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LINES ON MARCH.

*The stormy March is come at last
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.*

*Ah, passing few are they who speak—
Wild stormy month!—in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.*

*For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast join'd the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.*

*And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day
When the changed winds are soft and warm
And heaven puts on the blue of May.*

*Then sing along the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.*

*The year's departing beauty hides,
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.*

*Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.*

William Cullen Bryant.

The Ethical Conception of Religion.

BY REV. E. F. JORDEN, Ph.D., D. D.

Morality and Religion are terms which stand for everything which is sacred in the life of man, and as such, the discussion of each, and the relation of each to the other should be of deep interest to all who would seek the ultimate aim of their existence.

By the term Ethics I mean the Science and Philosophy of duty.

As a *science* it will be the arrangement of all the duties of life into a complete system, in which each part will bear a proper relation to the other, and as a *philosophy* the ground of all moral obligation will have to be sought.

It will be seen also that the Study of Ethics and Psychology are profoundly united, for underlying all individual life is a frame-work of metaphysical conceptions. In crude minds it has a crude form while in the more cultivated of the race it is stronger and deeper. Philosophy generally brings these principles to light and then the common people reduce them into practice. For an illustration, the great metaphysical conception that matter is essentially evil underlies the system of cast in India, while an imperfect blending of metaphysics, morality and religion gave rise to some of the heretical sects that sprung up in the early church.

Thus Philosophical Ethics forms a part of the philosophy of spirit and while it pre-supposes speculative psychology, it finds its roots and life in the depths of the human constitution. This form of Ethics is the system of duty under which fallen and unfallen beings are placed. The fallen being is under obligation to repent, and the unfallen being is under obligation to love God.

Christian Ethics is limited again by the teachings and principles of Christianity and is broader in its compass than all others, for it embraces all that is contained in Philosophical and Theological Ethics and has beside the Christian Element which the others do not know. This is the system under which man is now placed, whether he lives in America or in the Isles of the Sea for even the heathen are now under a government of God based upon the redemption of Jesus Christ. And this is a system too which has always been of authority from the beginning of creation until the present time for Ethical relations must ever be the same.

It is urged by many that in the Old Testament Scriptures we have a lower form of Ethics than that which we now discern in the revelation of Jesus Christ. That there we have unworthy representations of God, much which is not approved by the moral sense, feelings and ex-

pressions which are not consistent with the New Testament teachings, and imprecatory prayers which God could never sanction. But how shall these facts be answered or interpreted? Not by the rationalistic conception of the present time which tells us that the Old Testament is made up of two parts, one part worthy of our confidence and the other part less authoritative in its teaching. Not by saying that in Ethical relations there is a sliding scale which will give a different standard in different ages. Neither should these facts be answered by saying that the Old Testament is of equal perfection with the New. They are the same in their *essential elements*, but the statement of these has changed at different times. God must ever adapt the revelation of his perfect character to the people to whom this revelation is given. This thought becomes very clear when we view the progress and development of any individual life. The child must not receive the same message as the man, but it must be adapted to his unsophisticated mind. And so in the infancy of the race God could not reveal unto man the full glory of his moral perfection. Yet he never sanctioned evil and whatever was allowed under the Old Dispensation which appears to be lower than that which is declared in the New was only permitted because of the hardness of their hearts.

When we come to the consideration of the relation of Christian Ethics and the Christian religion we are instantly met with many important questions, viz.: What is religion? What shall we understand by the Christian religion? Has religion its basis in ethics or has ethics its basis in religion? Or have they both a common basis? Religion is as universal as the race. All men have a religion though in many tribes and races this may be imperfectly developed. Natural religion may be defined as, "A definite feeling which by reflection and meditation is developed into rational consciousness." It has also been defined, "As the sum of man's beliefs concerning a being or beings regarded as Divine, and the feeling, purposes and acts resulting from this belief." But whatever definition may be employed it will be seen that Religion is something which pertains to the whole personality of man. It is not confined to the intellect alone. Neither does it pertain solely to the sensibility. The will may be regarded as the source of the mind into which it comes into vital contact, yet the whole being of man is touched by his religious beliefs, for he believes, he feels, he acts. The Christian Religion is a new life in the soul of man. It is a synthesis of knowing, feeling and willing. Man obtains a knowledge of God in Jesus Christ, fellowship with him in Holy Communion, and the expression of this feeling in acts of service.

And now we come to the other question named. Is ethics the

foundation of religion or is religion the foundation of ethics, or must we seek a common ground for both.

This question is not so easily solved as many others, for religion is as ancient as time and ethics is as ancient as eternity, and for this reason different philosophers have given different answers to it.

(a) Some tell us that morality is independent of religion and contains its basis in itself.

(b) Others say that there is no vital difference between ethics and religion.

(c) It is claimed again that Religion is the foundation of Ethics.

(d) And yet again others declare that ethics is the foundation of religion.

But with none of these conclusions do I perfectly agree. Morality cannot be independent of religion for in all our conceptions of duty they are profoundly united. They are not the same thing, for in the Christian religion we have now a new life which bare ethical conceptions do not regard. Neither can we say that ethics is the outcome of religion, for men are placed under ethical relations, even in those places where revealed religion are given. I would sooner say that ethics is the foundation of religion than that religion is the foundation of ethics in as much as men are ethically bound to worship God.

And still I believe it can be shown that ethics and religion have both a common basis which unite them very closely together even as children of one common father. This will appear when we consider the source of all ethical relations. And by this I mean—that in view of which reason declares any object to be right. And to arrive at the goal for which we have started we will need to brush aside some of the theories of morals which we meet and which claim our recognition.

1. There is the theory that moral distinctions originate in civil law. Personal advantage is claimed to be the only possible motive to human action; but this will naturally lead to strife and then it will be the duty of society to make laws for action which will mean at last its own self-preservation. But to this the answer has been given "that it must be either right to obey the law and wrong to disobey it, or indifferent. Now if it be indifferent it cannot be a source of virtue and if we say that it is right to obey it, it presupposes a notion antecedent to law and on account of which the obligation is affirmed."

2. Neither do I believe that moral distinctions originate in society. This theory tells us that experience is the great teacher. Some experiences brought pain; other experiences brought happiness, hence some things came to be looked upon as right while other things came to be looked upon as wrong. And so after a time man forgot

the motive that gave rise to the law and thought upon the law itself. This theory I think must either stand or fall with the theory of evolution, for these relations which its defenders call laws have been the development of ages. It is true that this theory has the semblance of credibility in the fact that it may be claimed that conscience is the expression to us of God's thoughts and that it makes no difference to us the way it comes; but to me it seems very strange indeed that man should be able to overturn in such a short time a law of action of such long standing if it were innate. Paul did this. The missionaries do this to-day when they go out to preach to the heathen world. And the reason why it can be done is because in the heart of man there is something nobler and truer to which the Christian can appeal.

3. Neither are we to find the sense of moral distinctions in the will of God. This is much the same system as the one making morality have its source in the law of the land only the Divine law is here substituted for one which is evil. But such a system as this must ever be arbitrary. If such distinction originated in the Divine will then God could will whatever he pleased and it would be right for man to obey. But with all reverence we declare that there are certain things which God cannot will consistently with moral principles. He cannot go contrary to the outshining of his own moral character, and thus back of God's commands there is always a good reason why these commands should be given. It is right for God to command. But when this statement is admitted the obligation is then placed further back than the command itself.

The Holiness of God, then, is the ultimate reason in view of which moral obligation is affirmed, "Be ye holy for I am holy" is the great rule of conduct which God has given to man for the regulation of his life.

And as God's character is the source of ethics, so do we find it the source of religion. And now we come to the ground of both ethics and religion. They rest upon the character of God. If not some other being could be the object of our adoration and praise. Their relation therefore proves to be but different sides of the one great revelation which God has given of himself unto men. Morality is religion looking manward and religion is morality looking Godward.

I have yet to indicate another point in this subject before we consider its natural bearing as an evidence of the Christian faith, viz.: What is the source of our *knowledge* of moral duty? This will lead the students of morals to study the constitution of the human mind as well as some conditions which are external to himself.

These sources of the knowledge of duty are three.

- (a) Conscience.
- (b) The tendencies of results of conduct.
- (c) The Scriptures themselves.

In conscience we have the feeling of "ought" in the soul when the judgment may approve any cause, of conduct as right. This does not form the whole of the moral nature but it touches us on every side. Choice, love, will, belong to our moral nature as much as this, and the interest and the sensibility influence conscience in a marked degree. A man may deaden his sensibility by a course of dissipation and in so doing the voice of conscience is hushed. A man may have a false standard of knowledge up before him so that conscience gives a fallible verdict. The judge of the soul has been cheated with false testimony and thus a wrong verdict has been rendered. Our conscience is just as infallible as our knowledge and no more; but its trustworthiness is seen in this that it always says do right in those matters which the judgment affirms to be right. God never intended that man should have an infallible conscience independent of himself. If a man could get away from a belief in God he would have no conscience, and yet I affirm that with this belief in God conscience speaks not by way of entreaty but in stern command.

But again we obtain much knowledge of our duty from the results of our own conduct. Man can tell those causes in life which tends towards enervation and ruin. He can follow those principles in life and that course of conduct which lead to the highest good. As I have already said I reject the teaching that moral distinctions originated in the experience of the race, and yet with the greatest consistency of thought we may say that the man with an enlightened conscience can by the tenor of his ways learn many principles from a ripe experience.

But above every other source the Word of God must be cherished as a perfect treasure house of heavenly instruction. This fact without any further discussion I will leave to the heart of the reader to consider.

In conclusion I would state the bearing of this subject upon the matter of Christian evidences. Here we have the following argument in favor of the Christian faith.

1. God's character is regarded as the foundation of all ethical relations.
2. Man's character and nature are regarded as capable of being impressed with moral duty.
3. The voice of man in the soul is regarded as the voice of God.
4. No true morality can be had apart from the Christian religion. All other systems of morals must rest upon the sand while the Christian may build his system upon the rock.

The Novel as Descriptive of Life.

Literature is the science of life, and the great classical novels are among the best text-books for the study of that interesting but difficult subject. Science in its many branches is of paramount interest in the world to-day. Great universities have grown up, where thousands are learning what the past has to teach, and pushing forward to still greater achievements in the future. The smallest plant, the most insignificant animal, is hunted out and its social relations and motives of action diligently inquired into.

But the science of life,—human life—what can be more interesting or practical for one who has to play his part upon the stage of life, where there are such endless possibilities of failure, and such glorious rewards for success. Many people insist upon learning their part from experience. Such knowledge may be useful if they were ever to pass this way again. As it is they find her tuition fees very high, and her curriculum a little behind the times. It is only when the explosion comes that they learn they ought not to have put a match to the powder magazine.

The idea of taking a work of fiction as a text-book from which anything useful could be learned, much less such a serious subject as the science of life, would have come as a rude shock to our Puritan ancestors. At the present time the novel is looked upon by our grandmothers as a worldly and frivolous thing, but the time *has* been when it would have been considered sinful. The school-boy would have had his stock of story books confiscated, if detected by the teacher in the possession of such contraband goods; and the school-girl might find herself sent to bed for the offence of being caught with a novel.

But fiction has largely succeeded in living down this prejudice, and now our graver moralists content themselves with advising their young friend to leave novel reading to the idle, and restrict himself to literature founded upon fact, if he wishes to make the best use of his time. But such advisers are getting scarcer year by year. Men are coming to realize that when the novelist tries to impress his message upon the world in the form of fiction, he is only following the example of the Great Teacher. "For without a parable spake He not unto them."

The fact that the novel has overcome such universal prejudice shows that it has a mission to perform. Its chief aim, no doubt, is to entertain, to lighten the burdens of life by taking us for a time out of our humdrum conditions, by lifting us to the realm of the ideal, and giving us hope and cheer instead of discouragement and gloom. But

scarcely secondary to this is its didactic purpose. Here its power lies in having chosen what is undoubtedly the natural method of teaching. The kindergarten has recognized this and so have the writers of Sunday School books. But the latter very often fail by reason of making their characters mere machines for grinding out the moral precepts of the author, instead of living beings in whose triumphs and defeats we may learn to come off victorious in the battle of life. Indeed almost everyone nowadays who conceives that he has a message for which the world is pining, whether in the realm of sociology, psychology, or even of theology, hastens to incarnate his theories in his ideal man or woman, and so reach the heart and brain of humanity. This they accomplish in just so far as they succeed in creating real men and women; for our sympathies will not go out to them, unless we feel the tie of brotherhood which binds us to our kind.

But turning again to the proper domain of fiction we find that the works of Dickens are more widely sold and read at the present time than those of any other author. When we consider that fifty years have passed since the publication of *David Copperfield*, and contrast this with the short-lived popularity of much of our more modern fiction, we must conclude that he has surely struck the true chord which vibrates in unison with the great heart of the world.

How has he done this? It is not by the construction of his stories for some of his best cannot be said to have a plot at all. Nor has he attained marked success in the historical or purely imaginative romance. To feel his full strength he needed to touch the ground with his feet. Thus it is no mere phrase to say of him that he found the ideal in the real, and drew his inspirations from the world around him. The delineation of character is the supreme test of a novelist's claim to regard, and it was in this that Dickens excelled. His world is evidently studied from this one in which we sorrow and rejoice, only its general trend is more visibly upward. His knowledge of it was obtained chiefly from the great book of life of which he was an indefatigable student. When other men were at school and college he was gathering up a vast experience of the hard world, and when his brother writers were poring over big volumes in their libraries he was pacing up and down London and its suburbs with inexhaustible energy, drinking in oddities, idiosyncrasies, and wayside incidents at every turn. This was his library; here he gathered that vast encyclopedia of human nature which he has reanimated and idealized in his pages, for the entertainment and instruction of all classes. Aided by the inspiration, which is the birth-right of every great author, he was able, not only to seize the outward semblance, but to read the inmost heart of humanity; and so he has

made his people more real to us than the men and women we meet every day on the street. For do we not know that the Patriarch with his long white hair, his broad-brimmed hat, and his benevolent smile, beaming upon Bleeding Heart Yard on Saturday evening, has but a short half hour before charged his unwilling agent "to squeeze the yard again first thing on Monday morning?" And does not Miss Betsey Trotwood conceal under an imperious and somewhat eccentric exterior the warmest and most generous of hearts?

It is often claimed that Dicken's characters are unreal and exaggerated. He was very sensitive to this charge and in his introduction to *Martin Chuzzlewit* he turned round upon his objectors declaring that "what is exaggeration to one class of minds and perceptions is plain truth to another," and hinting a doubt "whether it is always the writer who colours highly, or whether it is now and then the reader whose eye for colour is a little dull." The true explanation seems to be that his eye was quick to see the one peculiar trait in mental or moral make-up which made men individual, and he reproduced it in words of faultless precision. The painter of *Uriah Heep* and *Quilp* shaded heavily and made daring use of intense tints; but what are described as caricatures by one man are unexpectedly approved as portraits by another. It is not long ago that a literary man of note declared in public that, upon a recent stroll down Piccadilly, whom should he behold advancing towards him, in the very guise of forty years ago, but *Bob Sawyer* arm in arm with *Mr. Wilkins Micawber*!

What a host of men, women and children Dickens has made us acquainted with! Their names are household words and their sayings continually crop up in our ordinary conversation. There is *Mr. Micawber*, whom we have just mentioned, always confident that something will turn up. The world is full of *Micawberism* and will be as long as hope springs eternal in the human breast. There never was a kinder, a merrier, a more humorous soul. And to complete the picture we need only glance at *Mrs. Micawber*, with the twins in her arms and her mind made up never to desert *Mr. Micawber*.

Delightful, too, in his way is *Tommy Traddles*, whether drawing skeltons all over his Latin Dictionary in *Mr. Creakle's* boarding-school, or keeping house in chambers in *Gray's Inn* with the dearest girl in the world and her five sisters, including the beauty, on a visit.

And then there is *Mr. Pickwick* whom no words can describe. His guileless simplicity of heart, his spirit of true benevolence, combined with such a capacity for getting into comical scrapes and getting out again,—all these, and many more qualities, have united to render him immortal.

In contrast with these we have Mr. Pecksniff. He is one of the richest comic type, while, at the same time, he is one of the truest representations of hypocrisy in all literature. His friendliness is the very quintessence of falsehood. "Mr. Pinch," he cries to poor Tom over the current wine and captain's biscuits, "if you spare the bottle we shall quarrel!" Where some would have been full of religious phrases Pecksniff, understanding his times and his land, presents himself as a humanitarian philosopher. Truly, in his case, a little philanthropy covereth a multitude of fraud.

Grotesque characters are common enough but all the others pale before the immortal presence of Mrs. Gamp. Peace to her ashes! She, together with Mr. Squeers and a few others, will never be seen in this "Piljians Projess of a mortal wale" again for Dickens has been the death of them.

As a rule Dickens is happier in giving us real men than real women, but some of his female characters are unsurpassed. There is Peggothy most faithful of servants and friends; Little Emily, the light of the old boat house and, later, of the home in the Australian wilds; and Agnes who might have stood for Tennyson's ideal woman, "No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt in angel instincts, breathing Paradise."

But perhaps none of them has ever thrilled us quite so much as Little Nell. Bret Harte has a touching little poem called "Dickens in Camp" in which he describes a crowd of Californian miners worn out and discouraged in their search for gold. As they sit around their fire at night one of them brings forth from his pack the story of Little Nell. Cards are dropped at once and they all crowd around in breathless interest, to hear the story anew; and as they listen, they forget their hard and comfortless surroundings, and in fancy they wander once more with little Nell through the broad meadows of Old England. Dickens himself would have been satisfied with such a tribute to his genius.

'04.

THE SUBLIMEST MISSION.

The sublimest mission of the sons of men
Is the winning of the world to Heaven,
Of a noble birth and a royal race,
Are the blessed to whom 'tis given.
In the battle with wrong and the lusts of sin,
They may triumph and fall unknown,

But as stars of glory they shall ever shine
When the Lord shall crown His own.

With a loyal heart and a mighty hand,
They might share the Nation's fame;
By heroic deeds on the field of strife,
They might gain immortal name.
But better for them with a zeal sublime,
As ambassadors of God,
To sweep the world with the wand of love,
And disclose His living Word.

With a master hand they might paint for the race,
And blend on the canvas there
The sublimest scenes of life and the world,
Man's triumphs, defeats, despair.
But better for them to fashion men's lives
In a character complete,
By the love of God and the voice of truth,
For the world and Heaven mete.

With a magic touch and skill Divine
They might strike the golden lyre,
And inspire the words and the deeds of men
With harmony's sacred fire.
But better for them to touch broken hearts
By a loving deed and word,
And gather the life's broken chords in one
Sweet harmony with God.

The Kingdoms of earth offer glory and gold
To subjects who live for the day;
But the scepters must fall, their glory depart
And yield to Immanuel's sway.
Divinity may be blended with art
And give it a voice Divine,
The lyre may breathe the music of Heaven.
But a life with message is thine.

J. HARRY KING.

An Episode of the Cinder Path.

"Starters ready for the two mile run." The words rang loud and clear across the field from the judge's stand, summoning the athletes, waiting and dreading in their dressing rooms, to their final trial. The rubbers gave their charges their final pats, the coaches whispered their last advice, slipped on their blankets and sent them forth. From their various quarters, midst the music and the cheers they came, a dozen or so of them and walked briskly towards the tape.

It was the final event, of the—Intercollegiate Field Meet of the United States, and upon its result hung the issue of the day. The athletes from a score of Colleges and Universities had battled through the afternoon and once again the final honors lay between those ancient rivals, the Crimson and the Blue. Early in the day it became evident, that the real struggle lay between Yale and Harvard, and neck to neck, from one event to another they had fought it out until the final event. The score board towering above the excited multitude told the tale Yale 33—Harvard 32, the others great and small following more or less closely.

Contrary to the usual order of things this event was not to be run before empty bleachers, the setting sun of that bright spring day shone down on the same eager, enthusiastic multitude which had cheered their various heroes all that long afternoon. By the chance of sport, or what is known as the fate of the track, the result of the whole meet and the hope of two large Colleges hung upon the winners of second place in this event; for Howard the record breaker from Amherst was sure of first and this left only second open to the Crimson or the Blue. Yale and Harvard had each two men entered in this event and all save Bruce of Yale, a last season's 'third placer' were but ordinary improved finds or known tail enders.

Down towards the tape they came, brown, lean, lithe and alert the pick of the country's youths. Besides the unusual interest centering in them on account of the present circumstances, they were themselves worthy of one's notice. All the afternoon, the crowd had had a spectacle of fine athletes, but here were the athletes of athletes. Those who on account of strength of mind and body and of almost superhuman endurance were singled out from among their thousands of fellows, whom they represented, to battle for their colors in this supreme trial of speed, strength and endurance.

As they stood on the mark awaiting the signal which would set them away, to those who watched, and understood, how much they represented. The weeks and months of training, the heart breaking

cross countries and the monotonous routine; the theories and fancies of the trainers, the work and worry of the coaches, the hope and faith of their comrades, and finally the determination, purpose and expectations of themselves. As they differed in the colors which they wore so were they of diverse classes. Here were the Stars the veterans of many meets and the winners of many points; there veterans but not stars, men of but moderate ability, and here again, men new and as yet untried. In a class by himself was Tibbitts of Harvard, a man of fair ability and the veteran of many meets, but never the winner of a place, the tail ender of the Crimson squad. A man who, as others have often done, having failed to win his "letter" in other lines of sport sought the coveted honor on the Track.

At last the pistol cracked and they were off. Twelve forms shot forward and fell into line. Howard, the famous, took the pace and the long grueling race was on. The cheers of the two great rivals rent the air drowning out the others, the short quick 'Brek-co-ax;' of Yale and the long slow rhythmic 'Rah-Rah-Rah' of Harvard. The bands blared their rival strains and the colors waved in time. With eager anxious faces the supporters of the Blue and of the Crimson bent from the bleachers. All share in the excitement, even the girls (who think the distance runners so stupid because they fall in a heap when their run is over, and who admire the bravery of the pole vaulters because they go up so high) seemed to feel the importance of the occasion, as they waved their colors and aired their sporting knowledge in the various terms of the track.

The first half mile, found all running close, but at the end of the second the pace began to tell. Howard of Amherst and Bruce of Yale with a half dozen others including the despised Tibbetts now ran bunched, while the others trailed along behind. At the end of the third, Howard and Bruce still led but their companions were reduced to four, (one of whom was Tibbetts,) and almost abreast they entered the last half. It was now, that the real agony of that fierce pace began to show on the faces of the runners. With faces drawn and tense, with eyes set and glassy and mouths dry and gaping each sought to gain the lead. To Tibbetts with his fatigue, came thoughts and memories which urged him on, as to a drowning man come a tumult of thoughts and memories of things almost or quite forgotten. Once more he lived over those three years of yearning and striving and failing to win his 'H.' Now he is being hammered and bruised by the Varsity as a member of the Scrub, now he is undergoing the torment of the rowing tank. Again he is holding his place in those heartbreaking cross countries or re-enduring the bitterness of defeat in

those Meets of other years. Gradually these thoughts become confused and it seems he is chasing a monster 'H' and upon his catching it or not seems to depend the safety and welfare of all that he holds most dear in this world. The dear old college, his home, his friends—and others. Driven by these impulses he redoubles his efforts, but he is so tired and his feet are, oh, so heavy and unmanagable. Now he almost has the monster but it slips away. He is almost done, he must give up, but no, fear, love, and despair drive him forward. He must make one more attempt. It grows dark and he must hurry or he will lose sight of the flying monster, but now it is so hard to raise his knees. How hard and slowly they come up. All his thought and energy is necessary to manage them. It is them and not the 'H' that worry and torment him now. A few more attempts to raise them and then he can rest. One more supreme endeavor and then, a flash bright and red, it is so nice to lie down and rest.

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The crowd was mad, it could not be controlled, it surged out into the track as the men enter the home stretch. Never was seen such a finish. Four from the dozen remain and with faces drawn, eyes staring and hands clenched but ever straining to their utmost they struggle on. Down the track they come in that last supreme effort and as they near the tape, one sees, wonder of wonder, that Tibbetts, leads. The Yale and Amherst men yell in vain to their former heroes, the coaches rave and the cheers become lost in individual cries and screams. White haired business men crush silk hats on their knees, younger men surge toward the tape, the women scream. The coaches hatless tear down the track, the Harvard students hug each other in their joy, the Yale men smash their canes and——say things. Down to the tape the runners flash. Tibbetts leads by a dozen yards. As he nears the tape he wavers, his feet stumble, he tries to catch himself, throws up his arm and falls——across the tape. The race was done, the Meet was over. The Crimson had the day and Tibbetts had his 'H.' The time keeper yelled the time 9 m. 45 2-5 sec., 6 seconds better than the record and Tibbetts, the tail ender, Tibbetts the insignificant had done it.

Gently they picked up his senseless form and carried it towards the dressing room. Quickly the crowd made towards the gate, and amidst the yells of the students and the music of the bands the bleachers cleared; and Berkley Oval relapsed again into quiet and the——Intercollegiate was over. To the small, crowded dressing room, the air heavy with the smell of witch hazel and perspiration, they bore him and from there still unconscious, they took him home. Final-

ly in his own room in 'Grays,' wrapped still in the crimson blankets they left him.

* * * * *

It was the evening of the next day when he awoke, and the boys were celebrating on the Quadrangle. For a long while he lay and listened, dimly comprehending it all. Finally, came a *louder* roar, and amid the din his name, coupled with the nine long 'rahs' of Harvard and then he knew that at last he had succeeded. Up from the quadrangle came the yell again

Harvard — Harvard — Harvard
 Rah—Rah—Rah
 Rah—Rah—Rah
 Rah—Rah—Rah
 Harvard — Harvard — Harvard.

Tibbets lay and listened and knew that it was good.

NOTE — This incident may appear perhaps overdrawn but several years ago in the Meet between Yale and Harvard a man the butt of the crowd and the tail-end of the squad won the two mile run and broke the world's amateur record.

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### OPPORTUNITY.

I do not know if, climbing some steep hill  
 Through fragrant wooded pass, this glimpse I bought,  
 Or whether in some mid-day I was caught  
 To upper air, where visions of God's will  
 In pictures to our quickened sense fulfil  
 His word. But this I saw. A path I sought  
 Through wall of rock. No human fingers wrought  
 The golden gates which opened sudden, still,  
 And wide. My fear was hushed by my delight.  
 Surpassing fair the lands; my path lay plain;  
 Alas, so spell-bound feasting on the sight  
 I paused, that I but reached the threshold bright,  
 When, swinging swift, the golden gates again  
 Were rocky wall, by which I wept in vain.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

# Acadia Athenæum.

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**Oxford for Americans.** Now that the Rhodes' scholarships have made possible and probable a substantial increase in the comparatively small number of Americans who seek a higher education at Oxford, the following remarks may not be out of place.

It is an old commonplace that schools and colleges exist to prepare us for life. The difficulty is for them to know how to accomplish this preparation when the conditions of social economic life are changing with a rapidity almost, if not quite, unparalleled in the history of human culture. In America, in the immense effort to get the school, college and university into true accord with the practical needs of life, there has been a general tearing out in all directions of those subjects and parts of curriculums which seem to be unessential. But there is danger in this, the great difficulty is to tell what are the essentials. Of course, as life becomes more and more differentiated, there arises a greater need for differentiation in our universities, required not only by the difference of life-aims of the students but even by differences in temperament and in mental aptitude. Much that looks like an advance should, perhaps, be more properly consid-



ered as the removal of an obsolete system of education, which in its time did satisfy the needs of a certain kind of life and furnish a preparation for that life. The danger lies in a too radical and hurried removal of the old land-marks, and that in the endeavor for reforms the movement become too critical and destructive. Americans must remember that all change is not advance. So much to introduce our subject.

Now in comparing the functions performed by the universities of England with those of America, we will not say that the English college does not accomplish this preparation for life, nor that the aristocratic tone of these universities is in itself a drawback, and we will say that the dangers of this critical and destructive movement are minimized almost to the vanishing point. However it cannot be denied that the young man "goes up" to Oxford or Cambridge, not to get a special training for his future line of work, but to obtain a certain amount of general knowledge, to develop as far as possible his literary tastes and abilities, and to live on a larger scale than that peculiar life, of which he has already had a foretaste in some preparatory school. Only the select few can afford to spend so much time at immense expense in a general preparation which England, though not so much as formerly, still provides primarily for them; while with us the doors of the university are thrown open to professional training unsurpassed by any other country in the world.

The ideal of higher education in England is to form a *gentleman and a fine scholar*, a very high ideal indeed. Wherein no doubt lies the secret of the fact, undoubtedly undeniably, that the standard of gentlemanly breeding is higher in England than with us. But is it *the university* that accomplishes this? Upon an examination of the methods of Oxford and Cambridge, the attainment of the ideals of a high gentlemanly culture and of the fine scholar seem to be but indirectly connected with the university pure and simple. As to the former, as near as we can analyze it as respects causes, it seems to depend on the social life itself—the corporative spirit, the athletic sports, and the various social functions. The latter, knowledge, seems to turn wholly on the question of examinations and the preparing for them. Shall we say that the root of the whole matter lies in the ancestral traditions of the university life, and in the very genius itself of the English aristocracy?

In America as in England the university must be an index to the life of the people, in order to provide a preparation for

life. The American has had a whole continent to bring under foot, a heritage of fallow land to reclaim. He has accomplished it by innate endurance and applied science, and still the work goes on. The American has duties as a statesman of which the Englishman knows nothing. The American is pre-empted by a vague and undefined feeling of opportunity, a very atmosphere of opportunity surrounds him which the Englishman cannot claim. Prof. M. E. Sadler, in an address at Columbia University, thus summarises higher education in England. "The strong point of English University education seem to me to be an unhurried, steadfast pleasure in the great masterpieces of literature; its dislike of false sentiment; its reserve and wholesomeness of tone; its shrinking from pretentious philosophizing; the good spirit of its games; the beauty of some of its old buildings; the training which it gives in the government of others; and its undercurrent of reverence for those deeper, unseen things which lie almost beyond the reach of words. Its weakness lies in the lack of widely diffused intellectual interest; in the ignorance of what scientific research and scientific co-operation really mean; in the indistinctiveness of its intellectual and social aims; in its unwillingness to attempt a bold questioning of the lessons of history; and in the labyrinthine intricacy of its organization." Will such an education at Oxford fit the young American for the life he must live in America? We answer, *No*. But for the scholar, the aristocrat and the purely literary man the place is ideal.

With the larger universities on this side the Atlantic, the lack is not in buildings, endowment or apparatus, but the cost of maintenance of buildings already owned by the corporations. Sums of money are left for the erection of buildings for the various departments. The building is finished and handed over to the Corporation, upon which the whole cost of maintenance falls. Thus is the year 1901 Harvard's deficit from this source alone was upwards of fifty thousand dollars.

At Oxford and Cambridge the lack is neither in buildings, endowments nor maintenance funds, but in apparatus. Benefactors cannot be brought to realize the needs of the colleges. It seems so difficult to associate them with poverty that the millionaire passes by, through Oxford and Cambridge are perhaps more in need than almost any of the younger colleges in England. The following plaint from The London Times of Dec. 30, vividly portrays Oxford's condition in this respect. "While



"other learned bodies have obtained large grants from public  
 "funds or derived large benefits from private munificence, Ox-  
 "ford of late years has received very little from either of these  
 "sources, mainly, perhaps, because it is generally supposed to  
 "need nothing. Even the RHODES bequest, which has added  
 "largely to the prospective responsibilities and requirements of  
 "the University without adding a penny to its resources, has  
 "tended not a little to foster this too prevalent illusion. Oxford  
 "must be rolling in wealth, it seems to be supposed, because Mr.  
 "RHODES left a large sum of money to Oriel College and a still  
 "larger sum to bring students to Oxford from all parts of the  
 "Empire, and even from Germany and the United States. Per-  
 "haps the chief thing that will strike these students when they  
 "come, especially those from Germany and the United States,  
 "will be the poverty and the paucity of the academical institu-  
 "tions of Oxford. . . . They will find that the Bodelian  
 "Library, the special glory of Oxford is wanting alike in space,  
 "staff, and books, that it is defective in foreign works upon  
 "philosophy, political economy, and modern history, and that  
 "for this reason the scientific study of European history cannot  
 "at present be prosecuted in Oxford. They will find that there  
 "is no equipment for the study of metallurgy in Oxford, a de-  
 "ficiency which should appeal specially to the beneficiaries of  
 "the RHODES bequest; that geological science is represented by  
 "a single professor; that, though there is a lecturer in mechanics,  
 "there is no mechanical laboratory; that there is no engineering  
 "department at all; that there is no adequate equipment for the  
 "study of electricity and magnetism, nothing but a brilliant pro-  
 "fessor lecturing in a tin shed with scarcely any apparatus, and  
 "on a scanty income; that there is no provision for the organized  
 "pursuit of Assyriological studies, or for the study of Rabbinical  
 "Hebrew; that, although millions of Buddhists are subjects of the  
 "British Crown, there is no provision at all for the study of  
 "Pali, the sacred language of the Buddhist faith."

The competitor for a Rhodes' scholarship would do well to  
 make a further investigation into the facts.

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It again becomes our sorrowful duty to announce the death  
 of one of Acadia's strong Alumni. At Beverley, Mass. on the  
 fourteenth of February occurred the death of Enoch C. Stubbett  
 of the class of 1900. The ATHENÆUM, of which the deceased  
 was at one time editor, extends its most sincere sympathy to the  
 family and friends. We will furnish further appreciative com-  
 ments in our next issue.

### Library Notes.

During the past month the Library has been enriched through the purchase of several valuable books. It may not be amiss to call the attention of the students to these late additions.

In the department of Mineralogy and Geology the following works of reference have been placed upon the shelves: Franz Posepny's comprehensive collection of papers upon the Genesis of Ore Deposits; Luquer's Minerals in Rock Sections; Moses and Parsons' octavo treatise on Mineralogy, Crystallography and Blow Pipe Analysis; Kemp's Ore Deposits in the United States and Canada. These works present the latest results of specialized research in a field of geological investigation that ought to be particularly interesting to students in the Maritime Provinces.

Professor James' *Varieties of Religious Experiences* gives the results of an extended, dispassionate examination and classification of a very large number of clearly differentiated types of religious experience. The examples adduced by the author have been drawn from many sources, and their orderly grouping forms probably the first instance of any successful attempt to classify these peculiarly elusive phenomena of the soul. Among the individual experiences given, that of Henry Alline, Nova Scotia's New Light Prophet, will prove of especial interest to Maritime Baptists.

Professor J. M. Baldwin is a noted psychologist and any contributions he may make to the literature of his department ought to have weight; but his latest work, *Development and Evolution*, if we may trust some of the reviews of this book, has not that superlative excellence which might reasonably be looked for. In fact, to judge it by some of the extracts that are given as characteristic of the general style Professor Baldwin has fallen into, the work affords a conspicuous example of such philosophy as the Lord told Job "darkened counsel by words without knowledge." The treatment, oftentimes, comes dangerously near to what may be called "bumble-puppy" philosophy. We do not wish to be understood as saying that Professor Baldwin is characterized by ignorant assertiveness, but when he veils his thoughts by language that is well nigh incomprehensible and that becomes practically meaningless, the final outcome of such writing is hard to distinguish from the resultant effect of ignorant assertiveness. Is it really the case that philosophy is so abstruse that no great philosophical theme can be adequately



handled without resorting to such terms and forms of grammatical construction as suggest the linguistic vagaries of some foreigner who is yet ignorant of what the English language was intended for!

Principal Fairbairn's Philosophy of the Christian Religion is a notable addition to previous works on the Philosophy of Religion, and offers our embryo theologians an opportunity of testing their grip on philosophical theology.

Macmillan's series of English Men of Letters contains a great many brief and valuable biographies of noted English authors. Five of the latest additions to this series are now in the Library. These biographettes, if we may so term them, are Frederic Harrison's John Ruskin; Sir Alfred Lyall's Tennyson; Herbert W. Paul's Matthew Arnold; Sir Leslie Stephen's George Eliot; and Augustine Birrell's William Hazlitt.

A prime requisite in writing or speaking is intelligibility. What a strange commentary upon the true greatness of many of our foremost authors is the ever recurring appearance of works that seek to make plain what these masters of literature said and wrote! Is there any real necessity for such parasitic forms of literature? Sometimes it seems to us that these, as all parasites, exist only by devitalizing that to which they attack themselves; and that the virtue, beauty, power, nay! the very life itself, have been sucked from Shakespeare, Milton and other masters in the literary world, by preying editors and critics. Shades of Macaulay and Scott, of Addison and Thackeray! What have you done, that you should suffer thus! Truth to tell, nothing. But this is the age of air line railways, of wireless telegraphy, of short cuts and student's helps. It has ceased to be fashionable in certain quarters for men to think for themselves, and so they buy their thoughts at so much a page and store them away on library shelves; and when the purchasers of other men's thoughts wish to do a little thinking, they take down from the shelves their thoughts bound in duodecimo, make a suitable selection therefrom, and flatter themselves they have been thinking. Hence it is that they become concerned not so much about what Shakespeare wrote and thought, as about what Mr. A. or Mr. B. says he intended to write or is supposed to have thought. In other words, we contrive to let someone else do our thinking for us; our thinking becomes second hand. The almost inevitable outcome of second hand thinking is second rate thinking. In this way, the study of literature becomes, not the study of Shakespeare or Tennyson

but the study of criticisms made by those who are incomparably inferior to those whom they criticise. We have always had a great respect for the old woman who found the Bible a wonderful help in understanding the commentary her pastor had lent her.

To reach an opinion second hand may oftentimes be convenient and saving of time, but such an opinion is reached at too great a cost. The saving in time and labor has resulted in shrinkage of intellectual power and we have weakened rather than strengthened ourselves, and thereby have rendered ourselves less capable of intellectual effort. This deterioration of mental power results in the gradual loss of the capacity for independent thought. Soon we find that the most we can do is to chronicle what some one else has thought, and that we have degenerated into a petty retailer of other men's thoughts.

But, while in the main we hold by what we have said, there is now and again a notable exception to the application of our principle. If ever there was need of help in understanding what a sensible man wrote, that need exists in the case of Robert Browning. He moves in a realm of condensed, elliptical thought. Comparatively few readers can unaided enter his domain and carry away the spoil of his thought. Hence it is that any luminous interpreter of Browning is gladly welcomed by overtaken Browning readers. Such an interpreter is Stopford Brooke. His latest contribution to his interpretative studies of the English poets is a work on the Poetry of Robert Browning. By the publication of this book the author has materially increased the obligations already deservedly due him by many students of literature. The volume forms a worthy companion of Brooke's well known Work on Tennyson. In The Poetry of Robert Browning we have the latest deliverances of one of the most acute critics of poetry.

The last book we shall mention is Booker T. Washington's Up from Slavery, an autobiographical sketch. The volume was given to the Library by Miss Clara Morris, as a mark of the giver's appreciation of the stand taken by the students regarding Mr. White's eligibility to play on the foot-ball team. To read this inspiring account of a slave's rise from ignorance and poverty to a position of continental importance, is to get a revelation of what lies within the reach of the colored race in America. The book should be read by every one of our students.



## De Alumnis.

- '92. M. H. McLean, has recently been appointed to the superintendency of the grounds of Chicago University. The Chicago *Inter Ocean* mentions the appointment as follows: "Murdoch H. McLean, who has been appointed by the trustees of the University of Chicago to the office of superintendent of grounds, won the attention of the trustees by his successful management of the information bureau at the University. A great many miscellaneous duties fall to the lot of the director of the information bureau, and the University authorities say that these duties have been performed in a highly satisfactory manner by him. Mr McLean will at once undertake the work of beautifying the grounds of the Midway School. He is a graduate of Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S., and has done three years of graduate work in the University of Chicago." Mr. McLean is also the subject of a lengthy editorial in the University's daily "The Daily Maroon."
- '01. W. L. Baker, is in the employ of the Bank of New Brunswick, in the Savings Bank Department of the St. John office.
- '02. E. G. Bill, has lately returned to Wolfville after a short visit (*at the corner*) in St. John, N. B.
- '83. O. C. S. Wallace, is taking a trip abroad, being forced to abandon his work for a time on account of impaired health.
- '02. R. P. Schurman, is at present in the employ of the National Bank of Portage Le Prairie, Manitoba.
- '84. H. B. Ellis, is practising medicine along special lines in Los Angeles, Cal.
- '96. F. S. Morse, is pursuing graduate studies at New York University, N. Y.
- '96. W. C. Margeson, is studying Patent Law in the office of Judge Severens in Kalamazoo, Michigan.
- '02. A. J. Perry, and E. V. Buchanan, 'or, are pursuing the course for the degree of B. D. at Hamilton Theological Seminary, Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.
- '00. C. J. Musereau, is at present teaching school in Bathurst, N. B.

- '96. G. B. Cutten, of New Haven, Conn., is at present taking an extended trip abroad. He expects to spend about six months in Great Britain and on the Continent returning to America in the early summer.
- '01. R. M. Jones, is pursuing graduate studies at Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. We understand he is still maintaining the reputation for ability which he earned here.
- '00. J. A. Huntley, formerly assistant pastor in Amherst, N. S., has accepted a call to South Kingston in the same province.

### Our Exchanges.

The Editors of the *Dalhousie Gazette* have not let their New Year resolutions evaporate without resulting in any action as so many of us do, but have shown their energy and good intentions by commencing the new year with a special issue. The issue referred to is an historical number of no mean dimensions, and contains not only the story of Dalhousie's founding and growth, but also portraits and short biographies of the men who helped to raise her to her present high position. When Dalhousie was founded in 1818 by the Ninth Earl of Dalhousie, the English held a very conservative view of higher education viz., that it should include residence, prescriptions in hours, meals etc., together with compulsory worship and subscriptions to the Thirty-Nine Articles. King's then the College of Nova Scotia represented this idea, and though supported by public money, practically limited higher education to the members of one faith. Dalhousie founded his College on the broad principles of toleration and equal rights for all; the long fight for existence the College had to make against prejudice and narrowmindedness, and its final triumph over all opposition, reads like a novel.

The *Trinity University Review* has not received much attention from us, perhaps because it has anything but a prepossessing exterior. It is well not to be vain, friend Trinity, and spend so much time on external appearances that we have no time to cultivate the inner man, but at the same time a certain amount of care expended in this way will not only help to preserve self respect, but demand more respect from others. Get a more handsome cover, Trinity, and you will have more readers, for



we are all human and like attractive things. As is often the case, however, a rough exterior conceals a good heart, and the January issue is of considerable scope, dealing not only with university thoughts and events, but also with the great external world. "Great Britain and Cyprus" is an instructive discussion of the relation of the latter island to the great powers of Europe, and gives one some idea of the complicated nature of international politics.

*The Prince of Wales College Observer* seems to have improved somewhat since its first appearance, but it still lacks weight. Throughout a large part of the journal the writers seem to be possessed with the idea that they must try to be funny. A little more thought and less fun would make a better paper.

*The Bates Student* and *Niagara Index* are the only exchanges received from across the line this time. Our American Exchanges are usually good, and we like to welcome them to our table, but they seem to have one fault in common viz., that they arrive on the better late than never plan, and sometimes never at all. *The Student*, though not as good as some numbers we have seen, contains at least one excellent article, "Faithful and Courageous." This article deals with those noblest traits of a man's character, the mainspring of all, viz: nobility and self-devotion, faithfulness and courage. The subject is not handled in an abstract and philosophical manner, but is made simple and attractive by a judicious use of concrete examples. *The Index* contains a vivid and powerful description of a storm on the Niagara. Though written in prose, it has more real poetry in it than three quarters of the ordinary run of verse in college journals.

Other Exchanges received:—*University Monthly*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Excelsior*, *McGill Outlook*, *Argosy*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Church Work*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Harvard Monthly*.

### The Month.

This month has been one of unusual interest in college circles. What with Hockey matches, Skating parties, At Homes and Receptions, Recitals and Rink, the majority of us have been eminently successful in keeping the dull cares of class routine and lecture-room far in the background, or else banishing them altogether. Moreover this month covers that delightful period

of Mid-Year Exams., which still hold a certain interest for many of us. Once more we have met the Inquisitors who demand a reason for the hope that is in us; and once more, having scanned the long, purple-inked papers, in reliance upon certain of our own innate resources pieced out by friendly aid from the other end of the table, we have written what we have written more or less illegibly and unintelligibly, and have been passed or plucked as the case may be. Now let us all rest for ten weeks, and then we will plug for a day or two and go through it all again. Sometimes one sighs for that blessed day when there shall be no more exams.

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Hockey is flourishing this year under most unfavorable circumstances. The "Powers" have decreed that the College Team shall not take any trips away, and that only two games may be played with outside teams even in our own rink. With such brilliant inducements as these to hold out, it would not be strange if everyone were indifferent about making the College Team. Such does not seem to be the case, however, for the fellows are playing hard, and a decided improvement in the grade of hockey is to be observed. Almost any one of the class teams is equal to '02's invincible team of last winter. The inter-class league is being tightly contested, and at present there is no one prophet enough to pick the winner. Three games have been brought off since the last issue of this paper. The Academy have played the Freshmen and won from them by a score of 9 to 1. The Freshmen, however, showed in this game a remarkable improvement over their form in the game with the Juniors. The Seniors have played the Sophomers, the game resulting in a draw, 3—3. The game between the Juniors and Academy was won by the Juniors 7—3.

The Senior-Soph. game was rather slow and uninteresting, neither team being in good condition. Both teams have showed themselves capable of much better work than they put up against each other. The Sophs. maintained a lead throughout the game, the goal which tied the score being shot by the Seniors in the last five seconds of play.

The Junior-Academy game was sharp and lively. It was good hockey all through. The Junior forwards did excellent combination work, and were shooting for goal continually. The Academy, however, played a splendid defense game, and kept the score comparatively low. The Cads missed Tingley, their regular centre.



On Friday evening, February 13th, a Pianoforte Recital was given in College Hall by pupils of Acadia Seminary. There was an unusually large attendance, showing that the work of the Sems is being appreciated by the Wolfville people. The program was well carried out from start to finish, and the quality of the work done was creditable to both the pupils themselves and their instructors. It were an invidious task to pick out special numbers from so good a program, and say of them: "These were the best." Perhaps we might make special mention however of W. L. Wright's excellent rendering of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G. Minor. An appreciation for the truly classical in music is no less a part of a liberal education than appreciation of the classical in literature. We would like to see Seminary Recitals of this nature occur oftener during the college year, and we would also like to see more college students in attendance when they do occur.

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The parties which usually occupy so many of the Senior's spare evenings during his last term at college have begun. Monday evening, February 16th, the Senior class and the ladies of the College were entertained at the home of Mr. Arthur Taylor. The games, the music, and especially the company caused the evening to pass quickly and pleasantly for all.

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Many moons ago, when the Seniors had just begun to realize their new-found dignity and responsibility, and the Freshmen their utter insignificance—there occurred a Reception. The weeks came and went, taking the months with them, and altho frequent suspicious rumors were heard, it was not until February 14th that a second opportunity came of seeing the carefully preserved specimens in our sister (sic) institution. On this evening the Junior Sems gave a reception to the Senior Sems, and the two upper classes in College were invited. Altogether this was one of the most unique and successful reception, that has been given for a long time by the Seminary ladies.

This may be due to the fact that it was St. Valentine's Day. Hearts were trumps the entire evening. Upon entering Alumnae Hall, gay with its decorations in "Crimson and Cream" every one was presented with two hearts tied with the Junior Sem colors and bearing the name of some famous lover of History or Romance. Each gentleman then had to search among the ladies for one with a heart corresponding to that in his hand; thus Romeo must find his Juliet, and Dante his Beatrice, etc. Con-

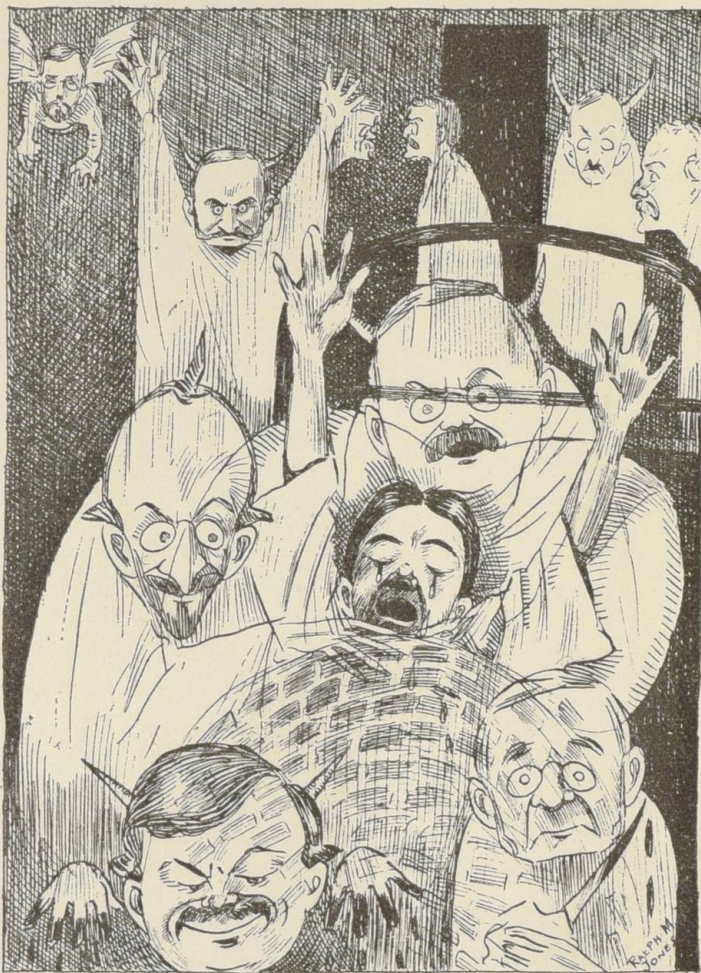
sidering the fact that the hearts were distributed entirely at random, it was very wonderful how often Juliet turned out to be "someone in particular." It is superfluous to say that the Reception was enjoyable. The chords of "God save the King" have seldom been heard with such reluctance as at the end of this seemingly short evening.

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But far more important than Hockey matches, Recitals and Receptions, the principal event of this college month has yet to be chronicled. We refer to Dr. Trotter's decision to stay with us as President of Acadia. Recognizing the importance of the present crisis in the financial history of the College, he refused the call to a large and influential pastorate in Dayton, Ohio, to cast in his lot with the fortunes of Acadia. His course will probably mean more for the future of our College than we are at present able to foresee. When a man gives up the prospect of a large and pleasant pastorate with a goodly salary in order to go as a missionary, we call it self-sacrifice, and praise that man; but if he does this same thing in order to aid a small, struggling college, and devotes the best years of his life to striving and contriving, begging and beseeching, for the purpose of lifting that college out of debt, establishing it upon a sure foundation, and securing for it the prospects of a large and prosperous future, we are apt to call it only duty, and pass on. For our part we confess that we do not see the essential difference between the two cases, and we would be inclined to say that the latter case also contained an element of self-sacrifice.

Dr. Trotter has not yet heard definitely concerning Mr. Rockefeller's new offer. He has every hope of good success, however, and has been sent in the meantime to snatch a few weeks well earned rest before starting on his renewed labors. He is at present in Clifton Springs, New York.





THE FRESHMAN'S DREAM.  
(With apologies to Dr. Chute.)

## Undercurrents.

With malice toward none,  
With charity for all.—LINCOLN.

The latest,—Mumps, Measles and Red lights.

Of course the members of the Faculty never stoop so low as to read this column.

Sems wishing to purchase dolls apply to E-m-r-n.

For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

—T-yl-r, '03.

The youth sat on the class room chair  
And yelled with all his might;  
The Prof. just grabbed him by the hair,  
The youth went 'out of sight.'

### PHILOSOPHY?

A Sem at the limits is worth a dozen on the limits.

What is more interesting than listening to a sermon? To read the blank (?) pages of the hymn books in the Sem gallery.

Blessed is Dalhousie for it shall obtain *Mercy*.

Tenders will be received at Room 8, Chip Hall for a new "Bar" tender, as the "Bar," having been injured by a severe fall from Mount Olympus, is no longer able to tend itself.

### TREMENDOUS PRESSURE!

Lady Skater, at the rink: "I've been having such a lovely skate with Mr. S-p-r-l; my hand is actually asleep." Oh Jiminy!

### OUR LIBRARY:

The Light that Failed—The lighting of the Chapel by the Juniors.

Lamplighter—Billy Oliver.

We(e) Two—B-rss and Miss B-rk-r.

Serious Sem; "Those wicked boys at Chip Hall smoke on Sundays while they are reading their Bibles."

Slangy Sem: "Holy smoke" !!!



## FOR SALE.

## I SOPHOME RACKET.

This article is in perfect condition, as it was used very little last year, only two firecrackers being missing. This racket may be used for Tennis this spring.

Terms cheap.

JUNIOR CLASS.

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## STANDARD SEM COMPANY, LIMITED.

President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer and Board of Directors:—J. H. C-n-i-g-m. Capital:—An unlimited amount of self-assurance and gall. The above named company has been formed for the purpose of controlling all Sems who visit in town over Sunday. Shares cannot be procured as the stock has all been subscribed by the Officers and Directors.

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Stranger: "Hullo, my little boy, what's your name."

Little Boy: "Sir !!! I am Mister H. H. Ayer from Moncton, and I can smoke a cigarette one day and blow the smoke out through my left ear the next."

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"Have you heard that creepy story C. M. B-rd is telling?"

"No, what is it?"

"It's that one about his baby."

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## A MUCH NEEDED IMPROVEMENT.

In reference to the petition of B-ne-ft we understand that the Governors are contemplating the installation of a system of electric lights in the Chemical laboratory.

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"Would you please give me a *lock* of your hair, Miss——"

"I am sorry, Mr. Loomer, but I have left the *key* home and therefore cannot oblige you."

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New Sem: "Is that the kindergarten class at the other end of the Freshman gallery where all those boys are acting like babies?"

Old Sem: "Oh no, those are the Cads."

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The three quickest modes of transmitting news,—Telephone, Telegraph and Tell a Sem.

## IN THE SENIOR ETHICS CLASS.

Discussion of the science of ethics as applied to man.

Student: "Is not the science related to woman?"

Doctor K. (misunderstanding question): "Well, as the old philosopher says, "Never having been a brute, I cannot give an opinion."

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C-x: "When the birds come back in Spring, do they have a different note from the one they had during the preceding year?"

Room-mate: "Yes, always."

C-x: "Gee, but I'd like to be a bird."

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College Hall,  
Electric bell;  
College office,  
"I won't tell."

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1st Sem: "Do you want to see something swell"

2nd Sem: "Yes."

1st Sem: "Look at G. P.'s head."

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### Acknowledgments.

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