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The Years.

*As comes amain the glossy flying raven,
That with unwavering wing, breast on the view,
Cleaves slow the lucid air beneath the blue,
And seems scarce other than a figure graven—
Ha! now the sweeping pinions flash as levin,
And all their silken cordage whistles loud!—
Lo, the departing flight, like flock of cloud,
Is swallowed quick by the awaiting heaven!
So lag and tarry, to the youth, the years
In their oncoming from the brooding sky,
Till bursts at middle life their rushing speed
All breathless with the world of hopes and fears;
And, lo, departing, the Eternal Eye
Winks them to moments in His endless brede!
Theodore H. Rand, '60.*



The Origin and Growth of the British Constitution.

IN the evolution of society from the primitive state to the highly organized institutions of the present day there has necessarily been a great variety in the experience of different nations. In most cases history shows that there is a general tendency to advance from

despotic to democratic forms of government. Each state, however, has had its own peculiar method of development. Some states, like France for example, have made the change suddenly by means of revolution, while others have achieved the same end by the longer method of reform. In the beginning it will be well to point out the characteristic feature which distinguishes our own constitution from all others.

The British Constitution was never made in the sense in which other constitutions have been made. There has never been a time when English statesmen have drawn up their whole political system in the shape of a formal document either to carry out political theories or to imitate the systems of other nations. There are, indeed, certain documents which form land marks in our history. There is the Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights, the three charters of liberty, which Chatham called the Bible of the British Constitution. But none of these did more than to set forth and emphasize those rights and principles which were already old. In all their political struggles Englishmen have not called for the assertion of new principles or enactment of new laws, but rather for the better observance of those already in force.

Having clearly seen this distinction, let us next ask, where and with whom did these principles originate? Principles, in general, are the outgrowth of custom and find their first expression in legend. The democratic principles that are the foundation of the British Constitution are purely Teutonic in origin and were brought over from Germany to England by our forefathers sometime during the fifth century. The Celts and Romans, who preceded them, have left no trace of their political institutions. Rome, it is true, both by the introduction of Christianity in the sixth century and by the revised study of the Roman law during the twelfth century, has had a marked influence on our constitution. But the chief effect of the Roman law has been to aid the practical working out of these earlier principles rather than to modify them.

The prototype of our modern Parliament is seen in the popular assemblies of our Teutonic ancestors held beneath the forests of Germany, and in which all matters of common concern were discussed and determined. This principle of popular freedom appears in the relation of the German warriors to their leaders, whom they regarded as a companion rather than as a superior. Soon after coming to England

the Teutonic leaders became kings, but still held their power from the people, as shown in their title as kings of the English and not as kings of England. They were thus the ministers rather than the masters of the people.

Under the later Saxon kings there was a marked increase in the power of the crown and nobility, yet the government, although aristocratic in practice, still remained democratic in theory. We see the germs of representation and election in the local courts of the shire and township, while every freeman still retained the theoretical right of attending the Witenagemot or National Council. That august body, which eventually developed into the modern House of Lords, exercised those cardinal prerogatives, which has so often been the bone of contention between crown and people, viz.—council and consent in legislation, and control of taxation.

Thus having shown the origin of our constitutional rights and privileges, and the manner in which they were exercised by our Saxon ancestors, let us next consider the way in which these same principles became embodied in our modern parliamentary institutions.

Standing at the beginning of the Norman period and glancing down through English history, we can trace three distinct periods of constitutional growth.

The first and most important of the three ends with the War of the Roses in 1485. During this time the British Constitution assumed its present outward form, while all the great principles of English freedom were firmly established. It is true there were many changes after this, but they were more in the nature of assisting the practical working of the Constitution than in changing the outward form. To this period belongs the great cornerstone of English liberty, the Magna Charta. The tyranny of the Norman kings led to the union of the barons and people, and the wresting of the charter from John in 1216. The Magna Charta asserts nothing new, but merely reiterates ancient privileges and the good laws of Edward the Confessor. Its essential principles are the great framework of our Constitution and have been ratified by succeeding sovereigns nearly forty times.

Following the Magna Charta we have the growth of Parliament out of the Curia Regis or Great Council of the Norman kings. Although the knights of the shire had met with the Great Council several times previous to 1265, the House of Commons may fairly be said

to date from the parliament that Simon de Montfort then summoned.

Here, for the first time, do we have the representatives of the boroughs sitting with the knights and barons. Not till thirty years later, however, do we get perfect representation of the three estates consisting of the nobles, clergy and commons. The final stage was reached in 1347 when the knights and burgesses sat apart from the barons, thus permanently dividing Parliament into two houses, the Lord and the Commons. For the next one hundred and fifty years, until the opening of the Tudor Period, Parliament was employed in consolidating rather than extending its power.

Another of our great institutions, Trial by Jury, originated during this formative period and had practically assumed its present form of procedure by the reign of Henry VI. By the close of the first period the Constitution was pretty well established in its present outward form and it now enters on a new phase of its history.

In the second stage of its history the Constitution passed through a period of trial and humiliation during which its internal machinery was being thoroughly tested and refined. In spite of its degradation, however, the cause of popular freedom in the end came off victorious. The first part of this period was a time of political retrogression under the despotic rule of the Tudors. The second part was an era of revolution which ended in popular triumph over the arbitrary and unconstitutional government of the Stuarts.

The ascendancy of the Tudors and the servile attitude of Parliament is accounted for by the wholesale slaughter of the nobles during the Wars of the Roses, which left the Commons alone to face the King. Moreover, the Reformation had divided the nation into two opposing religious factions. Such conditions made united resistance to the throne impossible. That the Constitution was preserved at all was chiefly due to the personal character of the Tudors themselves, who, tyrants though they were, ruled according to the letter of the law with great scruple. This policy, though degrading to liberal institutions, was nevertheless the means of their preservation and enabled the nation to gather strength for the last great struggle.

The opportunity for this final assertion of popular freedom came when the Stuarts tried to enforce their theory of Divine Right. In the two great popular upheavals which followed, the cause of absolute monarchy was forever lost, but, that of limited monarchy firmly

established. The Petition of Right of 1628 and the Bill of Rights of 1689 are the closing chapters of our written constitution. The Bill of Rights, gathering up and reinforcing, as it does, the essential principles of the Magna Charta and all subsequent documents, forms the coping stone of the British Constitution. Free institutions were now so well established that there was no further need of formal charters, and so we now enter upon the third and final stage of development.

Since 1688 the greatest constitutional changes have been made by custom and not by legislation. An unwritten code has grown up which has helped the practical working of the written code. The fundamental principals are the same now as they were in earlier times, but the methods of exercising them is different.

The most important of our conventional institutions is the Cabinet system which performs such an important function in British politics at the present day. It is essentially an outgrowth of party government, but its origin can be traced to the early Privy Council which was an executive committee of the king's Ordinary Council. The cabinet system was finally established in its present form in the time of the early Georgies, who, having their interests centered abroad, left the administration in the hands of their officials. The practice became an established precedent, and today the affairs of state are looked after by a body of ministers nominally appointed by the Crown, but really responsible to a majority in the House of Commons.

The British Constitution to-day is a government by the Sovereign, the Lords and the Commons. At the head of the State is the Sovereign holding his position by hereditary right "broad based on the peoples' will." The checks on his power lie in the laws of the land and the advice of his ministers, who are responsible to Parliament. All ultimate power rests with the Commons who control the money supply upon which depends the whole machinery of government. The Lords act as a revising and suspending body whose duty it is to reject hasty measures for which the nation may not be sufficiently prepared, yet always yielding to the popular will when definitely expressed. Thus the Constitution is not pure monarchy, pure aristocracy, or pure democracy but a compound of all three; and in this chiefly lies its strength.

And thus in tracing the origin and growth of the British Constitution from its infancy to its present form, we have seen that it has

not been like a plant which has sprung up in the night, but that it has grown up bit by bit, and for the most part silently without any acknowledged authors. This silent and gradual growth has given a stability and permanence to our political institutions which stand in striking contrast to those of France. There experience goes to show that violent means are often only transient in their results and have violent ends.

In its alternating phases of revolution and re-action the development of our constitution may be likened to the advance of the rising tide. The wave of political reform as it rolls shoreward may expend its force and then retreat, but only to return with renewed energy, each successive wave going a little farther than its predecessor until the flood reaches the high water mark of popular government. The process has been well described by Tennyson when he speaks of Britain as—

“A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.”

G. H. O., '05.



The Frozen Brook.

*The brook is bound with fetters—
Fetters of ice and snow ;
But still through the icy covering
Comes its murmur soft and low.*

*The great trees arch above it—
Laden with snow each bough,—
Moaning, as through their branches
Fiercely the cold winds sough.*

*But hark ! they stoop and listen :
They hear a voice from below,
That sings a song of the springtime,
In accents soft and low.*

*And the hearts of the trees are gladdened
As they hear the joyful lay ;
They forget the dismal present
In the song of a future day.*

*And thus does the frozen brooklet,
Though bound with fetters of snow,
Brighten the dreary winter
With its murmur soft and low.*

B. F. T.



That Palm Tree.

THEY were on the beautiful campus of Ozark College.

"There's no—o— place like this," sang Molly, seating herself on the ground and pulling up a handful of grass.

"Look out Molly, there's a grasshopper !"

"Oh !" with a shriek of dismay, and springing to her feet.

"Sit down Mol, he wouldn't come within a mile of you now."

"As I was saying, there's no place like this," she resumed, cautiously sitting down. "It is so cool, so calm under this old chestnut tree."

"In the shadow of the palm," hummed Garda.

"Oh, don't mention palms," and Molly made a wry face.

"O thou great and glorious," broke in Casey, in a dirge-like voice.

"Casey, I protest. You know how I detested that palm."

"What palm ? Do tell us Molly," begged Shirley, eager for one of Molly's stories which never failed to be interesting and exciting.

"Yes do," urged Garda, edging over beside her. "Say Billy, throw us out some cushions," addressing that young lady, who was leaning out of her window surveying the scene.

"May I come too?"

"If you do, throw a mattress out first to fall on."

"Come over yourself. You are soft enough," was the retort, as an array of cushions came flying to the ground.

"Now Molly, that story," again begged Shirley, as they comfortably stretched out under the tree.

The only answer was a gentle snore.

"Molly," landing a well aimed pillow on the fair sleeper's head.

"You wretch," and a battle royal commenced. Fast and furious flew the pillows. Gibson's Golf girl hit Shirley on the head, while the painted Indian knocked over San Toy.

"Stop, stop," screamed Billy, snatching her beloved Indian away, and mournfully surveying his scattered feathers.

"Will you tell it now?" demanded Shirley.

"Yes, yes, I will," struggling to her feet, and putting her scattered locks in place.

"Then sit down, and begin."

"I've forgotten."

"No, you haven't. Now begin, 'once upon a time' —"

"Once upon a time there was,—there was—" with a vacant stare, "there was,—yes, yes," seeing Shirley attempt to rise, "there was a palm tree."

"We know that. Go on."

"Oh, Molly, do go on decently."

"Well to begin, in the year 1901 there was a society organized in our revered constitution, I beg pardon, institution. This society comprised eight students, its avowed purpose being the development of more brain power."

"The Flips?"

"Yes, the Flips was its name. This society scorned to do anything common; it would attempt brilliant, startling, extraordinary and unheard of things. That is where the development of brain power came in," sweetly smiling, then continuing, "and if I may be allowed to say so, I think that the doings of that year were much more startling than those of this year thus far."

"Oh no Molly that's mean."

"No, I meant no discredit to the Flips of '02.

They are naughty too.

"Oh Molly what a bad one, can't you do any better?"

"I could, but will reserve it for more appreciative minds."

"Never mind, go on," urged Billy.

"As I said I meant no discredit to '02. But in the year '01 the College was blessed with a President who realized that "all work, and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and that the spirits of girls can't always be kept under the cork, and so we enjoyed life, sometimes more than the law allowed."

"Molly have you forgotten the palm?"

"No I'm just coming to it. You should always have an introduction to your theme, young ladies," looking around with a sweet smile, then resuming. "The first the Flips knew of the palm, was that on coming from class one morning they found a group of teachers and students standing around some great object in the upper corridor, and on approaching found to their horror, a large square tub filled with earth, and rising from the centre of it a stately beautiful palm tree. How do you like it Miss Fiske? said President Vance, turning and speaking to me. 'I do not like it,' I replied briefly, picturing myself starting to run across the corridor in the night, and running into that great sharp cornered box. My answer irritated him and looking at me with a superior smile he said, 'I'm afraid you have not cultivated your love of the beautiful. You will no doubt appreciate it more later on. That was enough. From that hour the palm tree was doomed.'"

"Doomed, How?"

"I mean if brains could conceive a mysterious death for that palm the Flips intended to do so."

"I see, what did they do?"

"Not so fast young lady. To begin, the next morning there was great laughing and joking in the corridor, for there stood the palm tree covered with ties, tinsel, ornaments and ribbons of every hue, and on the tub and surrounding it were many and varied gifts for the girls. The palm tree had turned into a Christmas tree."

"How did you dare do it."

"I don't remember saying that I did do it my dear. I said when I awoke in the morning it was done. He raved around there, and

made us take off those things. We were so sorry for him, and soon had everything off, but a bead bracelet that hung on the very tip of the tree. Do you remember that Casey?" turning to her with a laugh.

"I guess I do. Poor old Johnny had to get the step ladder and take it off."

"Well, we all had a lecture in the chapel, and having thus cooled his wrath the good man said no more."

"Is that all?"

"All, I guess not. That was only the beginning. For a week things were very quiet, in outward appearances you know. Then Pres. Vance went off Saturday on a canvassing tour, and that meant he would not be back until Monday night or Tuesday morning. On Saturday night about half past ten, as the teacher on duty turned off the lights in the corridor, she heard music. She listened, and faint but clear came the notes of 'Come to me Sweet Marie,' from the distant end of the corridor. She advanced toward the sofind, and at last found herself in front of the palm tree, while the strains of 'After the Ball is Over,' could be distinctly heard. With puzzled face she gazed at the ceiling but saw nothing. She listened, then stepped to the palm tree and parted the heavy leaves. There was nothing. Reaching higher she again separated the leaves and at the very tip of the tree something glittered.

"It was a musical clock."

"Did the Flips put it there?"

"What did she do?"

"The janitor and president were away, and she could not reach it, so she let it play on, and took her revenge in sending the inquisitive girls who came out back to their rooms."

"Was anyone found out and punished? questioned Billy, who always endured that out come of any escapade in which *she* participated.

"No. It died down before President Vance came back."

"What did? The music?"

"No. The talk about the affair. The music only lasted half an hour."

"But there was something more?"

"Yes, the chant. At last,——"

"Molly, the victim!" interrupted Casey. "Don't you remember

my switch?" breaking into laughter.

"Oh yes," said Molly, her face brightening then assuming a demure look. "But I'm afraid I tire the girls."

"Oh no, you don't."

"Do go on Molly."

"What came next? What does Casey mean?"

"If you are not tired I'll continue. Let me see," leaning back and closing her eyes. "Oh, yes," straightening again. "About two weeks after that if anyone had been in the corridor about one o'clock one night she would have witnessed a strange scene. Around the palm tree flitted ghostly forms; from somewhere in the darkness two advanced carrying a drooping burden; with many whispers and startled pauses they laid their burden across the box from which the palm tree arose stately and tall: with quick and stealthy movements they seized a cord and bound the object to the tree."

"What were they doing?" eagerly questioned Billy, her curiosity becoming too much for her.

Her inquiry elicited only a cold stare, then the narrator proceeded.

"A strange scene followed. One of their number stooped down and commenced digging the earth away from the base of the tree. Steadily she worked while the others waited in the attitude of those prepared for flight. At last her task was finished. Rising, she solemnly took a shining object held out to her and lifting her arm on high brought it down burying it in the base of the tree. Wrenching it out, the figure moved aside, the second repeated the act and so on until each had her turn, then stooping they once more put back the earth and disappeared in the darkness leaving the body of their victim bound to the tree."

"Go on Molly, go on," cried Billy.

"Oh Casey, you tell it."

"No, go on Molly," and Molly began once more.

"The next morning at five o'clock Auntie Morton appeared in the corridor to go through the usual sweeping and dusting. Suddenly she caught a glimpse of the palm tree. With a shriek she let broom, pail of water and dustpan fall, and running to the nearest door, burst into the room which happened to be Garda Winslow's and bounding to her bed screamed 'oh Miss Gardie dear, come quick, someone's murdered,' and falling on the bed the poor old lady commenced moaning

and crying. Elspeth and Garda sprang out of bed and shaking her asked, 'What do you mean Auntie?' 'Oh, the palm tree,' moaned the old lady, and commenced shaking worse than ever, so leaving her the two girls hurried into the corridor. I heard the racket and awoke." "I'll bet you did," exclaimed Billy. "Go on."

"I rushed to the door, then with my best scream ran to the palm tree. There in the dim morning light lay Casey, in her bathrobe and bed-room slippers bound to the tree. Her face was hidden but her golden hair hung over the edge of the tub. By this time half of the girls aroused by the commotion, were standing in their doorways and sobbing. 'Bring some water quick!' I called, stooping and trying to lift Casey. As I did there was a thud, and a second later I was in hysterics, while around me were the remains of Casey, namely, a bath robe, broomstick, slippers, pillow and switch of golden hair."

"Oh, oh," laughed Billy, "was'nt it too good for anything?"

"Did you really go into hysterics Molly?" asked Shirley.

"Yes. I did. The looks on the faces of some of those girls when that went to pieces simply convulsed me. But it was all right, as they said it was no wonder I did, for I had such a fright about Casey," and Molly tried to assume a serious expression.

"Were you found out and punished?"

"They held a series of lectures informing us of our sin and dwelling on frightening me so much, but no one would confess, although I said before them all that I had a suspicion who it was."

"Molly, you sinner, how dared you?"

"Well I did. But even that was of no avail, and they never found the culprits."

"Did the stabbing kill the palm tree?" asked inquisitive Billy.

"Oh, no,"

"What killed it then?"

"It died of small-box."

"Small-pox? What do you mean?"

"Well I heard some one telling President Vance the reason it died was that the box was too small for the tree, so I concluded it was the small box that caused its death."

"Molly you are incorrigible. Was there any more?"

"Yes, the funeral ceremonies."

"They didn't have a funeral?"

No, but we all loved that palm tree so much that we couldn't have it buried without some expression of our grief, so the day before they carried it away to its last resting place a notice appeared on the bulletin board saying that the last ceremonies for the departed palm would be observed at nine that evening?"

"What did you do?"

"That poor palm tree."

"At nine o'clock a number of girls had collected in the corridor. At exactly two minutes after nine eight black robed figures in black masks and bearing lighted candles in their right hands came slowly a stairway into the corridor."

"Flips?"

"Yes, Flips. Solemnly they approached the palm, and surrounding it bowed three times to the floor groaning all the time. Then sticking the lighted candles in the earth of the tub they commenced marching around the tree, and chanting. I cannot remember the chant."

"Oh, Molly, can't you? Do try?"

"Casey, do you remember it?"

"All I remember is about its being 'our standby in times of darkness,' answered Casey, with a laugh.

"Oh yes, that was comical, who put that in?"

"Ethel did. Don't you remember her laughing about it, and saying it was so true?"

"Because she hid under the leaves in the dark when 'Germany' was hunting for her one [night. I remember now," and Molly laughed in her own merry way.

"Can't you remember any more? questioned interested Billy.

"It commenced 'O thou great and glorious'" prompted Casey.

"O thou great and glorious queen", intoned Molly

"Ever hast thou been a true and faithful friend: ever hast thou kept the secrets entrusted to thy care. A kind and tender mother have we had. Many a time and oft hast thou sheltered us and taken us in from the cruel foe, saved us so many marks that we so much deserved. Truly thou hast been our standby in times of darkness. How often have we crouched beneath thy protecting and sheltering leaves, and eluded the pursuer. Many times we have ill treated thee, have

even stabbed thee, yet thou hast borne it all in silence. May thy name be ever honored, revered friend. Kind mother, stately queen, and now farewell. Farewell," finished Molly with a groan, and awakening at the sound of Shirley's laugh.

"Oh, I forgot. It almost seemed as if we were there again. Didn't we practice for that!"

"Is that all you did?"

"Yes. Finishing with a prolonged moan we prostrated ourselves in silence for a time then rising and taking our candles marched off whence we came."

"And the palm tree?"

"They took away next morning."

I. M. C., '07.



Etchings.

Vacation's Whirl.

HE leaned back in his chair with a weary sigh. This had been such a busy full day, he thought.

In the morning there was quite a stiff breeze, and he and some of the boys had gone for a sail up the lake to Beverley's landing, and had a talk with some Indians, encamped there, concerning the making of some special canoe, that was to be the sportiest on the lake.

After a good swim, and a hearty luncheon, he had gone down to the pier with Polly and commented on the latest hotel arrivals, and then she had gone with him to look at the new span he thought of buying, and agreed with him as to the perfect match of the glossy black steeds. Afterwards he had dropped her at the bathing houses, and hurried to the hotel to keep a business appointment before dinner.

What an evening it had been. How beautiful the lake was by moonlight dotted with its many little canoes and launches. His canoe was the best of them all; he had glided by one after another, and crossing the lake, had rested from paddling and floated on and on, drinking in the beauty and freedom of it all.

And now here he was having a last smoke before turning in and—

"Mr. Murray, will you discuss Chromatic Aberration for us?"

The student started, sighed, and reached for his text book in Physics.

"Not prepared Professor," he said.

'07.



Dissonance.

Crisp was the air, all fleecy-white, the clouds. A coverlet of freshly-fallen snow lay soft upon the ground, shimmering in the light with ten thousand sparkling gems. It was a day to set the blood a-tingling and to bring out the ruddy glow upon the Western settler's cheek, as he sauntered forth over tracts of lately cleared woodland in pursuit of the fleet-footed rabbit. Unsuccessful at first, he continues the chase through the morning. Then for the mere exhilaration he follows the fleeting hares through woods and moorland, through moorland and woods, till at last his efforts are repaid.

Slowly, silently, almost imperceptibly evening comes on. Crimson tints already begin to suffuse the western sky; and the departing rays of light gild the scattered clouds and make radiant the whole horizon. Across an open sweep of undulating field, a worn and wearied hunter can be seen emerging from the bordering wood. A wild, despairing look is on his face; and, casting furtive glances here and there, he follows for a little way what he thinks may be the longed-for trail. In amazement and hopelessness he halts at last. Silently he stands beneath an arch of snowy-laden fir trees. The slanting beams of the setting sun pierce the interstices of the woody canopy, scattering diamonds over the snowy twigs and converting the whitened grove into a crystal palace, studded o'er with many a shining jewel. All nature glows in the mild, mellow light; and the scene reflects celestial splendor and glory.

But he—the hunter—was far from home, and—*lost*.

P. '06

Editorials.

IN view of the recent occurrences in connection with our college life, it may not be amiss to make a few observations, of a more or less critical nature, upon the internal administration of Chipman Hall, otherwise known as the College Residence. That there is sufficient ground for criticism in this connection must be admitted by all ; and the fact that thorough changes in the administration of the Residence are already being contemplated only confirms what has been said.

Glancing back over the history of Chipman Hall since it became the residence solely for the college students (for previous to 1887 it was the home for both Academy *and* College students) we find that there has been practically but one system of internal management, with possibly a few modifications, namely, that of student rule, or what we might call a crude system of self-government. When applied to national and ecclesiastical institutions we consider the democratic principle of government a sound one ; but we are disposed to question its satisfactory working when applied to a college Residence. It is true that there have been periods when the system of student government in Chipman Hall worked well, especially during the stewardship of Mr. Keddy ; but on the whole we think, that after many years of testing, the system has been weighed and found wanting. And there are palpable reasons for this. From the manner of the appointment of the House Committee by the students of the Hall, sometimes without due deliberation an injudicious selection, might possibly be made. Then, secondly, to discharge thoroughly the duties of House Committee requires, at least on the part of the chairman, far more time than he can ordinarily spare and more we think than should be expected of him. None but the chairman knows how frequently his services are required in the effort to discharge the various duties connected with the office. A last reason we would offer as a possible explanation for the non-success of student government is the fact that none desire to brave the storm of criticism which is sure to follow if a report of misdemeanors is laid before the authorities. Now the question arises, Is there any solution to the problem? Can all the aforesaid hindrances be obviated by any other system of government not yet tried? If other Residences are successfully conducted, what is there to prevent the same result here? We think the

remedy is a very simple one, namely, the installing of one or more proctors in the Hall who shall be paid for their services. Such men, under direct appointment by the Faculty, could we think be easily secured. Very frequently graduates of the college return, either as temporary teachers or as students. These might be appointed as proctors, residing in the Hall and having the general oversight of affairs. Their authority would not be so easily disputed or despised. Such a method of internal administration we think to be at least deserving of a fair trial.

In conclusion, there is one more point in connection with the life at the Hall which may be appropriately mentioned at this time. We refer to the absence of anything which, in a dwelling house, would correspond to a free-and-easy room, a room tastily furnished and savoring just a little of home, where a piano is placed and where the students can congregate as in a sitting-room, and feel free to join in conversation or College songs and choruses. The lack in this regard is very conspicuous. The present magazine-room could be converted into such a cozy, home-like apartment with comparatively little expense and be used also as a Y.M.C.A. parlor; and were it thus furnished it would without question go a long way toward making the life in the hall richer and happier. We are optimistic enough to believe that the changes we have recommended will come very soon and thus be the means of making the college Residence a home for students of which all can be justly proud.



We are pleased to announce in this issue that an important change in one department of our paper is about to be inaugurated—a change which, we are sanguine enough to believe, will greatly enhance the value of the college magazine to many of our readers.

For some time it has been our conviction that the other Institutions which are so closely affiliated with Acadia, and contribute so largely and regularly to the life of the College, should be more prominently recognized in the columns of the ATHENÆUM. In the "Month" column there are always references to the events immediately connected with the Seminary and Academy; but these references are written by the college editors and often cannot be given the prominence which their importance demands. Realizing the desirability of a change in the

present methods, certain overtures were made to the Academy and Seminary with the view of having them join their literary forces with ours. As the result, we are able to state that two separate departments will be opened in the paper, one for each of the Institutions, with their own editors appointed to take charge of the literary work. By this means we hope the ATHENÆUM may become the medium of expressing more fully the life and varied activities of the Academy and Seminary. In the next issue we trust that the new arrangements will be carried out; though it may be some little time before everything is satisfactorily adjusted. We hope as a result of this new departure, that a closer bond of union will be formed among the Institutions, that more literary activity may be awakened, and, last but not least, that a much larger circulation may be secured for the ATHENÆUM.



Exchanges.

WE have just received a copy of the *Blue and White*, a journal published by the students of Rothesay Academy, Rothesay N. B., this being its first appearance. It contains the pictures of several of their athletic teams and also one of the entire student body at drill. All are very youthful in appearance and so we are not surprised at the boyish tone of some of the contributions, which are perhaps none the worse for that. The magazine is neat in appearance and the material in it is well arranged. It contains two articles of fiction which are fair samples of novice writing. The Rothesay students certainly deserve credit for publishing so good an initial number. We wish them the best of success in their future journalistic efforts.

The *Harvard Monthly*, as usual stands high in the character of its fiction. The December issue has an introductory article entitled "University and College Life," which deals with some serious problems in connection with Harvard. The writer declares that the social life which is the advantage and the attraction of the small college is sacrificed to a large extent by their University system. As a remedy for this he proposes that they adopt the English University system, that is that Harvard be divided into a number of small colleges of about two hundred men apiece. He presents some strong arguments

for this, showing how it would improve the social life of the University, stimulate class and college spirit, benefit athletics and also render it possible for the mediocre, as well as the best men, to actively participate in the various phases of College life. We quote the following: "If then we permit the College to cease to exist as a social institution, as its tendency now is, and to lose all save academic significance, it is a question whether the source of our influence in the world will not be gone. The University will still exist, to be sure, the foremost seat of learning in America, attractive to the scholar and the specialist. It will have become a great technical school; equipped with every facility of providing and installing knowledge. But it will have lost for all time its power of moulding character. For it is undergraduate and College life that makes a man what he is. And it is to the College of his undergraduate days that a man's affection and loyalty go out, and his fame redounds."

The *Monthly's* editorial, however, declares that their College life has been in general wrongly criticized. It claims that class unity, the basis of College unity, is springing up among them once more. It declares also that the size of the College does not preclude any one from active participation in College affairs since Academic distinction is largely a matter of readiness to work.

We always welcome the *Acta Victoriana* to our table. It certainly stands high among the Canadian College magazines. The November number comes to us with a new cover design which is both neat and striking. It is an improvement on their old design and one well worthy of being permanently adopted. This issue contains one poem of undoubted merit entitled "The Amber Army" and several well written and interesting articles. The most of the latter are illustrated by good cuts which add both to the interest of the articles and to the general appearance of the magazine. The biographical sketch of Edgar Allen Poe is specially instructive. The writer states that Poe's father was a dissolute ne'er-do-well and his mother an ordinary actress. His father and mother died when he was but two years old. He was then adopted by a wealthy Baltimore merchant who thoroughly spoiled him. The lack of proper discipline during his early years, together with his inherited tendencies, left him with a weak and undeveloped character so that it is not surprising that he became dissipated in later life. He spent a few years in an English school, the atmosphere and

training of which undoubtedly influenced all of his writings. At the age of fourteen he wrote one of the most perfect lyrics in American literature. The remainder of the article relates other events of Poe's checkered career, tells of his untimely death and ends with a good critique of his poetry and of his romances.

The November issue of the *Amherst Literary Monthly* is a good one. It contains two bright and well written selections of fiction. The Sketch Book has two short but thrilling tales of adventure and a clever poem. We quote the following:—

The ship of fate, whose curved wind-swept sail
 Hath restless borne me o'er the sea of hours,
 Hath blundered on a reef against whose powers
 Best captain's art and steersman's labor fail.
 Whilst other vessels run before the gale,
 Above whose course a god of fortune towers,
 My whole existence, thoughtless, will-less, cowers
 Before a force that makes my wisdom frail.
 Upon thy shore, O sylvan queen, I lie,
 My present harshly broken from my past,
 My future but the beating of thy heart;
 The common course of fate I must deny,
 One freedom mine—oh! there I am fettered fast,
 One strength, too, mine—that strength thou must impart!

The December number of the *University Monthly* contains in its editorial department a paragraph referring to the coming U. N. B.—Acadia debate, from which we quote the following: "If we are defeated this year it will probably be traceable to the fact that being short of funds, we could not procure the necessary reading matter for preparation." We hardly know whether to take this statement seriously or to treat it as a joke. If it is intended as a joke it is certainly out of place in an editorial column; if it is seriously intended it is in bad taste, to say the least. We would almost suppose that a college debating society could afford to spend a *few* dollars in securing necessary material for an intercollegiate debate.

The Exchange editor of the *Monthly* has misrepresented, perhaps inadvertently, a statement made in the November issue of the *ATHENÆUM* with the reference to our campus. The expenditure of several hundreds of dollars in improving the campus was not intended

"especially as a drawing in football," as the *Monthly* has it, nor did the article in the ATHENÆUM aim to give that impression. Here is what it said: 'Among other features of the new campus is a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile cinder track with arrangements for the sprints. Although this will be a great advantage in coming years, at present it is a great drawback especially in football.'

We are pleased to receive a copy of the *Baptist Year Book* of the Maritime Provinces. We congratulate the editor upon getting it out so promptly. Last year for some reason or other its publication was greatly delayed. This year's copy shows evidence of careful editing, but unfortunately the type is miserable, being very small and considerably blurred in places.

Other Exchanges are: *Queen's University Journal*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Nassau Lit.*, *The Bates Student*, *The Prince of Wales College Observer*, *The Argosy*, *Yale Lit.*, *University of Toronto Monthly*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Allisonia*, *Educational Review* and *Wolfville Acadian*.



Among the Colleges.

ACCORDING to official reports the total attendance at the twenty one German universities during the recent semester was 45,285. Of these 41,940 were regularly matriculated, 2386 were male "hearers," and 960 female hearers. The relative growth of university enrollment is larger than the ratio of population growth, and the fears so often expressed by Bismark of a "learned proletariat," of an overproduction of technically skilled specialists far beyond the actual needs of the state, are still entertained by many.

Brandon College, Manitoba, has fifty of the sixty men in residence in the college enrolled in group Bible classes.

Williams, Brown and Dartmouth will hold a triangular debate in March 1906.

Rev. R. H. Warden, D. D., General Agent of the Presbyterian Church in Canada has made a generous donation of \$10,000 to the funds of Knox College for the promotion of theological education and ministerial training.

Pennsylvania defeated Cornell in their annual game of football by the score of 6 to 5, the narrowest possible margin deciding the contest. It was a most stubbornly contested game.

Thanksgiving Day was observed for the first time in the Church of Oxford University on November 30th. The sermon was preached by Rev. G. H. Swalpole, Vicar of Lambeth, who was a professor in the Union Seminary at New York.

Three Sophmores have been suspended for one year by the authorities at Columbia for hazing Freshmen in defiance of the agreement entered into between the students and faculty last February.

The largest prize ever offered for excellence in academic work will be given at Harvard this year. A prize of \$500 is offered for the best thesis on any economic subject.

The Yale-Princeton football game resulted in a score of 23 to 4 in favor of "old Eli." The Yale-Harvard game gave a score of 6 to 0 in favor of Yale. The total receipts of the Yale-Princeton game were \$59,400, and those from the Yale-Harvard game were over \$68,000. Of these amounts Yale will receive \$63,700.



De Alumni.

S. E. Gourley, '72, ex-M. P. for Colchester Co. has entered the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, to receive treatment. His health has not improved since his return from New York, and hopes for his recovery do not seem to be very encouraging.

Frank H. Eaton, '73, formerly Instructor in Mathematics at the Provincial Normal School, Truro, and later editor of "The Kentville Advertiser," now occupies the position of City Superintendent of Schools in Victoria, British Columbia.

Rev. D. H. Simpson, '76, has resigned his pastoral charge in Billtown, N. S., and is now located as pastor of the Baptist Church in Gibson, N. B.

Rev. H. B. Smith, '86, has resigned his pastorate in New Germany to accept a call to the Baptist Church at Melvern Square.

Ernest R. Morse, '87, and his brother Chas. E. Morse, '97, are both engaged in teaching in the mathematical department of the Manual Training High School in Kansas City, Nebraska.

Rev. H. G. Estabrook, '91, pastor of the Baptist Church at Springhill Mines, N. S., owing to poor health, expects to leave shortly on a trip to California.

Rev. Lyman M. Denton, '96, has resigned the pastorate of the East Lincoln Baptist Church, Nebraska to accept a call to this Baptist Church in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Rev. W. W. Conrad, '97, has received a call to New Carlisle, N. B. A part of the congregation is situated in the Province of Quebec, and the church is under the jurisdiction of the Maritime Presbytery.

W. R. Morse, '97, having taken his degree in Medicine at McGill in 1901, has since been practising at Ohio, Yarmouth County.

Rev. J. W. Keirstead, '99, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Oxford, N. S.

E. H. Cameron, '00, entered the senior class at Yale in 1902. He graduated in 1903 and received the degree of M. A. in 1904, and is now pursuing his post-graduate studies in Philosophy. His career has been a brilliant one.

John A. Glendenning, '00, is located in Parlakimedy, India, where he is making a special study of the Savara language with a view to preparing religious literature in the same.

C. A. C. Richardson, '00, having completed his medical course at McGill in 1904 has since been practising at Clementsport, Annapolis County.

Miss Ida E. McLeod, '00, daughter of Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Fredericton, was married last month to Mr. Maurice White, Superintendent of Schools in the Western Transvaal.

H. L. Bustin, '01, is Principal of the schools in Bridgetown, Annapolis County.

Rev. B. S. Freeman, '01, is pastor of the Baptist Church in Centreville, N. B.

Rev. D. J. Neily, '02, has received a unanimous call to the First Baptist Church in Danielson, Connecticut, the largest and most popular church in a town of 5000 inhabitants.

Horace G. Perry, '03, is principal of the Charlotte Street School, Fredericton, N. B.

J. C. Rayworth, '03, lately Instructor in Mathematics in Horton Collegiate Academy, is now at Yale taking the work of the Senior year.

Rev. L. H. Crandall, '04, is pastor of the Baptist Church at River Hebert, Cumberland Co.

Rev. R. W. Hibbert, '04, is located at Chilliwack, British Columbia. He is there engaged in Home Mission work under the direction of the Methodist Conference.

C. P. Charlton, '04, is principal of the schools in Freeport, Digby County.


Rev. H. B. Killam, '04, is pursuing his theological studies at Colgate University.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Henry R. Emmerson, '04, of Dorchester, to Miss Faulein Price, a graduate of Acadia Seminary in the class of '04. The ceremony is to take place at Parrsboro on December 28th.

Miss Maie Messenger, '05, who has been supplying as teacher in the town schools of Wolfville, expects to leave shortly for Alberta, N. W. T., where she will engage in teaching.



The Month.

 IN the evening of December 1st, we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture delivered by Prof. Andrews, of Mt. Allison University. We were looking ahead to this lecture, with much expectancy, for the Athenaeum Society had corresponded with Dr. Andrews on previous occasions, but owing to his duties he had been unable to accept the invitation. His subject was "Evolution and Faith" and we certainly were not disappointed in our hope of a highly entertaining and instructive discourse.

Dr. Andrews discussed his subject in a very intelligent manner, passing from one period to another in the development of the present order of beings, showing the place where science has failed to bridge the gap, between the lower and higher, and pointing out that here it is we of necessity must admit the interposition of a Supreme Being, whose acting is more and more revealed to the eye of faith. His closing remarks were especially expressive and listened to with wrapt attention.



The departure of Miss Crandall, left a breach in the Seminary staff, which was filled by the appointment of Miss Margaret DeWolfe, Dalhousie, 1898. Miss DeWolfe brings to the Seminary a large experience in educational work, gained in the Public School, of Halifax, and in Bloemfontein, Kronstaat and in Bethlehem Seminary in South Africa.

The second of the series of interclass debates took place on Nov. 25th, between the Seniors and Juniors. The former class represented by Messrs. Porter, Copp and Havey, supported the resolution : "Resolved, that the Elective System throughout the four years is preferable to the present prescribed system as at Acadia." Messrs. Balcolm, Knott and Harris responded for the Juniors.

The debate was very close but the decision was given in favor of the Juniors.

The third debate in the series took place on December 16th, between the Juniors and Freshman resulting in a victory for the former. The resolution was : "Resolved that Canada's present preferential tariff should be repealed unless a reciprocal preference is granted by Great Britain and the colonies." The appellants were Messrs Tibert, Bynon and McCutcheon, for the Freshman, while the Junior speakers were Balcolm, Knott and Harris who opposed the resolution.



On Thursday evening December 7th, 1905, the Sophomore class spent the evening at the home of Prof. R. P. Gray. The object was to make the class better acquainted with the time in which Chaucer lived and wrote. An old English ballad from Robin Hood was sung by the Misses Wheelock and Haley. Prints representing the scenes and characters of the Canterbury Tales, were viewed and discussed. Then followed a violin solo by Miss Vaughn. After luncheon the guests dispersed having spent a very enjoyable evening.



We are greatly indebted to the Y. M. C. A. for the excellent series of lectures they are providing this year. But the committee are to be especially congratulated on securing the services of the Rev. F. S. Bamford, of St John. Mr. Bamford had consented to deliver a lecture on "The Attitude of Rationalism towards Christianity in Assembly Hall on Sunday afternoon December 16th. But since, to use his own expression, "a willing horse is always worked" he was urged also to speak in the Baptist Church on Sunday morning. In accordance with the home-coming spirit of Christmas, he spoke on the subject of "Homeland," basing his remarks on Rev. 7 : 13, 14. His vivid imagination painted a picture of the heavenly home which will be remembered for a long time by his hearers.

In the afternoon he delivered his lecture on "the attitude of Rationalism towards Christianity" to a large and appreciative audience. The subject was treated in a clear and scholarly manner, and proved highly instructive and helpful.

Incidentally it was discovered that Mr. Bamford had taken a personal part in the Welsh Revival, and on request he consented to speak in the Baptist Church that same evening, on this world-wide topic. Needless to say the church was crowded, and when at last the speaker finished, all would have willingly had him continue his discourse much longer. Mr. Bamford is certainly gifted with a vivid imagination and rare powers of description, while his personal magnetism, and oratorical powers hold the complete attention of his audience.

It has been a long time since we enjoyed such highly interesting and instructive addresses, and we wish Mr. Bamford the best of success in his future work in his adopted country.



Owing to failing health Dr. Trotter has been obliged to leave his work, and has gone to Clifton Springs. During his absence, Dr. R. V. Jones has been appointed Dean of the Faculty and Prof. Tufts is Secretary of the Faculty. We are pleased to hear that Dr. Trotter is improving rapidly and we trust that he will soon be able to resume his usual duties at Acadia.



An exceedingly close and interesting game of Basket-ball between Chip. Hall and Outsiders was played in the Gymnasium on the afternoon of Dec. 16th. The opposing teams were very evenly matched, but the Chip Hallers finally won out by the score of 12 to 10. Bower, Eaton, Colpitts, Harris and Davidson represented the Hall; while Peppard, Estey, Webster, Magner and Rising played the game for the Outsiders. Mr. C. DeB. Denton acted as Referee.

The College Jester.

*"Haste thee, Nymph and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity.
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles."*

L' Allegro.

(From the Thursday Evening Post)

Messrs P-rk-r & Co., *Sole agents* for Spontaneous Combustion,
Postless Electricity, and Diplomatic Language.

Goudey :—"Well I guess I'll stop smoking and start to Chaucer
(chaw sir.)"

We all have heard of him so brave,
Who the night long, his land to save,
His hand kept in the yawning cave
Of the great dyke.

But thrice a day our Denton fair,
With junks immense, tries to repair
The *yawning gap* increasing e'er
In his Van Dyke.

College students are now divided into two groups, *in ciders* and
out (of) ciders.

Be not deceived, we are not mocked,
The A on Ad—ms' sweater blocked
Has never yet been authorized
But like the bray of ass disguised
Shows that, tho hidden 'neath a pelt,
The ass's spirit still is felt.

Why is a Freshman like a hydrometer?
Because he is brassy, light headed, and not much good till gradu-
ated.

Professor in Math. :—"Mr. Jenkins will you please take this pro-
position."

Jenkins ready, Jenkins up, Jenkins on the (black) board.

If a horse weighing 1600 lbs can haul four tons of pig iron, how many seasons will a veranda railing painted white carry C—pp and Miss C—nd—ll on one side and B—ss and Miss Hl—l—y on the other?

Why is it that Goucher never prays for Victor(y), before calling at the Sem on Saturdays?

Strange it is not?

Miss B—tl—tt's thin and peanut's thin,
As you can easily see,
But when the two together are
They're thick as thick can be.

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W. T. Denham \$1.00; J. A. Estey \$1.00; R. K. Strong .10; L. Handley \$.15; Miss
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Cecilia Craig \$1.00; Miss Helena Marsters \$1.00; A. G. Morton, \$.15; W. W
Jenkins \$1.00 Miss V. M. Steeves \$.35; A. A. McIntyre \$.30; Rev. F. S. Bamford
\$1.00; Miss H. E. Vaughn \$1.00; Jennie Welton \$1.00.

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