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The Young Man's Opportunity.

Never before in the history of mankind has the young man had held out to him such opportunities, such advantages as the twentieth century offers—to the college young man, to the Canadian young man. As the young man fresh from college next month stands upon the threshold of life, upon the threshold of a new century what boundless fields of activity are spread before him! What prizes there are to be won if he will but be master of his chosen line of work! There is an insatiate demand for men of power, who have mastered their profession or pursuit. The world is crying out for great engineers, who will make deserts blossom; who by railway, steamship or canal achievement will annihilate time and space; who will call into play the forces of nature to drive mammoth factories; who will achieve great things in the realm of economic production so that the earth may be made to support its rapidly increasing millions. For the engineer there is a great opportunity and a work of truly beneficent motive.

To the business organizer there is a great opportunity. Commerce is world wide; capital is centralized to a high degree; business organization is most complex and intricate with its wonderful machinery and its vast interests. Commerce requires as much invention as engineering, as much diplomacy as statesmanship, as much leadership as war. The captain of industry has a great work in solving the problem of production on the most extensive scale and of distribution in the most equitable and economic manner.

It may be thought that because there are these men, the great captains of industry, the engineers of almost superhuman creative ability, the great Napoleons of finance and commerce, for that very reason there is little chance for the young man to rise. He can only hope to become part of a great machine, all individual initiation will be crushed. There is no greater mistake. The centralization of industry, the rise of combinations and trusts is the natural result of the necessity of production in the vastest scale and in the most economic manner. Not one mind alone can solve these problems. They require the concentrated, co-operative effort of myriad minds, scientists, administrators,

engineers, men learned in the law, and it is more useful and more inspiring for a man to be working harmoniously with his fellows to help solve a world problem than by working individually to labor perhaps at cross purposes with the economic organization. This complex economic organization results in a nice adjustment of aptitudes to needs which results in the largest return to labor both in the mass and individually. Working thus the young man can hope to contribute more to the world's store of knowledge, more to the stores of commodities and services whereby the earth's millions live. The great organizers, plutocrats though they be, have not crushed down but have lifted up great masses of population who of their own initiation could not have adjusted themselves to the world's rapidly changing economy. As the world's millions grew, the centralization of capital, the unification of industry must go on still faster. The billion dollar trust is the logical antecedent to billion populations.

To the investigator there is a great opportunity. In the realms of natural science, economics, sociology, applied science there are fields that have yet been only scratched. A myriad array of problems awaits the diligent student and bold thinker and he who can grapple with them strenuously can do a great deal to satisfy physical wants, to improve the relations of man to man in the state and in society and to raise the general level of well being.

In the professions of law and government men of surmounting ability are required to deal with the problem of democracy, to ameliorate the ills of class distinctions, to harmonize the interests of labor and capital, to solve the problems arising from conflicting national ambitions.

In the ministry men of broad outlook and wide sympathies are needed, men who are not bound down by dogma and sectarianism, men who go out from the church into the world to take their natural places as leaders in battling with the social ills, and by their strength of will and strength of purpose, to impress their spirit and the spirit of Christianity upon commercial life, upon political life, upon social life.

There is a great need of college young men. College bred men are stepping into the positions of power and responsibility all over the Continent. The college men are the aristocracy of intellect and ambition among young men throughout America. The brightest, most resourceful and most ambitious among our young men are securing a college training before entering the arena of life. The professions and the great realm of business are extending an eager hand to the college-bred man. It pays a young man in dollars and cents to have spent four years in the study of the arts and sciences, not to mention the personal satisfaction that such an education gives. It pays a young man because his mathematics and philosophy train his mind in careful

and logical thinking, because his natural science trains his powers of observation, because his history and economics and literature develop his imaginative faculty, give him accurate, perspective and almost prophetic vision. His whole range of studies raises him out of the narrow ruts and places him on a high plane where he sees things in their largeness and greatness. He is liberalized, his point of view is broad, he can see the tendency of things and can adjust himself to changing conditions and reap individual benefit thereby; and if he is by nature a great man he can influence the course of events and be a maker of history. This imaginative faculty is one of the greatest gifts, one of the most distinctive marks of the successful man and it is one that the training of the college does a great deal to develop.

It is well then for the young man to spend four years with the world's best minds and best thought before he starts upon his life work, whether it be to study his profession, to follow up some department of investigation or to enter the arena of commerce or industry. But how many really appreciate their advantages during those four years? It is only after the student has been out of college a few years that he begins to realize how much he missed in his course. It is to a great extent his own fault, it is to a smaller extent the fault of the institution.

Much more might be done in the college in preparing the student for actual life. Every study has its practical side, its application to real life. That side should be emphasized most strongly, the college should not be a cloister, its work should not be purely academic, but it should be borne in mind that students are being prepared for offices, for citizenship. This must be particularly emphasized with respect to the study of the classics if they are to retain their place on the curriculum. The best thought of the ancients has a strong bearing on present day life, for it is the great body of experience amassed through the ages that determines our doings and our judgment in the twentieth century. So too history and science, mathematics and metaphysics, logic and psychology will show us how to adapt ourselves to our environment, to make the most of life, to enjoy it best, to be of the most service to our fellow men.

There is a great opportunity for Canadian young men. Canada has with the new century entered upon a new era of her history, an era of expansion, material and mental. The country had grown stagnant in population, in industrial life, in political aims and in its ideals. Confederation had been fought for and won, the great trans-continental railway had been built, there was no great absorbing question before the people and politics had descended into petty bickerings. The country apparently had no natural ideal, nothing to stimulate the higher patriotic sentiments, while race animosities were most marked. But all has now

been changed. Canada has thrown off its sluggishness, its vast natural resources are beginning to attract world wide attention, Canadians are beginning to believe in their country, for the first time they have discovered that the country has a destiny. Formerly there was more or less purely academic discussion as to whether we were tending toward imperial federation, independence or annexation. Now all men know that Canada is to be one of the strong and mighty seats of Anglo-Saxon power, that she is to take her place beside Great Britain, the United States, Australia and South Africa in the work of determining the course of world history, the work of spreading civilization and christianity. They know that because the course of empire is westward, because of its untapped new world resources, because of its position between the old world and the far east, because of its youth and vigor Canada will take a most important position in the councils of Anglo-Saxondom and will be a strong arm of its power in its conflict with continental nations for the commercial and military wasting of the world that must mark this century. She has given a strong impetus to imperialism by her part in the Boer war, by her preferential tariff, and she is helping to shape the course of imperial history. We are on the threshold of great questions, questions of an imperial nature, and Canada, as the senior colony must be to the fore in solving them. The horizon of the Canadian voter, as a result of Paardeburg and of the complex course of events, has suddenly been enlarged to embrace the whole world and he must take cognizance of vast problems, of armaments, fiscal policy, &c., and as the country grows in strength and numbers its individual responsibility in the solution of those problems will increase.

In its material growth Canada has taken a wonderful impetus in the last two or three years, as witness Sydney, Shawinigan and the Sault in the east and the Kootenay district in the west, but the chief significance of what has already been accomplished is as a foretaste of what can and will be done. In the pulp and paper industry Canada is qualified to rule the markets of the world. In the iron industry she has wonderful resources and facilities and will be able to contribute a large share for the engineering work that must be done in South Africa, South America, China and other countries during this century, as well as for the countries nearer at hand. The Maritime Provinces are destined to be the home of great iron industries. New Ontario possesses as rich resources in iron as Michigan and active steps are now being taken to develop these by the Clergue and Cramp syndicates. By the end of 1901 the rate of output of pig iron will quadruple that of the close of 1900 and by the end of 1902 Canada should be producing iron at a rate of a million tons a year. In the other metals, gold, silver, copper, nickel, &c., Canada is very rich and development is going on apace.

As the mineral development continues manufactures must follow and with cheap raw material and cheap transportation the country should become a large exporter of manufactured goods. And herein Canada possesses a great source of wealth in her mighty waterway, the world's greatest waterway, the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, which as the work of improving their navigation proceeds will give the Ontario manufacturing towns the advantages for distribution of seaport towns. Then for industrial purposes Canada has a great source of wealth in its water powers, affording millions upon millions of horse power. Speaking of the new town of Shawinigan which owes its existence to the great water power there Premier Parent of Quebec refers to it as but a type of fully twenty towns that must spring up in the province in the same way.

This great development will create a demand for men in all walks of life, men of skill in the arts and industries, professional men and men of administrative ability who will be able to lead these towns through the perils of their boom periods. Then the prosperity will react upon the leading centers, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and so on, and education, literature and art will receive an impetus and as a result will offer additional attraction to the young men seeking honors in those fields of activity.

To the one who is devoted to the study of social problems Canada is destined to offer an important field of labor. This struck the writer very forcibly when he looked for the first time upon the vast works at Sydney and saw a long line of Italians drawn up in front of the pay sheds. Canada will soon have all the questions cropping up incident to the inflow of foreign populations. The industrial centers in the east, the prairies in the west will begin to fill up with the pauper labor of Europe, and we will have new responsibilities in the work of attempting to make good citizens of them and assimilating them with ourselves.

And then we have our own race problem. We are two peoples, with two tongues, two religions, two sets of local institutions and customs, and with diverse modes of thought. If Canada is to prosper these must be moulded into one. There must be a common ideal looking to the building up of a strong young country where French and English speaking will work side by side in harmony and accord. Then will we have a united Canada moving on toward her imperial destiny as the strong arm of Great Britain stretching out toward the east, the future military and commercial battleground of the world.

W. G. MACFARLANE, '93.

The Royal Canadians in England.

In our fourteen months campaigning the R. C. R. had many interesting experiences but none we delight in dwelling upon so much as our reception in Great Britain. For most of us it was our first visit to the Empire's centre and the kindness shown us by all from the Sovereign to her poorest subjects, touched every heart as nothing else in the war had done. Now that our Queen has passed away, every moment we passed in her presence seems doubly precious.

We disembarked at Southampton on the 29th. November and immediately entrained for London. From Paddington Station we marched to Kensington Barracks through a solid mass of cheering thousands. Through the roar we could hear "Bravo Canada!" "Good Old Maple Leaf!" "Well done Boys!" and we couldn't help feeling that the heart of mighty London was ours. For the Empire's sake we had gone to war and now through us the Empire was thanking loyal Canada and we took it that way.

Surely soldiers never lived in Barracks as did we! Long tables, gaily decorated, were always spread, scores of waiters were ever present. Day and night we could go and come and every phase of London's life was open to us. Money could never have gained this for us but the khaki and the Maple Leaf were the magic keys that unlocked all doors.

A dozen large "brakes" with streaming flags were always at our disposal and as the drivers took a different course every day, we saw a great part of the City. Men of the London Volunteers acted as guides and a large force of police was told off for our service. We were the guests of the Nation and no honor was deemed too high for the Regiment.

We went down to Windsor on Friday and immediately marched through the town into the Castle yard, thousands being out in holiday attire, their eager faces, the music and the bright sunshine made it a perfect "Queen's Day."

In the Castle we formed up in "Review Order" and waited, every eye turned towards one of the carriage doors. A ringing of iron shod hoofs on the pavement, a rattle of wheels and the Queen is before us! Our rifles clash to the "Present," the ranks stiffen as if to stone, the band pours out the National Anthem, while that "dear, little, old lady" drove out to greet us. How simple she looked and how old! As we marched close past her carriage she looked at us through her large glasses, with eyes that filled with tears at the sight of some wounded men. She thanked us for our services in a few low but clear words, words that meant much to us.

The officers and some wounded men were now personally presented and then we marched past once more, the last time, as we felt then,

we should see our Queen on earth. That picture in our memories will never fade.

We now wandered at will amongst the treasures of the Castle and then were given a magnificent banquet in the Royal Riding School. By order of the Queen our photo was taken on one of the terraces by her own photographer.

Our inspection by the (then) Prince of Wales was more of a function of state. At Albany Street Barracks he reviewed us along with the Household Cavalry. The Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wesley, Sir Evelyn Wood and many distinguished foreigners were also present. "The Prince" gave us hearty words of greeting and impressed us all by his kindly manner. "The Princess" also smiled her welcome. The Empire is certainly fortunate in having such a King and Queen to follow our beloved Victoria.

I must pass over the remainder of our visit very briefly. The Lord Mayor gave us a banquet at the Mansion House and received us officially at the Guild Hall. Princess Louise and her husband the Duke of Argyle, came down from Scotland and took dinner with us personally, at Kensington Palace. Lord Strathcona tendered us a beautiful reception at the "Colonial Institute."

We spent hours in the Royal Stables, Buckingham Palace, the Tower of London, the Zoological Gardens and had special services in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Mr. Chamberlain personally showed us the House of Commons, enlivening us with his characteristic anecdotes. In the House of Lords we met three Ex-Governor-Generals and fairly took possession of everything. The members seemed delighted to see the cool way in which the men took the wonders of the House and hunted out for us all their rarest relics. The death warrant of Charles I. seemed especially valued.

All theatres and places of amusement were open to us and we heard all the best talent of London. "The Messiah" at the Albert Hall was given with a chorus of one thousand and five hundred instruments.

Special excursions were arranged to Brighton, Whale Island the great Naval School, Woolwich Arsenal and other places. Invitations had to be refused from all the chief cities of England.

At Liverpool before our departure, we received the greatest public demonstration. Over 200,000 people were in the streets and everybody seemed to want to shake hands or clap us on the back. Again and again ranks were broken—killed with kindness was almost literally true. After dinner with the Lord Mayor we went on board the "Erm" where the S. S. company tendered us a lunch that evening.

As we sailed away down the Mersey we were followed by the

cheers of half a city, while from every whistle on ship and factory there sounded out a shrill "good-bye." With a bunch of English Mistletoe and Holly aloft we left old England behind but in our ears we can still hear those last farewells and in our hearts we carry a love greater than ever for the Empire and the Empire's King.

STANLEY L. JONES, '97.

Morden, Man.

A College Reminiscence.

Cotton says that they who have light in themselves will not revolve as satellites. Now it seems to me,—not to make any invidious comparisons,—that the College boys of forty years ago had the inner light, and having freely received, freely gave. In those days there was more dependence upon self, more desire to keep the internal forces in active operation, and thus the power to produce fresh and original creations was greatly enhanced. When themes for essays were assigned you were expected to give your own views and ideas, and it was but rarely that the Professor was disappointed. Originality was demanded and given no matter what the subject was—Literature, Science, Ethics, Ontology, Cosmogony, or the Higher Theology. In the old days it was easy to "spot" a student that had an essay to write. He talked less, he ate less, he slept less, and thought much. When not seated in his chair with pen in hand, with pen on ear he revolved round the table. One thought, one purpose pervaded his soul. So rapt was he at times in the contemplation of his subject that he forgot to be present when the bell tolled the solemn hours for lectures. Indeed he was not his own but his subject's property, so firmly and tenaciously did his mental tentacles lay hold of his theme. Under this mighty prension something had to be evolved. Thought after thought flashed forth and the pen in hot haste recorded the glowing periods. The train of thought once started, nothing could stay the onward rush of his masterly creations. It is now 12 o'clock p. m. The exhausted student leaves the product of his thought upon the table and seeks his well-earned rest. It was thus essays were produced in the days of old.

Now it struck the students of 1859 that their valuable thoughts should have wider circulation. Why not have a College paper? Why should not some of our contemporaries have the benefit of the thoughts which were constantly welling up in the souls of our boys possessed of the vision and the faculty divine? To this end a meeting was called to press the students into service. To that meeting came the callow Freshman, the half-fledged Sophomore, the Junior who was beginning to feel his pinions, and the grave and reverend Senior who had already

essayed aerial flights. As the discussion proceeded, the enthusiasm rose and grew. With remarkable unanimity it was agreed to publish a paper; the agreement to support and make it a success was no less marked. There was glee on many a face that day. In the hearts of all there were big expectations. The auspicious time had come at last for the expression of this wealth of mental life. Talent would no longer be hidden under a bushel. Verily it was an epoch in the history of Acadia College when there was ushered into existence "Words From the Mustapha's Chamber."

Now lest you may think the language used illustrates Parturient Montes, Nascetur ridiculus Mus, let me produce or exhibit some samples of subjects and their treatment. I forgot to say that subjects were assigned to each writer and he was expected to write on it willy-nilly. To this rule there may have been some exceptions. But now for the specimens. To the Editor and myself fell the task of writing a Poem on the subject, "Gudolphus in the Past." Here only an extract or two can be given of an Epic worthy of a high place in works of the imagination. The proper interpretation of this work may possibly be given by the exegetes of the future. The following passage may be regarded as a sample of the higher flight of the Muse. Indeed I can call up no passage in Milton that vies with this in sublimity and power of expression. Here is the text:

"In ablamantian jibes tantaric swelling, the spinal host in delvian strains grammific weltered. Detoning, probing with hysperian spear the adamantine globules rolled concussive; anon the daphian frog with wings splenific scaled the tantard tops with strides convulsive. Adown the abyssmal depths he urged his way athwart a sea of suns. At clineal shrines he leapt, a starry strophe, inlaid the zones with light efulgent, ranged the mighty platitudes chaotic, horrific borne on belts of thunder sowed the starry atoms. Down dipt the demagogian stars all constellate, while light typhonian belched forth a pericarpic function. Initiate, sterne, he trod the path of synthetallic splendor, outblinked the sun with gaze protuberant. The stars sweat drifts of snow. The moon recusitant, oblique, condolic, swam the brazen fundamus."

The close of this Epic has received unstinted praise from critics of keen perception and exquisite taste. Compare the extract given with Milton's 'Heaven opened wide her ever-during gates, harmonious sound, on golden hinges turning.'

"Anon the wings of morning dipt, convulsive brake, while silvery ripples lapped the sea of time. Years snowed their drifts, Gudolphus bending, a synonym of age. Thus wrought Gudolphus in the past. Years have grown yearful since he stepped majestic. The Pleiads, sisters seven, hold consultation sweet. Urania dried her tears. The

Northern Bear, once more asphoidal sits pacific. Jupiter, quiescent rests, and Venus supple roams, her chains dissolved, while nature rests in universal peace.’’

Yet the Muse was kind in those old college days. Snatches of song,—exquisite gems,—found their way into Albums. You simply sat down, and the pen began at once to move to measures. Our friends wondered at the facility with which we could compose. Would that I could now recall some of the lines embalmed in books! Even trivial themes, as some might regard them, were not deemed unfit for poetry. The soul of the poet casts a spell and a charm upon all things. The stock expression is, I think, genius glorifies common things. Here let me explain the origin of the poem given below. One of our students, now a distinguished judge of the Supreme Court, with a pertinacity and frequency worthy of a better cause used to scrape with razor his upper lip and chin. If I remember rightly, the maxillary regions of his face put forth no sprouts, but on the portions less sterile no hirsute appendages of any appreciable length were for a time allowed to grow. At last, however, he threw away his weapon and permitted nature to have her perfect work. This student had a dog named “Don.” “Don” observed the change in his master’s habits, and feeling in his inmost being that the change would be productive only of good, caused his cogitations to be thus expressed through an interpreter.

NATURE VERSUS ART.

My soul is full of canine song once more,
Once more my heart beats full and strong;
I sang how brief was doghood life before,
But now I sing more joyous song—
I sing my master’s upper lip and chin,
I wag my tail the live-long day
That he has quit a grievous, grievous sin,
His razor he has put away.

His precious time is wasted now no more,
Nor is his cash for soap and stuff:
His face and throat are now no longer sore,
For nature sure is wise enough.
Alas! that man should mar his noble face
By scraping off the ambrosial hair
Which grandma Nature knew so well to place
And meant that he should ever wear.
Who now can look upon my master’s face
That lacks nor *beard nor prejudice
And fail to feel the course that nature took
In her peculiar work was wise?
Presumptuous Impudence! that art should dare
To take her mamma’s rightful place,
And bid her child how he should trim and square
The ornament she lent his face.

*Bitter Irony.

It may be noted in this connection that the motto of our paper was *Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. The following appeared among editorial matter in one of the issues :

The Editor was accosted on Saturday by an honest-looking fellow who, after many compliments on our paper, asked somewhat sarcastically, if people did not usually swim with their clothes off. We answered that it was even so. "Well," says he "your motto says, 'Rare swimmers go about great ponds!'" We explained our motto and enlarged somewhat on the sublimity of the thought expressed by it. He thanked us with an honest face, and added, "I guess there's a good many that don't understand it." For the benefit of those who cannot translate it, we append a full translation—"a few swimming here and there in the wide waste of waters." This item also appeared in the "Words:" "We are much gratified in being able to announce that we have secured some of the ablest writers as contributors to the 'Words.' To-day we issue two splendid articles from the pen of one of them, viz., 'Attention Chums,' 'Work for some of you,' articles worthy of repeated perusal and deep meditation." We need not give the name of the author, but are pleased to give the substance of one of the articles.

WORK FOR SOME OF YOU.

"It is sad for our country if her mechanical progress surpasses her literature, if she has great strength of mills and vessels and roads, but no strength of written books—sad when any country is skillful in making cottons and houses and puddings, but has no sublime thoughts that wander thro' Eternity—has embodied none of those glorious principles which shall bloom like the bursting rose when the narrow, shifting isthmus of this world shall have crumbled away—when merchandize shall no more be carried across ocean or continent, and no man shall need cloth, nor bread, nor gas-light. Look well to it, ye students, that we have salt in this land."

Let me give to the readers of the ATHENÆUM a few staves of an almost impromptu Poem—a Poem which has in it some beautiful touches of that human nature which makes the world akin. After you have read this Poem, you will doubtless make this exclamatory remark. An impromptu Poem! How much richer the world would have been had the author studied and elaborated his creation as Gray did his Elegy in a Country Churchyard!

"Come rouse up, boys, let us have a sail!
The drifting scud shows a favoring gale
And Minas' bosom your yacht-keel invites.
Let us over the billows and far away
Where the porpoises blow and the haddock play
A death to dull sloth! boys, what do you say?
Will you court the ocean's delight?"

Thus cried a youth to his happy classmates
When the checkered web of the all-busy fates
Showed the first gay threads of a holiday.
The Juniors' hands clapped in innocent glee
The hands of their heart—(tis a figure you see).
From Wolfville's dull shores we'll joyfully flee,
And we'll make this a true jolly day.

The breakfast dispatched, our plans were soon laid,
 And an exquisite programme was hastily made,
 Not even creature wants were left unprovided—
 But an ominous rumor soon on our ears fell,
 Like the first faint sound of the Academy bell
 When it tolls aforth the cricket game's knell,
 We the ill-shadowing omen decided.

Still each heart's misgivings gleam forth 'neath a frown
 The mate and the skipper volunteered to go down,
 The worst or the best determined to know;
 They returned with a slow and a measured step;
 "Of course we *could* go, but we're not at all set,
 The day is so calm, and the day is so wet
 That we guess, on the whole, we'd not better go."

Nor were the College boys of the old days deficient in either wit or humor. They could keenly appreciate this instance of wit. "What I want" said a pompous orator, aiming at his antagonist, "is common sense." "Exactly!" was the whispered reply. Or this example of humor or caricature upon English reserve. An Oxford student is standing upon the brink of a river, greatly moved at the sight of a drowning man before him, and so cries out, Oh, that I had been *introduced* to this gentlemen that I might save his life. It was indeed to them a feast of fat things to read Sir Roger De Coverly of Addison and The Silent Woman of Ben Jonson. Please read what follows:

Auction!! Rare Chance!!!

The subscriber wishes to sell by auction at 5 o'clock to-morrow, on the college platform, 1 ladder for going down into a subject, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen trowels for laying the foundation of an argument, 8 skeins of the thread of discourse, 2 brooms suitable for a sweeping assertion, and 6 mallets to be used in knock-down arguments,—also 3 guns for teaching "The young idea how to shoot" and 1 crowbar for prying into a subject. All the above have been tested, and are warranted No 1 articles.

Wanted! (Highest price given.) A lock of Jupiter's ambrosial curls, a hair from Agamemnon's eyebrows, and a little tuft of woolly fuzz from Thersites' pate, also a twig from one of Vergil's Osier Hurdles.

The subscriber being desirous of completing his classical cabinet is very anxious to secure the above.

Let me conclude this article on reminiscences by giving you a paragraph on love. The students,—and perhaps others,—will be sure to read this.

"Love, love! what exquisite forms does it assume! Men are surprised at a very early and precocious attachment like that of Dante, but we are not surprised. See how a little child will love a bird. How the child longs to caress it—longs to hold it lovingly in its own two hands. Simple, pure, and exquisite feeling! Dante must love something, and if Beatrice was there, it must be Beatrice. The bird and

the flower cannot understand our love and return it like Beatrice.

“There is for this reason always some sense of repulse and disappointment in our love of nature. The poet who saw in the beautiful laurel a transformed nymph whom not even the god could now approach expressed a feeling we have all experienced. There is the imprisoned Daphne in every graceful tree. How it attracts and yet repels!”

Charles Edward Seaman.

As the years go on, Acadia's honor roll of distinguished graduates lengthens appreciably. Throughout Canada and the United States not a few of the most exalted and responsible positions in the gift of Church, State and Education are to-day filled by those who look upon our old university with the affection of sonship, and whose success, Acadia's students and graduates everywhere watch with a lively and sympathetic interest.

Among those who have thus reflected credit upon their *alma mater*, the subject of this sketch, the newly appointed professor of Commerce and Economics in the University of Vermont, is certainly entitled to a place.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to be associated with him as classmates, to observe the working of his splendid intellect in the lecture room, or in the college societies, and to feel the spell of his whole-hearted and fascinating companionship, expected great things from Charlie. His successful career since graduation, and his appointment at so early an age to the head of an important department in a leading university, convince us that our expectations were not altogether begotten of the sanguineness of youth.

Prof. Seaman is a native of Pictou County, and he came to us at Acadia on a diploma from Horton Collegiate Academy where he had won a reputation for scholarship. From the beginning of his collegiate course he took front rank among the best students of the institution and this place he held until his graduation. He was not an immoderately hard student and seemingly always had time to devote to college enterprises or to social demands. Yet he took honors throughout his entire course and easily held his own with the most indefatigable “pluggers” of his class. He possessed a genuine college spirit and every undertaking of the student body interested him. He was not an athlete and yet his counsel was sought and valued quite as much upon the campus as in the reception hall or debating society. Nor did his interest in Acadia close with his college course. For two years following his graduation he did sterling work for the institution as secretary of the associated alumni and those who know him, know that he is quite as

enthusiastic an Acadian to-day, as when, from the ropes, as a light hearted undergraduate, he cheered the "red and blues" on to victory.

After his graduation in 1892, he accepted the position of principal of the Wolfville High School, succeeding a fellow alumnus, Mr. M. S. Read, now Professor Read, of Colgate University. Here he evinced rare qualities as an instructor and did much to improve the efficiency of the school.

After two years he resigned this position to pursue an extensive course in political science at Harvard. Here he spent four years of careful study, taking the degree of A. B. in 1895 and that of A. M., in 1896. While at Harvard he studied principally under Professor MacVane, another Acadia graduate, and professors Dunbar, Tousig, Ashley, Cummings, Gross, and Channing. The college calendars show that he made an exceptionally brilliant record during his course and the professors under whom he studied, speak in glowing terms of his ability. Professor MacVane in particular, took a great interest in his promising young co-alumnus, and the greater part of three summers, professor and student spent together in the professor's pleasure yacht cruising off the New England coast.

In 1895 he was appointed assistant in Constitutional Law at the University and this position he retained during the remainder of his stay at Harvard. In 1896-97 he was secretary, and in 1897-98, president of the Harvard Canadian Club, and when he left the University he was vice-president of the Harvard Graduate Club.

Mr. Seaman spent the year 1899 in travel. In January he sailed from New York for Liverpool. From thence he visited in succession, Egypt, Greece, Italy, France, Belgium, Russia, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany and Holland. In the latter country he arrived just at the outbreak of the Boer war, and he visited Leyden University when the excitement aroused by the struggle was at its highest pitch. In December 1899 he sailed from London for Bombay. He travelled through North West India, up the Himalayas to visit Mount Everest, to Calcutta, and thence to Burmah, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, China, Japan, and Corea. He was in Tien-Tsin at the beginning of the recent complications and narrowly escaped being retained in the country outside Pekin. In July he reached Halifax arriving by way of Vancouver.

In October of last year, Mr. Seaman was called to the head of the department of Commerce and Economics in the University of Vermont the leading educational institution in the state. The institution occupies a most picturesque location on the banks of Lake Champlain. The department to which Professor Seaman has been called to be the head has been established for only a short time having been recently

endowed by John H. Converse of Philidelphia the head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The department opens under the most auspicious circumstances. The extent of its endowment assures its financial success and the ability and genius of its professor guarantees its popularity and usefulness.

The new professor at the University of Vermont certainly enters upon his life work under promising conditions. His excellent collegiate training, his fine ability, and his natural industry all go to assure us that a brilliant and honorable future is in store for him. His course will be watched with genuine interest by Acadia students and none more gladly than they will learn of new honors which they are convinced he is yet to earn.

O. P. G., '92.

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A Metrical Version of Aeneid,

BOOK I, LINES 1—207.

Of arms I sing, and of the hero who,
 Exiled by fate from Trojan shores,
 To Italy and Latium coasts first came.
 Much tossed was he o'er lands and deep
 By might of gods because of Juno's wrath,
 Relentless, cruel; Many woes in war
 Were also his till he his city built
 And brought his gods to Latium, whence there sprung
 The Latin race and Alban fathers, whence
 As well the walls of lofty Rome.

O muse,
 Recount to me the reasons why the queen
 Of gods, or caused by grief or thwarted will,
 Compelled a man of wondrous piety
 So oft to undergo vicissitudes,
 To meet so many toils. Could wrath so great
 Find place in heavenly minds?

Of old there was
 A city, Carthage named, from Tyre off-sprung,
 Rich in resources, warlike, keenly fierce;
 This land, 'tis said, was loved by Juno much
 Above all others, even Samos less.
 Here were her arms, her chariot too was here;
 This land, would but the fates permit, e'en then
 The goddess fondly hoped to make the world's
 Great head. But now she feared for that she heard
 A race would spring from Trojan blood which should
 One day o'erturn the Tyrian citadels;
 Here from a people ruling wide, and proud
 In war would come for Libya's overthrow;
 'Tis thus the Fates unroll the book of life.
 Saturnia fearing this and mindful yet
 Of ancient war which she for Argos dear
 'Gainst Troy had foremost waged (nor even then
 Had cruel grief and cause of wrath escaped
 Her mind; but buried deeply in her heart
 There lay the judgment Paris gave and wrong
 He did her slighted form, the hateful race,

an/

m/

d/

c ←

And Ganymede's stolen honors) incensed
 By these she kept from Latian shore afar
 The Trojans, tossed o'er all the deep, whom Greeks
 And merciless Achilles had left; ~~who~~,
 Driven by fate for many years, all seas
 Had wandered round. So great a task was it
 To found the Roman nation.

Scarce from sight
 Of land Sicilian, joyful, on the deep
 Our sails we set, and through the salt sea-foam
 Were ploughing swift with brazen prow, when thys,
 Preserving in her heart the unhealing wound,
 Herself addressing, Juno said: "Am I,
 Forsooth, o'ercome to cease from my attempt,
 And may I not turn off the Trojans' King
 From Italy? In truth by baffling fates
 I'm foiled. Was Pallas able to consume
 The Argive fleet with fire, to engulf the men
 In whelming flood, for wrong and rage of one,
 Oileus' son, fell Ajax? She from heaven
 Cast forth the swiftly darting fire of Jove,
 And scattered ships and up-heaved wind-tossed waves;
 And him forth-breathing from his riven breast
 The blasting flames, she caught by whirl-wind force
 And on a jagged rock impaled. But I,
 Who walk as queen of gods, of Jove alike
 The wife and sister, wage these many years
 Long war with this one race. Henceforth, I pray,
 What man the power of Juno will adore
 Or place a suppliant's gift upon her shrine?"
 The goddess, pondering in her rageful heart
 Such thoughts, to land Aeolian came, of storms
 The fatherland, a region swept by winds
 That furious rage. Here Aeolus, the King,
 In cavern vast restrains by sovereign power
 And curbs by prison chains the struggling winds
 And hoarse resounding storms. They, chafing sore,
 With murmur large and deep roar forth their rage
 Against the barrier walls. On high the King,
 His sceptre holding, sits, and soothes the rage
 Their wrathful spirits feel. Unless he do,
 The seas, and lands, and heavens profound forsooth
 They'd bear away with them in rapid flight
 And sweep through air. But fearing this, great Jove,
 Omnipotent, shut them in caverns dark,
 And piled these massive mountain peaks above,
 And gave a king who knows by fixed law
 Both how to check and how to give loose rein
 When bidden. Juno then these suppliant words
 To him addressed:

"O Aeolus, to thee
 The father of the gods and king of men
 Has given both to smooth the waves and toss
 Them with the winds, and so hear thou my prayer.
 A race at enmity with me now sails
 The Tuscan sea and carries Ilium
 And vanquished household gods to Italy.
 Strike force into the winds, and whelm and sink
 Their fleet, or scatter far apart their ships
 And strew their bodies o'er the seething sea.
 Twice seven nymphs of form divinely fair
 I have; of these Deiopea, first
 In beauty, will I name as thine, and win
 By bonds of wedlock fixed, that she with thee,

For these thy ready services, may spend
Thy years' full tale, and bear to thee a line
Of goodly sons."

And Aeolus replied:
"Thy toil, O queen, is but to search and find
What thou would'st have; my duty then it is
To execute thy will; 'tis thou didst gain
This kingdom, such as 'tis, for me, my rule,
And Jove's benignant eye; to me dost give
To lie at feasts celestial, and hast made
Me regnant o'er storm-cloud and tempest blast."

As thus he spake, with spear reversed he struck
The hollow mountain 'gainst the side, and then,
The winds, as if to line of march conformed,
Through opened port rush forth, and o'er the earth
In whirlwind blast outflow. As one the East wind
And South wind and tempestuous Africus
Swoop on the sea and to its lowest depths
Disturb the whole and shoreward urge vast waves.
The hoarse outcry of man and strident shriek
Of rope ensue. Immediately the clouds
Snatch from the Trojans' eyes the sight of sun
And sky; black night descends upon the sea;
The heavens reverberate with thunder crash;
The quivering air with forked lightning flash
Vibrates, and all things now portend for men
An instant death. Forthwith Aeneas' limbs
Are chilled with fear; he groans, and to the stars
Uplifting both his hands, he thus exclaims:
"O thrice and four times happy they, whose lot
It was to fall before their parents' eyes
Beneath the lofty walls of Troy! Thou too,
O Diomedes, bravest 'mong the Greeks!
Why could I not on Ilian fields find death,
And at the stroke of thy right hand give forth
My life where lies beneath Achilles' spear
Fierce Hector, where Sarpedon huge lies slain,
Where, caught beneath the waves of Simois,
So many heroes' shields and bodies brave
And crests in rapid course are borne."

As thus
He prays, a shrieking northern blast his sail
Strikes full in front and shoreward rolls the waves.
The oars are broken; then the prow falls off
And to the billows turns the side; a steep
And mountain-towering wave pursues. Some hang
Upon the surge's crest; the yawning wave
To some, amid the swelling flood, lays bare
The earth; the boiling tide with rageful might
Uptears the sands. Three ships the south-wind gripes
And hurls on hidden rocks that mid the waves
Rise high—a mighty reef—rocks that are called
The Altars by Italian seamen; three
The fast-wind urges from the deep on shoals
And quicksands, wretched sight, and drives far up
Into the shallows and with sand-banks grips.
One bark that bore the staunch Orontes' band
Of Lycians, 'fore Aeneas' eyes, a huge,
O'er-topping sea strikes on the poop, and sweeps
The steersman on, and headlong casts him down.
But her the flood three times in that same place
Drives circling round, and in their gulf
The swiftly whirling waters overwhelm.

Floating amid the vast and seething flood
 Are seen, now warriors' arms, now planks, and now,
 Strewn o'er the waves, the spoil of Troy. The storm
 O'ercomes the sturdy ship of Ilioneus;
 Now that of brave Achates, that in which
 Abas is borne, and that wherein time-worn
 Aletes fights the flood; through loosened joint
 And gaping seam the hostile sea they all
 Admit.

Meanwhile grave Neptune, sore displeas'd,
 Perceived the deep's confused, tumultuous roar,
 The storm let loose, and ocean's calm profound
 To lowest depths up-torn; and looking forth
 Upon the main, he tops with placid brow
 The highest wave. He sees Aeneas' fleet
 Scattered o'er all the sea, the Trojans whelmed
 By waves and heaven's ruin; nor scape
 Her brother's notice Juno's wiles and wrath.
 To him he calls the East-wind and the West,
 And thus exclaims: "What trust in native strength
 Possesses you? And do you dare, O Winds,
 Against my will, to mingle heaven and earth
 And lift these mighty waves on high; which I—!
 But first 'tis better to allay the waves'
 Tumultuous motion; afterwards you shall
 Atone to me by fitting punishment.
 Hasten your flight and bear your king these words:
 To him the fates decreed nor sway o'er sea
 Nor trident stern, but me they gave the power.
 He holds yon cruel crags, your home, O winds.
 In yonder hall let Aeolus brag king
 And rule, if so he close the prison-bar
 On storm and wind." Thus he, and e'er the word
 He calms the swollen main to rest, dispels
 The gathering clouds and brings anew the light
 Of day. Cymothoë with Triton vies
 To urge the ships from off the jagged reef;
 E'en Neptune with his trident aids their keels
 And opens up the vast quicksands; and soothes
 The pulsing plain as o'er the topmost waves
 He glides with rapid wheels. As often when
 Sedition springs among the thronging mob
 And the base herd in madness rages fierce
 And now both brands and stones are flung, such arms
 As fury lends; if then, perchance, they see
 Some man revered for pious deeds, they stand
 All mute with listening ears, while he by word
 Controls their passions and subdues their rage;
 So all the crash of breakers dies, as he,
 The Sire revered, looks forth upon the sea,
 And, borne through lucent air, directs his steeds
 And gives loose rein to swiftly flying car.

The worn-out Trojans seek the nearest shore
 In hasty course and reach the Libyan coast.
 There is within a deep inlet a spot,
 Whereof an isle's opposing sides have formed
 A port. Against these sides outflung, each wave
 In turn is shattered and divides, flung back
 In broken curves. On either side twin peaks
 And giant cliffs tower threatening to the sky.
 Beneath these dizzy heights the guarded seas
 Lie still. Above, behind, are waving woods;
 And gloomy grove with horrid shades o'erhangs.

Under the opposing cliff a cave is formed
 Of pendant rocks; within are waters sweet,
 And seats of unhewn rock, the abode of nymphs.
 No cables here hold fast the wearied ships,
 No anchor needs to bind with crooked fluke.
 Into the harbor, with but seven ships,
 All left of storm-tossed fleet, Aeneas comes.
 The Trojans disembark, and eager seek
 The friendly shore and gain the wished-for strand,
 And on the beach repose their brine-drenched limbs.
 First from the flint Achates strikes a spark,
 Receives this spark in leaves and gently adds
 Dried fuel, and into the kindling fans
 The flame. They, spent with toil, bring forth the grain,
 All mustered by the waves; now too they fetch
 The weapons Ceres blesses, and prepare
 To dry the rescued grain and crush with stone.

Meanwhile Aeneas climbs the cliff to search
 The prospect far and near o'er all the sea,
 In case Antheus, wind-tossed, may be in sight,
 Or Phrygian biremes, or his Capys dear,
 Or, hung on towering stern, Caius' shields.
 No ship appears in sight, but on the shore
 He spies three roving stags, which, from behind,
 The herd accompany in one long line,
 And pasture through the vale. Hereat he stopped
 And from the arms borne by Achates true
 Into his hand his bow and arrows swift
 He caught, and first the leaders, lifting high
 Their heads with branching antlers, he struck down;
 Then next he scatters with his darts the herd,
 And drives them all amid the leafy groves.
 Nor does he cease until as conqueror
 He stretches on the earth seven giant forms
 And makes their number equal with his ships.
 Hence to the port he hies and shares his spoil
 Among his friends. And then the wine, with which
 Acestes on Trinacrian shore had filled
 Their casks and which the hero had bestowed
 On them when leaving, he divides, and soothes
 Their sorrowing hearts with words like these:

“O friends!

For we before have evils known, O ye!
 Who weightier griefs have borne, of these as well
 Shall God make end. Scyllean wrath and rocks
 That hoarsely sound within, ye came anear;
 And tested to the death the Cyclops' crags.
 Recall your courage, and dismiss sad fear.
 E'en these mishaps, perchance, in days to come,
 May bring delight as lived again. Still on,
 Through varied ills, through fortune's devious maze
 We hold our way toward Latium where the fates
 Point out a peaceful home; for there 'tis right
 For Trojan power to rise again. Hold out,
 Brave hearts, and keep yourselves till fortune smiles.”

Man's Dominion Over The Animal Kingdom.

A SERMON BY REV. JUDSON KEMPTON.

Text: Genesis 1: 28.

“And God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the face of the earth.”

This is a subject which always fills me with inexpressible sadness. I have never heard it mentioned in the pulpit, and but seldom in the newspaper or the school; and yet it is a subject which neither the press, the teacher, nor the preacher should disdain; for it is of vast importance, not only to every man and woman but to all our fellow creatures in the lower realms of existence. All nature is effected by it. In this article I shall be ambitious. The preacher is generally satisfied if he makes an impression or gains a convert or two, but I hope not only to make all my readers converts, but to send you all forth as preachers and advocates of my doctrine, and that for the remainder of your lives.

Man's dominion over the wild things of Nature. First of all, let us ask, What does this text of Scripture mean? Man was given dominion over the beast of the field, the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea. Does that mean that God gave the lives of all His other creatures into the hands of Man? Does it mean that he may persecute them, inflict needless pain upon them, and finally exterminate them? Does it mean that he may ruthlessly slay them for his own pleasure or to satisfy his vanity? This is the interpretation that many, by their acts if not by word, have given to this text. That it is wrong, is shown by a glance at the word “dominion.” Man has dominion. He is the supreme animal of all God's creation. He is King. But a king's business is not to persecute, rob and kill his subjects; not even under the most absolute and primitive idea of monarchy was this the case. The king is to defend his subjects, to care for them, to protect them, to lead them in battle, to use them perhaps, when he can do so, but not to abuse them. Great Britain, we say has dominion over India, or the United States over Puerto Rico. Does she therefore have the right to chase her subjects into the wilderness, though they are inoffensive? Because she has dominion over them, does she have the right to kill them by the thousand until she exterminates the whole nation? Not at all. Dominion implies obligation as well as privilege. England must protect her subject Empire from foreign foes. If the tribes get to fighting among themselves, she must protect them from themselves. If famine breaks out, she is in duty bound to do everything she can to prevent starvation and to preserve the lives of her subjects.

Now God gave Man dominion over the beast of the field, the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea and all the wild things of Nature. That meant that Man was to be, not the ruthless destroyer but the protector and friend of the lower species. He might use them where he could; he might levy tribute upon them where they were able to pay tribute; he was the king, but the government of a good king is paternal rather than tyrannical. Let us ask, now, in view of the above interpretation, how man has fulfilled his trust. How has he used the power given to him by his Creator? Has he been a responsible king, caring for his subjects? Or has he been otherwise?

I propose now to call up a few witnesses—not many, as our time is limited. We will not go outside of our own country and the present age in this investigation. The first witness I will call from the Yellowstone National Park. As he comes in before you, the floor creaks for he weighs twenty hundredweight. He is covered with dark brown fur; his nose, horns and hoofs are black; his head and shoulders are noble and massive in size, his legs are slender and strong, and, as he shakes his giant head, the long black hair which envelopes his head, neck and shoulders bristles and shakes like a lion's mane and almost hides his short, sharp horns beneath their mass.

“What is your name?”

“I am the North American Bison, also called Buffalo.”

“Where is your home?”

“At present I reside in the Yellowstone National Park”

“How many of your kind dwell there with you?”

“A handful.”

“Where was your former home?”

“My comrades and I formerly roamed from the Gulf of Mexico to the Plains of Saskatchewan, and from the brine of the Atlantic to the cliffs of the Rocky Mountains. Wherever there was a prairie or a grassy meadow, there we were to be found, and our number was as the stars for multitude.”

“Had you enemies in those days?”

“Yes: wolves and bears followed our herds and feasted on those that were weak or lazy, and we gave to myriad Indians of our tenderest meat and caused them to be the best fed savages in the world. But they were merciful to us and took from our herds only what they needed for food and clothing, so that we were not diminished.”

“What did the white man do to you?”

“He brought guns and powder, and slaughtered us by the tens of thousands every year, until the plains were white with our bones. He placed deadly weapons in the hands of the Indians and gave them whiskey for our hides—a cupful of whiskey for a buffalo skin. Along

about the year 1840 100,000 was the average of buffalo robes sold annually by the fur companies; and at least three buffaloes were killed to each one that had his skin removed and dressed, so that at that time 300,000 buffaloes a year were being slaughtered on the plains."

"Did the white man shoot you himself?"

"Yes—and for the mere sport of killing us. For not only did the pioneers obtain their meat supply from our herds, but the lords and princes of Europe came and were permitted to ride beside our running herds and shoot us down by hundreds, merely to see how many they could kill. So we melted from the plain, as the snow melts in the spring—leaving no trace but our wallows and trails, some of which are yet to be seen on the frontier.

Let the buffalo retire to the arid park, where he may bite the hard grass and end his melancholy days.

We shall now call up the Wild Pigeon. We call, but he does not come. Why? At the present day there is no such bird on the continent of North America. The young men of to-day have never seen him. If we would have a witness, we must call up some old settler and ask him what he knows about the wild pigeon. "As a child," says one, "I was bred and reared among them; the gigantic oaks and hickories that threw their shades over the roofs of my home were frequently the roosting places of these now extinct birds, while the trees of the forests were enlivened by their sparkling colors as they sat in thick bunches, basking in the sunshine, or teetered and cooed on the dead limbs overhead; then again I have often stood in the farmyard, gazing in rapt admiration as the setting sun was darkened by the travelling flocks, which seemed to dissolve and extend into endless space, and, when the darkness of night hid them from view, the fluttering of their strong pinions could be heard long after the day had closed." If we ask this old settler in regard to their numbers, he will tell us that there were countless millions of them; that they were found from the Atlantic to the Pacific; that when they flew at night to their roosting places the sky was covered by living clouds; that when they fed on the nuts that had fallen from the trees they resembled rolling billows of blue and white in the grey woods. They built their nests in great roosts many miles in extent, in the depths of the forest, from which they would issue to feed over the country for many miles around, returning to their nests at night. Only 30 years ago there was a pigeon roost near Petoskey, Mich., that covered more than 50,000 acres. Speaking of it, an eye-witness says: "On every side we saw these graceful birds, in their robes of blue, purple and brown, darting hither and thither with the quickness of thought. Every bough was bending under their weight, and, so tame were they, one could almost touch

them. The young birds were just ready to leave the nests. Almost every tree contained from five to fifty nests. We heard the sound of chopping and falling trees, and soon after found the cause. Here was a large force of Indians and boys at work, slashing down the timber and seizing the young birds as they fluttered from their nests. As soon as caught, the heads were jerked off the tender bodies with the hand, and the young dead birds tossed into heaps." Some knocked the young birds out of the nests with poles, while their associates, "with hands reeking with blood and feathers, tore the heads off the living birds and threw the bodies on the heap. Thousands of young birds lay among the ferns and leaves"—having been knocked out of the nests and lost in the woods, where they would die for want of care from the old birds who had been trapped by the netter. Thousands more were dead in the nests for the same reason. "Every available Indian and boy in the neighborhood," says this same eye-witness, "was in the employ of buyers, from whom they received one cent for each bird brought in. Every homesteader in the country who could hire a team was engaged in hauling birds to Petoskey for shipment, for which they received \$4 a load. Fully 50 teams were thus engaged." Small marvel that these gentle, cooing birds are gone. Nothing but grass-hoppers and flies could have survived such wholesale slaughter

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I call no more witnesses, though I might do so. From the beasts I might bring the Moose, the Deer, the Caribou (which latter are being slaughtered to-day in Newfoundland as recklessly as the deer were slaughtered a generation ago in Iowa). I might call from the fowl of the air the three or four specimens of stuffed Great Auks, which are all that remain in America to testify that in the day of Audubon these birds were so plentiful on the cliffs of the nothern seas that the ledges where they nested were white with them as if from a heavy fall of snow. I might have them tell how they were wantonly destroyed—their eggs being taken for food and their feathers for clothing, till now they are extinct—the last one having been found dead on the shore of Labrador in November, 1870. I might bring the Wild Turkey (which has almost disappeared), the Prairie Chicken and the Partridge. I might tell the exciting story of the Wild Goose and the Wild Duck and have you wonder with myself, not that they are growing scarce, but that they live at all, with armies of market hunters on their paths, spring, winter, fall and summer, from Corpus Christi to Hudson's Bay and back again to Texas—one man some times killing thousands of birds in a year. I might call the Cod, the Lobster, the Oyster and the Salmon and have them testify to the short-sighted cruelty and greed of Man; or I might come nearer home and summon the Bass, the Pike

and the Pickerel and have them testify against the seiner and the dynamiter of the river and the lake.

But I have another charge to bring. I feel that the witnesses already called have presented unanswerable evidence to the cruel way in which Man has abused the power and dominion which God gave him over the animal kingdom. Nero, it is said, set fire to Rome and wished that all his subjects had but one neck, that he might cut off their heads with one blow. If this be true, Nero's wish was hardly more bloodthirsty and unworthy of manhood than our treatment of the subjects the God of Nature entrusted to our care.

I suppose the ladies in this great audience have so far followed me with self-satisfied approval, thinking to themselves: "This charge must be laid at the door of the men. We have had no hand in the extermination and cruelty you deprecate." Let me tell you, ladies, the sad truth in regard to this matter. You have been just as thoughtless in the slaughter of our wild things as ever the men were. You and your agents to-day are responsible for the merciless destruction of more, a hundred times more, of God's beautiful wild creatures than all the hunters and trappers in the United States combined. You and your agents are killing off the birds—the harmless, singing, graceful bright-plumaged birds that delight the eye in our wood and fields and about our homes. You and your agents have been doing this work so rapidly that bird life is disappearing from this continent at the rate of 50 per cent. in the last 15 years, as shown by the statistics of careful scientists. If something is not done to stop this work, another 20 years will see the total destruction of many of our birds.

Do you think I am making this too strong? Let me give you a few facts. It is estimated that twenty million birds were killed in 1899 for the millinery trade of the United States. But, besides these twenty million that have been killed, skinned and sent to your milliners, how many have been shot and lost and left uncounted? How many have been wounded and left to crawl away and die? How many million of young birds have rotted in their nests, after watching in vain, for days and days, for the mother bird that never came, but whose wing or head or breast made you happy and proud as you sewed it on your hat? In the *New York Sun* of November 23, 1899, you may read of a fire in a factory where the skins of birds were being prepared for your milliners. There were in stock 10,000 stuffed sea-gulls, 20,000 wings of various other birds, 10,000 birds' heads (representing many varieties, from the beautiful plumed birds to the plain American crow). You will remember that, two years ago, long wings and feathers—supposed to be eagle feathers—were in fashion. Eagles are scarce, and this factory had gunners shooting sea-birds all along the coast. Thousands were

killed. Naptha launches were sent to explore our Southern rivers and bring back bird-skins. "Some of these gunners kill a large number of birds in a season. The greatest record made by one man was 141,000 killed in a single season in Florida."

Here I rest my argument and press home my charge that the people of this country, both men and women, have shamefully abused the dominion which Almighty God has given us over the weak things and the wild things of the natural world. Let us acknowledge our sin, and seek, so far as is now possible, to remedy the evil. Let every man give his sympathy and support to the enactment and strict enforcement of laws designed to preserve the wild life of America. Let every member of the gentler sex so educate her æsthetic taste that it shall be subordinate to her tender woman's heart. Then will she see in the plumage of murdered parent birds, not beauty but blood; not grace but barbarian cruelty. And the thought of wearing, as ornaments, dead birds or their feathers will be as repugnant to her very soul as the thought of wearing human scalps.

Mount Carrol, Ills.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR :

The monthly visits of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM, bringing its budget of College news and its reflections of College life and spirit, have kept us during the winter in very real sympathy with all your work at Acadia. We were especially glad to hear of the gracious work done there through the instrumentality of Evangelist Gale. How much it means to young men and young women, who are having the channels of their life streams widened and deepened by education and culture, that the currents should be turned in true directions!

It seems scarcely possible that so nearly a year has passed since we said good-bye to Acadia to be no more students within her walls. How the months hasten! Already one year of Seminary life is practically done. Only one week more of classes; after that exams. then—homeward! Yes home is the word and never was the thought more delightful. We have come to the conclusion that there must be something in the atmosphere of the U. S. to inspire patriotism, (Americans as you know are proverbially patriotic) for certainly we never felt the sentiment stirring so strongly within our hearts as since our sojourning here. Never before were we so proud to be Canadians. Never before have we felt so the almost constant desire to sing "My Own Canadian Home."

But these months at Rochester have brought to us other things and more important than increase of patriotism.

It is a rare privilege to be a student at Rochester Theological Seminary. However much some of our Maritime Province pastors may question the practical value of a regular course in theology, I am satisfied that if they should themselves once enter upon the course there would remain no longer a doubt in their minds. The same arguments that are urged in regard to the importance of a College course for a man who would do the best service in the gospel ministry, can be advanced with equal cogency in behalf of a theological training. After all, the man who takes the course is, as it seems to me, the only one capable of intelligent judgment in the matter. To judge by comparison of the man who has taken theology by the man who has not is no true criterion, inasmuch as the personal equation must always be reckoned with.

Personally I consider this first year in the Seminary of more practical value than any one year of my College course, and I do not value lightly my years at Acadia; but of course the value could not have been the same without the College training first. Some previous knowledge of philosophy and metaphysics is necessary to a ready and clear apprehension of theology, and a training in logic, so says our professor in New Testament work, is almost as necessary to a true interpretation of the scriptures as is a knowledge of Greek. To the student having had this previous training a Seminary course is a real delight, as well as an experience of inestimable value.

I believe that no young man preparing for the gospel ministry can afford to waive the question of a Seminary training, and I believe the young man is especially happy if he is privileged to take his theological course at Rochester.

A student coming to Rochester is impressed at once with the warm spiritual atmosphere that pervades the whole life of the Seminary. The professors while they are rich in scholarship, and many of them men of recognized authority in their several departments, are at the same time men of deep and fervent piety, and the student feels an immediate glow of heart by contact with them. We are inclined to look upon some departments of the work as of more importance than others, and Rochester has exceptionally strong men just where, as it seems to me, the student feels the most need of clear and authoritative teaching. The chairs of Theology, New Testament Interpretation, and Homiletics are most ably filled by Dr. A. H. Strong, Dr. W. A. Stevens, and Dr. T. H. Pattison respectively. I might mention too our Professor in Elocution. Prof. Silvermail devotes his entire time to the Seminary work and is a master in his profession.

If, as an eminent authority has said, the aim of a Theological Seminary should be to make preachers rather than scholars, then the ideals of Rochester Seminary are the true ideals and to a very high degree they are being realized. The student feels here that he is getting *heart culture* as well as instruction that he apprehends intellectually.

Another marked feature of the Seminary life here is the enthusiastic missionary spirit. By a voluntary systematic mission study, by public lectures and by personal contact with living missionaries the students are kept informed upon missionary subjects and in very real sympathy with the work. Not more than two weeks ago we had the high privilege of listening to our veteran missionary of China, Dr. Wm. Ashmore. Of the Seminary class now graduating no less than five young men (twenty per cent of the whole class) have offered themselves for service in the foreign mission fields.

One other special advantage that Rochester students enjoy is their association in their work with young men from so many different and widely separated sections of country. In the Seminary this year there are representatives of twenty-two different states, besides students from England and our own Canadian Provinces. More than thirty different Colleges are represented. By this contact the student feels his horizon lifting, his sympathies broadening and his knowledge of men enlarging, until he feels that he is becoming better qualified to preach a universal gospel than he could possibly be without such experience.

When the question of where I should go for my theological course first presented itself, and I was somewhat inclined toward this Seminary, a kind friend whose advice I prized said to me "You will make no mistake if you go to Rochester." And to any reader of this letter who may have drawings toward a theological course, I would say very emphatically "You will make no mistake if you go to Rochester."

Yours most sincerely,

H. G. COLPITTS, '00.

Rochester, N. Y., April 18th., 1901.

To the Editor of the ATHENÆUM,

SIR:—May I be permitted to add a few words to those of W. in the April number of your paper? The question of class colors was raised by him, and I agree with him that they are given too much prominence here. It is difficult to see what purpose they serve—they are chosen, after due deliberation, by the freshmen and faithfully worn for about two weeks, when they are lost to view and thenceforth appear only in gorgeous cushions to adorn the young ladies' rooms or in streamers to adorn the young ladies themselves at inter-class games, where, by the way, they seldom appear in the dress of the men who are

taking part. The class-spirit will not fail while rivalry in class functions, competitions, inter-class games and debates continue to be features of college life; class-pins might well be substituted for the colors, but let the college pin have the most conspicuous place. It is "Acadia" that we want people to know of when we meet them in vacations. Neither she nor the loyalty of her sons and daughters will be called to mind by a display of colors which mean nothing to any except the small part of Acadia included in a class. It is not generally the practise in other colleges to have class colors or, at any rate, to give them the prominence that we do here; colleges, to, where there are several faculties, unite these and extend the honor of the institution by being true to one set of colors.

Would those, Mr. Editor, who have been thinking of this question consider the advisability of "Acadia" as she is known through the provinces—College, Seminary, and Academy—adopting one set of colors.

Yours very truly,

O.

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THE FIRST NEWS.

The willows whispered to the maplewood
 In secrecy a hint of health and hue;
 And in a night the glens and all their crew,
 Roused by a rumour, smiled and understood.

The swamp-folk nodded each to each; the brooks
 Prattled incessantly their bit of news;
 The brachen roots beneath the frozen dews
 Stirred with a knowledge never found in books.

Unknown to all the legions of the cold,
 The silent chiefs of clans in knoll and dell
 Sped the brave tidings on through wood and fell,
 And freed the tiny people of the wold.

There was an unseen going to and fro,
 An unconsidered rising far and near,
 Hid by the friendly leaves of yesteryear,
 Deep down beneath the sleeping hosts of snow.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT, in *New England Magazine*.

Acadia Athenæum.

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The Students are strongly urged to patronize our Advertisers.

College Spirit. A noticeable feature of the life of any college community is that thing which we call college spirit—that spirit which makes a college man feel that he is only a part of a larger unity, and which gives power and efficiency to college customs and traditions. It is college spirit which makes us loyal to our Alma Mater, which teaches us that our connection with the various activities of college life cannot be regulated on the selfish basis of receipts and expenditures, which sometimes even leads us to do acts that under ordinary circumstances we would not care to do. For it is not merely a sentiment, but a motive power—for good, if the ideals and traditions are true and noble; for evil, if these are ignoble. Hence the need of fostering wholesome customs and encouraging true college spirit.

Dare we intimate in respect to this that we are somewhat lacking at Acadia? A storm of protests will at once arise at the bare mention of such a possibility. But let us inquire into the facts. Is it not true that many students refuse to become members of the ATHENÆUM Society, or having become members refuse or neglect to pay the yearly dues? Yet such men acknowledge the need of such a society, and sometimes are not even ashamed to enjoy the privileges of the reading room and the annual 'At Home' which have been provided by the self-denial of their fellow-students. Again the work of the Y. M. C. A. is weakened because we have in the college even professedly christian men, who, while admitting the usefulness and necessity of such an organization, are yet willing that the whole burden should be borne by a

a few while all share in the benefits. Is it not also a fact that our college paper can look for financial support to less than half of the college students, the others evidently thinking that as long as they can get the reading of the paper by borrowing they would be foolish to pay for the privilege. Further pertinent facts might be cited, but let us rest the case here. Is it not painfully evident that in some degree we are lacking in healthy college spirit?

A further word might well be said in this connection in regard to a matter that has been touched upon before in this column and in the correspondence column. To a close observer of our daily life (and the criticism was made to us very recently) it would seem that we are class men first and Acadia men second. We fear that there is some truth in it, and in so far as it is true, that far have we failed to understand the true spirit of the college life. Let us put Acadia first. And tho we grumble at some things, these things do not constitute Acadia, and our love for and faith in our Alma Mater is not lessened.

College Regalia. Lately there has been a revival of interest in the wearing of the insignia of academic life. The college cap and gown may be a relic of mediæval times, but by no means a useless relic. Associations cluster around these emblems of college life, to miss the force of which must be a loss to the student. But apart from this the cap and gown impart a certain dignity and distinction to the college exercises which we would be sorry to lose. Moreover they are not the useless appendage as articles of dress which they may seem, as some students might testify if they were not too modest to speak of their personal experiences. So in view of all the facts it is gratifying to know that a stronger sentiment in favor of the general use of the college regalia is developing. We believe that a strict enforcement of the regulation in respect to the wearing of these would meet with general approval. But all regulations must continue to be inefficient until they are reinforced by a healthy sentiment on the part of the students. We wonder if the lack of uniformity in this matter is not due in part to the lack of college spirit spoken of above, and is it not possible that in remedying the lesser defect we may lessen the larger evil?

Students' Building Fund. At the risk of repeating some things that were said before we again call attention to this important matter. We believe that such a building will be in the near future an absolute necessity. Yet the disheartening fact remain that the ordinary revenue is and must continue to be for many years inadequate to meet the need. Two years ago a movement was set on foot by the then Senior class whereby it was hoped that the erection of a

suitable building in the near future would be made possible. Generous pledges were made by the students themselves in support of the scheme, and all agreed to solicit contributions from friends during the vacation. In this way a beginning has been made, but it is by no means flattering to us as college students to know that up to the present comparatively few have redeemed the pledges which they made when the subscriptions were taken. In particular from the members of the class with whom the project originated very few dollars have found their way into the hands of the Treasurer. Some justify the repudiation of their pledges on the ground that nothing can be done for several years if at all, and that they therefore will derive no benefit from the building. Or they refuse to give unless all give, and so no one gives. But when we gave our pledges we expected that several years would be required to complete the work, and no one expected to share directly in the benefits. And yet we are confident that if all the students would cooperate heartily a very few years would suffice to make the building an assured fact. 'Well begun is half done,' and if a good beginning were made the rest would be comparatively easy. And such a beginning could easily be made now. A majority of the students now in college and academy have never been asked to subscribe to the fund. If all those in the upper classes who have subscribed should now honorably redeem their pledges, these others we feel sure would not be backward in following the example set them. But however this may be common honesty would seem to require the fulfilment of voluntarily assumed obligation even if there seems no prospect of the immediate erection of the greatly needed building.

In another column appears a communication from a member of the class of '00 who is now attending Rochester Theological Seminary. The letter speaks for itself and speaks also for Rochester. But while all his praise of that institution may be well merited it must not be forgotten that similar statements can be and are made by our graduates concerning all the other theological seminaries to which Acadia men are in the habit of going. It is right and desirable that each man should think the school he is attending the best in the world, but our theologues must not allow themselves to be unduly influenced by such expression of opinion. We had hoped to receive letters from Newton and McMaster, but so far they have failed to reach us.

Last year the June issue was published before the close of the college year. This plan insured the prompt and satisfactory distribution of the papers. But it precluded the possibility of giving a full account of the commencement exercises. This year it has been decided to delay

the publication of the June issue until full reports of the graduation exercises can be obtained. So that number will be largely a student's paper, and no one we believe will complain if especial prominence be given to the Senior class. But the issue will be larger than usual so that no interest will be neglected, and we hope to obtain some contributed articles which will give the desired avoirdupois. In fact we expect it to be the most valuable issue of the year. Those who wish to obtain extra copies should give their orders as early as possible to the Secy-Treas., that he may know how many extra copies will be needed. Also those whose vacation address is different from that given in the college catalogue should notify Mr. McFadden to that effect before leaving Wolfville in order that they may receive the June number promptly.

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OUR EXCHANGES.

"The river-banks red-bright beneath the sun
Lay empty to the breeze, which like a stream
Flowed softly downward to the tide out-run,
Sweeping across the flats that idly dream,
Then drifted out to sea. Short while the tide
Lay moveless where the river opened wide
Its mouth into the bay with thirsty throat
Agape and red with the long-quenching draught
Of foamy brine."

—From "A Marshland River" by J. F. Herbin in *Acadiensis*.

One meets so many bad poets nowadays that one hesitates in doffing hat to a good one. Yet I think—nay on second thought I am quite sure—that Mr. Herbin is a poet of no mean order. His verse thrills and palpitates with true poetic life. And indeed the fact is not one to marvel at. For is not this sweet singer a dweller in Eden where stolid men inhale poetry at every breath and know it not? But Mr. Herbin does not sing only concerning what common people would term the beautiful in nature. What one of us for instance has ever dared to picture the fastidious muse dipping her dainty feet in Minas mud? And yet when Mr. Herbin points us to "the flats that idly dream," lo! the mud-flats are no longer mud-flats to us, but huge brown-backed amphibians sleeping in the sun. That is as it should be. Any man with two eyes sees what he cannot help seeing, the shallow outer covering, and says "that is beautiful" or "that is ugly" as the case may be; but it is the mission of the poet to sip honey from radiant rose and common weed alike, revealing to us poor bats that God has put nothing in Nature but holds some sweetness for him who searches for it. There is wonderful originality of thought and diction in Mr. Herbin's poem; evidence too of patient work and discriminating word selection. The river's "thirsty throat agape and red" is a metaphor of

singular boldness, but a little reflection convinces one of its appropriateness. The poem abounds in figures equally striking. As a matter of fact, however, we prefer "Simon the Chopper" to "A Marshland River" but at the same time we feel the second to be the stronger poem as it is certainly the more ambitious.

PROF. CHARLES MacDONALD.

(Dalhousie Gazette.)

"Wilt thou not take another in his stead?"
Once more Apollo's plea; and Death's reply,
"Him and no other." So, his work laid by,
The long days of his labour being sped,
He sleeps in peace. But from that silent bed
Ere yet he passed, God grant his inward eye
Beheld a vision splendid, saw how high
Love set his name among the men he led.

Let us believe he saw in many lands
Old student friends, and heard them cry "farewell,
Thou of the tender heart and helpful hands,"
And felt it fame enough that they should tell
That no man stumbled on the upward way
Because he lived, who left us yesterday.

The April *Gazette* is a notable monument to the memory of Professor MacDonald; notable both for the love which determined its character and for the ability which gave that love such ample and admirable utterance. The number is a large one comprising seventy-two pages of closely-printed reminiscence. There are also six fine portraits representing Professor MacDonald at different ages. One need but glance at the rugged face with its genial strength and leonine proportions to understand in some degree the love and admiration which he won alike from friends and pupils. Death robbed Dalhousie when she took Professor MacDonald but our sister University may still be grateful for that noble legacy of influence and example which is hers to guard and treasure. We should be positivists at least in our reverence for the memory of great and good men.

Our *Excelsior* friends have found a grievance and are disposed to nurse it. The boys write well—very well at times—and their remarks are occasionally just and pertinent. Time will no doubt improve their composition and temper their terocity—or perhaps it would be juster and kinder to say—their childish petulence. The paper despite its crudities is certainly not without merit.

The *Manitoba College Journal* is always neat as a new pin, and with both head and point to it. Indeed the point (which means of course the joke department) is incomparably bright and keen. This no doubt is because the jokes are stolen and not home-made abominations of vinegar and dough. Joke-editors are, as a general rule, too scrupulous, and as poor in wit as they are rich in honesty. The *Journal*

contains several articles of unusual interest and literary excellence, notably "A glimpse of London" and "A word for classics"; also a good portrait of a very competent editorial staff.

The Students of Kalamazos have presented to the College a portrait of the late Dr. E. A. Read. I quote briefly from the presentation address:

"His life was such a large one; his interests were so many and varied that he touched men in all walks and occupations, and everywhere his loss was keenly felt. I speak especially for the students when I say that we loved Dr. Read. His high mental attainments, his beautiful Christian character, his magnetic personality drew us to him in a peculiarly endearing way."

Other Exchanges to hand: Harvard Monthly, N. B. University Monthly, Argosy, McMaster Monthly, O. A. C. Review, Nova Scotia Normal, McGill Outlook.

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New England Associated Alumni.

The ninth annual banquet of the New England Alumni Association met in the United States Hotel, Tuesday evening, April the twenty third.

The banquet began at six thirty and for one hour the 33 who were present took an active part in meeting the demands of an extensive and well arranged programme. No one grew weary, no one refused to participate to the full.

The President called the meeting to order and in a few well chosen words made the new-comers welcome, and presented the business of the meeting which resulted in Rev. J. DeWolf of Foxboro being appointed Pres.; Rev. A. A. Shaw of Brookline, Vice-Pres.; Mr. B. J. Lockhart, Secty.; and Mr. A. Wilson of Manchester, Treas.

Professor Haley was heartily received. We all were glad to have him with us and to hear from him of the steady progress of our loved college and to know that amicable relations exist between Professors, Students, and Citizens. Long before Prof. Haley had completed his address we forgot that he was the one that made us figure out the sun's parallax and master the Nebular Hypothesis.

Prof. McVane of Harvard being present was asked to stand and show the later graduates a specimen of the old days. He complied with this wish and also spoke to us a few refreshing words of those days when he was a student.

After these two addresses a short time was spent in singing those heart touching college pieces, "Bingo", etc.

One of the pleasant features of the evening was the illustration of

“Evangeline” by Rev. A. T. Kempton of Fitchburg. We saw again the “Basin of Minas,” the Gaspereaux valley, its orchards, meadows, willows, and all that is most closely associated with that name “Evangeline.” Each new scene as it was thrown on the canvas increased our admiration for our native hills and valleys. Mr. Kempton has entered into the spirit of this beautiful poem and so imparts life to every character. If an opportunity is given the readers of these lines to hear and see Evangeline as presented by him I hope all will avail themselves of the privilege of being both pleased and profited.

C. W. R., '98.

PERSONALS.

Miss Harriett E. Morton, '94, has charge of the Science department in the Milford High School, Milford, Mass.

The many friends of E. N. Rhodes, '00, were pleased to see him again in Wolfville for a couple of days recently.

Emmerson L. Franklin, '00, won a prize at McGill University this year for excellence in Physical Laboratory work.

Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, '90, pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, has received a call to the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church at Cleveland, Ohio.

Among the graduates in Arts at Dalhousie this year was C. A. McLeod who took the work of the first three years at Acadia with the class of '01. *Mac* also took in addition to the Senior work this year, the first year's work in the Dalhousie Law School.

H. Judson Perry who left the Senior class at Christmas to assume the principalship of the Grammar School at Bathurst, N. B., spent the Easter holidays in Wolfville with his mother. All will be pleased to learn of the good success he is having in his new position.

Among those whose names appear as having taken an active part in the exercises of the Teachers' Institute of Annapolis and Digby Counties recently held at Digby were C. M. Gormley, '96, H. B. Hogg, '92, O. P. Goucher, '92, and E. H. Cameron, '00.

H. S. Ross, '92, graduated from Dalhousie Law School, being articled in the office of G. H. Murray, now premier of Nova Scotia. He also spent two years in the Mines office at Halifax, after which he two years ago went to Sydney, becoming a member of the new law firm of Ross & Ross. A valuable training in the Mines office, a familiarity with Cape Breton, his native county, together with his keenness and industry qualified Mr. Ross to take full advantage of the Sydney boom. Besides his regular practice, he has been interested in coal areas and real estate both of which have proved remunerative.

Geo. R. Morse of Dalhousie Medical College, who took the freshmen year at Acadia with the class of '01, was the winner of a prize of a System of Therapeutics in three volumes offered by the lecturer on therapeutics for the best written examination on that subject in the recent June examinations in connection with the Medical School.

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The Month.

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

The passage of April has been marked by rainy weather, small-pox scare and senior photographs. For the first, time has worked the cure. "Vaccination Certificate" has proved very efficacious in the case of the second. The third thus far has been allowed to run its course unchecked, and the end is not yet.

Our attention has been called to a slight error in the Month of last issue. On referring to the hockey record of 1900 we find that the class of '01 and the class of '02 each won two games, so that the pre-eminence was then undecided.

On the opening of Spring the Campus has been put in first-class order for the sports of the season. Three tennis courts have been arranged and from six o'clock in the morning until sunset—class hours excepted—students may be seen practising for the expected tournament. The A. A. A. A. has offered a silver cup as an inter-class trophy to be held by the class making the highest number of points in "Field Day" sports. This should be an incentive to the men to be energetic in physical as well as in mental training.

A game of basket ball was played between the Freshmen and Sophomores in the Gymnasium on April 2nd. Both sides worked hard for a victory but when time was called the score was 4 to 3 in favor of '04.

M. G. White, president of the ATHENÆUM Society, on account of a serious illness, has been prevented, for some time, from filling his office. We are glad however to learn that he is recovering. The Society has progressed favorably with P. C. Reed, vice-president, in the chair. The programme of April 27th. was an interesting one. A paper read by W. M. Steele on "The ATHENÆUM as it is and as it should be" contained striking criticisms and useful suggestions. An open debate followed, Subject—"Should we do away with class colors."

Yes—E. Le Roy Dakin.

No—P. S. Elliott.

Other members then took part in the discussion and plausible reasons were given pro and con.

The "Oratorical Contest," for the gold medal offered by Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper, took place on Friday evening, April 19th. Considerable interest was manifested by members of the University and the main body of College Hall was packed with expectant students and citizens. President Trotter presided and in a few appropriate words referred to the munificence of Dr. Tupper and the conditions on which the medal was to be awarded, namely, for thought power, style and delivery. A chorus was then furnished by eight of the college male vocalists. The first oration was delivered by M. S. Richardson '01, Subject: "Patriotism." The nature, source and power of patriotism was presented in choice and poetic language. Mr. Richardson is to be complimented on his exquisite diction. An instrumental selection by Messrs. Haley, Cohoon and Taylor was well received. The second speaker was Avar L. Bishop '01, Subject: "University Training and Practical Power." We have heard Mr. Bishop before and as on other occasions our expectations were fully realized. His was a practical subject and having entered into its spirit he dealt with it in an attractive and practical way. He referred to the spirit of modern education, the power of the universities to meet the demands of life and the relation of university men to the state. The vocal duet by Miss Murray and Miss Cole delighted the audience. The last oration was by J. Walter Jones '03, Subject: "Patriotism." This paper was original and entertaining. Mr. Jones possesses no mean ability as an orator. Dr. E. M. Saunders in a very agreeable manner occupied the time with an address while the appointed judges, Hon. W. T. Pipes, Rev. A. C. Chute and Rev. W. N. Hutchins retired to consider the awarding of the medal. Mr. Bishop was declared to be the successful competitor which decision met with a hearty response from the audience. Dr. Trotter's announcement, of a similar prize to be awarded, hereafter, to University lady competitors was received with applause. Doubtless, these liberal offers will tend to advance the interest in expression at Acadia and we expect a large increase in the number of future competitors.

The Vocal Recital given in College Hall on April 26th. is the last of the Seminary Recitals for the year, and forms an appropriate finale to a most successful course. Having known Miss Drew as a soloist, we expected much from her pupils, and verily we were not disappointed. The different numbers were happily selected and sympathetically rendered. All gave evidence of the teacher's training and influence, even to the softening of the British R; but in this the Canadian tongue is stubborn, and it was not well done. In the selection from "Ruth," the Seminary students were assisted by students from the College and Academy. The performers in this beautiful cantata were evidently

chosen with an eye to the 'eternal fitness of things'. Miss Epps with her full rich soprano voice admirably sustained the character of Naomi; while Miss Dixon with her sweet voice and modest bearing was the ideal Ruth. In all the singing whether solo, duet or chorus we were pleased to note the distinct enunciation of the words. This is a matter of peculiar gratification. We like to hear soloists warble and trill, but we love to know what it is all about.

The ATHENÆUM Society was at home to its numerous friends on the evening of April 12th. In spite of a most unseasonable snow-storm the attendance was large. The guests were received by R. J. Colpitts '01, and P. Clinton Reed '02. The first half hour was spent in the usual pleasant confusion attendant upon the making of engagements for the evening. During the discussion of the ten topics "The Harpers" of Halifax furnished excellent music, which received the wonted rapt attention of large receptions. The rendering of some of our national songs, however, produced a lull in conversation and elicited a hearty round of applause. All lovers of music enjoyed a rare treat in the beautiful octarino solo rendered by Prof. Goltario. We were glad to welcome to this reception so many of our graduates. The class of '98 was especially well represented. We hope you will come often, Alumni and Alumnae. None are more welcome. You will find the same Acadia atmosphere as of old if not the same familiar faces.

Senior festivities are still the order of the day. On the evening of April 18th. this favoured class, with the senior class of Acadia Seminary, were entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Trotter. A very enjoyable quotation contest, music, and games, were the amusements of the evening. The graduation classes of 1901 will bear among Acadia recollections many pleasant memories of our genial president and his estimable wife.

The Bible Study classes closed on Sunday April 28th. The attendance for the year was fairly satisfactory but not what we hoped it would be nor what we knew it might have been. The officers and teachers for the year performed their duties faithfully and well. The college men study six days in the week. Should they, therefore, be exempted from study on the seventh? Would the spiritual life of the institution be as vigorous without the Bible study class? Some portion of Scripture should be read *daily*, why not the assigned Bible lesson? Should not *one* hour, at least, each Sabbath be given to the study of the Bible? These are questions which confront us.

The Y. M. C. A. held its regular monthly missionary meeting in the Baptist Church on Sunday evening, April 20th. The subject of the meeting was "Irresistible Plea for Advance in Missions" and was considered in three divisions. The first paper was "Proofs of God's

Favor and Blessing" by W. H. Smith. Then Miss Mae Hunt read a paper on "The New Century Outlook," and "The Needs of the Hour" was considered by I. M. Baird. The special music rendered by the choir and the solo by Mr. Burpee Wallace were exceptionally good and constituted an important feature of the meeting. At the regular business meeting of the association on April 24th. reports from the various committees on the work of the year were received. There has been indications of progress and there is reason for encouragement and thankfulness, nevertheless, there is ample room for greater enthusiasm and improvement in some lines of work. Why is it that only about one half the boys at Acadia are members of the Y. M. C. A.? Is the Association doing for our young men all that it can or all that it may be expected to do? Or has it outlived its usefulness? It is but just to add that three-fourths of the present graduating class are members of the Y. M. C. A. and many of them active.

LOCALS.

Editors: F. L. LOMBARD AND MISS E. G. PHILLIPS.

- Smallpox.
- Vaccination.
- Rel Caps.

A cad was overheard saying that the doctors could not Saxou-ate any more until they got more vaseline.

SCHURMAN: I dread going across the bay to-day.

ATHERTON: Why? It is not going to be rough.

SCHURMAN: I know, but there will be a big *swell* on.

MORSE: Yes, I guess there will when you get on.

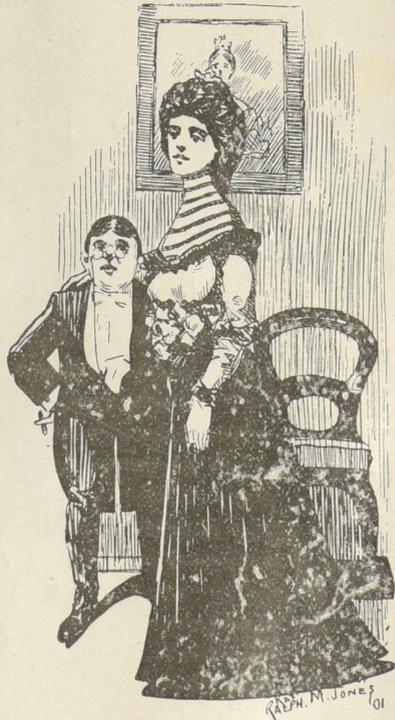
Class-mate — (In reception room) What relation is that girl to D-k-n?

Sem,—None.

Class-mate,—None! And there he has been holding her hand between his two all the evening.

Goodspeed has moved down to the lower flat, but his whistle is as high as ever.

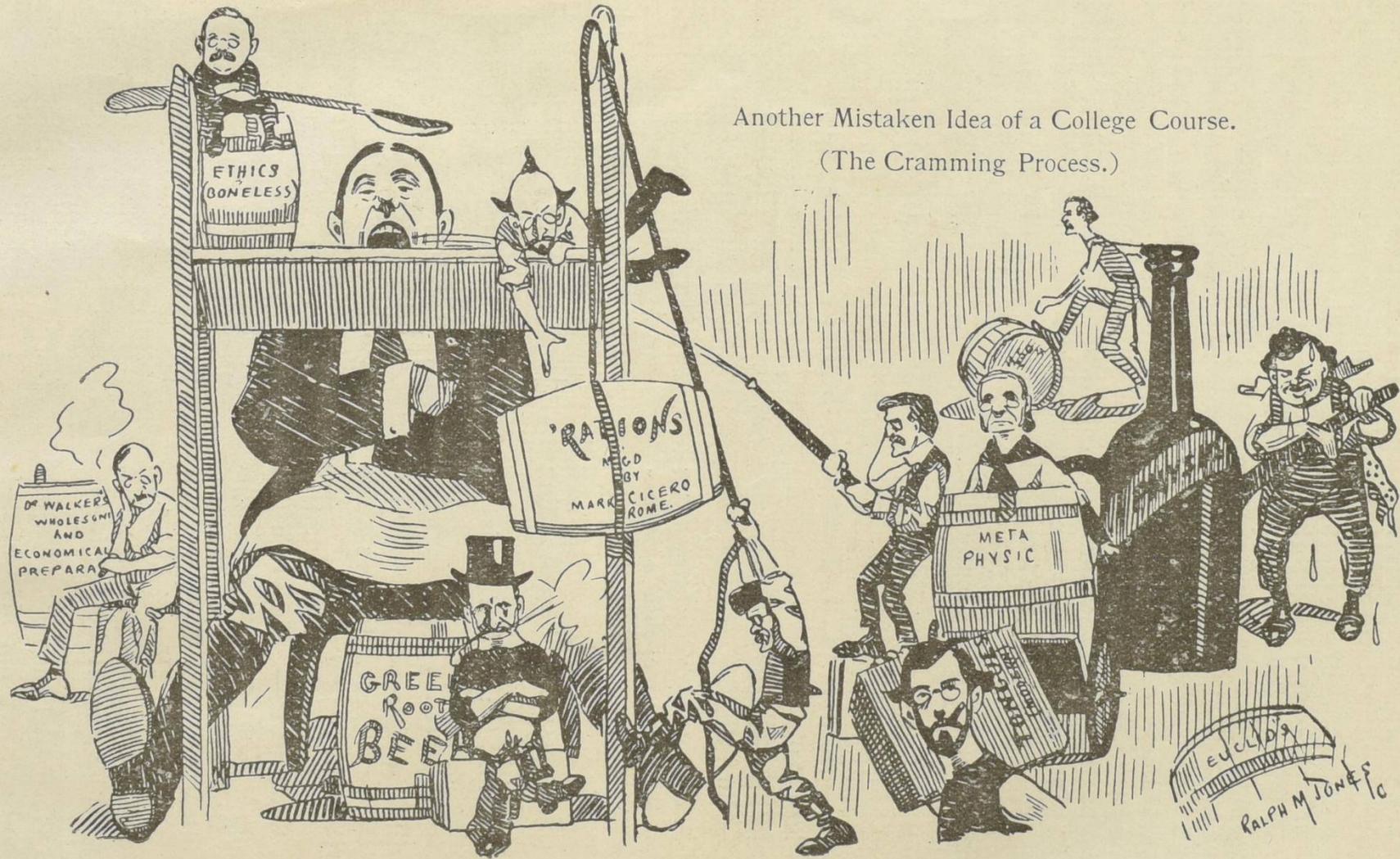
A *wailing* expedition. Refrain by Seniors, "We can't get home till morning."



SHE: "Freddie dear, I do wish you were a wee bit taller."

HE: "I could reach with a chair, love, shall I fetch one?"

Another Mistaken Idea of a College Course.
(The Cramming Process.)



B-ner-ft was very much *harrassed* at last reception.

B-rd-tt—Are you allowed to marry?

Wh-t-,—No! cannot marry until I am ordained.

Why is a certain freshman an exception to most Jack-asses?

Because he is a *Cunning* ham.

One Sunday evening the Freshmen were quite *overwhelmed* with Freshet(te)s.

Sem,—*Sus lull i pup pup.*

S-i-p,—What does that spell?

Sem,—Saucy pup.

Hearing the Cads mimicking various animals and seeing the Junior caps, Prof. exclaimed,—“The development theory seems to be pretty correct does’nt it?”

Classes and Chapel services will henceforth be delayed two or three minutes beyond the usual time, in order to accommodate a freshman. If after that he cannot be on time we will have to *Kill’im*.

SENIOR :—In speaking about pulling the roller up to the campus, says he does not believe there are enough mules in College to do it.

SOPH. :—“I agree with you as the Senior and Freshmen classes are small.”

Ralph,—Those girls are a lot of rubber necks.

B-t-s,—Miss M—— is not.

Ralph,—Why isn’t she?

B-t-s,—Because she would not smile at me in Church this morning.

Base-ball :

No more flies,—The players are knocking them out with bats, and have fly-traps all over the field.

An opportunity, girls!—H-bl-r is a good catch.

Safe position ;—On a base.

Natural position ;—Short stop, Slipp.

A Foul tip,—One cent.

It has been suggested that a watch-dog be kept outside the little red house down the way, in case a certain Sophomore girl gets *Eaten*.

For protection against tramps apply to the Junior boys.

Which team won in base ball, Seniors or Juniors?
Seniors one, but Juniors got 14.

Billy says he is never going to get a wig as long as he can sport some *tufts*.

Billy Patterson arose on April 30th, at 5.34 a. m., in the year of our Lord 1901.

Why are the Freshmen's rackets like the cop rackets?
They go early to court.

Latest news from seat of war,—DeWitt is attacking the clan of Macdonald's in Seminary.

A certain Sophomore says he will not mind being a fool if he *Can (n)* only be a wise fool.

Change is not always a reform any more than those terrible noises from the pianos in the Seminary is music

PRES., (noticing a dog in the chapel :) "I wish some one who is particularly good at handling dogs, would take that animal out.
Taylor immediately arose and the dog walked out."

BLACKADDER:—I want to buy a razor.

CLARK, after a very scrutinizing look, gives him a bottle of vaseline and tells him that this is the kind of raiser he needs.

PROF.:—An infusion of litmus or purple *cabbage* is turned red by an acid.

STUDENT:—Does that account for the red on the Juniors?

PROF.:—Certainly; the red portion marks the extent of an internal cavity filled with acid gases generated by the fermentations of the atrophied grey matter beneath; the gas in passing through the tissues turn them bright red.

He rushed up the aisle,
To do it in style,
To present the star with a rose.
She, looking away
Saw not the bouquet,
Is he standing there yet, who knows?

JONES :—What class does Cunningham's snakes belong to?

AMBERMAN :—What color are they?

JONES :—Green.

AMBERMAN :—To the Freshman class.

ERRATA.

In regard to Cunningham's snakes, Amberman has changed his mind; he now thinks they are members of the "Ophidii Coluberidae Leopeltis Vernalis."

D-k-n says he did not hold her hand between his *two*, but between *one* of his and the arm of the chair.

Billy has begun to send for prices on wigs.

Acknowledgments.

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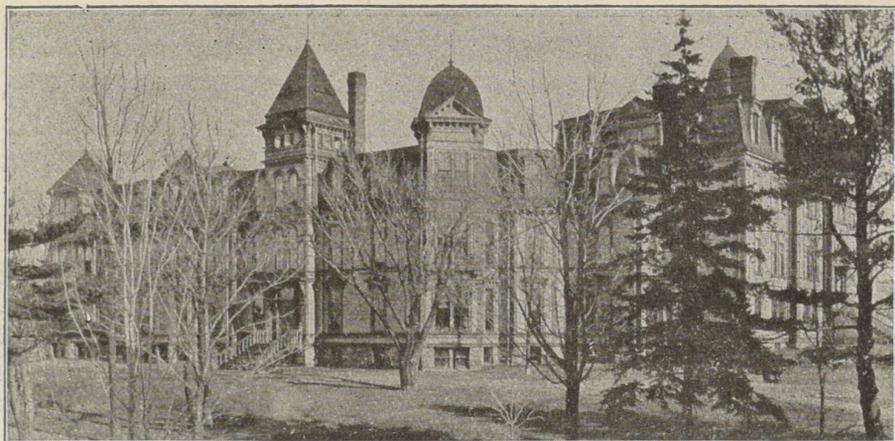
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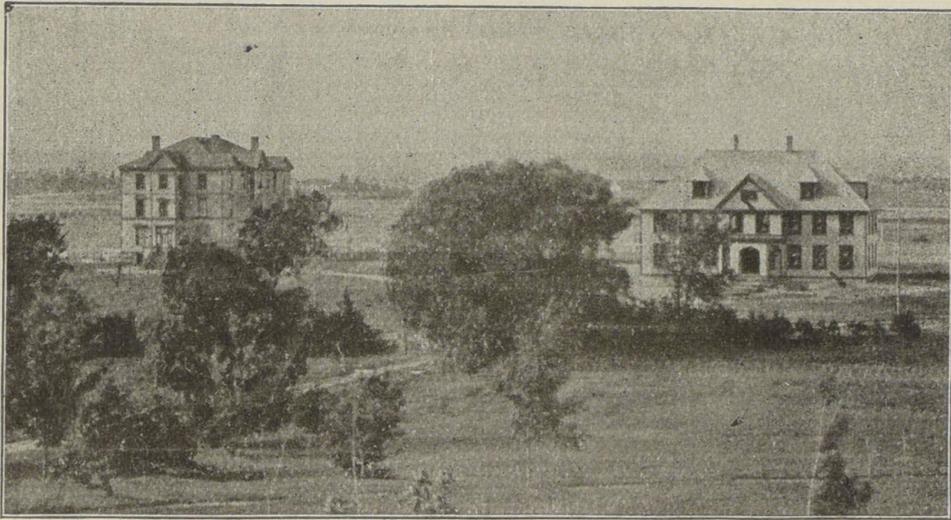
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