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SIMON.

Simon bent to his hissing saw,
 Simon the chopper gnarled and tough,
 All the years till his hands were rough
As the clumsy shape of a bruin's paw ;
Knotted and big with his labor long,
Yet sure in the work that made them strong.

Snarling with curse for his hairy throat,
 Poverty feared his strong, rough grasp,
 Sick with rage at the saw's bright hasp
That flashed with howl and cut with gloat.
The mother of death and a merciless fate,
She filled his life with the gloom of hate.

Yet his heart strives upward to his tongue
 Incomplete in shreds of song
 To help his heavy days along
Through life with mental clouds o'erhung.
Harsh as the saw the tunes depart,
Half made and dull from the singer's heart.

Simon is wise in days without tears [sleep—
 Though arms never rest and work cannot
 Wise in the patience that never shall weep ;
And toil looms yet in the coming years :
Ceaseless and hungry is human desire
And Simon must feed the quenchless fire.

Poverty near and death at his heels
 Simon is rich in the wealth of years [tears,
 Working for bread, without joy, without
Till the changeless calm will gently steal
Across his face, and will silence his song.
Where riches are equal his rest will be long.

JOHN FREDERIC HERBIN, '90.

Wolfville, N. S.

The Nature of Philosophy Defined in Terms of Its Relation to Science and Religion.*

BY REV. J. W. BROWN, HAVELOCK, N. B.

The history of Philosophy reveals the fact that it has passed through many stages. From the view point of to-day, much that has at times passed for philosophy would not now be recognized as such. There have also been times when the term has been used very loosely; and these times cannot all be relegated to the far distant past. There is need even yet for a clear and comprehensive definition, so clear that all who study it may use the term with the same general notion in mind.

During the middle of the present century, philosophy fell into a decline, caused by the overbearing pride of those who claimed to have a monopoly of it. This decline seemed to have been simply a practical protest on the part of the common people against being recognized as devoid of understanding because shut out of the favored sphere of philosophy.

During the latter part of the century, however, philosophy reached a better day, and learned to look upon the masses with more charity. Every human being is now considered as having a philosophy. The only question is as to what kind of a philosophy it is,—one founded upon a few stray fragments of knowledge, or one founded upon a universal examination of reality. In this general view, philosophy seems to be concerned with the ultimate problems of life, such as find their way into the thinking of every conscious human being, and is thus co-extensive with human life. In this paper it is to be defined in terms of its relation to Science and Religion.

It will be necessary for this purpose to have first, clearly defined views of Science and Religion, and then with these in mind, find the point of resemblance or contrast in relation to philosophy.

(1.) Science has for its particular sphere the world of observation and experience. In this field it can roam at will and undisturbed. All that it can perceive by the senses, or feel in experience are proper objects for investigation.

The work of Science is to note differences and similarities, to classify and arrange, and to record the results of such investigation. Science does not ask *how* or *why* but simply *what*. These investigations are perfectly colourless in being made to stand related to any certain desired result. The scientist is indifferent to any result. His business is simply to record the facts which have resulted from his investigation.

*Read before the Baptist Minister's Institute at Halifax, Aug. 24, 1900.

The old Greek philosophers were doubtless scientists before they were philosophers. Facts were first collected. Certain conditions and phenomena appeared in the visible world; these were arranged or classified in some orderly system, and then with these results before them the work of philosophy proper was taken up. This suggests the nature of philosophy. It is reflection upon certain problems. Such men as Thales, and Anaximander and Heraclitus were not satisfied with the gathering of facts. They next asked what these facts meant? And in giving this answer they were philosophers. A philosopher then is one who seeks to get behind the appearances of things and to know their true reality. He asks questions concerning the meaning of things and seeks to get a unitary view of the universe. He seeks to reduce to order and harmony the confusion and discord everywhere apparent, and in short to know the universe in some better way from that which presents itself to the senses.

Science, on the other hand is not painfully impressed with either order or disorder; with harmony or discord. She goes on her way undisturbed, or undismayed even though the heavens should fall; calmly recording results with exactness. Just when this investigation ceases, and reflection begins concerning the meaning of ascertained facts in relation to the ultimate end, the line has been crossed between science and philosophy. Paulsen in his *Introduction to Philosophy* in saying that Philosophy is the sum total of all the sciences, makes no clear distinction between the two and in the course of his argument is frequently misled by this failure, and in several instances uses the two terms interchangeably. He is right in saying that the sciences contribute to philosophy, but wrong in saying that science should constantly keep the ultimate end in view. Science describes the world in efficient causes. It is reserved to Philosophy to deal with final causes.

(2.) *Religion* is the expression of man's longing to know reality, considered as the soul of the universe. This reality is not looked upon as something abstract, but as a conscious living personality. Religion goes upon the assumption that a revelation has been made to man by this Being, both directly and through nature. It is not necessary for the purposes of religion that this Being be considered as single or one.

Philosophy is distinguished from religion by subject and function.

(a) *Subject.* Religion comes as the universal convictions of the race. The collective mind is its subject. Nowačays no one speaks of a founder of the Egyptian or the Greek religion. They stand as the religious convictions of those peoples that have reached in the process of time formulated expressions. It is true that Mohammedanism and Christianity have their respective founders; but these founders were not concerned with an original creation of conceptions previously unknown

but only with a reform whose aim was practical rather than theoretical. Philosophy on the other hand is the product of individual mental effort. We cannot have a philosophy without a philosopher. For that reason it is named after him; we call it Platonic, Spinozistic, Kantian philosophy.

(2.) *Function.* The function of religion is to bring man into a friendly relation with the Reality regarded as the Supreme Power or the First Cause; or stated in general terms, it is the response of man to the presence of God.

Philosophy on the other hand, begins with intellectual apprehension and takes things as they are. Its first aim is to determine phenomena as such and their relations in space and time. In this manner it attains to a knowledge of laws, and with the aid of this knowledge it attempts to explain objects in general with increasing certainty.

Philosophy is originally nothing more than the scientific knowledge of reality as distinguished from or opposed to the mythico-religious notion of the universe. In religion the human mind has awakened to the consciousness of the existence of a Supreme Power, to which all things in time and space can be referred. In the mythico-religious world this consciousness came probably because of the observed movement in the heavenly bodies, and the various changing phenomena in the physical world. It was natural that this movement should be ascribed to some mover or movers. It would be natural at first to suppose that these movers resided in the things moved, and thus polytheism would naturally be the first form of their religion. The progress of thought would then move from polytheism to monotheism until a First Cause was reached. The essence of religion would consist in the movement of man towards the governing cause, with a view of being in harmony with that cause. The process by which that First Cause has been apprehended, as outlined above, is essentially a philosophical one.

It is hence seen, that philosophy is closely and helpfully related to religion. Religion is the third step in a series of which science is the first and philosophy is the second.

It is seen that the work of science is made introductory to philosophy. In like manner the work of philosophy is made introductory to religion. It may be possible to have a religion without any previous philosophy—a religion resting wholly upon tradition or faith—yet it is not at all certain that there has ever been a religion with which philosophy has been in no way connected.

According to these views a man may be at the same time in the realms of science, philosophy and religion. He may be collecting facts,

arranging and classifying, with his mind at the same time upon ultimate problems, and all with the strong desire to be in the right relation with the Great First Cause.

There is thus no reason why these three should not form a triad the outcome of which would be,—without any schism—to conduce to the highest good of humanity. Science the hand-maid of philosophy, and philosophy the hand-maid of religion.

Modern Art.

“Art is the withdrawal of man from a valley, and a leading of him up into a holier height where there is not simple beauty of form or sound, but where there is an elevation of mind and spirit which no other power can bring.”

Through the long vistas of the past the human mind has striven to find adequate expression for its varied and numerous impressions by two channels of communication—Literature and Art. The former, bringing man into relation with the broad, rich universe of thought, leads into a region which yields new treasures to every explorer; the latter seeks to awaken the æsthetic nature by appealing to that innate love of the beautiful which has ever characterized the human race.

Antiquity, opening for us her valuable storehouse, presents rare gems, which, if unpolished, are nevertheless happy suggestions of possible perfection. The dawn of Art is the first faint glimmer in the East of the sun-rise of civilization. That primitive eras must of necessity be characterized by primitive productions, the crude, plastic designs of the valley of the Nile illustrate. This marks the embryonic conception of the world of Art, which has since served as one of the most vital means by which we determine not only a nation's advancement in civilization but invariably the preservation of the characteristics of a people. As in Literature the authors naturally portray the customs and tendencies of the age, so artists wield the chisel or brush with the effect of representing what they observe. The beauty loving Greeks, allowing full range to their artistic fancies and adopting as their motto “Have nothing too much,” are the first to arouse the slumbering sense of beauty. The rule of the Romans “Have nothing too little,” indicates the predominance of the martial over the æsthetic spirit. The gradual advancement from the gigantic pyramids of the Nile to the delicately chiselled productions of Michael Angelo is a chapter of interesting history.

But Modern Art dawns when a lofty summit hitherto clouded in obscurity appears in its towering height revealed to a few ardent dreamers—the Galahads and Percivals of Art. The magic chisel which has

so long faithfully executed the designs of the artists is replaced, to a great extent, by the brush. Cimabue and Giotto may be regarded as the pioneers ushering in the Second Period in Art. The stiff, awkward representations of the human form are simply suggestions of the perfect lineaments and unified whole portrayed in later times—the divine effect of Raphael's Transfiguration, "the shadowy, delusive smile" of Guido Reni's *Mona Lisa*, the light, fantastic breath from the *Aurora*, and the sublime beauty of the *Immaculate Conception*. All awkwardness and stiffness have disappeared, and in their stead are a grace and delicacy of touch which no artist of to-day can hope to excel. The large number of *Madonnas* and similar pictures which characterize this period would inform a person unacquainted with the era, that religious subjects occupied most attention. The ardor which we might almost say inspired these enthusiasts to reproduce on their canvas the sacred subjects with which their minds were imbued, has to-day with the exception of Tissot and a few others, almost disappeared. As Christianity is no longer a doubtful question but an established fact in the universe it does not monopolize this Art as formerly, but simply receives the same attention as any other fact.

To-day as ever "The old order changeth yielding place to new." If it were not that innovations were constantly being introduced the lovely, dreamy sketches of old English homesteads by Turner; Burne-Jones' beautiful clusters of fruit and flowers invitingly coaxing the beholder to pluck a grape or at least a rose-petal; the playful child in its varied attitudes as shown by Reynolds; the intelligent dog or horse which *Rosa Bonheur* delights to study; these all would be unknown to us. The faint rosy flush of dying day, a stately castle almost buried in shadowy trees; a quaint, white cottage with its clinging vines; and the large golden disk of night with its complementary twinkling jewels are subjects which to-day occupy the artist. The poetry of Nature throwing out suggestions of beauty rather than its perfect embodiment, is more attractive than the prose. It is left to the region of Art to unite the most attractive points which appeal to the artistic imagination and from them to secure a pleasing whole.

But perhaps the most important phase of this subject is that known as *Illustrative Modern Art*. We have become so accustomed to the interesting and vivid pictures almost invariably found upon opening any current magazine that we forget what an opportunity this is for acquiring knowledge and for cultivating a taste for the beautiful. What a broad education may be obtained by an observation of the ordinary art exhibitions in our monthly and daily papers! Moreover the lessons, far from being laborious are delightful as well as instructive. The child love of picture books does not die when the boy becomes a man,

for the mind is always more or less receptive to the influence of an attractive illustration. As the easiest method of learning and remembering a new truth is by object lesson, so pictures tend to fix in the memory facts which would otherwise be forgotten. What does the name Little Lord Fauntleroy suggest? Is it not more often the boy with flowing ringlets, clad in his black velvet suit, broad boyish collar and cuffs, and silk sash, who is standing beside his loved dog, rather than any particular deed recorded in the book? The poem *Evangeline*, would be, to say the least, incomplete if we could not see with the mind's eye "a slender maiden of seventeen summers" carrying a jar to be filled at the oftmentioned well. These are examples chosen at random from hosts of similar ones. Gibson's *American Girl* and the many tedious hours which Taylor, Birch, Frost, and Smedley have made seem like so many delightful minutes, entitle these to special mention.

The illustrations bear the same relation to the standard works of Art as the short story of to-day does to the many paged volumes of earlier times. Both are successful inventions which meet and satisfy the demands of a more enlightened, more fastidious people.

Everybody must admit the increased interest in literature since the publishing of the Perry and Brown pictures of authors. Since it has become fashionable to mount these in portfolios or albums this necessitates a knowledge of quotations from each author if the book is to be interesting, and so leads every possessor to study, or at least to copy, some gems of thought. And then how much more, immeasurably more, we appreciate anything which an author has written after we have become acquainted with his features and expression.

"Wee sleekit, timorous, cowerin, beastie
Oh what a panic 's in thy breastie"

appeals far more eloquently to one who has admired the animated, loving, sympathetic face of Bobby Burns, than to one who has no idea of his appearance; the broad smooth brow and rapt expression of Scott lead us to expect fascinating tales of Jeanie and her highland home; while the furrowed lines which Thought has traced announce the deep, philosophical reasonings of Carlyle.

One fact which to-day needs to be emphasized is that Art is not a branch of Literature, or any other of the fine arts, but a separate subject which must be studied and treated in an entirely different manner. While many people spend hours of daily toil in acquiring knowledge of music and poetry, it is exceptional to meet those who can converse upon the merits or demerits of Rembrandt, Millais or Smedley, for to the majority it is to be feared, these names are, if not altogether meaningless, at least suggestive of very little. Most colleges devote months and years of exhaustive study to Milton, Bacon, or the complexity of

the laws of nature, but graduates frequently have very vague ideas concerning this interesting and profitable subject. Literature can never be fully appreciated until this complementary study is mastered. Nor does love of Art exclude admiration of Nature. On the contrary "All Nature is but art unknown to thee" and to find the most precious nuggets in the mine of nature, is to come nearer a realization of the importance of the realm of Art.

BESSIE M. MACMILLAN, '02.

Sights and Sounds of a Yukon Winter.

A Yukon winter—what a vision these words conjure up. Frozen mercury; Aurora Borealis; frost-nipped noses; short days and long nights; old Boreas with puffed out cheeks filled with icy blasts; snow drifts and blizzards *ad infinitum*. And you draw your clothes closer about you and huddle over the fire and say "God help the poor fellows in that cold land," while sweeping across Minas Basin and up over College Hill the wind whistles through the trees and rattles the Chip Hall windows. But you are all a long way off, for a pleasanter place to spend a winter, provided that you enjoy open air sports, would be hard to find. No fog, no mist; clear, bright cold; "cold, piping for the blood to dance to"; cold that makes you throw back your shoulders, quicken your pace, and exult that you are alive and able to enjoy it.

Since October the ground has been covered with a gleaming mantle of purest white. There is no such thing as rain in the winter and so no slush; and the cold penetrating easterly winds are also conspicuous by their absence. It is clear, calm, bright, glorious winter. The snowfall is much lighter than one would expect, not exceeding two feet; and as there is very little wind we are not much troubled by drifts.

The days of course are very short, the sun being visible for a little more than three hours here in White Horse, and it is necessary to light the lamps about 2.30 p. m. But if the nights are long there are some compensations, for the Aurora and the moon make it nearly as light as day.

It was just such a night as this when a large party of us crowded into two big sledges en route to the "Copper King" mine about five miles from town. There were no seats, so we made ourselves comfortable in the hay and robes at the bottom, and sat there muffled in furs. With shouts of laughter and snatches of song away we flew over the glistening road, under heavily laden branches which deluged us with their burden of snow, and over "thankee-marms" until at last we drew up at the miner's cabin. We were royally welcomed by Messrs.

Granger and MacIntyre, owners of the mine. Coffee was served and then music and a little dancing were indulged in. At midnight we "piled" into the sledges again and set out for home amid cheers and hearty invitations to 'come again.'

Hockey is a favourite sport in White Horse. There is a fine open air rink on the river in front of the town, and matches take place every week. There is quite a rivalry between the two teams—the North Star Athletic Club and the Northwest Mounted Police—and some exciting games are played. Victory has been very impartial and has perched on the banners of first one and then the other. At the present writing, however, the North Star has a few points ahead.

A short time ago a game was played—Saloon Men vs. Merchants—which resulted in a defeat for the "booze." It was one of the most laughable games I ever witnessed. It is said that some of the skates were greased, and, by the antics of some, it seems quite probable.

Dog driving too is a very popular sport and nearly every concern has its team of four or five "husky" or "Malamoot" dogs. During the summer the dogs have their innings and night is made hideous by their howling. But in the winter they have to work for their living and quiet once more reigns. On any bright day you may see a number of Yukon sleighs with their teams of dogs and curious plow-like handles, by which the "Musher" or driver guides and steadies the outfit, while the air is filled with the "hike! hike! mush on!" and other cries of the accomplished Klondike dog-driver.

On Nov. 20th. I started for Lake LaBarge to pay the men working there. I was accompanied by Mr. Bray, Secretary to the Engineer, who was to inspect the work. It was snowing when we started and before we had gone four miles it was coming down pretty fast, and we soon had to break trail. To make matters worse, the river, which had just closed up, was not very solid, and in many places we had to take to the shore and help the dogs drag the sled over the stumps and wind-falls. On the river the ice would often crack and bend beneath us. At one place the water came up over the ice and the wheel dog became paralyzed with fear, which demoralized the whole team. We dared not let go the sleds but had to drag dogs, sled and all ashore and straighten them out. (A Yukon dog team can get tangled to beat anything I ever saw.) At one time it looked very much as if we were going to have a cool bath. I don't want to come as near again.

Mr. Bray was an old hand at "mushing" and did not mind the trip, but I being a "Chechako" was about played out when we arrived at the half-way "road-house." As soon as we had supper I turned in and was soon dreaming of dogs, from which I awoke to find

Bray driving some away from licking my face. In the morning we pressed on breaking trail all the way to LaBarge.

After spending a few days there we set out for home with thermometer 52° below zero. Whew! It was cold. We could not ride. We just had to run to keep warm. The trail had been broken out and we made the twenty five miles in six hours, without any mishaps except that I froze both ears, both cheeks and my chin.

In this paper, which I am afraid I have made too long, I have endeavored to give the friends at Acadia an idea how we enjoy ourselves in the Yukon, and I hope to a few, at least, it may prove not without interest.

D. McRAE MINARD, '02.

Songs-Waves and Other Poems: A Review.*

BY G. HERBERT CLARKE.

[This review of Dr. Rand's last book originally appeared in the Baptist Union, of which paper Mr. Clarke is associate editor. We reproduce it as a tribute to Dr. Rand's work, which merits all praise here bestowed.—Ed.]

It was the writer's privilege to see the manuscript of this volume last spring and to hear some of the lyrics read by their creator. A few weeks later the news came of Dr. Rand's sudden death. In that passing our neighbor country to the north lost a life of singular beauty, poise and power, but the spirit of the life abides and must always abide. In the sustained poem of this posthumous volume it has its central shrine and proclaims its assured philosophy. Nearly four-score lyrics or waves of song make up the poet's valedictory ere he turns to clasp the patient but immobile hands of the Guide whose path is away from earth. A song of farewell in truth it is, and hence for this singer a song of faith and manhood, a song of beauty and of the love of God in Christ. "In him all things hold together" runs the legend. That is prelude, and poem, and postlude. Souls aspire; flowers spring; winds play, or rage; the farmer sows the seed; the robin rebuilds her nest; the sea sleeps, or broods, or battles; the cattle move across the hills; the trees sing in the wind, or brave the tempest; men and women love, and children make merry, and the state holds majesty to its way, and the churches seek out the weary and the downcast. Scene and mood and ideal and vision, wrought into words of grace and power, appear and fade, song upon song. In and through them, justifying them, explaining them, moves the immanent Lord Christ—

"Centre and Soul of the things that are."

It is His breath that distilled in the dew; His core of power is in the

*Song-Waves and Other Poems. By Theodore H. Rand, D. C. L. Cloth 12mo. pp.121. Price \$1.00, Toronto, Ontario. William Briggs.

sea ; His eye of light in earth's sun ; His beauty of form in flower and bird ; His order of high law in human progress ; His heart of love and truth in every kind of kinship. So is God one and life one, and so is fruition for all growth through that growing Root of Jesse. "Song-Waves" is instinct with a passionate but intensely religious love of beauty, as at once the priestess and the avatar of Christ ; this belief colors every thought and packs with emotion every word. Thus, as a work of devotion, as a theory of answer to the great question, and as a unified poetic expression it has marked value. If the heart be ready for such fellowship there will be found therein large incentive to high thoughts, noble living, and a full orb'd faith.

Dr. Trotter's Tour Among The Colleges.

Dr. Trotter announced before Christmas that he had arranged, with the consent of the Governors, to spend a few weeks away visiting the Colleges and Universities of the Eastern States and Canada, that he might broaden his acquaintance with educational conditions and developments, and qualify himself the more largely for an intelligent consideration of educational problems at home. He left Wolfville to carry out this purpose early in January, and returned on February 15th., after an absence of five weeks. He came home in excellent health and spirits, and feeling that his trip had been profitable in a very high degree.

In fulfilment of a promise made before his departure, that he would on his return make the students as far as possible sharers of any benefits he might receive, it was arranged that on the morning of the 19th. inst. Dr. Trotter should give a talk to the professors and students as a body. This arrangement was duly carried out, and for an hour the entire fraternity went on a tour of observation, gathering loads of information, and sharing generally in the rich good time which had evidently fallen to the President's lot. The following paragraphs contain a brief and imperfect outline of the President's talk.

Dr. Trotter reported that he had visited Colby College, Waterville, Me. ; Newton Theological Seminary ; The Massachusetts School of Technology, and some of the High Schools of Massachusetts ; Worcester Academy, and Clark University, situated at Worcester, Mass. ; Brown University, Providence, R.I. ; Columbia University, and Union Theological Seminary, New York City ; Yale University, New Haven, Conn. ; Smith College, Northampton, Mass. ; Amherst College, Amherst, Mass. ; the Theological Seminary and the University, Rochester N. Y. ; and McMaster and Toronto Universities, Toronto, Ont. In renumerating these institutions Dr. Trotter gave a sketchy account of

his visit to each one, amplifying the sketch in those cases which furnished especially interesting materials. He had the opportunity not only of seeing the buildings and appliances of the institutions visited, but also of studying ideals, of noting methods of work, and of meeting intimately a large number of educationists. He had received marked courtesy everywhere, and in a number of cases had enjoyed delightful hospitality.

Proceeding to make some generalizations on his tour, Dr. Trotter remarked upon the excellence of the Theological Seminaries which he had visited. Newton, at which Acadia is at present represented by a larger number of men than any other college, is entering upon a new epoch, the presidency having passed from the venerable and venerated Dr. Hovey to Dr. Nathan Wood, who comes to his important tasks in the prime of his manhood, with administrative ability and wide influence and with generous plans in mind for the enlargement and improvement of the Institution. Under his leadership there seems good ground for expectation that Newton will take on new aggressiveness and efficiency. Dr. Trotter had a very pleasant time with the professors and students at Newton, and an especially good time with the eleven Acadia boys who are students there. Rochester Theological Seminary makes a very favorable impression upon a visitor, whether one is thinking of the ability of the professors, or of the aim and spirit of the institution. Dr. Strong, the able, learned, and laborious president is at the zenith of his power, and is greatly beloved and revered. Dr. Trotter preached in the Second Baptist Church, Rochester, lectured before the Robinsonian Society of the Seminary, and gave a parlor talk to the Middle Class at Dr. Strong's home. He evidently enjoyed his visit to Rochester, and was glad to find that both there and at Newton there are Acadia men who rank with the very best. Dr. Trotter had also renewed his fellowship with his former co-workers at McMaster, and had warm words to speak of that Institution. With these and other institutions offering their great advantages to candidates for the ministry, he trusted that no student would think for a moment of settling down to his life work as a minister, till he had supplemented his college work with a thorough course in some theological school.

The graduate schools, represented by the graduate departments of Yale and Columbia, and by the entire work at Clark University, also received special notice. These and similar institutions are rapidly increasing in efficiency, and very soon, Dr. Trotter believed, there would be no necessity for going to Germany in order to prosecute in the most thorough way special post graduate investigations. He urged the men to plan to take advantage of the post graduate institutions.

Passing to the smaller colleges, such as Colby, Amherst, Rochester and McMaster, Dr. Trotter stated that these had especially interested

him, as belonging to the same class as Acadia. He had found that they had all had their struggles, and that some of them were struggling still with the problem of finance. All of them had found it necessary in these later times to enlarge their work on the scientific side in order to meet the demands of the day; Acadia must do the same. He was confirmed in his convictions that the best place for the undergraduate is in the smaller college, where the curriculum and the ideals generally can be better controlled than in the great university; where the best methods of teaching prevail; where the personal relations of professors to students are closer and more helpful; and where the mutual relations of students are closer and more enjoyable. Some of the ablest teachers he had met with were doing their work in the smaller colleges.

Some people had expressed the fear that such a trip as Dr. Trotter had enjoyed must have a depressing effect upon one who was compelled to confront the problems at home with such slight financial resources as Acadia had at her command. In answer to this the president remarked that he had not needed to go away to know that Acadia was in very real need of larger resources. Even when the Forward Movement was completed, there would exist a condition of very urgent need, seeing that every dollar from that movement would be swallowed up in reducing debts and stopping deficits. Acadia needed, in order to do the work demanded of her, at least a hundred thousand dollars additional endowment, and even then great economy would be necessary. He confessed that when he saw the splendid equipment of some of the institutions, and the evidences of increasing ease and wealth, he did wish that the circumstances of Acadia were a little more affluent. Still, these wealthy institutions had not always been thus wealthy, the wealthiest of them indeed had known years of hardness and weary waiting. Moreover, it had been impressed on him afresh that wealth is not the prime condition of efficiency in college work; that there was indeed in the case of some of the American colleges a danger that their ambitions might come to be centred upon material outfit rather than upon the intellectual and spiritual ends for which colleges exist. After all, men and ideals count for vastly more than material furnishings. He believed that Acadia students abroad were proud to say that there were men upon her staff who were the equals of the best teachers they met in institutions far more pretentious. Moreover, there was ground for comfort in the thought that within the range of the work she attempted Acadia actually did that for her students which made them the equals in mental power and scholarship of the students from any quarter with whom they were called to compete. This was no mere assumption, but a fact which had been confirmed to him by such men as Dr. Wood, Dr. Strong and their co-adjutors at Newton and Rochester. There

was satisfaction also in the fact that if Acadia could not provide the student with all the comforts and facilities of the wealthiest institutions she gave him solid advantages at the most nominal cost. The tuition fee at Colby is \$60.00, at Brown \$110.00, at Acadia \$24.00.

Dr. Trotter insisted, therefore, that he found no cause for depression. Acadia needs money; she needs to get out of debt, to stop piling up annual deficits, to give her professors a more generous support; the college residence needs to be improved, the scientific side of the work needs to be enlarged and better equipped with appliances,—all this is urgently needed, and must be sought for with unwearying hope and persistency of effort. But Acadia has made a noble history, her present ideals and actual doings give her a noble place among the colleges of the land to-day, she is bound to live and grow and to attract the support of the people more and more; and some day those of her friends who have been blest with wealth will see to it that every reasonable want is supplied, and that she is worthily equipped for the great work which is before her. Dr. Trotter felt that his trip had been not only a keenly enjoyable one, but broadening and inspiring in a very high degree. He intimated in closing that it was his desire that a like privilege should come to each professor in turn, and that he expected the Board would cordially approve arrangements to this end.

Library Notes.

In the history of a new and rapidly developing country marked changes in all departments of life are effected in the course of a single generation. It seems to us to-day a far cry to the 20's. And yet there are those among us whose memory reaches back to that time. Seventy five years ago men were living who could remember events that gathered about the Expulsion of the Acadians; and no doubt there were also those who could tell something about the founding of Halifax. Only two lives, and we are in touch with the first real attempt at English settlement in Nova Scotia; we are contemporary with the taking of Quebec; we ante-date the American Revolution; and have reached a time when all the land in North America west of the Mississippi was practically a *terra incognita*. What marvellous transformations lie within the compass of two lives each but little more than the regulation three score years and ten! What a wonderful difference between the Nova Scotia known to the boy of to-day and that colony in which his grandfather played and roved seventy-five years ago!

Thoughts such as these present themselves as we take from their place two books that once belonged to Dr. Cramp and now in common

with many other worthy associates in that good man's literary workshop find resting place within our Library. But with what ease the mind reverts to other days! He, whose books these were, was born in 1796. George III. then had before him twenty-four years of rule. The same year saw Robert Burns laid in an early grave and gave John Keats to an unappreciative world. Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Lamb, Macauley, Poe, Irving, were contemporaries of Dr. Cramp when he was a busy editor in far off England. But the onward rush of years begins to bear us from the realness of these men and to-day those names by which not long ago men conjured in things literary, seem almost as impersonal and as distant as those of Shakespeare or Bacon or Dryden. How evanescent is man's personality!

But what are these books that have called out such fertile phrases? Outwardly they promise little. Two medium sized octavos, bound in boards covered with blue paper, and backed with dingy cloth, certainly are not what the fastidious modern book-consumer would choose. But across the back in neat black letters upon green paper we read Haliburton's Nova Scotia. They are indeed Thomas Chandler Haliburton's Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia, "Sam Slick's" History of Nova Scotia, printed at Halifax, published for Joseph Howe, and bearing the date of 1829, well preserved and complete in every part. A notable work and one that is now hard to get. "Sam Slick" and "Joe Howe," what a combination! What associations cluster thick about those names!

1829? Yes, strange coincidence, that is the very year in which Acadia College had its birth. In that year our Academy began its work. That this beginning was matter of common interest these words from the second volume of this history will show: "It is said that the Baptists of Nova Scotia have it in contemplation to found an Academy within a few miles of it (Kentville), which shall be open for the reception of the youth of every denomination, but under the particular control of the general association." Acadia and all that name means to us lies on this side of 1829. The first history of Nova Scotia synchronizes with the first effort in education put forth by the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces.

As one turns over the pages of the history, one feels how much that is important, how many changes that were well-nigh revolutionary, belong to the years that follow 1829. To do no more than to examine the map that faces the title page of the first volume is enough to show one how far removed in all that goes to make a country prosperous and comfortable we are from the Nova Scotia of seventy-five years ago. The very care exhibited in the preparation of the map and the minuteness of certain details serve only to show how rude, how primitive, how

deficient in much that makes life easy to-day, the life of the provinces must have been. An elevation of Baie Verte canal and section and lockage of Shubenacadie canal render the map specially interesting and disclose some of the problems our grandfathers sought to solve — problems that we too as yet have been unable to master.

The first volume of the history is in some respects the least valuable. It contains a rapid survey of the course of events from 1497 to 1763. From 1763 to 1828 the author gives merely a brief epitome of affairs arranged in yearly sequence. This portion of the volume to us affords most interest. The data supplied form a mine of historical facts rich in information and suggestion. We note but one or two. September 20, 1771, "Lord William Campbell forbids horse racing at Halifax, as tending to gambling, idleness and immorality." Our legislators have grown wiser than that; as witness our Provincial Exhibitions.

November 13, 1787, the King ordered the Assembly "to make due provision for the erecting and maintaining schools where youths may be educated in competent learning, and in the knowledge of the principles of the christian religion." November 22, "The House resolved to establish an Academy at Windsor and recommend the erection of a College there." This marks the beginning of higher education in Nova Scotia. May 12, 1813, 20,000 acres of land were granted to King's College.

September 11, 1814, Castine captured. From this dates the origin of the so-called Castine Funds.

June 1, 1815, "a considerable quantity of ice discovered in the harbour of Halifax, which had collected the preceding evening."

December 11, 1817, £9,750 granted out the Castine fund "towards the establishment of a College at Halifax." This laid the foundation for the endowment of Dalhousie College. In 1819 this was supplemented by a grant of £2,000 and the College designated Dalhousie.

The second volume distinctly outranks the first in importance. It contains a carefully prepared and clearly arranged description of Nova Scotia as it was in 1828. While the account given may not be unbiased in every particular, yet in the main it is accurate and always will be a trustworthy source of information concerning many things that but for the author's painstaking thoughtfulness would have been unrecorded. A full, almost exhaustive, treatment of the administrative divisions of the province is given. The various possibilities that lie undeveloped in the different sections of the country are discussed in a discriminating and clear-sighted fashion. "Sam Slick" had no mean conception of what Nova Scotia might become provided only some

reasonable attempts were made to exploit its resources.

The volume further contains a somewhat full account of the religious bodies then found in the provinces. The functions and powers of the Legislature and Judiciary are set out at length. Climate and diseases, soil and agriculture, and trade with the outside world, are each discussed fully and intelligently. Natural History as represented by the departments of zoology, botany, geology and mineralogy, receives ample consideration. The whole volume, containing, as it does, the observations and conclusions of a contemporary and of an exceptionally intelligent writer, has great historical value. But the work has value not only as a history but also as a literary production. Many parts of the Historical and Statistical Account, as the somewhat quaint title reads, show marked literary excellence. Although the historian of the twentieth century would doubtless find much to fault in this work, none the less Nova Scotians have no reasons to be ashamed of the first history of Nova Scotia written by a Nova Scotian.

"Ralph Connor."

[To those who have read and loved the works of Ralph Connor, the talented Canadian writer, the following account of the author, taken from a late number of *The Critic*, will be of great interest, and those who have read neither "Black Rock" or "The Sky Pilot" have missed the best that Canadian literature can offer.—ED.]

The new Canadian writer, Ralph Connor, whose books, "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," have placed him in the very front rank of Canadian idyllists, is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of the young and growing church of St. Stephens in Winnipeg. Winnipeg, the historic Fort Garry of romantic Red River and Hudson's Bay days, is the Queen City of the Canadian Northwest, and has already contributed somewhat to literature and added a few names to the list of Canadian authors. In addition to "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," Ralph Connor has written a beautiful little idyll, called "Beyond the Marshes," which in style and spirit is more like "Rab and his Friends" than anything I know of in English Literature.

Ralph Connor came of solid Scottish stock. His father, the Rev. Daniel Gordon, was a Highlander who came to Canada in the early forties, settling for a time in a remote district peopled by emigrants from the north of Scotland and the islands lying to the West Coast. He removed later to the Highland settlement of Glengarry in the Indian Lands, where he remained twenty years, and where our author was born. The Rev. Daniel Gordon was a man of great force and originality, with a double portion of that white-heated passion we call Highland fire, and was an eloquent preacher. He played the bag-pipes as

only a musical Scot can, and those who have heard him wail out "Lochaber No More!" and the weird píbrochs, can never forget them. He was a teller of thrilling tales, and the tales that are told of him would fill a large volume.

The author's mother was a daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian who threw in his lot with the Congregationalists and came to New England in the early days, where he labored in the ministry many years, going finally to the town of Sherbrooke in the old province of Quebec, Canada. Mary Robertson Gordon was a remarkable woman. She was a cousin of the great modern mystic and religious writer, the renowned leader of the Dutch Reformed South African Church, the Rev. Andrew Murray of Clairvaux. She was also a cousin of the famous Robertson Smith. M. M. Robertson, the well-known writer of "Christie Redfern's Troubles," "Alison Bain," and other religious fiction, was her sister. Mrs. Gordon was a woman of extraordinary mental power and keen spiritual vision. At the early age of twenty she taught philosophy in Mt. Holyoke, then the first institution of its kind in New England. At twenty-two she refused the principalship to marry the young Highland minister, and went to live in the backwoods of Canada, in that first wild parish already mentioned, twenty-five miles from a railway station and remote from all that refined, cultured society which was her element. She labored unceasingly throughout her life, for family and congregation alike, becoming proficient in Gaelic that she might the more readily minister to the people's needs. For many years she rode on horseback eighteen miles every week, carrying her babies with her, to teach a Bible class and hold women's meetings.

Ralph Connor thus entered into a rich intellectual and spiritual heritage, no sounder basis for literary equipment. In this Highland settlement in the heart of a Canadian forest was he born, in the year 1860. The manse was a large, square brick house, with wide verandas, situated in a natural park of pines and maples, with a glebe of some twenty-four acres, with forests all about. His home was in the woods; the school, two miles away, was in a clearing in the woods, the path to which lay through the woods where the children's games were played; so it is not surprising that there grew within him a passionate love for the woods with their dark shadows, rich greens, cold fragrance, and soft, weird harmonies; a love which to this day he retains. "Thorau's yearning for 'wildness,'" I once said to him. "Yes, I ought to have been an Indian," he said. I have often heard him exclaim over the elusive beauty of the playing-ground shadows, saying that to him it was the loveliest thing in nature.

When Ralph Connor was eleven years old, his father removed to another congregation in Western Ontario, where there were better

schools, and where he entered the high school of a neighboring town, whence he was graduated to Toronto University. Like many a young Canadian of good family, he earned every dollar that paid for his education, working in the wheat fields till he was of an age to teach school. While in the university he took honors in classics and did something in the way of scholarships, but he sailed through his university course as on a summer's sea, for though gifted with an alert and comprehensive mind, Ralph Connor never bothered about studying. At that time the teaching of English literature in the university was shockingly slack, and while there he learned nothing of literature beyond that which he already knew. He was never a steady reader, nor a bookman in any real sense, nor is he to this day, though he has a fine literary and poetic taste. He was a member of the College Glee Club and most of the societies abounding in the college world, and attaches considerable importance to the fact that he played quarter-back in the champion Rugby team for Western Ontario. After a three years' course in theology at Knox College, where, in spite of indifferent health, he carried off valuable prizes and an unusual number of scholarships, he spent a year in Edinburgh and on the Continent trying to establish health. Greatly improved, he returned to Canada, and went far up into the forest on Lake Nipissing, where he and his brother spent three months, never seeing the countenance of a paleface. Thence he went for two years to Banff, the National Park of Canada, in the very heart of the Rockies. Here he rejoiced in wildness, climbing the highest mountains, taking them to his heart, and making the ministry of the hills his own. On Sabbaths he preached in the little Presbyterian church to the people of the village and the tourists who cared to come,—sometimes a small congregation, for both alike were an uncertain quantity.

Ralph Connor in private life has made a host of friends, some of them men whose names are honored and whose books are widely read this side the Atlantic, such as Henry Drummond, whom he is singularly like in his winsome, genial disposition. In one of her enduring novels, Mrs. Stowe has depicted the beautiful emotional side of an historic character, a side seldom presented to us. As I remember this, it might have stood for just that side of Ralph Connor, whose faculty for attracting and attaching people to himself amounts to genius. He has a surpassing love for little children, whom he wins at first sight. Along that mountain railway for thirty miles every baby knew and loved him. Not always according to ritual or the traditions of the Church did he minister. One Sabbath at the close of his sermon, a hunted and worn look on a face marked Scottish went to his heart, and he sang then and there "I'm wearin' awa, Jean." It was not an orthodox

gospel solo, but it did the work. This is not to say he would do it in Winnipeg, or that he would be allowed to do it. Of Ralph Connor's uncommon literary gift, or of the material that went into his books I shall not now speak. His spiritual value as a writer of idylls cannot be overestimated, and much could be said about that spiritual touch, all his own, so rare, subtle, sure. His best book has yet to be written, and those who know him well, know that he has a tremendous literary power in reserve, not power which is being occasionally withheld, but which is lying latent. He has it in him to write a book which could easily stand first in Canadian classics, and, when Canadian literature comes into its own, it will win a high place.

The following, clipped from our valued exchange, *The McMaster Monthly*, is so good that we pass it along. Perhaps it may stir some of our embryo poets to emulation. We need especially some new songs, and some that are all our own. If a prize is necessary to stimulate interest even that may be forthcoming:—

SOPHS OF McMASTER.

(Apologies to Kipling.)

'Ave ye 'eard of the Sophs of McMaster,
 With their bloomin' big bumps of conceit;
 We take Greek with a groan, we've mechanics at 'ome,
 O, they knock us clean off of our feet
 (Poor beggars—clean off of our feet).
 We've our mark on the cup for athletics,
 And we kicked up the deuce with the pins,
 And our fellows, you'll find, 'ave a fair share of mind
 And an 'orrible wallet of sins
 (Poor beggars—we pay for our sins).
 Then 'ere's to the Sophs of McMaster,
 And 'ere's to our dear little cribs,
 And Professor McKay, e's the 'ole bloomin' way—
 Yes, 'ere's to 'is generous nibs
 (Poor beggars—he lays for us, kids).
 Walk wide of the Sophs of McMaster,
 For the 'ole bloomin' fellows we owns,
 We win all the praises, escape all the hazes,
 And we've plugged till we're nothing but bones
 (Poor beggars—we're nothing but bones).
 We may sleep till its ten in the morning,
 Or go to our classes like lambs,
 But we can't get away from the tune that they play,
 When the time comes around for Exams.
 (Poor beggars—those bloomin' Exams.)
 Then 'ere's to the Sophs of McMaster,
 The president, h'orsfers and wimmin,
 And all we desire, is to wade through the mire,
 And not to go down when we're swimmin'
 (Poor beggars—its bloomin' ard swimmin').

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the ATHENÆUM,

SIR:—Will you kindly grant me space in the college paper to call attention to a matter which is of interest to every graduate, student, and prospective student of Acadia. It may be that a great many will not agree with the conclusion reached, but yet the matter is one which calls for discussion. To be brief the question is concerning the college colors and the desirability of changing them.

At first sight it may seem almost like sacrilege to talk of changing the colors which for two generations have been associated with the history of Acadia, the colors which have been carried to victory in so many hard-won contests of brain and brawn. To old students especially the idea may be distasteful. Nevertheless I believe that there are good reasons why such a change should be made, and will try to set forth a few in this letter.

In the first place then our colors too nearly resemble those of another Maritime college, the University of New Brunswick. Their colors are red and black, and in the evening are scarcely distinguishable from the Acadia red and blue. This has not been much of an objection in the past as the intercourse between the two colleges has been slight, but in the last two years the attendance at the U. N. B. has largely increased, and very soon that college ought to be able to compete with the other Maritime colleges on the foot-ball field, while for several years the red and blue and the red and black have met annually at the Y. M. C. A. Convention.

In the second place our colors are the same as those of the New Brunswick Normal School, and an Acadia man wearing the college colors in New Brunswick is usually mistaken for a recent graduate of the Normal School. While in no way disparaging that institution a college man does not feel flattered by such a mistake. And a goodly number of Acadia men are from New Brunswick, a fact which must not be forgotten in the discussion of this question.

Again, while all are agreed that our colors are red and blue, there seems to be a difference of opinion as to what shades of red and blue are the proper thing. Uniformity is very desirable and the selection of new colors would ensure this. Moreover, while probably our colors are as beautiful as are those of most other institutions, it must be conceded that they are not as satisfactory in an esthetic sense as other possible combinations. I would venture the opinion that some of the class colors used now or in recent years would be more suitable than is our present combination.

Now I know that one great objection to a change of colors is the

impossibility of getting something to suit everybody, as well as the possibility of getting something not as satisfactory as we have now. The recent change of colors in the Academy is a case in point. But yet I believe that this difficulty can be overcome and the danger avoided. It is not my purpose to point out how this may be accomplished, but without doubt some practical way may be found. All I desire is to bring the matter to the attention of the students and the alumni, hoping that it will be deemed worthy of attention.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space allowed me. I remain
Yours respectfully,

N. B.

Editor ACADIA ATHENÆUM,

SIR:—Once again we would call the attention of the public to that great event in the modern history of Acadia, namely, the Sophomore Insurrection. Although we cannot write with the satire of a Horace, nor produce a masterpiece of fiction, (such as this event has already called into being in our last number) yet we trust that the readers will bear with us patiently, and will consider our one claim, *veracity*, sufficient to cover a multitude of sins. We are sorry that we may not allow this matter to rest. However, since several journalists (amateur and otherwise) have found in it a cause for soaring aloft into the realms of their imagination, we will set down the bare facts without any false embellishments, and, (to quote from one of our contemporaries) “give a brief outline of what has *really* occurred.”

As all are aware the beginning of the trouble originated in what many regarded as a harmless though flat practical joke which occurred during the exercises of the Junior Exhibition. This attempt to enliven what is an exceedingly dry function of the College year, instead of being consigned to oblivion as its flatness merited, was made the direct cause of the removal from College of two prominent members of the Sophomore class, who had participated slightly in the affair. One failed to return to college after the Christmas vacation. The other returned and finding an innocent comrade (who was not a Sophomore) suspected of having participated in the heinous crime, went to the Faculty and confessed his guilt. The result was his suspension for the remainder of the College year, which was virtually expulsion.

The Sophomore class objected to this decision of the Faculty and petitioned that their classmate's punishment might be lightened, in consideration of the fact, that his *only* part in the affair was to throw a hen which others had secured and carried to the gallery. The class did not (as has been often stated) *demand* of the Faculty that their guilty member should go free, but only *asked* that his punishment might

be made what they considered commensurable with the crime. The Faculty refused absolutely to reconsider their decision. "What they had written they had written." Then the class absented themselves from classes to show in a more evident manner that they objected to the harshness of the Faculty's decision. The Faculty still remained obdurate and the class considered the question of finishing the year at some other University. A committee was sent to Halifax and it was found that the class would be admitted to Dalhousie as *individuals* upon the presentation of a certificate showing their past standing in Acadia. Not as we have been informed upon presenting "a certificate of good conduct from the Acadia Faculty." Part of the class however, although wishing to do so were not in a position to leave Acadia at the time and in order to keep the class intact it was decided to return to College under a protest "against the harshness of the Faculty's punishment of their classmate."

The statements that the Sophomores grew disheartened, decided they were in the wrong, found the class would not hang together, saw the folly of their action, and decided they were supporting a contemptible act, etc., etc., are all deeply interesting to the said Sophomores who find from them that they had done and thought and decided things they never dreamed of.

Of late the wits of the College have had rare sport in manufacturing exceedingly flat puns in base-ball phraseology and on all sides one hears about base hits, fowls, strike-outs, home runs, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*, in connection with the Sophomore class. However the class of 1903 continues to survive and flourish under the "biting satire" of the College journalists and the stale puns of the College punsters.

A SOPHOMORE.



But truly, as I had to remark in the meanwhile, 'the liberty of not being oppressed by your fellow man' is an indispensable, yet one of the most insignificant fraternal parts of Human Liberty. No man oppresses thee, can bid thee fetch or carry, come or go, without reason shown. True; from all men thou art emancipated: but from thyself and from the Devil—? No man, wiser, unwiser, can make thee come or go: but thy own futilities, bewilderingments, thy false appetites for Money, and such like? Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thine own brutal appetites. And thou pratest of thy liberty? Thou entire blockhead!

CARLYLE.

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The Students are strongly urged to patronize our Advertisers.

President Trotter's Trip. Dr. Trotter arrived at Wolfville on Saturday, Feb. 16, and on Tuesday morning delivered an address to the assembled students and professors detailing his experiences in visiting the various sister institutions in the United States and Canada. A report of this address will be found in another column. The address was listened to with marked interest, and all will be glad to have its salient points preserved in this report. We warmly welcome our president as he returns to take up his official duties.

But there was one point to which attention was called in the address which may well be emphasized. The question of the relative advantages of the large as compared with the small institution for undergraduate study has not yet been settled. And yet it seems to be the experience of many graduate schools that in regard to thorough scholarship and independent thought the graduates of the small colleges are superior to those of their pretentious rivals. Many factors combine to produce this result. Usually the ideals of education are more true and the life more wholesome at the small institutions. This is especially true of a college like Acadia which is admittedly Christian in its aims and ideals. But probably the most important factor is the intimate personal relation between students and professors which is possible only in the smaller schools. After all we learn more from men than from things, and excellence of equipment cannot compensate for loss of personality. But it is sometimes urged that the large Universities alone can command the services of the best thinkers and educators, and that therefore the students of the larger schools come into

touch with stronger men, even if the connection is not so close as might be desired. To this it may be answered, as Dr. Trotter pointed out, that the tendency at present is to leave the instruction of the undergraduate almost entirely in the hands of assistant professors and instructors of no great force of character or scholarly attainments, and with little or no experience in teaching. That this is not a fanciful presentation of the case is shown by the following quoted from an editorial in the last issue of the *Harvard Monthly* :

“There is nothing remarkable or out of place in the fact that advanced or specializing courses in whatever subject, should be given by the best men. But the tendency has recently been to transfer to these courses lecturers who have hitherto been connected with the large undergraduate courses. The loss to the undergraduates in such cases is very great; for there is no doubt that the changes have to some extent impaired the efficiency of many courses. Yet, after all, there is no reason why the undergraduates, who form the largest class of men in the University, should not be entitled to the very best instruction the University can provide. The loss to the undergraduates, indeed, is plainly the gain of the Graduate School. But it may seriously be questioned whether such gain to graduate students quite compensates for the loss to the undergraduates.”

The Tupper Medal. All will remember the gratifying announcement that was made by Pres. Trotter at the commencement exercises last June, to the effect that hereafter, through the munificence of Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper, a gold medal would be offered yearly for excellence in oratory. Shortly before the holidays the conditions on which the medal is to be awarded were announced. For the information of our subscribers we repeat them. The medal shall be given for the delivery of an original essay, the oration not to exceed 15 minutes in delivery. In judging, thought power, style, and delivery are to be taken into account. Any student proceeding to the B. A. degree may enter the competition, but a winner of the medal shall not be eligible as a competitor a second time. For the present year the subject may be any one of the following: Patriotism, Canada and the New Imperialism, or University Training and Practical Power. The competition will be a University function and will take place some time in April. As yet only a few have expressed their intention of becoming competitors, but doubtless before the contest takes place many others will enter the lists. Such an exercise must be of great educative value; greatest to the participants but also of value to the whole student body. The friends of Acadia are under lasting obligation to Dr. Tupper for

this practical expression of his interest in the college, and we feel sure that the students will give expression to their appreciation of his action by availing themselves of its benefits. We are disappointed in not being able to publish this month an article from the pen of Dr. Tupper, which failed to reach us in time for publication. But this pleasure is in reserve for our readers, for we feel safe in promising that it will appear next month.

Elocution It must be admitted that elocution is a necessary adjunct
at to oratory. Yet in spite of the fact that annual oratorical
Acadia. contests are now instituted there is still no instruction in
 elocution given at Acadia, and seemingly no likelihood of
 provision being made for such instruction in the near future. This state
 of things is certainly to be deplored. That the average college student
 needs to be taught how to read and speak is only too apparent. Acadia
 is not alone in her need and lack of elocutionary instruction. A few
 months ago our exchange from the sister institution at Windsor com-
 menting on the need there, suggested that King's and Acadia unite in
 securing a suitable teacher. Since then we notice that this work at
 King's has been undertaken by one of the professors. It is not within
 our province to suggest ways and means for meeting the need at Acadia
 but it is our right to call attention to that need.

Many of our readers will be especially interested in reading the communication from the far Klondike by "our own correspondent." Few men make more friends during their college course than did Mr. Minard in the two years he was with us. While we cannot but be sorry for his absence from Acadia we must congratulate him on his good fortune in securing the lucrative position of Accountant in the Public Works Dep't at White Horse, Yukon. We hope to hear from "Mac" again before the year is over.

We call attention also to a letter which appears in our Correspondence column. We will not express our opinion on the subject at present, but invite discussion on the part of our readers. There is another question closely allied to this which might well be ventilated at the same time, viz, the question of utility of class colors. Will some one kindly tell us what earthly purpose these class colors serve except to foster the class spirit in opposition to the true college spirit. The beginning of the century is a fitting time to inaugurate reforms, and we invite the attention of the Senior class of the Academy to this question.

After the rather severe strictures upon the Sophomore class in our last issue it seemed only fair that the communication in respect to the

late "insurrection" which appears in another column should be published. While the letter is from *A Sophomore* and not from *the Sophomores* it no doubt presents fairly well the position of the class in regard to the affair. Yet with all the added light that is thrown upon the matter all who believe that the control of the University should rest in the hands of the Faculty rather than in the hands of the students must be glad that the request of the class in this case was not complied with. But all have now had their say, and it must be understood that no further discussion of the affair will be allowed in the columns of the ATHENÆUM.

The ATHENÆUM this month may be somewhat later than usual in reaching subscribers. The delay, which we exceedingly regret, is due to the failure of some contributed articles to reach us in time. It is hoped that it will be unnecessary to ask our readers to again exercise patience in this regard.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Dr. Butler is about to go back to his old love and Colby is in tears. Well, well, we do not wonder at it for Dr. Butler is a rare man and has served his second love right well and loyally. The Colby Echo has this, among many other good things, to say of Dr. Butler :

"Meanwhile we have him with us six months more. Every Senior is glad that he completes his course under his administration. Every Junior congratulates himself that he has had three years under his guidance, and every lower-class man takes comfort in the thought that it is better to have known him for a little time than not to have known him at all."

Blessed is the man who can leave so rich a memory behind him. We of Acadia, who have seen and heard Dr. Butler (for he preached the baccalaureate sermon of '98) remember him as a man of opulent mind and mellow scholarship. Shallow men sometimes dazzle us with flash and splutter of brainless erudition ; but Dr. Butler's scholarship is only the prism through which the fine intellect obtains a richer lustre. We rejoice with Chicago in her good fortune. On the other hand we regret that Colby will shortly lose a man whom she can ill afford to part with. But "to him that hath shall be given and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath" ; a reflection which we fear holds less of consolation than of truth.

The McMaster Monthly has seen fit to make a little change in its monotonous literary drab. But the new color is only another shade of brown ; a sombre story of a half-witted lad whose tiny intellect is

wrapped up in a red cravat. Still we are glad that our Toronto neighbor is able to slip from the polished groove of pulpit talk. Ah, my solemn friend, if you only knew how much better we would like you if you could cut a modest caper now and then! Few people care for a dish of dry brains however wholesome, without a spoonful of animal sauce to give it relish.

McMaster has just laid the cornerstone for her new chapel. The occasion solicits our somewhat envious congratulations. We observe that Dr. Trotter, who forgets nothing, has already sent what the Monthly terms "a telegram of sympathy." Can it be that this scrupulously correct journal is guilty of verbal infelicity?

The Editors of the Harvard Monthly, not too delicately egotistical, have fed the magazines from their own ink-pots. But then modesty after all is an antiquated thing which profiteth a man nothing and should be done away with. Moreover, the quality of work in this number is good enough to justify any quantity of editorial egotism. Take Mr. Montague's paper on George Moore as a fair sample, and I think its keen critical thought and pure diction cannot but be regarded as a splendid testimony to the genuineness of Harvard scholarship. There is a sinewy vigor in the composition of these novices, which is too often rendered up in later years on the altar of fastidious art.

If Prof. deMille be not a poet (and for aught I know he may be one) he is certainly a cunning architect of verse. There is a very proper little poem in the King's Record from his pen, and we, who have no bard of our own, make bold to filch a verse or two:

WARRIORS ALL.

(*S. A. Field Force.*)

“Warriors all, when the stars hung low
Or ever the morn was nigh
(Lonely ye lay in the night, I trow,
Under the lonely sky;)
Warriors dead in the face of the foe,
Had ye no fear to die?”

Love and home, and the lust of life,
Wealth and the pride of birth,
These ye left for the eager strife
Holding them little worth.
When the men were out and the call was ripe
To the ends of the utmost earth.

Rev. R. F. Dixon, (who is not a stranger to Acadia boys) writes a story for the Record in which he emphasizes the reality of Canadian loyalty. The subject is a good one and wears well, but perhaps the fact would be just as obvious if it were less talked about. However, we do not mind assiduous patting, if only it be not on a sore spot.

The McGill Outlook is not by any means all that it might be or ought to be. McGill should breed a better paper; for one expects something bigger than a buck-shot from an Armstrong-gun. Magazines which get their growth in one week are seldom worth the cost of print and paper. A Monthly would be better; a Monthly with some brain and body to it, worthy to wear upon its cover the word McGill.

The Theologue has not received much attention from us—doubtless because one is apt to take one's cue from a handsome exterior, a particular in which this paper has little or nothing to boast of. Like some men, however, it carries a goodly brain beneath a homely skin. (That word "good" by the way, is getting somewhat thread-bare, but I cannot help it.) Why not get a better cover, Friend Theologue? Then some one might venture to peep into you and find what good things there are inside of you. But (to repeat) one is not apt to look for a scholar under a pea-jacket.

The Theologue contains a strong, spiritual paper, concerning "Culture and Religion," by Prot. Gorden. We abstract a succulent tid-bit:

"Culture with its plea for altruism is really making self the main object. Religion includes the true altruism by making the love of God the supreme passion of the soul. If we follow the order of religion, if we surrender self to God, the love of (for?) our brother man follows, because in the love of the Father we have learned to love our brother also. And the regard for self will in that case, no longer be selfishness, but it will be the love of that truer, better self which is the likeness of God renewed within the soul." But religion apart from culture is narrow,—fanatical in its sympathies. The truest altruism springs from the culture of a God-piloted intellect. We are not criticizing Dr. Gorden—only putting in a word of our own.

The Thirtieth Annual Report from the Halifax School for the Blind has come to us. One cannot commend too highly the good work which the Blind School is doing for those who dwell in night. It is pleasant to reflect that blindness nowadays, does not necessitate a life of intellectual poverty and helpless inactivity.

Other exchanges to hand: Dalhousie Gazette, Argosy, Niagara Index, Manitoba College Journal, Ottawa Review, Presbyterian College Journal, N. B. University Monthly, College Index.



Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mis-spend it, desperate.—*Bishop Hall.*

De Alumnis.

Geo. W. Elliott, '99, is studying Theology at McMaster University.

R. G. D. Richardson, '98, is principal of the public school at Westport, N. S.

D. E. Hatt, '97, is a member of the Senior Class at Rochester Theological Seminary.

Stanley C. Dukeshire, '98, is the popular principal of the public school at Canning, N. S.

Miss Carrie W. Blair, '98, is taking a post-graduate course in Literature at Columbia University.

Chas. W. Slipp, '98, has a good position as head book-keeper in a large wholesale house in Nelson, B. C.

Sebra C. Freeman, '98, is a member of the Middle Class in Theology at Newton Theological Institution.

W. H. Starratt, '92, and a graduate in Dental Surgery from Harvard is enjoying a flourishing practice in Boston.

F. S. Morse, '96, and M. A. from Harvard, '98, has a fine position as teacher in one of the best schools of New York City.

Rev. W. H. Jenkins, '89, pastor of the Baptist Church at Chester, N. S. spent a few days in Wolfville recently visiting relatives and friends.

L. R. Morse, '91, and a graduate of McGill Medical College is meeting with great success in his profession at Lawrencetown, N. S. where he has a large and flourishing practice.

Dr. A. Moran Hemmeon, '92, has an extensive practice in his profession at Bridgewater, N. S. He has recently been appointed to the staff of Provincial Examiners in connection with the preliminary Medical Examinations.

We regret to note that F. B. Starr, '00, who entered upon the course in Medicine at Harvard last autumn has, on account of ill health, been obliged to discontinue his studies for this year. He is now at his home in Wolfville, N. S.

A communication from Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, '90, who was mentioned in our last issue as having received a call to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York, states that he has received no such call. We seriously regret having made this error.

The Month.

Editors: S. J. CANN AND MISS MINNIE COLPITTS.

The month that has just passed has been marked by an appreciable digression from the daily routine of college life. The inclement weather at the beginning was followed by a period especially suitable for coasting, sleigh-riding and hockey, which invigorating sports were very desirable after the worry and pressure of exams. and were participated in by many of the students with energy and enthusiasm.

The profound sorrow which was felt by professors, students and citizens of Wolfville on hearing of the "passing" of our beloved sovereign, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the large place which she occupied in the hearts of the people and their devotion to the British Empire, were given expression to in the "Memorial Service" held in the University Assembly Hall, Saturday, Feb. 2nd. The black draping of the Hall, the large portrait of the Queen hung with purple and black crape, the dark attire of many of the audience all tended to give a solemn and sombre expression. After reading of scriptures and prayer and the singing of hymn, "The sands of time are sinking," the following addresses were delivered: "The Moral and Religious Influence of the Queen" by Dr. Keirstead, "The Queen as Wife and Mother"—Rev. J. E. Donkin, "The Queen as a Unifying Force in the Empire"—Rev. E. M. Dill, "The Influence of the Queen on International Relations"—Rev. H. R. Hatch, "The Queen as a Constitutional Sovereign" Rev. R. F. Dixon. The chorus "Enter into Rest," by the Seminary choir, and the quartette, "Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh" by Messrs. Keddy, Cohoon, Faulkner, Richardson, were well rendered and seemed to steal into the hearts of the people with a pathetic and impressive power. When "God bless our Native Land" was sung and the benediction pronounced the Wolfville Band played the "Dead March in Saul" as the people dispersed.

February 10th, the day appointed for special prayer for colleges, was duly observed at Acadia. The Pastor preached a very appropriate sermon in the morning principally befitting the student but containing suggestions calculated to help all. At 3 p. m. a mass meeting was held in College Hall presided over by Dr. Keirstead. The letters were not as numerous as formerly but those read expressed fervent desires from graduates abroad for the progress of their "Alma Mater." Rev. C. H. Day, Kentville, delivered an exceedingly thoughtful and inspiring discourse, taking for his subject, "The vision of Solomon and its significance to the young men and women of to-day." Mr. Day spoke of the world-wide dreamers, the revelation of the glory of Solomon's

inheritance,—a kingdom and its responsibilities, our inheritance and responsibilities as heirs of the nineteenth century and children of the twentieth. He also referred to the revelation of God's interest in the young man and his mission and then to the mistake of those who lack recognition of God in their life. At the close Dr. Sawyer supplemented the sermon with some practical and profound truths. We hope soon to receive another visit from Mr. Day.

The matriculating class of '98 inaugurated a new feature in Horton Academy life by giving a reception. Each succeeding class seems to rival its predecessors in making the "At Home" a success. The present students of H. C. A. cannot be counted as an exception. A most auspicious evening was chosen for the event, Feb. 15th, just at the close of the exams., when a change was welcomed by all. In response to the invitations a large number assembled in College Hall, at 8 o'clock, with great expectations and judging from appearances they were not disappointed. Principal and Mrs. Brittain, Miss Greta Bishop and Messrs. O. T. Calhoun and H. Baird received the guests. We need not remark on the neat "Twentieth Century" topic cards, the artistic decorations or the music. It may suffice to say that all was done "in order" and a very pleasant evening was spent by all the participants.

On Feb. 19th. President Trotter received a very hearty greeting as he entered the college chapel on his return from the U. S. where he spent a month visiting some of the most prominent institutions of learning. The Doctor was listened to with intense interest, for an hour, as he gave an account of his tour. The description given of the Educational Edifices and the adequate apparatus clearly indicated the great need there is of more ample buildings "on the hill" and especially for more modern appliances in the scientific department. Although Acadia lacks complete furnishings it is gratifying to learn of the successful career of her graduates, these taking high rank in many of the schools visited.

In these days the hospitality of the people of Canard has become proverbial among the students at Acadia. The class of '01 has by no means been the first to understand and appreciate this. Indeed this characteristic of the Canard people is even known to the freshmen, who all earnestly long for the time when they too shall be seniors and participate in these pleasures. Accordingly, when an invitation was received to spend the evening of Feb. 12th., at the home of Mrs. Everett Eaton, much pleasure rather than surprise was felt by the members of the class of '01. The elements, apparently appreciating the seniors of the opening year of the century, were propitious, and the journey was

not made in unromatic wagons as the similar expedition of last year, but in the smooth sliding sleighs with the jingling of the bells. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all, a "Turkey Supper" in no small degree contributing to the pleasure of the evening. Games and songs suited to the profound imaginations of seniors were also indulged in. An "upset" which usually forms an interesting feature of such expeditions occurred on the journey home, which greatly increased the pleasure and prestige of the participants. And with the boldness which is born of deep conviction we add that Mrs. Eaton and the memories of that pleasant evening will long live in the minds of those fortunate enough to be present.

Although the primary object of the month column is not to delineate the doings of the seniors, yet we wish to add that almost before they had time to recuperate from their former dissipation, the seniors were again entertained at the home of Mrs. Charles Heales, Wolfville, Feb. 19th. As on the similar occasion mentioned above the evening was most thoroughly enjoyed, and all felt that to be a senior and go to senior parties was worth all the struggles and disappointments of college life.

Social duties fortunately prevent us from falling into a too monotonous routine and the societies of the respective institutions faithfully serve their purpose by uniting the members in common interests and affording opportunities for pleasure as well as for intellectual attainments.

The Propylæum with Miss Bentley '01 as President was in a flourishing condition during last term. The first meeting of the present term was devoted to the election of new officers which resulted as follows:

President—Miss Logan '01.

Vice-President—Miss Pipes '02.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Archibald '04.

Doubtless with so efficient a staff the Propylæum will continue to grow in strength and importance.

The ATHENÆUM manifests quite an interest in debating. Some intricate subjects have been zealously and profitably discussed. After a prolonged silence the Lecture Committee has reported that Dr. Mac Mechan, Dalhousie, has consented to deliver a lecture in College Hall, early in March. This is the first of the "Star Course" for the year and without doubt will be a literary treat.

The A. A. A. is concentrating its attention on hockey. The first match game was between King's College and H. C. A. in Aberdeen Rink, Wolfville, score 5—5. A return game at Windsor resulted in score 7—2 in favor of King's. The most closely contested and best

played game of the season thus far was between the Resolutes of Windsor and the Acadia team. When time was called the score stood 3 to 3. By mutual consent the game was continued for twenty two minutes. Each team struggled hard to win the laurels and considerable enthusiasm was manifested by the large number of spectators. Neither side, however, succeeded in scoring although several attempts were made. Mr. H. Johnson acted as Umpire. On the evening of Feb. 18th. Yarmouth and Acadia teams lined up in Aberdeen Rink, each apparently confident of victory. The latter team, however, proved superior and seemed in the second half to have the game in their own hands. At the close of the game the score was 8 to 2 in favor of Acadia. The Acadia team was as follows: Goal, Taylor; point, T. H. Boggs; cover point, Manning; rover, Steele; centre, Christie; right wing, Hutchinson (Capt.); left wing, Haley. DeWitt played right wing in the last mentioned game as the Captain was prevented from playing on account of illness. Mr. A. H. Borden, umpired the game. We shall refrain from eulogizing individual players. However, the fast skating of rover, Cann, of Yarmouth, and the scientific playing of Boggs and Christie attracted special attention. An account of the league games will be given in a later issue.

Last in chronological order but by no means least in importance is the visit of Evangelist H. L. Gale under the auspices of the various churches of the Town and the Y. M. C. A. The Wednesday evening prayer-meetings of the Association held during the month were conducted by Principal McDonald, Dr. Keirstead and Dr. Trotter respectively. A call from Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Chester, was appreciated and his word of reminiscence and exhortation kindly received. The first of the series of meetings under the leadership of Mr. Gale was held in College Hall Sunday afternoon, Feb. 24th. His preliminary words were simple and pointed and addressed particularly to the Christians. His discourses on "The Word," on "Prayer" and on the "Holy Spirit" were straightforward and plain, appealing to the intellect as well as to the heart. Mr. Gale emphasizes the authenticity, entirety and intrinsic worth of the Bible and the necessity of a higher christian life in harmony with the literal interpretation of New Testament truths. Miss Hall, who accompanies him, brings the Gospel message in song expressive and impressive. She has an excellent voice and her exceptionally clear and distinct articulation is very commendable. The singing by the choir composed of about fifty persons from the Town and the respective institutions with Rev. Simeon Spidell as chorister, forms an important feature of the meetings. A large concourse of people attends the services and almost perfect order prevails.

Academy Notes.

Work at the Academy is progressing as usual. The number in attendance has not yet begun to decrease. In fact we hope to remain an almost unbroken family until the end of the term.

Hockey has been a leading topic of conversation during the past month. The games in which most interest were taken were probably those with the Windsor Collegiate School. It is unnecessary to relate the result of those games. Let it suffice to say that they tended to promote greatly the friendship between the kindred institutions. The boys from Windsor are gentlemen as well as good exponents of the game. Their play showed very clearly the benefits to be derived from daily and systematic gymnastic exercises.

Our boys were more successful in their games with the Freshmen and Sophomores, but again came to grief in their game with the Juniors. In the first half of this game, however, they put up their prettiest hockey of the season.

A very noticeable feature in the life of the Academy at present is a great growth in *esprit de corps*. This is very gratifying and is entirely as it should be. It will mean much to the Academy in the future. The advertising which pays the best and costs the least is that of the boys which attend the institution.

Even before the coming of Mr. Gale considerable spiritual growth was observable in the boys' prayer meetings. Two young men came out for the first time and made profession of their faith in Jesus Christ. Since Mr. Gale's coming several have taken this all important step.

Applications for admission to the Academy next year are already coming in and everything points to a very large attendance.

Seminary Notes.

The Physical Culture Exhibition will be held in College Hall on Friday evening, March 29; the Voice Recital April 26.

The many friends of Miss Graves, a former principal of the Seminary, will regret to learn that she is now in a precarious state of health.

The Seminary At Home for the Senior and Junior Classes of Acadia College is scheduled for March 15th.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Governors at the last meeting considered the question of the introduction of a department of Domestic Science. The committee in charge presented a favorable report and the indications are that work in that department will be taken up next September.

LOCALS

EDITORS: F. LOMBARD AND MISS E. G. PHILLIPS.

Who got seasick on the senior drive?

E-T-N: What kind of apples do you like best?

ELL-T: Bishop's Pippins.

B-N-R-FT: I am not going down town any more.

CHIP: Why?

B-N-R-FT: Because the Sems have changed their walking hours, and they are so bold that they stop and talk to me in the middle of the street.

DR. JONES: I would advise you to keep referring to the subjects you learn at college, until you are old men.

TH-M-S: What about mathematics?

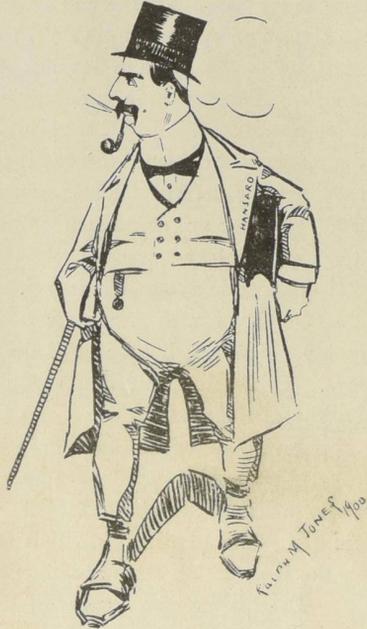
DR. J.: Well, I am not doing much at it now.

CHORUS: Here, here!

Two Greek students think the language they study very appropriate. The fact is not surprising when we consider that they meet such words as *Anc—lo—Ken—ai*.

H-B-R had the last topic at the reception all right, with a slight extension of time an(d) a close watch for Sem teachers.

Chip Hall was recently visited by some of the fair sex of the sophomore and freshmen classes accompanied by a Sem teacher. They visited Mr. H-L-Y who at that time was sick. After a careful examination of the furniture they began to admire a certain picture. When H-L-Y with a start exclaimed "Oh that's *Grace Darling*." Some of those present afterwards thought he did not mean the picture.



TEN YEARS AFTER (NO. 2.)

Montreal Star (Con.) March 10, 1910: "Mr. Currie, Minister of the Interior, is evidently a growing man."

Montreal Herald (Lib.) March 17, '10: "We agree with the Star; Mr. Currie is certainly a *growing* man, and no doubt a most efficient minister to *his own interior*."

[Ed's Note: Mr. Currie is not a heavy eater; above charge is prompted solely by liberal spite.]

DR :—Sipp can you define truth?

SIPP :—Don't think I can sir.

She was sent before tea to turn the lights out by her music instructor. Was it a (*w*) *righteous* cause that kept her late for tea?

We learn that H-L-Y since entering the junior year has given up the study of English and B-T-s has procured his copy of *Browning*.

A music pupil at the Seminary has decided that the *right* way to enter the piano director's studio is by the window, of course being careful not to get caught.

1st. Sem :—Do you like *debates*?

2nd. Sem :—Well I have only heard one and that one was so long and tiresome, that I do not care to hear another.

A-B-RM-N :—Let's go for a coast.

TH-M-S :—No, havn't time.

A-B-RM-M :—The girls are out there.

TH-M-S :—Oh! wait till I get my coat on.

R-B-NS-N :—(pointing at policeman.) There is the humblest man in this town.

K-LL-M :—How do you make that out?

R-B-NS-N :—Because he washes the feet of the whole police force of Wolfville.

Only a *slip*.

Sem :—Oh recite the piece you did the other day.

New Sem :—“No, I can't.”

Chorus :—“But you must.”

New Sem,—beginning another piece :—“Leonard came up the lane and he came very late.”

Chorus :—We want the other one.

Sem :—“Oh, no! give us that, its dearer to my heart.”

All that is necessary for a fine coast is a *strong* sled with a *good* speed.

C-X :—This is the most peculiar country that I have ever seen.

B-GG :—Why?

C-X :—Because, although it is winter, everything appears *green* to me.

SIP :— What is the meaning of amorous?

DR :— Consult *Webster*.

The hockey match between the Sophomore and Freshmen classes turned out to be a good base-ball practise. They both showed signs of being good base-sliders.

CO-ED :— She's a pretty girl.

Junior :— She goes to the Sem doesn't she?

CO-ED -- No, she doesn't.

Junior :— Oh! she can't be pretty then.

DR :— The study of this Georgie, Miss C-a-d-ll, makes you love the country and the farmers, does it not?

MISS C-A-D-LL — Yes sir.

C-R-Y :— Oh to be a farmer.

A few of the juniors sometime ago formed an anti-swear club. Any one of them who swore within a certain time had to forfeit one cent for each offence. The proceeds went to provide a supper for themselves and friends. It is not necessary to say that the supper was a very elaborate affair. It was a lucky thing for some that this club did not exist during Junior vs. Academy hockey match for according to reports K-D-Y would be bankrupt.

While C-mn-gh-m was at the reception in the Sem he was heard quoting :—

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet;
The sound of a door that is opened
And voices soft and sweet.

But later when arriving at his room in the Hall he was heard to say :—

I hear in the room above me
The flop of Percy's feet
And here or there, I'm never free
From Goodspeed's music sweet.

Acknowledgments.

M. P. Freeman, \$1.00; W. W. Chipman, \$1.00; Fred Faulkner, \$1.00; Miss Flo Harris, \$1.00; Raymond Colpitts, \$0.50; J. Roland, \$1.00; W. Manning, \$1.50; Miss Irene Spencer, \$1.00; Mrs. Ashley Harrison, \$0.50; Miss C. M. Brown, \$1.00; Miss Flossie Elkin, \$1.00; Miss Anna Clark, \$1.00; Miss Gertrude Titus, \$1.00; Miss B. M. McMillan, \$1.00; Miss Bertha Schurman, \$1.00; C. W. Peppitt, \$1.00; Rolf Trimble, \$0.50; Miss May Skinner, \$1.00; S. S. Poole, \$1.00; Miss Blanche Burgess, \$2.00; Extra Copies, \$1.17,—Total, \$21.17.

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