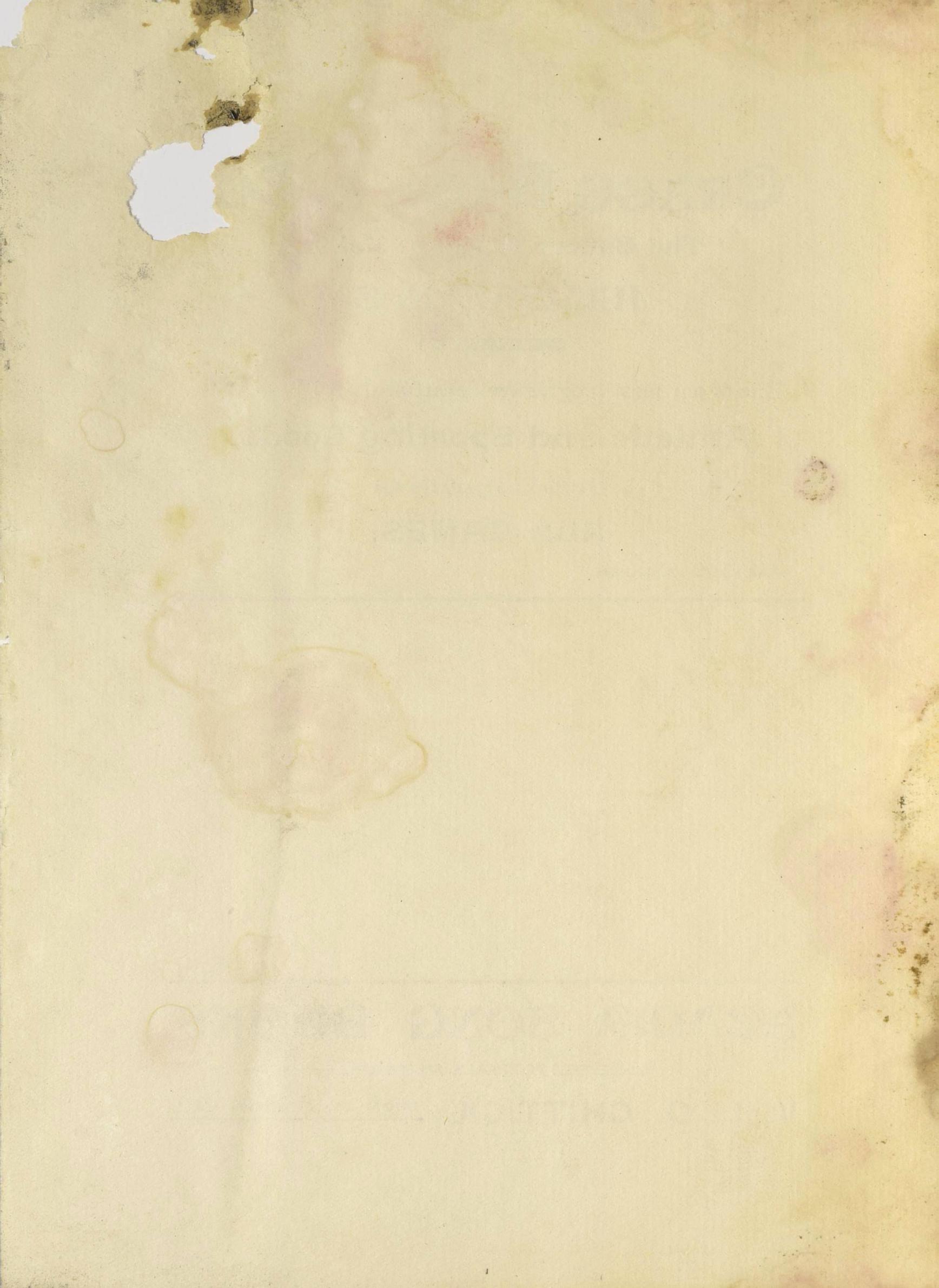
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