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No. 4.

## *MEMORIES.*

Over the distant hills of blue,  
In a quiet valley beside the sea,  
Lieth the world of my infancy,—  
The old happy home that my childhood knew.

Over those distant hills of blue,  
On the wings of memory oft I fly,  
To dream once more 'neath the fairest sky  
That has ever smiled o'er a perfect view.

Over those hills of blue, I hear,  
Music sweeter than seraph's song;  
On the waves of time it floats along,  
With harmonies blended of smile and tear.

Over those distant hills, I see  
The fairest picture the Master drew;—  
For what is fairer to me and you,  
Than the "Home sweet home," of our memory?

Over those hills my heart is tied,  
With chords so strong they can never break;—  
With a love the world can never wake,  
Though I travel it over far and wide.

More beautiful music I perhaps may hear;—  
More perfect pictures I perhaps may see;  
But they can never be so to me,  
For as time rolls onward year by year,

It thrills the past with chords more sweet,  
Than ever again I hope to hear;  
And touches the scenes so strangely dear,  
With a beauty where tears and smiles must meet.

MABEL V. JONES.

## A Pompeii Mosaic.

## The Oldest Relic of the Original Christos Mysteries.

BY CARL MICHELSEN.

[We consider ourselves fortunate in having procured, through the kindness of Dr. A. H. MacKay of Halifax, the following unique production by Carl Michelsen of Skanderberg, Denmark. Herr Michelsen is the Inspector of Schools at Shanderberg and one of Denmark's scholars. He has written a good deal in Danish papers, and at least one book on our own educational system, as one of the inducements for Danes to emigrate to this country. In reference to the article itself we may say, that, we believe this is the first time it has appeared in English, and that the explanation in its essential features has been accepted in Germany, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, though to us some of the deductions may seem extended flights of the imagination.

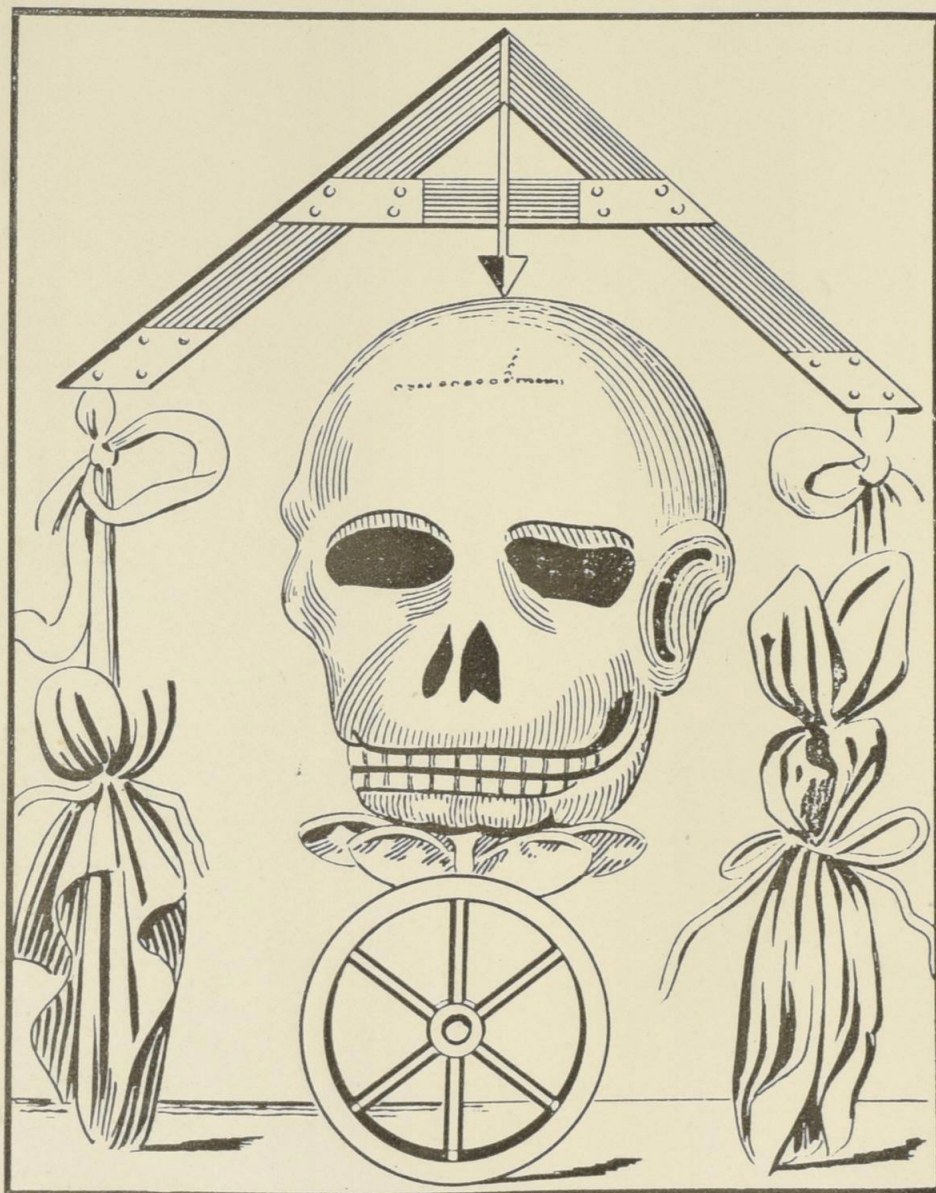
In making a revision of this translation, we have been careful as far as possible to retain its peculiar style and diction.—EDITOR.]

This mosaic, found many years ago, in "The Tanner's House" in Pompeii, is now in the National Museum at Napoli, under the name "Cranio Umano (No. 109982.)". Pompeii was destroyed in the year 79 after Christ; accordingly, the mosaic and the ideas that may be expressed by its figures are nearly from "the time of Christ."

The central and dominating party of the mosaic is a *skull*, of which two singularities are to be noticed; a large left ear, and indications of eyes in the dark eye-holes. To the right of the skull is a *ragged mantle*, a *staff* and a *scrip*; to the left there is a *knight's mantle*, a *lance* and *scarf*. Above the skull is a *level*, and under it is a *butterfly* above the *wheel of time* (Egyptian symbol).

These figures are like a "key of life," as far as they give a deep description of *the way to the goal of earth life* (which goal is called incorrectly "salvation"), and a true tale of the *development* that alone can carry man unto the next step of the ladder of evolution. Here we shall tell about some of the ideas that can be found in our mosaic. The *symbols of the traveler* we think tell us that if man wishes to reach the goal of life then he must turn away from the animal, sensual life, and leave the ways of his low nature. The *symbol of death*; during this wandering the low parties of his nature—the animal remnants—will lose life. The *knight's symbols*; as, by and by the animal nature disappears, so a new nature that of "the God-Man" will appear, and as a knight—i. e. a ruler of the animal—this man will, aided by divine powers, conquer "the land of the fathers," i. e. realize union with God. The *building symbol* says that this development is a slow process like the placing of stone upon stone when a house is erected. The





*symbol of new life* (the butterfly) means that this process is a natural process, as natural as the resurrection of the butterfly in its "fulness of time." The *symbol of time*, finally, tells us that this development is to be realized here, while the wheel of time is rolling on, not first after the death of the physical body.

These ideas of traveling, of building, of knight's contest, of new life through death, are fully Christian, and it seems strange that this has not been understood long ago; the causes may be that the Christianity which principally tries to avoid the punishment of sins, i. e. to avoid to be educated by the perfect Father, that Christianity cannot maintain the old ideal, "be ye perfect, as your Father in the heavens is perfect."

Behold! according to the gospels is the Christian a *traveler*; he travels from earth to heaven, from darkness to light, from Egypt to Canaan. Following after the Christos, upon *via dolorosa*, does he seek death for "the old man who is corrupted by delusive lusts." He is *building*, working at the inner temple of God, and "he builds his house upon a rock." He is a *knight*, doubly powerful, being the ruler of the animal does he struggle incessantly with the enemies that wish to prevent him from living in "the land of the fathers"—and you remember how St. Paul describes the "full panoply of God" in which the Christos knight is to be invested. He seeks *the new life* that of regeneration, the resurrection of the butterfly from the chrysalis state. And behold, how the gospels explain to us the left ear and the eyes of the skull; man, wandering upon the way of death, will hear the voice of truth, "understand by the heart" (the left ear therefore) and see the perfect light. The wheel of time is also, in the spiritual meaning an essential symbol of original Christianity "I must work.....while it is day. Night cometh, when nobody can work."

But, someone may say, the mosaic contains no allusion to Jesus Christos. It does, it has two. The level has the shape of an "A" which shape was not necessary at all, and the wheel contains an "O". Might this not be **A** and **O** "Alpha and Omega" one of the names of the Christos. And in the wheel of time we have the figure



which is the very oldest sign for Jesus Christos, i. e. the Latin **I**, and the Greek **X**, and this combination of Latin and Greek is characteristic of the time of transition called "the time of Christ."

At the excavation of Pompeii, we have been told, there was found



upon a wall, an inscription which science reads thus:—"Rejoice in the fire, Christians." This inscription has been taken as a mockery at Christians, but the meaning may very well be quite another, for the primitive Christians were struggling for perfection "as that of the heavenly Father," therefore they rejoiced in the fire of purification. This may be a reason why the ground of our mosaic has the green color of hope.

Also the possible meaning of the *Colors* of the mosaic may be worth considering. Several utterance of the Revelation, as also the extensive color-symbolism still to be found—altho often misshaped and misunderstood—in the Roman Church, make evident that also the primitive Christos Mysteries used colors as signs for certain ideas. And this must be called quite natural. For light is the only medium of message from heaven to earth, and it is therefore the natural symbol of perfect truth coming from God; and the various modifications of the light, called colors, which are produced by its "refraction" by earthly things, correspond naturally with the modification of perfect truth, produced through its "refraction" by terrestrial matters.

The white light can be resolved, you know, into red, yellow and blue. This can be taken spiritually: man cannot comprehend the divine, "uncolored" truth, and she modifies herself for his sake as Love, Wisdom and Strength—how are we to name this divine trinity and unity? Possibly the key of color-symbolism of our fathers might be thus:—

<i>Red</i>	is	the	symbol	of	<i>Love</i>
<i>Yellow</i>	"	"	"	"	<i>Wisdom</i>
<i>Blue</i>	"	"	"	"	<i>Strength</i>

Probably our fathers, who were "guileless as doves" have thought as follows: man's blood is red, because his life emanated from divine love. The red sky of morning and evening tells us that the love from God is the beginning and end of all things. The gold is yellow, because it is the symbol of perfect wisdom, which "rust cannot devour." When the sky is blue, it is to tell man about the Almighty God who "made the expanse in midst of the waters" with its numberless dwellings.

Certainly there is a deep meaning in the tale of the rainbow that was set in the cloud as a sign of God's covenant with man: according to his love, wisdom and power He will no more destroy man by the flood, but lead him to the goal—even if the way be long. Also in accordance with this the High Priest seems to be invested: the inner dress was "fine linen" or white, the outer garments and ornaments were "gold, blue, purple and scarlet," accordingly the three primary

colors. When we assume that the high priest represents the perfect *Ego* in man, the God-Man, then we shall easily comprehend why he was to be dressed in that manner.

The three primitive colors produce these mixed colors: Reddish-yellow, Green, Violet. Also these colors have apparently a natural symbolic signification. The flame of the altar of sacrifice is reddish-yellow; it is love and wisdom which united teach man to sacrifice the animal, i e his own animal nature, upon the altar. The green color (union of blue and yellow) is the color of hope; when man has wisdom to see the activity in the universe of divine favor, then hope is born in him. "Friendship is violet," they say, and that is quite correct, for us red and blue make violet, so is true friendship the union of love and strength. How significantly did necessity put in order the colors of the rainbow, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, i e, love, sacrifice, wisdom, hope, strength, friendship; for love causes sacrifice, sacrifice will bear wisdom, from wisdom hope will emanate, hope gives strength and strength will lift man into "the friendship of God which will take man to the highest summit of blessedness," and is therefore the last aim of life. How do we wish man to understand the fact that man's eye can sense only a few of the violet rays!

Nearly thus our good fathers may have conceived the basis of color-symbolism, and we dare not forget that men long before the time of Christos knew this truth—"as below so above" (Hermes Trismigistus), which means that the cause of all that is and happens in the physical world is something that is and happens in the psychical world.

And now we return to our mosaic, whose colors it will not be difficult to explain. The *skull* is gray, a mixture of the colors of Perfection and Death. This is quite right, for man's wandering through the desert of purification has only one purpose—to separate that which is eternal from the imperfect and transitory with which it has been mixed. The *symbols of the traveler* are grayish, for they belong to him that is upon the way of death. The mantle however is more red, the staff more yellow, and the scrip bluish—all as it ought to be. For he who is traveling unto death must conceal his nakedness with the mantle of love, must lean upon the staff of wisdom, and in the strength of God is the food which will keep up his life during his wandering in the desert. The *building* symbol has also the three primary colors, the wood is nearly red, the nails are yellow, the plumb is blue: for love, even if it is imperfect, is the substance of the temple work, wisdom fixes its form (as the nails of the level make firm its shape) and it is the divine strength which enables man to build so that the product does not fall to the earth spontaneously. The *knight's* symbols



are of course also red, yellow and blue; for God's strength will strike down the enemies who will prevent the building warrior from living in the land of the fathers. The *butterfly* symbol of regeneration has, too, the three primitive colors which we have now mentioned so very often; for she is the representative of the High Priest. The *wheel of time*, finally, is reddish-yellow: for it must be a flaming wheel of fire—"The chaff is to be burned with inextinguishable fire," and this our life is destined for the separation and annihilation of the "chaff."

On the mosaic are, so far as we can see, two figures white—the string of the level and the scarf of the knight. The string in man which points towards the central point of the earth and towards the highest point of the sky—you may call this string "conscience" or something else—this string is white: it is the Divine in man. But in the warrior it will grow until it, like a scarf, will twist around his whole being. Maybe there is (it was then about twenty years ago) on the upper part of the blue blade of the lance a white square appearing thus,——



Probably this figure is explained through the mystic words of Rev. 2, 17 "*To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written.*"

Skanderberg, St. John's day, 1902.

## Disadvantages and Dangers of a College Course.

There has been so much written and said about the advantages of a college education, and so much merit assigned to it, that the disadvantages have been generally overlooked, and perhaps many people believe that there are none in a College Course. There are, however, disadvantages and dangers peculiar to a College Course which apparently cannot be eliminated, and it is the purpose of this article, not to prove that a College Course is bad, but to give a fair consideration of those disadvantages, in order that those prejudiced in favor of a College Course may weigh both sides of the question, and thus be able to give a just judgment as to its value.

In the first place, there is one disadvantage to a College Course which is so apparent that it seems scarcely worth while mentioning it; viz., that it delays one four years in getting started in the active affairs of life. As a rule a College Course takes up four of the most valuable and energetic years of a student's life, when he is full of youthful

enthusiasm and ambition, and when he might be getting well started in almost any business, besides earning good wages. This is a serious matter in these days of rush when there is so much to be accomplished in a short time. The great call in the world to-day is for men of executive ability, capable of directing our huge manufacturing establishments, and managing railways; for men who can solve the puzzles of nature, and push forward the triumph car of progress, and it is questionable whether or not a College Course enables one to do enough better and more efficient work along these lines to make up for the time spent in obtaining it. Take for example an instance which came under the writer's notice. A young man about to enter college had his eyesight impaired so that he could not study. He took up metal working instead. In five years he had learned every detail of the work, and soon had under his control an immense establishment whose men knew that he knew what they ought to know. If this person had taken a College Course, and thus been four years later in entering practical life, it is a great question whether or not he could have done so much in his life time for the world, his country, or himself. At all events it is safe to say that mere book-learning does not make up five per cent. of that mass of common sense which runs the world, transacts its business and secures its progress and its power over nature. Wendell Phillips says that "Two thirds of the inventions that enable France to double the world's sunshine, and make Old and New England the workshops of the world, did not come from Colleges or from minds trained in the schools of science, but struggled up from the irrepressible instinct of untrained natural power. Her workshops not her colleges make England for a time the mistress of the world, and the hardest job her workman had was to make Oxford willing that he should work his wonders."

Again the College Course is apt to develop the ideal side of a person's nature out of all proportion to the practical side. College is the place for study and thought, and for the average student most of the practical problems, which meet one in the outside world, are solved for him while there. Hence there is danger of his becoming a man of thought entirely, instead of a man of action such as the world to-day needs. This is a very real disadvantage in the case of students who enter college at a young age, and go right on to take a University Course without knowing anything, except by indirectly, of the stern struggle for existence which is going on all around them. In such cases by the time he gets into active life the student is a middle aged man, and yet has had no practical experience in making his own way in the world.

Again the surroundings of the average student at College tends



somewhat to unfit him for active life. On entering College he finds that the student is cock of the walk so to speak. Everything is done for his comfort and convenience, elaborate and expensive buildings are put up for his use or amusement, fortunes are spent that he may have an attractive place to take exercise in, and the ablest men who can be procured devote the best of their time and thought to his instruction. Thus he has no one to think of, or care for, but himself. He is there for his own improvement and development; everything is provided for him and for the others there, and all he has to do is make the best use of his opportunities. All this tends to make the student selfish, to make him think that the world owes him a living, and he is apt to take life as it comes and drift along with the tide.

Another disadvantage in a College Course is the loss of self reliance resulting from having others on whom one may rely to solve his difficulties for him. Although this may at times be an advantage, it will easily be seen that it deprives one of the strength and decision which comes from relying on one's self entirely. Between the text-book and the teacher the student is apt to shirk independent thinking, and to become a mere walking encyclopedia, a note-taking machine. Who will venture to say that the men who, only a few generations back, got their education reading by the light of a big fire, aided by that of a tallow dip, did not develop more of real manhood, and of the strength that counts for success, than any modern College Course would give? On the other hand, take an average college student, who has entered College perhaps an ambitious youth full of determination to overcome any difficulty, but who has degenerated through the good times there, and is simply drifting along through life; how much stronger and more influential a man would such an one have made if he had had to fight for his education in the outside world, stealing the hours for study from sleep or from meal time, and intermitting his study with hard toil for his daily bread!

Again, we hold that there are peculiar dangers for a student entering college. Even those who are most enthusiastic in their praise for a College Course will admit that it is not always good—not always good when often the student who enters college as a bright happy boy, full of ambition and with high ideals, leaves at the end of his four years' course, with his ideals shattered, his tastes lowered and already started on the wrong track in life, instead of being, the strong upright man who would be of service to society. Nay! say not that it is their own fault, and that they would have been just as bad anywhere else as at college. The youth who enters college often comes direct from the restraint and careful guidance of a strict home. On entering college this restraint



is suddenly thrown off. He is thrown amongst numerous companions of all sorts and descriptions, and it is indeed a level-headed youth who will make a good use of his liberty, and choose his companions wisely. Even those who are older, and have had some experience in the ways of the world, often fare little better. As pointed out above they find at college everything provided for them, and most of their difficulties solved for them while they are there, and there is a great tendency to simply drift and take things as they come. This is one of the chief dangers of a College Course. It not only assails one with temptations peculiar to itself, but weakens the defensive power. Thus it is that many a fellow, who could withstand the temptations of an ordinary life all right, gets led astray in college; especially those who are naturally good hearted, jolly and fond of a good time. The most remarkable case I have ever met of a person knowing his own strength and being unwilling to go beyond it was one of this kind. The person referred to was a young man who entered college well prepared, found the work easy, fell in with a jolly crowd, and got into fast ways. The next year although he had an opportunity to go back, he would not go, because he said he knew he could not resist the temptations awaiting him there. He knew that the good time was there, and that if he went back he would act as he had before. Yet in the town where he is at work he lives a good and useful life.

Many students enter college with an erroneous idea preconceived of what a College Course should be. Some think it a place for hard unremitted study only, others that it is a place to play as many practical jokes as possible. Some carry these notions with them right through their course, and make either hermits or asses of themselves. The majority, however, soon discover their mistake. In some cases this leads to a simple readjustment of the life to the new ideas, but in many cases this is not done so easily. Take for instance the person who thought that one should do nothing but study at college. He soon finds that there are other sides to college life, that there are the athletic and social sides of life to develop, and while this may in some cases merely lead to a proportionate change in his time table, in other cases it overthrows all the student's habits. He rushes to the opposite extreme, studies little or none, and aspires to become a "sport."

We have now we believe pointed out some real and serious objections to a college course, and no doubt it would have been better for many students if they had never gone to college, yet who but the dolt and the sluggard would avoid a College Course because of its dangers? One might as well wish to be rid of life because of its responsibilities. It is better to enter the arena, to feel the stern delight of accomplished



effort, and of dangers overcome, better to work and fail even than to abide in ignorance; and even though a commercial or mechanical training should, in many cases, enable one to accumulate earlier a goodly share of this world's goods, it is too narrow. Let us remember that as Ruskin says, "There is an education which is itself advancement in life." The College Course while enabling one to do better and more efficient work in life, at the same time, fits him to enjoy his hours of leisure, and to mingle on equal terms with the best thinkers and most cultivated minds of his social environment.

L., '03.

## Glimpses of American Industrialism.

NOTE—These are true tales which have come under the notice of the writer.

### I.

#### **How Philip "Scabbed" it—A Tale of the Box Makers' Strike.**

Confusion reigned in the office of the big patent medicine concern on Dearborn street one morning last week. A three thousand dollar order should be ready for shipment at twelve o'clock, and the manager found himself just forty boxes short of the required number. Consternation was written on every feature of his face; the pills were ready, but about twenty of the little boxes were lacking, and it was not possible to get more because the city box makers were on strike. They had all walked out a few days before because the workers in one factory fancied they had a grievance.

The manager of the Curious Cure Company looked blue indeed, as he told the condition of affairs to the officials grouped in the private office. It was very evident that the company was "up against it." They discussed the pros and cons of the situation, but the outlook grew no brighter. The firm was a new one, and of course anxious to make a good business reputation. It seemed intolerable that they should fail in the delivery of this their first heavy order, and it was even more exasperating when the shortage was so slight.

The senior partner was just ejaculating—or something of the sort, when Philip Dexter, a slim earnest faced young fellow recently taken into the firm, entered. He saw at once that something unusual had occurred, and asked for an explanation which was given most emphatically. Phillip was fresh from college, and he was wide-eyed with wonder, over all the mysteries of the business world. He had been nurtured on theories for four years, and his mind was kept busy

trying to reconcile them to the needs of practical life. Now he was musing again over the rights of organized labor, but the senior member soon brought him back to the realities of the present by remarking with a few explosive epithets "Phil its up to you to get those boxes." He then passed out leaving the responsibility on young shoulders.

The effect on Phillip was like that of a cold shower bath, it almost took his breath away, but he recovered with a feeling of renewed vigor.

In five minutes, he had a cab at the door, and was soon rattling over the cobble stones in a manner that menaced pedestrians. He urged the driver on with a zeal that pleased the liveried Paddy and soon brought the boyish occupant to his destination—the home of the manager of one of the closed factories. In a few terse sentences, he explained the situation to his friend, and the manager said "With your help I could cut those on a small machine, but we might meet trouble.

Phillip's eagerness waived all difficulties, and they were soon at the factory pushing their way through a hissing mob of men who knew the 'boss' but not the youth beside him. Once in, it was a matter of only a few moments to cut the cartons. Phillip felt glad but not secure. As soon as he reached the street, the angry throng threw questions at him, thus: "What were you doing in there?" "Are you going to work?" "You'll scab it on us, will you?" and, amid the volley of words, Phillip made straight for a saloon across the way. It was an inspiration, he said, and a score or more of men followed him. "Come on, fellows," he called, "I'll stand treat to-day," and the strikers shuffled up with silly, side long glances at the fine faced youth by the bar. "Here's to the Box Makers' Union," he said, and they drained their glasses amid cheers. "Now," said Phillip, "let us eat," and he led the way to the back of the saloon where a bounteous free lunch was spread. The men filed in and Phillip slid out and jumped on a passing car before the strikers realized what was happening. When they saw that the "scab" had escaped, they ran after him with yells and dire threats. Phillip's heart was beating hard beneath the unfolded boxes, for he knew the enraged men would do him bodily violence if they caught him. Quick as thought he saw the situation. A stop at the crossing would be fatal. Then he quietly said to the conductor "I'll give you two dollars if you won't stop at the next street corner," and the blue uniformed fare taker nodded acceptance, and the car sped on. The strikers were thwarted, and Phillip had conquered. He reached his factory breathless but happy, delivered the boxes to his admiring colleagues, and the big order was shipped a few minutes before twelve.



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The senior partner said to some of his cronies at the club that night while puffing at a cigar, "And that deuced kid won out in spite of his college training!"

As for Phillip, he only said, "Union labor has rights—but so have we."

## II.

### A Strike That Succeeded.

"No siree, yer don't git me ter do nothin' of the kind," said a small boy in reply to a statement from his "boss" in Erskine and Company's packing-house. The boy was one of ten others, from twelve to fourteen years of age, employed in doing a certain task in the great factory. Their small fingers had been quite skilled in "sticking tags" and they felt their importance in consequence. They were getting five and a half cents a hundred for the work, when the foreman came around to say he wanted them to work for five. The other boys were of the same mind as the speaker, and inside of five minutes the ten, sticking their gluey hands in their pockets, walked out an independent group of strikers. "He don't come no dodge like dat on us 'ns," said one. "Nope, yer bet yer best jeans he don't," piped another, while a third said, "Fellers, lets us stand fer our rights and refuse to take any such cut. We're worth five and a half a hundred or the devil'll show us why not. Fellers, lets us be men and show him that we won't buck down." This attempt at oratory was greeted with "Hully gee, that's the hot stuff ye're givin' us," from the group, and with this they sat down on the factory steps to air themselves and their grievances. The "boss" went out to argue with them, but it was useless, so he left, telling them that he would call in other boys to take their places. A volley of strong language followed him in, and the sullen youngsters waited without. Shortly after some sheepish-looking little strangers passed in to take up the tag-sticking where it had been dropped when the proposal to reduce wages was made to the small pasters. But the cry of "Scab, scab" soon disconcerted the new boys. "Look at 'em scabbin' on their friends," yelled the ten. "'Takin' the bread out of me mouth, that's got a mudder and baby on me hands," wailed a pinched-faced, sallow child. "Thieves, thieves," came the chorus again. "Them men ain't got no honor, they're a measley lot of—scabs," shrieked an irate Bohemian child from the door. Soon the "scabs" began to weaken, and after furtively wiping some tears from their care-worn little faces, two joined the strikers, now driven from the doorway, and one said: "Kids, we ain't a-going to be a frost on yer, we're men of



honor," and after this proud speech they were joined by the others, who could not stand the "scab" cry. Thus it happened that there were twenty pairs of lusty lungs instead of ten to hurl invective at the next group that came to work. Each crowd of "scabs" eventually sneaked off and joined the original strikers, until at noon fifty wild youngsters, tattered, uncombed, with set faces poured a torrent of abuse upon the management and dodged the "cop" around the corner. At last an urchin of thirteen years, with shoulders stooped with care and face haggard from want, a child who had paid the family rent for six months, said in a tone commanding attention: "Fellers, I'm hungry now, but I won't buck. We must stand fer our rights and give the man who docks us the go-by, so let us hike now and hunt a job at Crane's." "Now you're giving us goods all wool and a yard wide," solemnly said his audience and they all started down the road. But the "boss" was watching from the window, and his big tender heart was moved, so he called out, "Here, you kids, wait a minute; I want to speak to you," and he went out bareheaded in the scorching July sun and asked the boys if they would return to their work, as he had been unable to fill their places. The spokesman of the "kids" replied that they would go back if there would be no docking, for said he, "We won't stand for that nohow. We can tag better'n the scabs, and we want our rights under the flag!" "Yep," chorused the others. "We'll work fer yer if ye'll do the square by us, but we won't stand for no sneaking." "Come on kids," said the boss, "I'll give you five and three-quarters a hundred if you will begin at once." "What's the matter wid de boss?" they cried, and ten dinnerless youngsters, too young to work, too old not to know the value of a half cent, too childish to fear defeat and too brave to forsake one another, trudged in with cheers for the boss and settled down to work in earnest.

And the great packing-house business went on unmindful of the fact that a group of little workers had by striking won a signal victory over the corporation, and the great world outside never knew that the corporation had a soul.

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### III.

#### Slum Ethics.

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Down on the East Side of New York, where swarming humanity was festering in the August sultriness, I made friends with a motley throng of little children who gave me much to think about. One day they were arguing over the respective merits of the family baby of each. There is always a baby in such families, and it is always the joy of the



rest. But this particular day the conversation turned upon a beautiful rattle Ikey had bought for his baby sister. Ikey was nine and he was swelling with pride at the memory of his lovely gift. He could fairly hear Baby gurgle with joy now as he thought of it. He paid a quarter for it, he said. This led me to wonder where he got the money, for the people around seemed very, very poor. So I ventured to ask where the quarter had come from. He thrust his stogy little fists into his trouser-pockets and entered upon a series of gyrations which fairly made me dizzy before he condescended to tell me that he got it in his business, and moreover he had much more in his possession at that moment. The other children eagerly told me that Ikey was "the smartest kid in the bunch" and that he "could pick pockets like an angel." It had never occurred to me before that angels were adepts in that art! Ikey then turned his sharp little Jewish face towards me and said: "It's as easy as anything. Do you want me to pick your watch and show you how it is done?" I begged to be excused, but before I realized what was happening my treasured watch was gone and Ikey was standing sphink-like and proud. After enjoying my surprise for a time, he restored my watch, saying with a very superior air that I better not wear my watch pinned on that way, because some kid who did not know me would "pick" it and never return it. "But," he said, warming up, "I likes yer and I'd never make off en yer, even to buy a rattle for the kid." How unlike the ethics of the great business world! Ikey would not "do" his friend. I felt it necessary to remonstrate with him for plying such a trade, and his eyes grew bigger while he looked at me, as if trying to comprehend my meaning. Finally he said, "It's heaps easier'n carryin' knee pants from the store for me mudder to sew," and, he added gleefully, "the hauls is better and I can take care of the kid." And I walked away pondering.

ANNIE MARION MACLEAN, A. M., '94, Ph.D.

### “Solon” Doucette on the Boer War.

“Old Solon,” a typical French Canadian “habitant” hears the neighbors talking about the Boer war, and gives expression to his views of the matter as follows:

Youse acks me what I tink about  
De war and all dem Boer,  
Dat live way down dere to de sout',  
On Afric' farm and moor:

Now, what I don't like, me, ain't dat;  
Some Boer is fine ole man;  
Its what dey call ole Kruger-rat,  
Dat I can never stan'.

He's big, stout, strong, and maybe, kind,  
Like cat got seven life;  
De tougher ting you never find,  
For skirmish-war and strife.

You know de Boer is ole style scrub,  
Dey got no "go ahead,"  
Except when dey was made de "trub,"  
And shoot de Hinglish dead.

You see, de war commence dis way,  
De Boer was not behave;  
Dey never gave our men dere say,  
And treat dem same as slave.

So when de people try improve,  
And interduce new style,  
De Boer was keep dere same old grove,  
An' grumble all de while.

And oder ting was help de row,  
Das more dan I can say;  
Dey mix it up, I don't know how;  
We're boun' for have our way.

Long tam dey fight; hard war dat, too;  
English on top, den Boer;  
Of battle dere was quite a few,  
An' neider side was sure.

Byne-bye de Boer git tire of dat,  
And Kruger, he was flee;  
De people can't tell where he's at,  
Dat never boder me.

De Hinglishe conquer all de lan',  
When t'rough, dey all kem back;  
Our "Bobs," he's play de bestest han',  
An' mos' all had a whack.

But if I got some brain left yet;  
Dares one ting I am sure;  
Its good ting for de worl', you bet,  
Our army beat de Boer.

D'Englishe use dere foe all right;  
An' rule de country gran',  
When dey was all done wid de fight,  
Dey try improve de lan'.

Build everyting right up to date,  
Clean up de rubbish dere;  
Make plans for everyting fus' rate;  
An' treat de people fair.

Its same straight way dey use us men,  
When we was cling to France;  
Dey fight us in de war; and den,  
Gave everyone a chance.



# Acadia Athenæum.

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## EDITORIAL STAFF:

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R. L. DEV. CHIPMAN, '03.

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T. A. LEONARD '04.

MISS R. M. ARCHIBALD, '04.

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**The Student Residence.** Chipman Hall as a residence for the students has long been a problem with the Governors of our Institutions, and, according to present indications, the problem after remaining for a time apparently solved is upon the point of again making its appearance. Why is it, we ask, that our Residence, which is capable of accommodating about seventy-five students, at the present time has little over twenty occupants? There are perhaps less than a dozen men at College, who, other things being equal, would not prefer boarding in the Hall, provided a sufficiently large number of students could be collected there to give that sense of comradeship and unity of spirit which such a collection naturally calls up. The various causes which make for this undue inequality may all, we think, be reduced to one; that, in fact, the student pays for what he does not receive; and Chipman Hall is not only one of the most incommodious dwellings in our town, but one of the most expensive. We speak plainly that we may be understood. Matters of expense come chiefly under two heads, Board and Room Rent. The Board is at the present time not under the control of the Governors, hence, though grievances do undoubtedly here exist,

we notice more particularly the other matter of expense, Room Rent. We are surprised in comparing the relative rates in this matter in Chipman Hall and in our largest cities, always including cost of heating, that the ratio is about as two to three; the absurdity of our system immediately appears. We are of course aware of the heavy load of insurance, interest, etc. under which we labor, but it seems better that a larger number of students be induced to enter our residence, instead of half the available rooms remaining idle and an undue rent charged for the others. Perhaps we are speaking of matters beyond our ken for our viewpoint can only be the student's.

In view of these facts it is perhaps unreasonable to ask the students to remain in our College Residence, but there are many advantages to be obtained by this association and collection of young life which a college course furnishes in no other department. We may name the impetus given to social and athletic life, the preservations of college traditions, most of which are wise in their foolishness, that indefinable culture and knowledge of men given by this community of interest, besides many others too evident to mention. In fact it is well nigh impossible that a College be a real College without its residence, witness the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for example. These advantages are well worth the additional expense and various inconveniences attached to them; but will our students be brought to recognize them as real advantages?

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**Our** We desire to call the attention of the student body  
**Advertisers.** and of our subscribers in general, to the advertisers whose names appear in our paper. It will be found that all those whose names appear in our columns have a reputation for honesty and fair dealing, well established in the public mind. The ATHENÆUM receives no little of its support from these men, and it is only justice that some returns be made them for their investments. We believe in reciprocity and in the old adage "to patronize those who patronize you." We therefore ask the students to look over our ads., and when in want of anything to patronize these honest and reliable merchants.

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In view of a few typographical errors in the poem entitled "Love" by Ralph M. Jones, published in our last issue, we reprint the third verse.

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



### Library Notes.

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Among the books that have come to the Librarian's desk during the past few weeks is the History of the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces by Edward M. Saunders. This is the history that has been long waited for and eagerly expected by a large number of the good folk living in these provinces by the sea. For years Dr. Saunders has been gathering materials for this book; and, certainly, the book is a monument to his patient research and indomitable persistence in the pursuit of information. The book for some time will probably be the chief source of authority for matters connected with the early history of the Baptist denomination in Eastern Canada. The thanks of all who are interested in the development of denominational life in the Maritime Provinces is fairly due to Dr. Saunders.

Evidently the author did not intend the book to be a repository for all available knowledge concerning our growth as a denomination, for material that is readily accessible in files of the Year Book and Association Minutes and elsewhere during the past thirty years, is but lightly touched upon. Such material, however, as is to be found only with difficulty has been recorded with a generous freedom that will cause Dr. Saunders to be gratefully remembered by many a weary searcher after facts.

Dr. Saunders has comparatively little to say about affairs that come within the limits of the past twenty-five or thirty years. Probably the author has shown his wisdom in avoiding such matters as are a part of the life of many who are yet actively engaged in life's duties. A true historical perspective is almost unattainable until the passage of time has brought events and policies and leaders into true and harmonical relations. Perhaps, indeed, it might have been better had Dr. Saunders carefully rounded off his account at the year 1869. By so doing the completeness of the book would have been more clearly seen and the present fragmentary, and in places painfully inadequate, treatment would have been avoided.

While we feel grateful to the author for the labor he has expended, and appreciate the many excellent qualities of his book, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment as we read. The promise of the earlier chapters is not fulfilled and the work gradually decreases in value as a history, and becomes, rather, a gathering of materials out of which history may be made.

There is an unnecessary overlapping of facts and a want of

proper arrangement of much that is recorded. This want of co-ordination and consecution is undoubtedly due to the deplorable fact that a large portion of the labor of collating and digesting materials was unavoidably carried on while Dr. Saunders was physically unfit for the task. Such work as is necessarily involved in elaborating history from a collecting of miscellaneous facts makes an exhausting drain upon an author's vitality and severely tests his powers of endurance. When we consider the state of bodily weakness in which Dr. Saunders was when the latter part of his literary toil was performed, we are only surprised that the literary quality of the book is as high as it is.

The volume is embellished with the portraits of many of the distinguished sons and daughters of the denomination. It is a pity that the idea of including the portraits was not thought of soon enough to make it possible for them to be inserted in such a way as to bring the various portraits into close relation with such part of the letter press as records the events with which the originals had to do.

The value of the book for reference purposes is enhanced by the presence of a fairly full and accurate biographical dictionary. It is not always possible to give specific data and exact points of time; but surely, in the seven lines allotted to the Rev. Edmund Reis, we might have been told something more definite than that he came to Halifax in a French vessel taken as a prize by the English. Considering that French prizes were taken into Halifax harbor for fifty years or more, this time designation is vexatiously uncertain.

Dr. Saunders has done a valuable piece of work, work that will be highly useful to those that come after him, but he has not written *the* history of the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces. That work yet remains to be written.

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### JOY.

There is a winsome Beauty  
Whose name is Joy.  
But she is coy.  
Woo her and she will flee,  
But wed plain wifely Duty,  
And Joy will wait on thee.

H. F. WARING, M. A., '94.



## De Alumnis.

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[We endeavor in this column, which appears now and then, to give an idea of what our Alumni in various parts of the country are doing. This work is of necessity performed by an undergraduate whose knowledge of the Alumni is of course but limited. Therefore all graduates who have the interest of their college paper, and in particular of this column at heart, could greatly increase its interest and usefulness by from time to time sending notes of their own or their fellow graduates' achievements. All such material should be addressed to this column in care of the Editor-in-chief and it is unnecessary for us to say how gratefully it will be received.]

On Wednesday, Jan. 21, Fred B. Starr of the class of 1900 passed away. It is with regret that we chronicle the death for being a recent graduate he was well known among the present students and by all he was liked and respected. While in College Starr was prominent in various lines of College life, and both as a student and as a College man he will long be remembered and respected by his fellow students and classmates. Upon graduation from Acadia he entered the Medical school at Harvard, but he was soon compelled to give up and return home on account of ill health. On returning home he tried work on his father's farm in Pereau hoping to improve his health, but in vain, and a few months ago he was stricken down and after a short illness died at the home of his parents in Pereau. He was buried in Wolfville, Saturday Jan. 24.

Edna C. Cook, '99 has been appointed vice principal of a boys' Academy in Angelica, New York.

Rev. W. M. Smallman, formerly of Nictaux, having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church there, has accepted a call to New Glasgow and has recently been inducted into the pastorate in that town.

E. Robinson, who took the Sophomore year with the present Senior class, is at present principal of the school at Bridgetown, N. S.

F. J. Bradshaw, '90, missionary to China, while on a short visit to this country recently, was married in Middleton by Rev. A. C. Archibald to Miss Martha Philp. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw leave shortly for China. The ATHENÆUM wishes them success and happiness in their distant home.

Charles F. Crandall, '99, formerly of the staff of the St. John "Sun," has recently changed to the staff of the "Star" of the same city.

Rev. Isaiah Wallace, '55 has compiled a book of memoirs known as "The story of his life and work." The book is at present in press but will be issued shortly.

Philip W. Bill, '99 has recently been admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia and is at present practising his profession in Truro, where we understand he is meeting with remarkable success.

Adoniram J. Archibald, '96, formerly of Glace Bay, N. S. has resigned the pastorate of that place to accept a call to the First Baptist Church of Digby. He was inducted into the work there Jan. 13.

P. St C. Elliott, '02, has recently been appointed to the principalship of the Middleton High School.

We notice in a contemporary the chronicle of the marriage of Fred M. L. Fenwick, '96, at Berkeley, Cal., U. S. A.

E. N. Rhodes, '00, at a recent meeting of the Liberal Conservative Association of Cumberland Co., N. S. was elected Organizer and Secretary of the Party for the county. Rhodes is at present practising Law at Amherst, N. S.

We have it on good authority that J. W. Longley, M. A., '77 is to be appointed to the Canadian Senate in place of the late Senator Primrose.

S. L. Walker, '85, formerly of Truro has been appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Southern California Medical College.

P. W. Gordon, '98, for several years a prominent member of the staff of the St. John Sun, has recently accepted a position on the Tribune of Winnipeg, Manitoba, where we understand he is meeting with his customary success.

Rev. F. H. Waring, '90, for several years pastor of Brussels St. Church, St. John, N. B., recently resigned his work there to accept the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Halifax.

L. D. Morse, '88, who has spent ten years in India under the Canadian Board, has lately been appointed to the pastorate of the Baptist Church of Berwick, N. S.



## Our Exchanges.

*The Excelsior* for December contains an article entitled "The Advantages of a Commercial Education" setting forth a phase of education which is too little appreciated by the average College student. Many think that a business education is of little importance, and that a College student has only to pick up a few of the rudiments of Book-keeping to make him eligible for a high position in business. As the writer of the article shows, however, business is to-day a complicated affair, and he who would become proficient in it should have a wide and thorough training directed toward that end. Such a training should include not only Book-keeping, but Correspondence, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Banking, Shorthand, Typewriting, and a knowledge of Commercial Geography and Transportation. Why should one think of taking a high position in business without any technical preparation for it, any more than he would think of practising a profession without any special education along the line he wished to pursue? "A Christmas Eve on the Great Woman Question" is an interesting discussion of the hackneyed question put in a quaint and original way. Purporting to come from the pen of a Woman's Rights Crank, the article goes on to say that after the writer had planned an epoc-making article to uphold Woman's Rights, he fell asleep. During his sleep a shade from Hades appeared to him telling him that during life she had been a Greek woman, and had helped to stir up humanity to an appreciation of the *then* real wrongs, and to some recognition of the *then* unacknowledged rights of woman. But she goes on to say that the day for that is passed, that woman is already chafing under the responsibilities of the too great concessions that have been made her, and that to demand the right to do all that man does would only degrade and belittle her. She concludes by saying that if the writer wishes to pose as a philanthropist he should stand for man's rights. "Man is the neglected one," she says. "We order man about in all manner of ways, and he goes and comes as we will. To us he must doff his hat. To us in church, in hall, in street car and railway coach, he has to give up his chosen seat. We do not treat him as our equal. We have made him our slave and the poor down trodden creature seems to be content." Thus although written against Woman's Rights and by a man, the article pretends to be told by a woman and written by one in favor of them.

*The Argosy* for December has a brighter appearance than usual in honor of the festive season of Xmas. The College colors, garnet and old gold are a great improvement on the usual somber colors of gray and black. The contents also are of a better stamp than those of the November issue. "The Letters of Keats" arouse ones interest and wonder concerning the unfortunate youth of such splendid promise who was cut off at twenty six, just as his genius was beginning to reach maturity. The writer introduces the article with a reverie as to how much the most of us would have accomplished and how much we would leave to make the world remember us, even for a short time, if we were cut off at that early age. Many of us spend more than twenty six years in preparing for our life work. Keats had only that time to complete his, "Yet his work has profoundly influenced the course of literature, and we can fancy will only perish with the language itself."

*The O. A. C. Review* also appears in gala dress to celebrate Xmas. This magazine is of special interest because it represents a comparatively new department of learning, viz. that of scientific agriculture. It is a well written, carerfully prepared journal and stands well up among our exchanges. "Fleeting Thoughts on the Needs of Forestry" opens our eyes to the fact that we are using the forests of the world far faster than nature is reproducing them, and is a plea for us to consider the rights and needs of future generations. The article gives statistics to show that the naturally grown supplies of wood in the United States would hardly be sufficient for forty years' use, and that Canada with all her wealth of timber, could not supply her, for more than twenty five years. This is a serious state of affairs. Wood is an indispensable article to modern civilization, and surely the state should take steps for husbanding the stores now possessed and provide for their reproduction, else the supply will soon be practically exhausted.

"Agriculture as an Occupation" sets forth in plain but strong English, the advantages of a pure and manly life on the farm in close contact with nature, over the feverish rush for riches in the city. Although not pretending that all farmer's sons should stay on the farm, the article gives agriculture the place it deserves among the occupations open to man.

Other exchanges received:—*McMaster University Monthly*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Theologue*, *King's College Record*, *University Monthly*.



## The Month.

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

Skating, snow-shoeing, and sleighing are the chief pleasures that stern winter brings us and we enjoy them all. As we do not have a Rink for the students we are at a great loss. The rink in the town must accommodate both students and residents, and, as often happens, many hours which might be spent pleasantly on a good rink are spent elsewhere. A good rink on the Campus is a much needed improvement. As it now is our Class Teams do not have sufficient hockey practice. Let us make an effort to have a good rink as one more source of pleasure and profit to the students of Acadia.

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### DR. HARRIGAN'S LECTURE.

Tuesday evening, Jan. 16, was a very full evening. Everything even the moon was full, excepting College Hall. Hockey matches, sleigh drives and parties received great attention on that evening and only about fifty people turned out to hear the best literary treat of the college year delivered to the Wolfville public and students by Professor Horrigan, formerly of Ottawa University. Among the audience were three town people, two professors, eight representatives from the Seminary and two "co-eds." Nevertheless those who were privileged to hear Professor Horrigan listened with rapt attention to his all too brief address on "Literature and Life," a very inadequate synopsis of which is appended.

Professor Horrigan began by saying that Literature plays an important part in our life. It is not merely an accomplishment, a solace or a court of high appeal. He took his key-note from Bishop Spalding—"We live in the heart and mind alone, we find and make a home there." This is a materialistic age. We are what we know and are; but the heart and mind of this age are bent almost wholly upon the material, hence the lack of interest in literature. Many delight in the froth and refuse of literature; but it will not win us our daily bread. Sir John Herschel says: "Of all amusements for a man after a hard day's toil, the best is a good novel. It not only entertains him for the evening but helps in the work of the morrow."

An acquaintance with literature makes a good scientist a better scientist, an artist a better artist and a mechanic better able to cope with the difficulties of his profession. It supplies

soul-culture and helps in idealizing life. Quoting from Crabbe he said: "Books give new views of life and teach us how to live. They show to subjects what they show to Kings." And from Carlyle: "The true university of to-day is a collection of books. Aim not at numbers but at the quality." Literature does not take the place of religion but is rather the servant of religion. It offers a preparation for true life. A people grows by what it reads. What do we read? Go into the bookstores and you will find the cheapest of cheap literature, and it is the boast of some that they can consume six of such books in a week! Think of the mental dyspepsia of such a diet!

To-day we need deep thinkers and we cannot think deeply and read lightly. We who are in the battle of life and know the best should bring home to the young and those less fortunate than ourselves the joys of literature. The lecturer quoted from Scott to show that nowhere do we find a more womanly woman or manly man than in the Lady of the Lake; and from Dickens we find in Nicholas Nickleby as complete a portrayal as that of Shylock. Goldsmith's poetry brings sunshine and melody into our lives. His poetry gets inspiration from nature and its charm from home scenery.

He then quoted Tennyson's "Break, break, break," in a very effective manner and called it the crystallization of a mood. He went on to say that a knowledge of books makes a man fit company for himself, and a lover of books is never alone. Good books should be read and re-read. There is always something new in old friends and the book that is not worth reading twice should never have been read at all. He is happy who finds his recreation in intellectual pleasures. When reading a novel we should know that we are face to face with living thoughts. What is literature but the artistic representation of life in language? We need the human rather than the artistic. The cry should not be 'Art for Art's sake' but art for the soul's sake, for the greater glory of God. The essence of all Art is heavenly; and beauty is the expression of divine attributes. Art for Art's sake has no meaning for the Christian. Literature refines our nature. It is not an end but a means to an end. Robert Louis Stevenson has said that a book should not only be a pocket theatre but a pocket pulpit.

True art and morality cannot be separated. Literature is the mirror artistically draped reflecting thought and life. In condemning light literature Prof. Horrigan said that the reading



habit will affect the future props of the nation. Home should make a beginning and should be helped by the school. Standard authors introduced here would make a reading people. Good literature acts as a stimulant and a tonic; and good books like friends are few and well chosen.

In conclusion he gave the relation of literature to life as the inheritance of the past, the wealth (?) of the present and the grasp of the future. It lifts us above grovelling and makes this world of ours a pleasant place to dwell in by leading us up to the idea of a universal brotherhood.

#### DR. TROTTER'S TOUR.

Late in November Dr. Trotter left for the United States, and did not return till the Christmas vacation had begun. The main purpose of his going was to interview the officers of the American Baptist Education Society in New York. It appears that in May last, in view of the approaching conclusion of the Forward Movement, and in the hope that after the people had done so well Mr. Rockefeller might be induced to do something further for the college, and on a larger scale, the president prepared an exhaustive statement of the history, needs and claims of the University, and sent it directly to Mr. Rockefeller. He did not expect that Mr. Rockefeller would promise anything unconditionally, but he made bold to express the hope that he would approve a scheme in which should give \$100,000.00, on condition of the Maritime Baptists raising \$50,000.00

This overture was acknowledged in most courteous and considerate terms by Mr. J. D. Rockefeller Jr., acting for his father, and the exchange of several letters ensued. In the end, however, Mr. Rockefeller stated that, in view of the applications that were constantly reaching his father, and his inability to give personal attention to them, he would be obliged in this case, in accordance with what he had done in so many other cases, to refer the president to the American Baptist Education Society. Dr. Trotter, therefore, held the matter in abeyance till the Forward Movement was actually completed, and in November, as we have stated, went to New York to see the officers of the Society, and place before them his correspondence with Mr. Rockefeller. He reports that he was received very cordially, but that the Society gave no encouragement that they would be able to take up in its entirety the scheme as presented to Mr. Rockefeller. The Board of the Society was to meet two weeks later, when the application would be considered.

Dr. Trotter then proceeded to Denison University, Granville, Ohio, to fulfil a lecturing engagement previously made on the invitation of the Rev. Emory W. Hunt, D. D., the president. Dr. Trotter delivered his lecture on the "Oxford Movement," and made two other addresses on "The Sovereignty of Character" and "The Present Day Difficulties of the Preacher" respectively. Denison is the Baptist University for the State of Ohio, and answers in its departments of Academy, Seminary and College, very closely to our own institutions. It has however, larger means at its command, and is correspondingly better equipped and more highly efficient.

En route to Denison, Dr. Trotter spent a delightful day with Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, D. D., pastor of the Enclid Avenue church, Cleveland. He thinks that Dr. Eaton is located in just the place for the freest and best exercise of his great gifts, and that he is exerting a strong influence in that populous aggressive city.

On his return journey Dr. Trotter spent a day or two with his brother the Rev. J. E. Trotter, of St. Catharines, Ont., and several days with his mother and sisters in Toronto. He also paused for two or three days in Montreal, and interviewed Principal Peterson and Dean Roddick in respect to the possible articulation, at certain points, of the work at Acadia with the work at McGill.

Since returning to Wolfville, letters from New York have informed Dr. Trotter that his overture has been sent back from the Baptist Education Society to Mr. Rockefeller's office, for direct consideration, and as we go to press the president is starting again for New York in response, we understand, to a special request for his presence there. We trust that the issue of this trip may give us something still better to report next month.

Hockey, once again, claims the attention of our men, while the ice is so excellent the teams are busy at Hockey practice. The first match of the season was played in the Aberdeen Rink, Jan. 15, between the Freshmen and Juniors. The match was interesting as all were forming first impressions of Freshmen ability. The Sophomore-Junior match of Jan. 20 was rough and swift; the latter Team not doing, apparently, as good work as in the former match. On the same day the Academy Team crossed brands with the Seniors. This was an exceptionally strong, quick game from start to finish. The Academy boys as usual, have an able team. The scores are as follows:

Junior-Freshmen	25—0
Junior-Sophomore	1—5
Senior-Academy	4—2



The system of lights that was to have been installed in College Chapel during the Christmas Vacation has not been forwarded by the Montreal Firm, as some of the stock ordered had to be procured from an American house. Its arrival is expected in a few days.

### Impressions.

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

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

#### A DIRGE.

O call the old term back to me !  
Exams begin to-day,  
And oh the many precious hours  
I've spent in idle play.

Ping-pong has always been my joy  
But *cribbing* now's my fate.  
Would that I had studied more,—  
But now it is too late!

The occupants of Room 35, Chip Hall are *fast* friends in more senses than one.

Dr. Lorenze, the famous straightener of limbs, would find ample room for the exercise of his skill, on the limbs of our Faculty.

Wear a red "tam," a sweater and a pair of "logging boots" to church on Sunday morning and when the Sems walk out from the service puff cigar smoke in their faces. This is guaranteed to make you notorious—if not famous—more quickly than any other known method.

#### HAS HE A MONOPOLY?

Chorus of Seniors, Juniors and Sophs. at the rink: "I wish that blooming Freshmen M-r-g-s-n would give a fellow a chance to skate with some of the girls.

To the Freshmen there never was a place with so many girls in it as the Seminary, but by the time he becomes a Senior he thinks there's only one girl there, after all.

Just received at Acadia Seminary—28 new Sems, who are on exhibition daily from 2 to 4 p. m.

An uproar in the air  
 Seems to fairly lift my hair  
 And to breath I hardly dare  
     For the noise.  
 'Tis the tramp of Sophette feet  
 As they anxiously compete  
 For the very hindmost seat,  
     Up at Math.

---

The fellow that is a "bird" at his work isn't in much danger of losing his feathers by being "plucked."

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Prof. Sears: "What is under the bark of the tree?"

Slipp answers with a long scientific name.

Prof. Sears: "No."

Slipp (impatiently): "What is it then?"

Prof. Sears (smiling): "Wood!"

---

In the good old hockey time,  
 In the good old hockey time,  
 Swiftly flies the rubber puck,  
 Skims along the line;  
 A grand-stand play; a man goes down  
 And that's a very good sign  
 That Ave D-w-t is *killed again*,  
 In the good old hockey time.

---

College girl: "I've been studying the Acts of the *Epistles* all day for that horrid old Bible exam."

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The editors of this "singular collection of puerility vulgarity, irreverence and religious cant" retire from their pleasant (?) position upon the appearance of this number. To those who may think our jokes a little too *blunt* we may say that we have done our best to have them as *sharp* as possible!

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## laundry!

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## Acadia College

## ... Song Book.

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