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BE NOBLE.

"For this true nobleness I seek in vain,
In woman and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain."
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again.
Look inward, through the depths of thine own soul.
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

My Descent into Hades.

BY SILAS ALWARD, D. C. L., K. C.

In my College days of the twelve books of the *Æneid* none possessed such charms for me as did the sixth, in which Virgil so graphically describes the visit of *Æneas* to the deep shades of *Erebus* to see his father *Anchises*. With scarcely less interest did I regard the *Alcestis* of *Euripides*, wherein the great Athenian tragic poet tells, in flowing numbers, the sacred devotion of the wife, who dying for the sake of prolonging her husband's life was rescued from the Plutonic shores and restored to the light of day by *Hercules*; also the story of how *Orpheus* with his Thracian harp and ravishing strains had power to recall his beloved *Eurydice* from beyond the dull shores of *Lethe*. There was

something so weird in all these fanciful descriptions that they seized upon my imagination and haunted it like a nightmare. Shortly after my graduation, when making the Grand Tour I visited the far famed City of Naples, it became possible to gratify the dreams of my youth. And then it was within the bounds of possibility to attempt the daring exploit of committing myself to Charon's boat; of crossing the Stygian lake; of wandering, not as an airy unbodied phantom, but within the walls of my fleshy tabernacle, along the rueful shores of Cocytus; of gazing upon fiery flowing Phlegethon and seeing, in imagination, the horrid sights which the mighty Æneas long ages ago was permitted to look upon. So full was I of my anticipated visit, you can hardly wonder that the night before I scarcely closed my eyes in sleep. And what foreigner from our stern latitudes can spend many hours in sleep, during the witching days of early spring, in lovely Naples with its wealth of marvellous beauty? For under all the bending heavens there is no spot I ever visited to be compared with this charming City and its superb environs. "See Naples and die," has grown into an aphorism. And it may be, because one is expected after seeing it to die, that here the vivid imagination of the ancient placed the entrance into Hades as well as the portals of the blest.

Carriages were ordered for our party at an early hour in the morning. After a hurried breakfast we left our hotel and skirted our way along the northern shore of the Bay of Naples in the direction of the Grotto of Pausilipo. The view spread out before us was grand beyond description. The early sun was throwing lengthy shadows far down the western slopes of Vesuvius and mantling bay, shore, valley, mountain and sea in a sheen of transporting splendor. As the eye swept round the circling bay, past the sights of buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, beyond Castellamare and the orange groves of Sorrento, it could faintly trace the dim out-line of the shores with its vineyards and charming villas until it melted into the blue horizon far away. Near the entrance to the grotto, which is a narrow passageway cut through the high ridge that separates the Bay of Naples from the shores that sweep around the Bay of Baïæ, is Virgil's tomb. This is the coigne of vantage from which to see Naples, even if not to die. I suppose it matters little where we lie down to sleep after life's fitful fever; and yet the soul yearns for a spot of beauty and restful repose;—it may be on some shady knoll, some breezy wind-swept height, where the whispering trees chant their sad dirges; or some quiet sylvan retreat, where nature shrinks from the work-a-day world. "Bury me in the sunshine,"—was the dying request of Archbishop Hughes. Of all spots on earth none so suitable for the tomb of the great Latin poet, although far from Mantua, the place of his birth, as this over-looking

the City he loved so well; the classic bay he never wearied of extolling in lofty verse and within distance of the charming Bay of Baiæ, which he has immortalized in undying song. The tomb, two miles north of Naples, is a square flat-roofed building near the brow of a steep precipice over-looking the Bay. Amid such earthly beauty did Virgil place the entrance to Hades. And we cease to wonder when we consider it was a region for ages rocked by earthquakes: where subterranean heat escaped from vast fissures in the solid rock and where its people were constantly disturbed by fearful internal convulsions. The grotto passed, the first city reached was Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, once a place of considerable importance and wealth. Its environs were once covered with thermæ and magnificent villas; now all is stamped with ruin and decay. Few cities have been subjected to greater vicissitudes. Not only has it been laid waste by earthquakes and overthrown by volcanic eruptions, but it has successively been destroyed by Goths, Vandals, Lombards, Normans and Turks. It was here the great Apostle of the Gentiles landed, when on his way to Rome to lay his appeal before Caesar. And here is to be seen the site of the villa of the great Roman Lawyer and orator, Cicero. After leaving Pozzuoli, on the right rises Monte Barbaro, where was cultivated the ancient Falernian wine so highly extolled by Horace. Still further on we passed Monte Nuova, which suddenly sprang into existence one night during the volcanic eruptions of 1538. It is 1,500 feet high and three miles in circuit. Its sides are covered with vineyards and olive trees. At the base of Monte Nuovo is the Lucrine Lake, once forming with Lake Avernus the celebrated Julian port. During the reign of Augustus it communicated with the sea by the means of a canal, which was destroyed by the eruption of Monte Nuovo. The Julian port was one of the grandest and most useful of the Roman works.

And now we stand upon the shores of Lake Avernus, on whose margin was the entrance to the regions of the lower world. Through its dark portals all must pass; be ferried over the Styx in Charon's boat; wander along the desolate shores of gloomy Cocytus; cross fierce Phlegethon with its streams of liquid fire, before entering the abodes of the happy in the enchanting fields of Elysium beyond. As I gazed down the dark passage way that led to these fabled regions, I appreciated in its full force the well known line of Virgil:—

"Facilis descensus Averni."

And the scarcely less significant one of Dante:—

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Lake Avernus presents every appearance of an extinct volcano. It is a mile and a half in circumference and two hundred and fifty feet deep. Its margin was once covered with a dense forest, and here

Homer placed the abode of the Cimmerii shrouded in eternal gloom. They were said to live in grottoes, into which the light of the sun never penetrated and where perpetual darkness reigned.

It is true I did not perform the initiatory rites prescribed by the Prophetess before commencing the descent. Nor did I see the sights which greeted the vision of the Trojan hero. Nor did I make my exit to earth through the ivory gate. This, however, I did see:—At the entrance to the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, the visitor is taken in charge by a guide and conducted down a steep, slippery incline, torch in hand. At the bottom spreads a ghastly sheet of water now made lurid by the flickering torches. Here you mount the back of your guide, who, staff in hand, gropes his way with his burden to the opposite side. The guide, I suppose, you may call Charon, minus the boat. There is pointed out the spot, a cleft in the side of a rock, where the Sibyl had her seat, and from which she delivered her mysterious oracles. Right glad were we to beat a hasty retreat to the upper world. Pursuing our way and passing a spur of the jutting headland there burst on our view in all its beauty the charming Bay of Baie, once the fashionable watering place of Rome in the days of her Imperial Splendor, when Nero had here his palace, when the Great Caesar here sought relief from the cares of the State, and drew around him the greatest generals, poets and orators of the age. It has nothing now to indicate its former magnificence save two or three dilapidated houses, and a few broken, scattered columns. What a melancholy illustration of the instability of human grandeur! What a commentary on the folly of mere earthly splendor! Here are the remains of the Temples of Mercury, Venus, Diana, and Hercules. A short distance from Baie is lake Acheron, over which all must pass before reaching the Elysian fields.

On the shores of the Acheron, foolishly, I nearly met my fate. A long grotto extends far under a steep incline by its side and not far from the ruins of the palace of Nero. To explore it is part of the Tourist's programme. Stripped of all my garments save my trousers and shoes, I took the hand of the guide and passed within its dark and forbidding passage way. From every cleft in the rock issued forth intense heat. I had not proceeded far when, overcome by the stifling heated vapor, in good well-spoken English, carefully emphasized so he could not possibly mistake the meaning, I asked the guide to return. He replied in as good well-spoken Italian, at least I judge so. We kept up the conversation sometime, neither having the remotest idea what the other said or wanted. I can't say it was an interesting tete-a-tete. I suppose he thought I was giving vent to intense admiration of the surrounding objects of interest. I know I thought him the most

stupid of the sons of men, who could not understand pure English carefully phrased and distinctly enunciated. I, however, made up my mind not to suffocate in this horrid place without one desperate effort for life. Although the way was dark as Erebus and as crooked as the policy of a time-serving politician, I wrenched my hand from his firm grasp and bolted back with might and main, stumbling along the uneven passage and occasionally dashing my head against a projecting rock, and happily, almost by a miracle, succeeded in gaining the light of day. It was not a moment too soon. I could barely stand. Speak I could not. So ghastly pale was I, my companions were scarcely able to recognize me. I was the only one who had ventured into the grotto. I was plied with a number of questions,—such as—What in the world is the matter? Did Pluto unchain Cerberus and let him loose upon you? What has become of the guide? Were you pursued by the furies? And don't you think you will have occasion to remember your visit to Hades? I gave no sign. I wanted to go back to Naples. I had seen enough of the lower world. I was quite willing at once to turn my back upon it forever. My curiosity had been filled to repletion. Like Mark Twain, after his experience on the Mexican I never appreciated until now, in all its import, the poverty of the human mechanism. And, like him, after the most judicious use of both hands, first in one place and then in another, I found there were several other spots on my head, face and body where two or three more hands might have been satisfactorily employed. Limp and exhausted, with the blood flowing freely from severe scratches on my head and face and the perspiration oozing from every pore, I sat down on a broken column, amid the ruins of some once famous temple, Marius-like, not, it is true, to weep over the downfall of so much earthly magnificence, but to imprecate the folly that had so nearly cost me my life for the sake of gratifying a morbid curiosity. Before, I had been the most active and adventurous of the party. Now I was as docile as a lamb. Subsequent events did not seem to have much interest for me. Being somewhat refreshed by a bathe in the Bay of Baiæ I was strongly urged to accompany the party to the fabled abodes of the happy in the Elysian fields beyond. I didn't much care to go even there. After much persuasion, however, I consented to join them. Leaving Baiæ and making a short turn near a high bluff opposite the island of Ischia, we came in full view of the regions of the blest, the delightful resting place of all who had passed the muddy and bitter waters of the Acheron. No earthly spot could have been more fitly chosen, commanding a fine view of the Bay on one side, and on the other looking out upon the waters of the Mediterranean. Under an Italian sky, in the mellow light of that sunny day, it seemed an earthly paradise. Ages ago these

grounds were used as a cemetery. The vaults in which the ashes of the dead were placed in urns are yet to be seen, rising above each other in tiers, for you will bear in mind they practised cremation in these times. In one of the best preserved vaults the altar may be seen upon which the body was burned, the ashes being sealed up in small urns and placed in niches. On these fair fields the olive and vine are now cultivated. In many places, although in the month of April, wheat waved wantonly in the passing breezes over the graves of the dead.

As the shades of evening began to gather we wended our way back to Naples, passing the ruins of imperial palaces and lordly villas, the prostrate columns of great temples, the sites of flourishing cities tenanted long ages ago by the elite of Rome's greatest and proudest families. Over all had swept the wasting storms of time, and this was what remained of so much magnificence and glory. The grandeur which had made Baïæ famous throughout the Roman world had passed like the baseless fabric of a vision and here was the end of the whole matter. Is this then the sum total of man's highest earthly good? Are the generations of men to come and go and be scattered like the leaves of autumn before the blast? Is he, like the dove sent forth from the Ark, to find no rest for the soles of his wandering feet? May we not hope that on some brighter shore, in some fairer abode than the fanciful regions of the Hesperides and more beautiful than the fabled plains of Elysium, he will one day find rest, eternal rest in "that still country where the hail-stones and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load?"

Late at night we passed through the grotto of Pausilipo. From its darkness and gloom we were suddenly ushered into the splendour of the full moon, riding gloriously in the heavens and shedding its soft beams upon the placid bosom of the bay. In the distance, like some grand sentinel, rose the towering form of Vesuvius. A thousand lights dotted the circling shore. The sights and sounds of its thronging streets soon roused us from the reverie into which all of us had fallen and which for a long time had sealed our lips. With hasty steps I sought the quiet of my room to ponder alone over the strange incidents of the day, wiser and sadder, if not better, after my descent into Hades.

The Destruction of Jerusalem in A. D. 70.

The destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. had a very great influence upon the development of the Kingdom of God. To thoroughly appreciate the significance of the fall of the holy City it is helpful to have in mind the series of conditions which led up to this far-reaching

event, together with the out-standing facts of the siege; and it is necessary with care to relate it to the subsequent history of Christianity.

THE SERIES OF PRECEDING CONDITIONS.

The national independence enjoyed by the Jews during the Maccabæan period contributed to make the oppression of succeeding days intensely obnoxious. The achievements of the Asmonæan dynasty, awakened anew bright hopes of Israel's future. Pride in their history, in the Law, in the Temple and its splendid appointments, rose to a high pitch. And just in proportion as the ambition and anticipation of the Jewish people were high, was the spirit of devotion to the peculiar genius of their life, and of revolt against the oppression well-nigh unconquerable.

Then the power of the Maccabees began to decline, internal jealousies and discussions greatly hastened the process of decay. About this time the distinction between the Pharisees and Sadducees became clearly marked. The former were the strict Law party, and claimed that the high priesthood should be shorn of all political influence, and be made a strictly ecclesiastical office. The latter as the aristocratic party were defenders of the political prestige of the high-priest. The antagonism between these two parties, and their countless intrigues, in a very short time reduced the Jews to the strait of seeking the intervention of Pompey, the victorious Roman general in the East. Among other delegations the Pharisees sent to him asking him to abolish the monarchy on the grounds that it was an enemy to the theocratic privileges of the Jew. This brought about the first contact of the Jewish people with the Romans. Pompey did interfere, and the result was his capture of Jerusalem in B. C. 63.

As a concession a Maccabæan prince was indeed allowed to rule in Judea; but he was only a nominal ruler for his authority was exercised through the sufferance of the Romans. Even with this and other concessions, which at first the Romans were willing to make, the Jews could not rest satisfied. Their taste of national independence had been too sweet to make anything but mourning possible at its loss.

During his reign of forty years Herod succeeded admirably in gaining the disgust and hatred of the Jews. By multiplied acts of cupidity and the grossest cruelty, he goaded the people to intense dissatisfaction. Still he maintained an open regard for the institutions and customs of the nation, and performed one act of magnificence intended to produce conciliation—the re-building of the Temple in royal splendor. Even this, however, could not turn the feeling of detestation with which he was regarded to the day of his death.

Although the line of the Herods was unpopular with the Jews,

yet in many ways they came between them and Rome, shielding them from indignities, which otherwise, on account of their religion, they would have suffered. Particularly was this true of Herod Agrippa I. who through the great favor in which he was held in Rome, secured the revocation of the decree to erect a statue to the Emperor in the Sanctuary of the Temple.

But acts like these simply soothed for the moment the passion of a desperate people. Under the direct Roman rule of Pontius Pilate and kindred officials, the mutterings of the storm became distinctly audible. One by one the sacred privileges of the Jews were snatched away. Under the governors, who succeeded Agrippa, the popular indignation assumed the shape of expressions and deeds of revolt. Felix, who was one of the basest of oriental despots, was the occasion of a company of 30,000 men being practically annihilated. Under one of the many antichrists of these days—an Egyptian Jew—these men had gathered together on the Mount of Olives, deluded by the false promise that there they should witness deliverance from the Roman yoke. At this time also the Zealots came into special prominence, and contributed very largely to increase the flame of revolt that was soon to burst forth in bitter vehemence. The Zealots were an outgrowth of the Maccabæan movement. Their watchword was: "Be ye Zealots for the Law and sacrifice your lives for it." They considered all means lawful in order to accomplish their ends. They carried daggers concealed beneath their garments. The tyrant, Felix, secured their aid in ridding himself of the high priest, Jonathan. This they accomplished in the very midst of the Temple service. A reign of terror now set in. No man's life or property was safe. The settlement of a dispute regarding religious privileges, between the Greek and Syrian elements of Cæsarea and the Jewish, in favor of the former, when appeal was made to Nero, and the almost unparalleled cupidity of Albinus, furnished the last contribution of burden and cruelty which the Jews could stand. The flame of revolt now broke out in earnest.

The first outbreak was at Cæsarea. With wonderful rapidity the insurrection spread to other parts of the country. In an incredibly short time 20,000 Jews were put to the sword in Cæsarea, while in Jerusalem the Roman troops massacred in one day 3,500 people. At the same time 52,000 Jews lost their lives at Alexandria. On the other hand multitudes of Syrians and Romans were slain. Menahem, the hereditary chief of the Zealots, was declared King in Jerusalem, and to crown all, the sacrifice, which it had become the custom to offer in the Temple for the prosperity of the Emperor, was discontinued, thus formally severing allegiance to Rome. This was the natural outcome of the indignities upon the Jewish people, and the insults upon their religion for which Rome was responsible.

Soon all the Roman fortresses in Judea were in the possession of the insurrectionists, and the Roman garrison stationed in the tower of Antonia, having surrendered to the Jews on the promise of their lives, was butchered to a man. To add to the intoxication of the Jews and the chagrin of the Romans, Cestius Gallus, governor of Syria, who besieged Jerusalem with 20,000 men, gave up the siege, and while marching northward, suffered the loss of a great part of his force. About this time it is said, the Christians left the city.

The Jews at once organized themselves for war. Among the generals whom they selected was Josephus, to whom we have to look very largely for an account of this period, and who subsequently deserted to the Roman standard. Vespasian, with his son Titus, was commissioned to become master of the situation for the glory of the Roman eagle. But Vespasian being shortly afterward elected to the Imperial chair of Rome, Titus became the first in command. The succeeding months witnessed sickening horrors throughout Palestine. Immense numbers were captured in the strongholds and murdered. A large number managed to escape to Jerusalem. During this time every possible effort was made to check the tide of insurrection, by the moderate party in Jerusalem who saw that there was nothing to gain and much to lose, by resistance to Roman arms; but they were completely overpowered by the Zealots, who would not tolerate the thought of surrender, aided by 20,000 Idumæans, secretly brought into the city. Thus the tide of revolt swept on, until April A. D. 70, Titus with his legions appeared before the walls of Jerusalem.

THE OUTSTANDING FACTS OF THE SIEGE.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to enter into details of the Seige. It must suffice to mention one or two of its most prominent features. It would be difficult to state what might have been the result of this attack upon the city, had the descendants of Abraham been united in the defence. Instead, however, of uniting as one man in an effort to save the city which heaven had so signally favored, from the attack of a foreign power, they became divided into bitter factions. Eleazar, leading the Zealots, was an occupant of the Temple enclosure; John, of Giscala, at the head of another band, occupied the lower and middle city; while Simon ben Gioras was strongly entrenched within the upper city at the head of a company of Jews and Idumæans. The hostilities of these parties against one another were to the last degree unfortunate, and probably did as much to hasten the end as did the mighty strokes of the Roman battering engines. The factions themselves were constantly changing; new ones were often formed; the faction spirit prevailed throughout the seige, relieved here

and there by a hearty rally to repel the enemy at some specially threatening point. To this barbarous strife within the city itself was due the famine, which began very early to be felt (in the civil broils large quantities of corn were destroyed), and the loss of thousands upon thousands of lives of comrades and citizens.

Added to this, awful suffering was experienced at the hand of the enemy. For a time it is said as many as 500 Jews were crucified daily by the Romans to overawe the city into surrender. This number was composed chiefly of those who had ventured outside the walls to search for roots or some green thing, to appease their intense craving for food.

The persistence of the Jews was remarkable. Neither entreaty, nor famine nor massacre, could induce a thought of surrender as a body. Comparatively few deserted to the enemy; only a very few endeavored to betray the city into the enemy's hands.

Titus made every effort in his power to save the Temple, but the Jews in their desperate straits, seemed to lose all regard for the sacred edifice, so that in the general desolation the Temple of Jehovah had its share.

In the awful suffering and utter desolation which accompanied and followed the siege, prediction of our Lord found terrible accuracy of fulfilment. Where indeed could be found "one stone upon another?" It is impossible to picture to one's mind, much less to describe, the atrocities of those awful days. Children snatched food from their parents' mouths. Josephus tells of a mother who slew her own babe, and cooked its flesh for food. Of those who attempted to desert, the majority were detected and dissected for the gold they were supposed to have swallowed. When no more gold could be secured in this way, and further quantities could not be obtained through robbery, the sacred vessels of the Temple were melted, for the sake of the precious metal. Deeds of violence were a constant occurrence. Many, indeed, ended their own lives rather than await more intense agony at the hands of others. Josephus gives 97,000 as the number taken captive, and he says that 1,100,000 perished during the siege. These figures may be exaggerated, but it is certain that Titus had only a comparatively few who remained after the siege to grace the triumphal march of the victorious general. Historians are unanimous in recording that the sufferings of the Jews during this siege, have never been equalled elsewhere in history.

It would be unfair not to mention the one bright feature of this siege, namely, the splendid deeds of valor and heroism, which more than once were performed by the defenders of the sacred city. Thus was Jerusalem destroyed. This was the fifth time the city had been taken, and it was the second experience that can truly be described by

only one word—desolation. The words of Jesus had come to pass with awful literalness. Josephus says: “There was nothing left to make those who came thither believe that the place had ever been inhabited.”

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE EVENT.

The destruction of Jerusalem marked the fall of the Jewish state. It is true that for a few more years there remained a semblance of Jewish national vitality, but the death stroke had been received. These later movements were but the nation's last death throes. The only fortresses that now remained in the possession of the Jews, Herodium, Machærus and Masada, soon fell into the hands of the Romans. About sixty years after the fall of Jerusalem, under a pretended Messiah, Bar-cochba, another rising was made, only to end in ruin. The Jewish nation as such had ceased to exist. For centuries Jerusalem had been the centre and rallying place of the nation. It had been the national capital, the largest city, the governmental, legal and educational centre. Above all it was the sacred city of the Jews, the city of their God, the one God of all the nations. Their national life was indissolubly cemented to their religion. As a force binding the nation together the influence exerted by the Temple was truly wonderful. As long as that was intact the nation lived. When that was destroyed the nation perished with it. Numerically, also, a very small fraction of the Jewish nation remained. The national stock was well-nigh exhausted. Persecution and the watchful eye of the Romans were enemies to the further existence of the Jewish state. Both that place and their nation had been taken away.

The Jews had thought that the holy city could not meet destruction. They felt that Jehovah was permanently connected with it and that in significance His greatness and the city's permanence were identical. At the very last of the siege when the Romans were pressing with tremendous vigor against the doors of the Temple, the Jewish warriors were still buoyed up by the assurance that Jehovah would surely defend His one grand, earthly dwelling place. They forgot, as so many of their fathers had failed to heed, the conditions on which the promises of God had been made. They had utterly failed to grasp the condition of faithfulness. They had been utterly recreant to their national trusts, and hence that trust was removed from them and given to a nation “bringing forth the fruits thereof.”

Palestine was no longer the land of the Jews as it had been for so many centuries. The Hebrews became scattered to all points of the compass. Henceforth they were not to call any land their own. And the geographical distances which separated them came more and more to suggest the separation of life among the different communities which in their dispersion, the Jews had established. In former days the

Temple had been a strong bond of union even among Jews widely separated. Yearly large numbers went up to the Temple to worship from all sections of Judaism, being bound together by common conceptions of Jehovah and of His worship. So also every male Jew paid his Temple tax. To the Temple the eye of Judaism was directed as by a common impulse. Around the Temple as a great centre the whole Jewish life had revolved. Now that the centre had been destroyed, the magnet removed, the nation flew off in tangents. The Jews have since been noted for the bitter persecution to which without loss of inherited peculiarities they have been subjected and for their own unique vigor in the prosecution of monetary and commercial interests. "They are still in the nations, but not of them."

Upon the extinction of the nation, a considerable number of Jews became Christians; but this was not the most important result to Christianity and to the world. As long as Jerusalem and the Temple remained Judaism continued an organized power arrayed against Christianity. How bitterly its opposition was felt the pages of the New Testament reveal. The fall of Jerusalem removed Judaism from the list of organized foes of the Christian religion. Its spirit is still opposed to that of the followers of Christ, but it has no external power to wield. Those to whom had been committed the lively oracles of God were not allowed to exercise an organized influence against the Kingdom of Heaven.

While the Temple remained with its solemn, historical and impressive ceremonies it was exceedingly difficult for men to break away from the teaching of the centuries, that there was special merit in worshipping at the very centre of the religious world. While this conviction retained its grasp attention would inevitably be directed more to the performances of ceremony than to real spirituality of devotion. But now that the trusted Temple lay in ruins the great lesson of Christianity burned its way into men's hearts, that no priest is needed to aid us in our approach to God, for the great High Priest, even Jesus, is forever accessible to every penitent and reverent soul. Now can it be realized that God is pleased with the adoration and service of men of all nations and of every clime. That now in Jerusalem are true worshippers to meet their God but they now according to the words of Jesus Himself, "worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

With this new conception of Jehovah as the loving Father "Who would have all men come to the knowledge of the truth," with the conviction now forced upon men's consciences that time worship could no longer be held within limits of space, came anew the meaning of our Lord's commission to give the Gospel to the world, Jerusalem ceased to be the place "where men ought to worship." Henceforth to any

man in any part of the world the herald of the cross might go bearing with confirmed assurance the tidings that anyone who will can acceptably worship the Father.

Considering the youth of Christianity and the tremendous obstacles in the way of its progress, the fall of the Jewish capital had for the Kingdom of God indeed a wonderful significance. The old ceremonial worship had come to an end. The main bond between the traditions of the past and the freedom of the Gospel was broken, the chief strength of the Judaisers had failed, and Christianity was shown to be not a modified Judaism though embracing in itself all that was best in the past, but the religion direct from God. Christ's words were fulfilled, God's honor vindicated, and the spiritual nature of the service our Father desires, was forever impressed upon the world.

A. F. NEWCOMB, '98.

Newton Theological Institution.

How to Run a College Paper.

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

I have been requested to contribute an article for the ATHENÆUM, and the editor has enlisted my sympathy, by a suggestion of the difficulties and tribulations which are encountered by one endeavouring to tread the path of success in college journalism. It has consequently occurred to me that it would be a generous act, while incidentally supplying the paper with the amount of matter that these lines will take up, to at the same time, let loose some ideas, that cannot fail to solve most, if not all of the journalistic problems, that will hereafter present themselves to those fortunate individuals, who will be entrusted with editorial duties at Acadia.

It has been said that there is enough advice lying around loose in this old world of ours, to run half a dozen worlds. This however does not prove that we do not need advice, but simply that advice in a loose state is no good,—that it is only of service, when gathered together like snowballs, and fired at us.

The present editor is a modest man, and I am sure will not think this attempt of mine presumptuous; but in self defence against those who will come after him, let me state that neither experience, nor an intimate knowledge of your subject is necessary in order to give advice,—in fact the possession of these attributes would disqualify the most expert advice giver. If you are sick, and need treatment, pick out someone, who knows nothing of the principles of anatomy, hygiene,

or medicine, and you will get more remedies than you will live to try. Who is it that criticizes the general in the field, and tells us how the war ought to be conducted? It is the war correspondent, who has heard the roar of battle only in his imagination, and who thinks his pen mightier than the sword,—or a Long Tom. Or again, who is it that always knows how the young wife should manage that young husband of hers, and who does not hesitate to tell her what she should do? It is the maiden all forlorn, of uncertain years, who has never had an opportunity to put her theories into practice.

A college paper is run by the student body; that is, they select from their number certain ones as editors, who are entrusted with the duties of editing and managing the paper, and whose reward is the proud consciousness of the trust imposed in them, and satisfaction with the success that crowns their efforts. Therefore to have method in our madness, and to begin at the beginning, we will first direct our attention to this problem of selection. The reader will pardon this transition to the “editorial we” as it sounds less dictatorial.

College students stand on a higher intellectual and moral plane, than the masses of the people. It may be possible that its altitude is not quite so lofty as we think; yet nothing is but thinking makes it so. We therefore should expect to find in college elections a grand exhibition of unbiased opinions and of disinterested motives. In general we do; yet at times merit is sacrificed to popularity, and at other times the political spirit takes possession of the student body, and factional contests threaten to lower its high and lofty plane of intellectuality to the sordid level of the *vulgus populi*. On such occasions the ministerial votes for his brother ministerial; those whose views are anti-ministerial have a candidate in the field; and perhaps even the fair co-eds have some noble gallant, whose winning ways, and happy smiles make him their champion and hero. We have no intention of asserting, that such things have ever happened at Acadia, but we mention it as a possibility, and to give occasion for the remark, that the student body should always remember that the honor of their college is ever in their keeping; and to maintain it unsullied and untarnished is a privilege and a duty that carries with it its own inspiration. As true patriotism, not only urges the citizen to deeds of daring and heroic sacrifices for his country, at critical times of peril, but also inspires him with that deeper sense of duty, which leads him to look beyond the shadows of his petty personal claims, and the clouds of partisanship, to the bright star of justice and right, that ever shines to guide the citizen and the state; so in the college community, where justice is taught, intelligence developed, and loyalty fostered, the students as an entity, with a single eye, should see, as their banner waves in the breeze, an emblem of their

ideals, and with a single purpose should strive for its exaltation.

To return, let us now direct attention to the editor newly turned forth and rubbing his eyes, as he wakes up, an infant to the life before him. His problem is a weighty one, and its solution depends primarily, on a clear comprehension of the purposes to be accomplished. Perhaps someone says that his only purpose is to make the paper succeed. True; but success is the product, the result that follows; and if the other conditions are right, this can be left to take care of itself. His duty is to ascertain what are the real functions of a college paper; what purpose underlies its existence; what ideals move it; and then to give practical effect to the conceptions that he forms.

What is the real object of a college paper? We cannot determine by an examination of the results, reasoning *a posteriori*, because we fear, they are never a manifestation of the ideal purpose; yet it will help us to have these results in mind. What a thing is, is some indication of what it ought to be. Take our ATHENÆUM for example, and it certainly ranks among the best of college journals. It contains some poetry, sometimes good, sometimes bad. It has a space set apart for jokes. There is the month column, which usually gives an account of what has been done in general, and a detailed account of the receptions,—far be it from us to depreciate the importance of the latter. Some attention is given to the alumni. There are comments on other journals. Articles are contributed, philosophical and otherwise. And there is of course the editorial column.

This general summary may not have helped us in our search, but it leads us to two questions, the determination of which will be of assistance. What does the college paper represent? And to whom is its information presented.

It does not represent some particular line of thought or study. It is not the organ of any class, of athletics, of debating, or, a former editor of the ATHENÆUM to the contrary, notwithstanding, of the Y. M. C. A. But it is the organ of every phase of life within the college world. Secondly, the information that it contains is imparted to anyone, who will buy the paper and read it. Practically, therefore, the persons whom it reaches, are the students, the graduates, and a few interested friends.

We may therefore conclude, that the function of the college paper is to give expression to the thoughts, the life, and the doings of the college world. Its purpose is to create and stimulate a healthy college spirit. And its ideal should be a paper to be looked up to, as a leader and moulder of college opinion.

We have used the expression, college world, not in a narrow sense as referring only to the professors and the undergraduate body, but as

including within its bounds the alumni as well. Thus while the centre of this world is represented by the college itself, its real extent reaches far and wide, and its influence is felt wherever its representatives may be found. Between the earliest students of the college, and the freshmen class of to-day there is a common bond, a "filial band," that knits them together as one. We offer as a suggestion, that this idea of the college world is too often lost sight of, both by the undergraduates and the graduates. Thus on the one hand the student body are apt to forget that others have been there before them, that others will come when they are gone, and to regard themselves, as the sole members of the college world. On the other hand, many of the alumni seem to lose interest in the affairs of their college, get more and more out of touch with the life, and finally completely cut themselves off by stopping the college paper. Thenceforth their college ceases to live for them, and their student days are but a memory.

The question that must constantly present itself to the minds of the editor and those under him is as to how far their paper sizes up to their ideal, and fulfils its purposes. Is the paper strong enough to lead and mould public opinion? Does it give full-expression to all the relations within the college world, so that when it goes forth it will reach the mind and heart of each reader, and serve as a messenger with tidings for all? Does it quicken the college spirit, and awaken within the breasts of every student and graduate, a new sense of loyalty, so that time and distance are eliminated, and they stand as a brotherhood, linked with a chain of associations, and breathing the spirit of their Alma Mater?

Idealism is one thing, practice another, and while we may be permitted to formulate general principles, we would doubtless get into trouble if we attempted to go further, and to dictate as to what any given editor, at any given time, should or should not do. Further it would be most humiliating to lay down a lot of rules, only to have them persistently disregarded, and perhaps laughed at. Then anyway a man must in the end solve his own problems for himself; so our parting advice to the editor is to listen to others, consider carefully, and follow his own judgment.

We began our remarks by a reference to the duties imposed on the undergraduates in the matter of elections; and in closing we wish to dwell on the fact that a most important part of the running of a college paper is the duty to support owed by both the students and the alumni. Support both financial and otherwise. In a late issue of the *ATHENÆUM* we notice, as an advertisement, this statement, "A college journal differs from the ordinary newspaper or magazine in that its motive power is not the desire for money. Nevertheless money is a very

necessary adjunct to its operation." So also we might add that a college paper differs from an ordinary one in that it cannot go into the literary market and purchase its reading matter, but nevertheless reading matter is somewhat necessary to its operation. In both cases there is a duty to contribute; and as to the ATHENÆUM it is a duty that should be responded to, by the sons of Acadia, with a hearty good will. Duty is not here a word of command. We point where duty lies, knowing that the response will be prompted by the loyal spirit, that is the true motive power in college life.

J. W. DEB. FARRIS.

The Firm Foundation of God.

The question which is being raised by the latest radical New Testament criticism is, in the last analysis, whether or not we are any longer to believe in a supernatural Christ. Writers on both sides of the Atlantic are declaring that the Christ of the Gospels is not the Christ of history; but the Christ of history overlaid with idealization and exaggeration which have magnified him into the figure we have grown accustomed to revere. The Gospels in this present form were written, it is asserted, not by eye-witnesses of the events recorded but by men from two to three generations later, for dogmatic purposes: The historic Jesus if he could be reached, would be found to be a child of his times and race; the consummate flower of his race, but sharing the common hopes and even the common stain of that race.

The real issue is simply this; is Christ a creation of Christianity or its Creator? The modern critics assert the former alternative. There are several very fruitful lines of thought which we might profitably follow, such as the spirit and method of this criticism; or a consideration of the two great miracles they would have us accept, namely, the creation of Christianity without a creator, and the creation of the evangelistic Christ by a self-created Christianity. But these processes would be mainly negative. It will be more fruitful for us to enquire whether after all these men have succeeded in destroying what Paul called "The Firm Foundation of God."

It is always refreshing to turn from the assaults of hostile criticism to look anew upon the foundation of our faith: "The Church's One Foundation."

Even if there have been fears in our hearts, and though doubts may have invaded our minds, we need only to look steadfastly upon the massive grandeur, the magnificent strength, and the rare beauty of the "Chief Cornerstone" to see that there are no indications of its

crumbling into decay, or of being demolished by the enemies' assaults.

Let us look then anew, and assure our hearts that "*The Firm Foundation of God standeth.*"

In the first place, if there be presumption at all, it is in favor of a supernatural revelation, involving miracles. By supernatural, I mean that which cannot be explained in terms of the natural, and cannot be understood by the unenlightened mind. Miracles are impossible only to those whose God has become so involved in his laws as to lose all freedom of action, or to those whose God is what Carlyle styled "an Absentee God, sitting idle ever since the first Sabbath on the outside of the universe and seeing it go." With either a banished or an imprisoned God, we may not look for miracles.

We may expect that God will not keep the Race in a state bordering on nervous prostration, by arbitrary and meaningless interruptions of the known laws. But we may well believe that there are laws with whose operations we are not acquainted, and in the nature of the case cannot know. It is perfectly reasonable to expect that for a sufficient reason, God, who transcends his laws, may interrupt the workings of nature, we find that sufficient cause in the redemption of man from sin. Those who oppose the supernatural are those who make light of sin, who consider it but an episode in the "Cosmic Process." But sin is the great appalling interruption of the operation of God's laws toward the moral perfection of the Race; and we may reasonably assume that God will not allow his purpose to be frustrated, but will if necessary make a second interruption for the remedy of the first. Is it inconceivable that He who knew the end from the beginning, should have in Creation arranged for this very thing?

As Canon Gore expresses it, "miracle depends on the one side on God's character, and on the other side on the consequences of Sin." "A miracle is an event in physical nature that makes unmistakably plain the presence and direction of God working for a moral end."

God is always present and always working in nature, and He means than men should see Him in the ordinary course of nature, and should be led to praise Him. But man has sinned, and sin has blinded his eyes that he cannot and will not see God in the universe. He makes the order of nature his god. God, its creator and his, is denied and forgotten. So God works in such a way as to arrest man's attention. He breaks through the thin vail of the natural order and forces man to look through the opening, that is through the miracle, at Him who works all and in all. He thus urges them to see the true meaning of nature as an expression of God's thought. Miracles are thus, as Gore expresses it again, "God's protests against man's blindness to Him. Protests in which he violates a superficial uniformity in the in-

terests of a deeper law." The Incarnation becomes natural and reasonable in the light of man's estrangement from God. "Was it not necessary that the Christ should suffer all these things and enter into glory?"

2. The Church has in its possession documents declaring that God did appear on the earth in the person of Jesus. These documents belong to the sphere, not of myth, but of history. They are near in time to the events of which they speak "and the line of connection between the record and the fact is still traceable."

The newer criticism has produced not a shred of historical evidence to invalidate the substantial trust-worthiness of these documents. All the fresh discoveries of the centuries have attested their substantial genuineness, and it is on grounds other than that of proper historical and scientific criticism, ground less creditable to the critics than to the records that they can be discredited.

We do not need to affirm that every miracle recorded in the Gospels took place as it stands, nor that every verse is genuine. We have reason to believe that some minor portions have been interjected later. But it is not on *a priori* grounds that they are rejected. The documentary evidence does not warrant us in accepting them.

A favorite form of argument has been to deny off-hand the genuineness of John's Gospel and then attest that apart from this Gospel Jesus nowhere claims supernatural powers. Professor Gilbert late of Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational) was bold enough to make such an assertion while still accepting John's Gospel. But to take one or two illustrations from the synoptists only—concerning the record of the Temptation Sanday writes (D. B. Hasting's "Jesus") "If anything is certain in history, it is that the story of the Temptation has real foundation in fact for the simple reason that it would not have occurred to anyone to invent it." "There is nothing in the Gospels more authentic."

Let us consider this: The account of the Temptation could have come from no other source than Jesus himself, and look at the assumptions underlying the story. It pre-supposes the possession of supernatural powers sufficient to work not only such miracles as he did, but from the point of view of crude interference with natural law, still more wonderful ones. "The story implies that He could have turned the stones into bread, could have cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple without hurt, and the reason he did not was his own choice. In other words, his limitations were not imposed upon him from without, but were self-limitations, and this is his own emphatic assertion.

The sort of wonders a writer inventing narrative would produce, is well illustrated in the multitudes of apocryphal miracles ascribed to

Jesus, comparing these with those recorded in the Gospels we at once say of the latter, these stories could not have been invented. They are records of facts.

Take an illustration of another kind. The words of our Lord in Matthew 11 : 27—30 "All things have been delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son save the Father; neither doth any know the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal Him. Come unto me all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, etc." It has been well called the greatest text in the Bible. Let us conjure up before us the greatest, the purest, the sweetest human being we have ever seen or dreamed of and put these words in his lips, and we say it is mockery—blasphemy. They are what Sanday calls "self portraitive." They present to us a character which we say *was*, because it has been so described. "No mere artist in words ever painted such a canvas without a living model before him."

Follow him through the Synoptists. In the synagogue in Nazareth we hear him saying: "This day is this saying fulfilled." When at the close of the Sermon on the Mount he speaks of those who will come too late, saying, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name" his reply will be "depart from me." He broke into home ties: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." At the last day, he declares, He will be the judge and will say "Come ye blessed"—"depart ye cursed." He proclaims his mission; "The Son of Man is come to seek and save the lost, and to give his life a ransom for many." "This is my blood of the covenant given for many unto the remission of sins." "It is not superhuman authority speaking here, it is superhuman arrogance." "*Aut Deus, aut homo non bonus.*" This Gospel picture simply could not be invented. The evangelists were too near the events to understand their full significance, but they were honest men and set down the records of the events and words of Jesus. "But it was not their doing that these details work in together to a singular and unsought harmony."

Let us remind ourselves that it is not a question for the experts to solve, but for any man of honest mind who will look straight at the Gospel narrative and the Christ there portrayed. As Dr. Nicol puts it, "What the experts possess in addition to what the people possess is of comparatively small value. Experts may wait for the latest paper covered book from Germany...but nothing that the post or newspaper can ever bring us will touch the convictions which the earnest mind may arrive at from the study of the Lord's life in the Gospels."

The earnest student will find, to summarize briefly; a unique and absolutely original character, incapable of invention; a being at one

with humanity yet claiming and manifesting absolute perfection of character, claiming and exercising the attributes and prerogatives of deity; a life absolutely harmonious in all its parts, a life pointing forward from the beginning of its public activity, not to victory and honor on earth, but to shame and death, as the deliberate and conscious completion of its mission. We find one who, according to his own words, was crucified and buried, and above all who rose from the grave and ascended up on high.

There is probably no better attested fact of history than that Jesus Christ rose from the grave and ascended into heaven; and at the same time it is the climax of the historical argument for the truthfulness of Christ's claims. All criticism breaks down upon this tremendous fact. Like the waves beating against the cliffs, criticism has lashed itself into fury against the Resurrection, only to spend itself in a moan at the futility of the attempt. One of the latest phases of the attempt is to talk of a spiritual resurrection as though a spirit could ever be buried! Such efforts are their own best answer.

These modern hostile critics declare that John created Christ. John declares that he is a witness to Christ, and we can catch pathos in his words, "This is the disciple that witnesseth concerning these things, and wrote these things, and we know that his witness is true." And in his epistle, "That which we have seen and heard and our hands have handled declare we unto you." And this is the tone of all the apostles. A fair deposit had been entrusted to their keeping and above their life it must be kept. They are witnesses of the Fact of Christ and even to death must tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

3. But the Christian faith is not dependent alone on the historical authenticity of the Gospel narrative. Our faith can never stand in a fact of history alone. The believer has access to the Living Christ to-day. He meets him face to face. The words of Christ bring comfort and cheer to his heart. He may not be able to answer the arguments of the critics. He has no equipment for entering into the critical arena. He has no disposition to do so. He judges the records of Christ's life to be accurate, because Christ has been to him what he was to men in Galilee. His experience corresponds to the experience of men in the Gospels. Christ has performed a greater miracle in his heart than upon the eyes of the man born blind. The feeding of his Soul is as great a wonder to him as the feeding of the multitudes. Christ said when on earth, "Come unto me" and he hears that same invitation and accepts it and finds rest.

In other words the Gospels do not so much verify his experience as his experience verifies the Gospels. But these cannot be separated.

They are the two modes of access to the Living Christ. He reads the Gospel records and in very truth, he is the blind man, the palsied, the woman by the well, the one who labors and is heavy-laden, and he hears for himself Christ's words and feels his life pulsing in him. And we have the combined experience of all the ages, the fruits of that experience in the lives of the saints.

If I alone had such an experience days of darkness and hostile criticism might cause periods of doubt:—Is it not possible that this is all the fantasy of a fevered brain? There are many happy ones who have no such doubts, but to others they are daily visitors. We do well to recall Dale's luminous argument.* He supposes himself to be the only one who had ever seen the sun. Others knew that darkness came and went but never saw the sun by day or stars by night. No trace could be found in literature that men had ever seen these visions. There were no words for star or sun, and while he alone had seen them, others had far keener vision for earthly things. Others would regard his alleged visions as figments of a disordered brain, but for himself when he saw the sun and the stars he would *know* his senses were not deceiving him. Still on a dark night or a cloudy day doubts might creep into his mind, doubts mastered and suppressed and yet if many dark nights and cloudy days succeeded one another, doubts which would grow large and ominous.

But if here and there another man came to see what he saw, and an ever increasing number; and in other countries groups of men asserted the same and a long lost literature declared that poets had sung of the sun and stars, and mariners had guided their ships by them, then all doubt would vanish. And so the knowledge that other men have met Christ and found life and hope in him and live in communion with him day by day, though it does not make Christ more real to us, yet it saves us from doubting our own consciousness of his presence.

4. But after all Christ is His own best evidence. Men know Him, if at all, directly. "Of final causes, man in the nature of the case can prove nothing, knows them, (if he knows anything of them) not by the glimmering flint sparks of logic, but by an infinitely higher light of intuition." These wise words of Carlyle are reaffirmed by Romans. "All first principles, even of scientific facts are known by intuition and not by reason. The fact that there is a God is of the nature of a first principle. No one can therefore dispute the necessary conclusion that, if there be a God, he is knowable (if knowable at all) by intuition and not by reason."

Faith does not rest on the mere process of reasoning; faith is

*The Living Christ and the Four Gospels, R. W. Dale, p 26.

rather the surrender of reason and the whole man to God in Jesus Christ, and thus directly we may come into knowledge of the Eternal. Immediately we know Jesus to be the Son of God. We too, as Thomas, fall on our faces and say "My Lord and my God;" or as Nathanael "Thou art the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel." The story of Lord Littleton and Gilbert West is a striking illustration of the direct coming of Christ into the soul of man irrespective of argument and even in spite of natural bias against him.

Dr. Dale relates the similar case of a highly intelligent and cultured gentleman of Japan. Thoughts came into his mind of a personal being great and kindly above him. He was anxious to learn if it were true. Confucius could not help him. At length a Christian gave him a Chinese Bible. He read page after page until he came to the 13th chapter of Corinthians. I use his words: "I was arrested, fascinated. I had never seen or heard or dreamed of a morality like that. I felt that it was above the reach of the human race, that it must have come from heaven, that the man who wrote that chapter must have received light from God—from God, about whose very existence I had been speculating. And then I read the Gospel of John, and the words of Christ filled me with wonder. They were not to be resisted. I could not refuse Christ my faith." So he became a Christian. He asked no questions about Paul or about John, whether they were normal men or speculative dreamers; nor about the one portrayed by John. The light was in the record. He saw it and believed. "He did not ask whether the transcendent perfection could have been the creation of the love and reverence of Christ's disciples; the question was impossible; it had been as easy to ask whether the splendors of Orion could have been kindled from earthly fires. He *saw* the divine majesty and grace of Christ: what could he do but worship him."

That in the humbler walks of life and among even the purlieus of society the same is true is abundantly attested from the experience of every one of us.

The story has been told of a woman of loose moral character who earned a livelihood by posing for a noted artist. She was specially gifted for this work. Her grace of form and her imitative genius made her an admirable model. If she were to pose as Mary Queen of Scots she would gather all the material of her life, visit her haunts and after three weeks come to the studio as Mary Queen of Scots. One day the artist said "you would make a splendid model for the Magdalene." "And who is that?" she asked, "and where shall I find out about her?" The artist told her and procured a Testament. She went to her home and for the first time came face to face with herself in Mary Magdalene, and with Him whose words and acts were such as she had

never dreamed of. At the end of three weeks she failed to appear. After a further three weeks the artist sought her and found her a transformed Magdalene sitting at the feet of her new Master, clothed and in her right mind, and an angel of mercy to those who like herself had gone astray. Now all this is not sentiment, it is history and history is repeating itself every day.

The question, to sum up, is simply this. Is there or is there not, yes or no, a supernatural revelation of God in Jesus Christ? Has God created us, loved us, and redeemed us in the person of his son Jesus of Nazareth? If this is true its opposite—that Christ is the supreme product of human reason, is false. Through our direct access to Him, and our communion with Him day by day, through the spoken and recorded experience of the thousands of the redeemed, all verifying and being verified by the historical trustworthiness of the Gospel records, we have assurance that the Eternal Word was made flesh, and beholding his glory we are being transformed into the same image from Glory to Glory. And our hearts affirm the ancient praise :—

“Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ,
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
Thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.”

AVERY A. SHAW.

Mr. Wallace's Lecture.

Rev. W. B. Wallace of Utica, New York, is one of Acadia's sons, and neither he nor the college seems to be ashamed of the affinity. On Tuesday evening, February 14th, Mr. Wallace lectured in college hall under the auspices of the Athenæum Society, on the subject, “The Poet as Prophet.” We are indeed sorry that we cannot report in full such an instructive and inspiring lecture. No man, who has spoken to the students has been so warmly appreciated as the lecturer of Tuesday evening. Hereafter we can better study because we can better understand, and because the lecture has done something toward attuning us so that we may be responsive to the predictions of the poet-seer.

The lecturer began by stating that when a man leaves college he does not leave school, but that life itself is a great university in which the words of Michael Angelo : I still learn, are ever true, and according to Gladstone, death is one more struggle, one more lesson. All through life the college bell keeps ringing, and prominent among life's teachers is the poet. You can gather wisdom from the poet as well as from the philosopher and scientist. To have read the great works of a great poet is a valuable acquisition to life. The poet is a man with a

message—a prophet, and as in college a man is helped by the professor, so in life he is helped by the poet.

First, the poet is a giver of instruction. The teacher's office is a supremely important function. A young man goes to school with a chest of unsharpened tools and he knows not how to use them. The teachers sharpen and instruct. "God himself could cut more wood with a sharp ax than with a dull one." The man with sharpened tools pushes to the front. All honor then to the poet who sings of the qualities of the prosperous man. As we listen to the song something about which they sing becomes our own. The "Weary Willies" whose *summum bonum* is that they might be able to sleep and eat at the same time we have always with us, but

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

A courageous use of what we have is a condition of getting on in the world and the man who waits not but turns things up wins in life. The true teacher will make his pupils realize that truth will win success in life and that "the path of duty is the way to glory." It is the business of the teacher to make windows and let in the light and the best teacher sees daylight everywhere. The poet is a window-builder. In a darkened chamber sits a man. A whole world of beauty beyond is unknown and the vision splendid is unheeded. The poet puts in a window and behold, he sees and learns to love the world of beauty. Songs like Tennyson's *Brook* and *Bugle Song*; Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*; Burn's *Mountain Daisy*; Whittier's *Among the Hills*; Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, build windows for the soul of man through which he can look out and see river, field and sky, mountain, valley and flower. Sam Walter Foss says,

"I go agunning but I take no gun,
I fish without a pole,
And I bag such game and catch such fish
As suits the sportsman's soul.
A rodless Walton of the brook,
A bloodless sportsman I;
I hunt for thoughts that throng the woods,
For dreams that haunt the sky."

What is man? What his strong parts, what his weak ones? What his hopes, what his ambitions? He may know classics but if he does not know man his service will be a meagre one. "The proper study of mankind is man" and here the poet comes to help. Read Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*; Dante's *Divine Comedy*; Pope's *Essay on Man*; Lowell's *Fable of the Critics*; and Longfellow's *Tale of a Wayside Inn*. Watch Shakespeare's characters loving, hating, ruling,

fighting, deceiving, helping and you have seen life. Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Othello and Antony are historical realities. Portias, Cordelias, Juliets and Romeos are still with us. Know Shakespeare and he will reveal to you life and man.

The poets sing of happy days, summer skies and cloudless lives but the great work of the poet has to do with the struggle against darkness and evil—showing man in the stress and strain of life. Mrs. Browning's *Cry of the Children*; Goethe's *Faust*; Hood's *Song of the Shirt*; Burn's *Man Was Made to Mourn*; Sill's *Fool's Prayer*—such songs as these show that men whom we ought to know and with whom we must mingle are often in need of sympathy, mercy and help, and as products of peace and good will they summon us to make the motto of our lives that of the Henry Wadsworth Club: "To look up and not down, out and not in, forward and not backward, and to lend a hand." The poet opens also a window toward Jerusalem. Cowper and Wordsworth look out on the flower, look up in the evening and see that God is here. Addison gives his ear to the music of the spheres and hears them 'ever singing as they shine, the hand that made us is divine.' The songs of many a bard fall like hammer strokes upon doubt and despair.

In the second place the poet is the maker of ideals. The ideal is always back of the real and has a tendency to become real. The German youth's annihilation of the snow-man was the ideal that expressed itself in the overthrow of France by the great Bismarck. But the poet is a maker of ideals for the lover only? He sings of love and love and love; of the young man with golden qualities and young woman with golden hair. If true, it is still a splendid service for mankind for love is being left out of the contract. Let the poet sing of Evangeline and Gabriel, of Romeo and Juliet, and let the ideal of true love be basal to the marriage contract. In the home we need a toning of the conception of love and home. But the poet not only creates ideals for the lover; the poet teaches how to live as well as how to love. Homer parted the clouds and revealed the ideal Achilles seated in the heavens. Soon Achilles looks down on twenty thousand Achilles among the Grecian youths. Tennyson's *Sir Galahad*; Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*; Longfellow's *Morituri Salutamus* give us the great ideals of the poets. Oliver Wendall Holmes inspires us with these words:

"Build thee more stately mansions O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell
By earth's unresting sea."

But the poet not only gives instruction and creates ideals; he also brings inspiration. The engine needs steam before the train will be moved. The man may be trained and yet useless. Some men aspire

and aspire until they expire—what they need is to perspire. The true teacher ought to get up a perspiration—to kindle enthusiasm. Many a man owes what he is to the lamplighters in the colleges and seminaries who found him an unlighted lamp and touched him with enthusiasm and sent him out a shining light.

The poet is also a great source of inspiration to nations, stimulating enthusiasm and patriotism. Worthy of reward are such songs as *Rule Britannia*, *Soldiers of the Queen*, *America* and *Columbia*. Songs like these stir one like the sight of their country's flag and move to action like the sound of martial music. The poets sound the bugle call that sends us forth into the battle of life, makes us breast the blows of circumstance, and when the wind puts out the light supply the torch to rekindle.

The prophets of the Old Testament were seers as well as sages; were foretellers as well as forthtellers. May we still regard the poet as such? He has a message; has he a vision? Yes, he sings of to-morrow and to-morrow; he is the poet of the future, an anticipator of results, an interpreter of God—"For he sings of what the world will be when the years have died away." For the most part the poets believe that life and love can never die. They sing clear as a silver bell of a land beyond where—

Only the master shall praise us
And only the master shall blame;
No one shall work for money
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the love of the working,
And each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are.

If the poems of the world could come together to elect a king the poet of scripture would receive the royal crown. Many leave the Bible out of study but merely as a literary work it is the most splendid monument in the English tongue. Carlyle says that nothing like Job has ever been written. There are the songs of Moses, Deborah, Miriam, Simeon, the Psalms and the Songs of Solomon which give us instruction more precious than rubies and which in practise help us to mount up on eagle's wings.

The American girl in Westminster Abbey placed her bouquet of flowers on the bust of Longfellow. We bring flowers of love and adoration to the poet-prophet because he brings us the ideals and inspirations of a better life and makes it possible to be said of us as Browning said unboasting of himself just before his death-illness:

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

During the evening the lecturer referred very fittingly and feelingly to Dr. Sawyer as one who had not only instructed him but who had in a tender manner performed the work of the poet-seer and lighted up his darkness sending him out a shining light. Such a teacher is worthy of sincerest praise. The students will be delighted to hear Mr. Wallace again.

W. M. STEELE, '02.

Acadia Athenæum.

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

The Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Competitive Prizes for 1901—1902. An unusually long list of competitive prizes has been announced for the current year. This has been made possible we understand through the spontaneous generosity of a number of friends of the college. Below, the list of prizes is given. While two of these have been offered in previous years, the rest are offered this year for the first time. The ATHENÆUM extends its thanks to the generous donors, and trusts that the wholesome rivalry engendered by these prizes will stimulate the intellectual enthusiasm of the college.

Open to Seniors: (1) The Nothard & Lowe gold medal (2) the Governor General's silver medal, to be conferred upon the students respectively who shall have made the highest and second highest general average upon the work of the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years combined.

Open to lady students of the Senior class:—The Mrs. C. T. White prize in English, to be conferred upon the lady student who shall have made the highest average upon the English work of the junior and senior years combined, not including the Honor English. The prize to consist of Twenty dollars worth of books.

Open to Juniors:—The Mrs. T. W. Sumner scholarship of Fifty dollars, to be conferred upon the member of the junior class who shall have made the highest average upon the work of the junior year.

Open to Sophomores:—The Mrs. T. W. Sumner scholarship of

Fifty dollars, to be conferred upon the member of the Sophomore class who shall have made the highest average on the work of the Sophomore year.

Open to Freshmen:—(1) The "class of 1901 scholarship" of Sixty dollars, to be given to the member of the Sophomore class of 1902—1903 who shall have made the highest average on the work of the present Freshmen year. (2) The A. J. Zwicker prize of Twenty dollars to be given to the member of the Sophomore class of 1902—1903, who shall have made the second highest average on the work of the present Freshman year.

Open to all male students:—The Kerr Boyce Tupper gold medal for excellence in Oratory.

The Students' Building Fund. Three years ago a movement was initiated to secure means for erecting a building in which the meetings of the Athenæum and other college societies might be held; to serve also, as a reading-room and chapel. At the time considerable enthusiasm was evinced and a few hundred dollars collected which were safely placed at interest where in the course of a hundred years they will amount to about ten thousand dollars. This, it has been estimated, would be sufficient to put up a building such as is required. Since the first year, however, little has been said of the 'Students' Building Fund,' and now the mention of it is greeted with a derisive smile. Yet the need for a building as contemplated is as great as ever, and yearly increasing. Something should be done. Two courses are open. Either do nothing, that is, leave the sum already gathered till, the century having rolled away, the amount has risen into the thousands; or awaken new activity that shall be effective in providing a building that the young people of the present may enjoy. Against the first alternative several reasons may be advanced,—the present urgent need of a building; the desire of those who have given to see their offerings prosper in the thing whereto they sent them; and perhaps not least the prospect that Acadia shall so have thriven that the year 2000 shall see her worthy not merely of a ten thousand dollar building, but of one that will vie with the splendid million dollar white marble gymnasium which the University of California is about to erect. The second suggestion seems the proper one. Many who have subscribed have not yet paid and collection should be made from these. A new canvass should be made beginning with the classes that have not yet contributed and each new class should be solicited, until, from all sources, the required sum has been secured. In addition many friends of the students throughout the province would contribute if asked. The undertaking is not small, but the students of Acadia ought worthily to accomplish what they have undertaken.

The Tupper Contest in Oratory. After considerable delay President Trotter has been enabled to announce that the annual contest for the Kerr Boyce Tupper gold medal, awarded for excellence in oratory, will take place early in May. Subjects for essays will be made known within a few days. It is to be hoped that many of the students will endeavor to secure this highly-desirable prize; to show that the interest taken in Acadia's welfare by friends without, is meeting a hearty response from the students, whom the well-being of our college most deeply concerns; and also to show that they recognize that the ability to address the audience in a clear, pleasing, convincing manner is one of the chief desiderata in a cultured man. Of course, "they which run in a race run all but one receiveth the prize," yet this should not deter men from contesting whose prospects of victory are slight for, excepting members of the senior class, any man failing is free to try again and with this advantage that his experimental lesson has given him self-possession, grace and power.

But let us not forget that if the awarding of this medal produces interest in the contest alone, the object in offering it is almost entirely unrealized. Its true purpose is to arouse the students to a sense of their inefficiency in public address, and to induce them to make the best of the means the college offers for attaining proficiency. To this end, every lower class man especially should from the first have held before him the possibility of winning this coveted prize.

Forward Movement Fund. We learn with great pleasure that the certificate of the president and treasurer of the college was recently forwarded to the American Baptist Education Society, certifying that nine thousand dollars, not previously reported, had been collected on the pledges to the Acadia Forward Movement Fund. In response to this the Society's cheque was received a few days later for something over twenty-two hundred dollars. The total amount now reported to the society as actually collected is something over fifty-four thousand dollars, in acknowledgment of which a total of something over thirteen thousand dollars has been received from Mr. Rockefeller through the Society. There remains a balance of six thousand dollars to be raised on the home field, and it is earnestly hoped that the friends of the institutions will aid in bringing the movement to a triumphant completion.

Exchanges.

Perhaps nowhere is seen so clearly the close relationship of colleges as in the college papers. The past month nearly all the papers contain the notice of the International Convention of the Student Vol-

unteer Movement." We know why they have noted it but that's not the point. It is the fact that such a notice appearing almost word for word in each journal shows us that there is this one thing at least in common. Not only so, but in nearly every paper the resume of the foot-ball season appears followed by the prospects for the hockey season. Then a lecture is reported by most and in many some student makes a more or less successful effort to produce a poem.

The *McMaster Monthly* introduces an innovation in the style of cover for their journal and is to be congratulated. There is something about it that we do not like but in comparing it with other cover pages we must admit that it is by far the best design. It is massive and imposing yet not unproportioned and is the first bas-relief we have seen so utilized. We suspend our own crude opinions and leave criticism to artists in the architectural line.

Inside the paper is good—the articles dealing mainly with their own immediate interests, the dedication of the Chapel and Library, and their buildings. We offer our sincere congratulations on the completion of the magnificent new chapel.

The poem "To a Blade of Prairie Grass" is the earnest of some better things in the unfolding of the great heart of nature. It contains some really poetic lines—and one bad one, which would not pass except in Shakespeare and Tennyson.

The *Bates Student* is the most pleasing journal we have to read because it is made up usually of very interesting storiottes. The legend in French is written simply and clearly—the French not so difficult but that the interest in the unfortunate young couple is always supreme.

Some one not long ago had the audacity to intimate that *our* ex-column showed sad neglect compared with some other things in the universe. Really, the corresponding column of *Bates Student* seems most like ours in this respect—and we partly accept the above intimation.

The editors of the *Presbyterian College Journal* probably know they publish a good paper so another allusion will not tend to extend their anatomies. The article on "University Life" is not by any means the most valuable in the February Journal but it is the most interesting to a college man. The writer has been 'through the mill' and depicts the life of a college man for a year in a way that makes you say all along as you read "that's me."

Exchanges received: McGill Outlook, Niagara Index, Dalhousie Gazette, Colby Echo, The Theologue, University of Ottawa Review, Argosy, Trinity University Review.

De Alumnis.

John O. Vince, '99, will complete his theological course at Rochester this year.

C. W. Slipp, '98 is engaged in mercantile pursuits in Nelson, B. C. and meeting with splendid success.

A. C. Horsman, '01 has received and accepted a call to the Second Coverdale Baptist Church, Albert Co., N. B.

Alfred H. Armstrong, '96 is doing good work as Principal of the High School at Weymouth Bridge, Digby Co., N. S.

Edwin Simpson '99 is taking a course of theological training in the University of Chicago and is establishing a good reputation there as a student.

Rev. A. C. Archibald, '97 now in attendance at Newton Theological Seminary has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Middleton Baptist Church.

Lewis J. Lovett, B. A., '88, M. D. is practising his chosen profession in Bear River, N. S. Mr. Lovett has been very successful as a physician and has established for himself a lucrative and extensive practice.

His Majesty's Loyal Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons contains one Acadia representative in the person of Seymour E. Gourley, M. P. for Colchester and B. A. '72. In the Local Legislature Hon. Mr. Longley, '71 is acting Premier in the absence of Hon. Mr. Murray.

E. V. Buchanan, '01 who is now in attendance at Hamilton Theological Seminary has been ordained to the gospel ministry at Smyrna, N. Y. We notice in connection with his ordination that Rev. J. B. Champion gave the charge to the candidate and Rev. J. B. Ganong, '92 presided at the council. Rev. Mr. Buchanan has assumed the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Smyrna, N. Y.

In an open debating contest of the University of Pennsylvania which took place a few days ago J. Wallace DeB. Farris, '99 won the Frazier prize of \$75 awarded to the best debater in the University for the year. He has also been chosen as leader of a debating trio to represent Pennsylvania in her annual debating contest with the University of Michigan. While here Mr. Farris won considerable success in that line being a member of the winning team in the contest with Dalhousie in '99. The "ATHENÆUM" extends hearty congratulations.

The terminating scene of a romantic wooing was enacted in a Pullman car at Calgary station a few days since when Charles M.

Woodworth, '90 was securely bound for life's journey to Miss Alberta B. Hart. Mr. Woodworth after being graduated here took the usual law-course at Dalhousie practicing his profession for some time at Edmonton. A few years ago he removed to Dawson City where he now enjoys one of the best legal practices in the Yukon Territory. He met the present Mrs. Woodworth in Cape Breton just ten years ago and as a matter of course the circumstances connected with that meeting were never quite eradicated from his mind. At first Mrs. Woodworth was inclined to cling to her Nova Scotian home and shun the frozen north. A few days ago however she yielded gracefully and sent a message to her lover that she had made up her mind to go anywhere with him. Rev. J. W. Litch, '91 with Mr. Woodworth met Miss Hart at Calgary, the knot was tied with great celerity, and the same train that brought Miss Hart bore the happy couple onward to their future home in Dawson City.

Rev. J. Burt Morgan, B. A., '87 has just assumed the pastorate of the Rossland Baptist Church. Mr. Morgan was graduated from here with honors in mathematics and metaphysics and at first accepted a position as teacher on the staff of the Baptist College, Woodstock, Ontario. Mr. Morgan was ordained into the ministry in November 1894 and has labored in Jacksonville, N. B., Aylesford, N. S. and Nelson, B. C.

The Month.

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

Exams are over and college life has again resumed the even tenor of its way. Now, sleighing, coasting and snow-shoeing parties are the order of the day, or rather of the evening. But who can blame? The opportunity for such sports will pass with the passing of the snow, but the opportunity and necessity for study will remain throughout four long months.

The annual reception given by the faculty and students of Acadia Seminary to the Senior and Junior classes of the college, came at a very opportune time, just when they were through with exams. It was held in Alumnae Hall, on the evening of Friday, Feb. 7th. The Hall was very prettily and tastefully decorated for the occasion. Variety and interest were given to the program by a change in the topics, which took the form of a "Musical Romance." The change was a pleasant one and much enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

The members of the Athenæum were indeed fortunate when they secured the services of Rev. Mr. Wallace to lecture for them, on the evening of Feb. 14th. Mr. Wallace is a graduate of Acadia, and as such has a very kindly feeling toward its students. He is now the successful pastor of a church at Utica, New York. The subject of his lecture was "The Poet as Prophet," and was treated and delivered in the masterly and forcible manner of one who not only has something to say, but knows how to say it. He has the rare ability to gain and to hold the attention of his audience, and at the same time to give them something worth hearing and remembering. We regret that the audience was so small, for those who were "conspicuous by their absence" will never know what a literary treat they missed.

On Tuesday evening the 18th, an "At Home" was given by Professor and Mrs. Haycock to the members of the Senior class and a few friends. Although some of those invited were absent on account of illness, a goodly number were present. A very enjoyable evening was spent at charades and other forms of amusement, in which the talent of our friends in that direction was clearly evident. Dainty refreshments were served, and after having a few college songs, the merry company disbanded early—in the morning.

On Friday evening, Feb. 21st, the annual H. C. A. "At Home" once more passed into history, and although nothing we can say can make its memory any pleasanter to those who were present, still we must mention it. As usual a large number, both from the college and the town were present and, thanks to the efforts of the entertainers, all passed a very enjoyable evening. The Hall was very tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, the colors of the three branches of the University predominating. The first half-hour was spent in covering the topic cards with hieroglyphics, after which all settled down to the more serious business of the evening. The only event which might be called exciting, was the stampede of the boys for the door when it was announced that the Sems were coming. We might suggest that at subsequent affairs of this kind the boys with topic cards and the Introduction Committee establish themselves outside on the stairs, so that these officials may be where they are most in demand. After two hours or more of 'topics' the welcome strains of the National Anthem were heard and two by two the company departed, and when at length the Semiinary teachers had 'rounded up' the last of their charges, the reception was over.

The Acadia Puck Chasers opened their season on Tuesday, Feb. 11th, when the Red and Blue lined up against Canning in the latter's home rink. The game resulted in a victory for the home team 5—0. Although the score would seem to indicate otherwise, the game was very close. The first half ended with the score 1—0 in Canning's favor and remained thus until eight minutes before the game ended, when Acadia seemed to go to pieces and Canning rapidly scored four goals. The Canning rink is very small and our forwards seemed to be not 'at home'; consequently the game for Acadia was mostly played by her defence, Boggs at Point playing a phenomenal game even for him. While this is the first defeat which Acadia has suffered in hockey for several years, the team should not feel discouraged, for in losing to Canning they lost to a veteran team and one of the best in the Province. The Canning team with its present personnel has played thirty-eight games and has lost but four. On the other hand, it was Acadia's first game of the season and the team was mostly composed of new men, only three of last year's victorious seven being back this year. The team was as follows:

L. W. Haley, Capt.; C. Keddy, R. W. Patterson, R. Steele, C. P. Condon, P. Boggs, G. Bates.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 12th, Acadia pulled herself together after her defeat of the night before and defeated the Wanderers of Halifax by a score of 7—6. The game was clean and fast, and much enjoyed by the large number of spectators present. Throughout the first half Acadia had the advantage, the forwards playing exceptionally well soon ran the score up to 5—1. Near the end of the first half the Wanderers scored two more and the half ended, score 5—3 in Acadia's favor. During the second half the Wanderers seemed to find themselves in the strange rink and the game was much faster. This half was very close from start to finish, the score being once a tie, and Acadia scoring the winning point only a few minutes before the whistle blew. Both teams played good hockey but Haley of Acadia and Bauld of the Wanderers are especially worthy of mention. Both teams were well supported by the spectators and especially throughout the last half enthusiasm ran high. Our team was the same as that which played Canning with the exception of DeWitt, replacing Steele, who on account of an injury received in the Canning game was unable to play. Haley, Keddy, and Patterson made the score for Acadia. After the game the Acadia management gave a supper to the Teams at the Central House.

The next game was played with the Yarmouth team at Yarmouth on Monday Feb. 17th. Owing to the bad weather the attendance at the game was not large but those who were present declared it the fastest and best game that has been played in Yarmouth this season. Our team, although not in the pink of condition, after the long ride in the train and being somewhat confused by the post-studded ring put up a strong, hard game. In the first few minutes before Acadia found herself, Yarmouth scored twice and before the half ended, Acadia evened the score. The first half ended with score 2—2. In the second half Acadia scored once and Yarmouth three times, thus winning the game 5—3. Our team was the same as that which played Canning. The players who deserve particular mention are Haley and Steele among the forwards and Condon and Boggs at defence. The game for Yarmouth was played by Looker and Cann the victory being due to the splendid shooting ability of these men. After the game the Yarmouth boys entertained their visitors at dinner. On Tuesday the team returned home loud in their praises of the sportsmanlike spirit of the Yarmouth boys. We must regret that this spirit is not more highly developed among the Acadia student body for when the team returned defeated there were scarcely any of the boys at the station to meet it. In contrast to this was the enthusiastic reception which the Foot-ball team received when it returned from its successful trip last November. We might take a lesson from Cornell where alone of all the great Universities a team is as enthusiastically received after a defeat as after a victory. It is probably in great part due to this, that in the past few years Cornell has made such wonderful progress in the sporting realm and met with such marked success in all athletic lines.

Since the last issue three more games of the Interclass Hockey League have been played.

Seniors	vs.	Academy	10—0.
Seniors	vs.	Juniors	4—0.
Juniors	vs.	Sophomores	6—1.

The Seniors will of course win first place their team being almost wholly comprised of men from the College first team, but considerable interest centres in the struggle for second place among the lower classes. The game between the Seniors and Academy resulted as all expected; the only uncertainty being in regard to the size of the score. For the Academy the game was played by the defense and but for the brilliant work of Dewitt at Point the score would have been much larger.

The game between the Seniors and Juniors was fast and close. As is usual when these two classes, rivals in all lines of sport, meet,

there was considerable enthusiasm on both sides among the spectators. The Seniors scored two goals each half. The defense work of the Juniors was particularly good.

The Juniors-Sophomore game was supposed to be one of the most uncertain games of the League and all were surprised when the Juniors won apparently with ease. DeWitt, Charlton and Dexter played a splendid game for the Sophomores giving an exhibition of forward work probably as good as that of any forward line in the League. Of the Juniors, Denton, Shankel and Jones played remarkably well.

On Monday, Feb. 24th the return hockey game with Yarmouth was played in Wolfville. The visitors were successful winning by a score 5—2. The game was fairly fast and both teams were well supported by the large number of spectators present. During the first half Acadia had Yarmouth mostly on the defensive scoring the first goal early in the half which Yarmouth equalled before the half ended. In the second half Acadia again scored first but Yarmouth finally won by scoring four more goals. This is the first time Acadia has been defeated in her own rink in many years. The defeat was mainly due to the pooriness of Acadia's shooting ability and to the utter lack of anything approaching combination among her forwards. The team was the same as that which played Yarmouth the week before, with the exception that Taylor played goal in place of Bates, and while perhaps not being the strongest team which the College can put up still the players as a whole acquitted themselves well. Especial mention should be made of Steele and Haley the former scoring both goals. A few minutes before the game ended Haley was injured and forced to retire from the game Denton taking his place.

After the game both Teams partook of a dinner provided by the Acadia management at the Central House presided over by Prof. Haley the honorary president of the A. A. A. A.

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OBSERVATIONS.

And ye shall see their ways and their doings :—Ezekiel 14 :22.
What thou seest, write in a book.—Revelation 2 :11.

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EDITORS—E. W. REID, AND MISS M. E. HALEY.

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In this column we shall endeavor to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Should any person feel offended at our publications, let him immediately call to mind those occasions on which he has derided others in a similar predicament. If he does this

he will certainly be a sadder and a wiser man. If he is one of the few individuals that have never said or done anything wrong, and his just soul still cries for vengeance, let him consign his complaints to paper, (written on one side only) and addressed to the Office of the Athenæum. An envelope addressed and stamped for return must accompany the grievance. Such complaints, and only such, will receive our prompt attention.

Current Events,—New Regulations, Hockey and Sleighing parties.
A New Forward Movement Fund,—Senior Plucks.

In the Seminary Calender for 1902-1903, a new regulation will be added, reading as follows :

On the ground of health it is necessary to request the boys not to send the Sems. confectionery, preserves, or other eatables (except, perhaps, fudge). Our table is abundantly supplied with wholesome, nutritious food, and a large part of the illness among the students is directly traceable to the mistaken kindness of "boxes from Chip Hall."

Long Perry is assistant Librarian. He orders the cribs.

In room 6, Chipman Hall, several mice have been entrapped recently, but in room 5 none have been heard. We presume it is because the name *Kitty* is so often repeated there.

How does a certain Sem. show her fondness for birds ? She has an *aviary*.

The Freshmen are a sporting class. It is regarded by many as a strange fact that as yet, they have been unsuccessful in every class game, although at times they have been on the very eve of victory. The reason is now apparent. They have an evil Jonah among them. He must first be cast out and then the billows of calamity will subside and the *freshets* be at peace.

Oh my *Stars* :—never mind it's all *right*.

What do you Sems. do when you go driving ?
" *W(h) e lock hands.* "

Leader of Glee Club : " Watch me, but keep your eyes on *Tutti* . "

Mr. Ha-n-s informs us that he was recently cutting ice with a couple of feminine pedagogues on Tannery Pond.

At the Wanderers and Acadia Hockey Match, a certain Sem's hand was so cold that it had to be held by *Hot Time*.

On Sunday afternoon Feb. 16, the quietness of Chipman Hall was broken with the commotion caused by the departure of a small ministerial playing on two mouth organs. At the time his person was unrecognized, but at Church that evening, it was learned that the offender was "Peck's Bad Boy."

One *strong* Freshman is noted as a leg-puller.

Indignant Chorus of Sems: "Did you hear that horrid song they are singing about us? The idea of them calling us ducks! Don't you think they had'nt ought'er?"

Inquirer: "Why does that Junior wear such bright colours?"

Informer: "Because it is the nature of roosters and (cocks.)"

Let no one think, that when he falls in the rink at his companion's feet, he cuts no ice there. It is to be hoped though that the falling in love was done more gracefully.

A Choral (quarrel) Club has recently been organized in Chip Hall under the efficient management of Mr. M-r-e. As a recognition of his faithful services a number of friends lately dropped in his room, and, in a fitting manner, presented him with a duck in the bath tub.

Prof. in Chemistry: "Ladies and Gentleman, you will please observe the snow on the Campus and report tomorrow. There are some strange physical *feetures* about it."

Next Day. Prof — "Well, what did you notice?"

Brilliant Freshmen in chorus: "Snow-shoe tracks."

B-t-s has purchased a new jack-knife.

Sophette: "Have you a Horace here?"

Miss Ph-l-ps,: "No, but I have one at home."

To Burdock Blood Bitters Co.

Gentlemen :—For some time I have been seriously affected by heart trouble ; but having tried your B. B. I was greatly relieved.

P. SCH—M—N.

Chipman Hall.

A *spare* man,—Ch-tt — -k.

Our Hockey captain during the recent trip to Yarmouth, tried to make arrangements for a game at Bridgetown, for the benefit of our Star Centre. As he was unable to accomplish this object, the latter gentleman returned full of re*Morse*.

B-k-r (in class) being unable to translate his Latin, rises and opens two windows.

Prof. "That will aid you greatly, Mr. B-k-r."

B-k-r (still unable to translate) shouts, "I wish you boys would keep quiet back there!"

The beauty of being reared in an atmosphere of knowledge, is happily illustrated by T-fts's application of Political Economy, in paying for the oyster stews at Canning.

Inquirer: "What girl shall you take to the Sophomore Class Drive?"

E-t-n: "Does not the committee choose the girls?"

A text for The Rev. C. K. M-r-e to preach from. Rom. 12 :3.

Acknowledgments.

Dr. D. F. Higgins, \$1.00; Miss Isabel Eaton, \$1.00; Miss Alice Power, \$1.00; Fred B. Starr, \$1.00; Hon. H. R. Emmerson, \$1.00; W. Chipman, \$2.00; E. LeRoy Dakin, \$1.00; Dr. H. C. Todd, 45c; Miss Grace H. Perkins, \$1.00; Rev. E. V. Buchanan, \$1.00; Miss Bligh, \$1.00; Miss Maisie Willis, \$1.00; Miss Evelyn Keirstead, \$2.00; Rev. H. H. Roach, \$4.00; Miss Alice Rowe, \$1.00: Extras, \$1.77.

A RECEPTION CORNER.

