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THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

Let us bury the year out of our sight;
We will dig its grave this December night
 And heap the snow
 So white and cold,
Over the frozen lifeless mould.

Let us bury the year, with its grief and pain;
Dig its grave so deep, neither sun nor rain,
 Nor any caress
 Of nature can bring
It to life in the blossoming time of spring.

Can we bury the year, the by-gone year,
Its fruit not ripe, though its leaves are sear?
 We caught it as weaver
 Catcheth hold
Of a shuttle filled with threads of gold,
To light up the sombre web he weaves,
With flashes of gold and laurel leaves;
 But the heavy press
 Of the dark old loom,
Has broken our tinsel, we sit in the gloom.

If we bury the year, the kind old year,
Let our touch be soft as we move its bier,
 For oft in the New,
 Mid hours of pain,
We may long for the touch of its hands again.
As we bury the year, the dear old year,

Reverently, lovingly, move with its bier;
 God's love hath looked
 Through its eyes into ours;
 God's smile has opened some buds into flowers;
 Prayerfully, lovingly, bury the year.

IRENE ELDER MORTON.

The Bluffs.

Man and his Five Senses.

“When Evolution comes to be worked out along its great natural lines, it will be found to provide for all that religion assumes, all that philosophy requires, and all that science proves.”—*Henry Drummond.*

Said Sir William Gull the great English physician “Were I to make a man I do not think I would put tonsils in him.”

In the same spirit he would not put in him the *vermiform appendix* that bit of blind cœcum that menaces every human life, he would leave out the *os coccyx*, that useless and dangerous vestige of a once longer backbone, he would remove the valves from the intercostal veins where they are now a hindrance to circulation during hours of sleep, and while he was making these improvements furnish valves to hæmorrhoidal veins and thus cure a serious defect that results in a distressing disease. He would do well to strengthen the muscles of the abdominal walls to prevent hernia and its pains and fatalities. Sir William could with good cause dispense with our outward ears, and the useless muscles that once moved them, for neither the one, nor the other is of the least service to us now. We can hear without these unsightly gristle flaps as well as we can with them. To carry out such a plan, were it possible, would be to break with the past by destroying its records. As matters stand, the geologic Ages overlap in our wonderful bodies. Science has demonstrated that they have come from far. All these tattered vestiges that trouble and afflict us are the venerable records of a mighty Past that runs unbroken from monad to man. To us this stretch of time seems like eternity, but to Him with whom there is no time, it may have been an instantaneous creation. He who orders the countless suns of limitless space, lights them, and quenches them by the myriad millions can never fit His calculations into our calendars that are founded on the motions of a single star, and its tiny planet we call our world. Man is none the less created because he was not made in five or ten seconds according to our reckoning. Man is here and Science with

marvellous patience has found the scattered threads that Nature deftly trailed through all the labyrinths of his organic upbuilding. Among the planets that follow our sun this earth is the only suitable dwelling-place for a creature like Man. With the exception of five planets visible to the naked eye, all the stars are suns, even to the remotest that telescopes can discern or cameras can register. Doubtless among them there are worlds in some degree like our own and creatures who are our superiors. However that may be, it is evident that human nature is not commonplace in this Universe. It may well be that not one solar system in a million has been furnished with such a "paragon of animals." Surely some high destiny must await this "heir of all the ages" who has been brought forth out of the travail pains of countless generations of life.

Our bodies are at the end of a physical process. There is room for no further advancement on the vertebrate plan of construction. Says Prof. Cleland "I believe not that Man is the highest intelligence, but that the human body is the highest form of human life possible, subject to the conditions of matter on the surface of the globe, and that his structure completes the design of the animal kingdom." Says Prof. Gunning, "When Man had come creation was a spent force. He carries the evidence in certain parts of his body that in him the forming forces were nearing their end. After the human body nothing; after man, nothing but a better man." This body is a structure wherein many compromises have been made to adapt it to a perpendicular attitude after it had gone on all fours for ages. To bring this creature up was the crowning achievement of creation, and it was not done without bringing with it fragments of old structures in the body, and swarms of brute propensities in the mind that was itself the immaterial outcome of all this marvellous organic fashioning. Henceforth the progression of our race must be in moral and spiritual directions, or not be at all. We are not only at the end of physical improvements, but are degenerates in everything but the brain. Our senses, with the exception of sight, are far past the stage of such perfection as we see in the world of lower animal life. Our sense of smell has dwindled into a mere reminiscence of that power which in a caribou detects the tainted air that drifts from a daily-bath Caucasian a half mile distant, and sends him bounding away in terror from such an olfactory uproar. Seton Thompson tells us of a dog that lost his master at a ferry, and remained there two years and "*smelt* six million legs," and at last went away with another drover who wore mittens and comforter that once belonged to his old master. The dogs say to themselves "let us smell" and not "let us see about it," as we do. The same is true of domestic animals and wild creatures in general. Their sense of smell in many instances is so keen

that by comparison we are made to realize how degraded and shrivelled are our olfactory organs. It is evident that they are reduced to mere vestiges, and no longer serve a vital purpose. We can live very well without this sense. Not so with the wild beasts. Our moose when they lie down get their noses to the wind, and change direction if the wind hauls from another quarter.

The sense of smell is older than hearing and seeing. Says Prof. Tyler "it seems to be as old as protoplasm." Man and his nearest organic kindred are no longer in possession of keen smelling organs for the reason that the need of them has passed away. They neither use this sense for detecting the approach of danger, nor do they locate their food by the nose, and what is not put to use will be put out of the way.

The sense of Touch or feeling is as old as the earliest animal cells. In a vast creation of lowly life it has no special organ. Higher in the scale we find it variously located. Some fish like our common horn-pouts of the meadow brooks, have soft horns or barblets used as feelers. Insects and crustaceans are equipped for feeling in very much the same way. The points of the bills of certain species of birds are sensitive organs of touch, our woodcock is an instance in kind. The smellers of cats and many other animals answer the same purpose. In human beings the sense of touch is more especially resident in the tips of the fingers; we do not trust to the toes or the back of the hand for this purpose. It is a very assuring sense and even corrects the eyes and ears in some cases. Young infants are almost wholly guided by it. Taste is their only other means of acquaintance with their surroundings until they learn to hear and see. This old instinctive confidence in touch is hard to outgrow, and for that reason children are not satisfied to *look*, but must get their *hands* on the objects. Adults who have been but little restrained by training are also much given to this practice. This sense is very ready to give a most unreasonable alarm as one may learn by accidentally in the dark coming in contact with some harmless creature as a frog, or spider, or worm. Before reason or experience can operate to check our action we foolishly jump or scream or jerk our hands away. This instinctive recoil is a reminiscence from the old times when in the night where there were deadly insects and reptiles abroad, and nose, nor eyes, nor ears told of their presence. We almost intuitively rate this as an animal sense in a marked degree and when in the Genesis narrative of the Flood we read that the "Lord smelled a sweet savour" we shrink from the assertion that owes its existence to the older wording found in the Assyrian cuneiform story of the Deluge where it reads "I made a libation on the top of the mountain, in sevens the vessels I set out, under them I heaped up reed cedarwood. The gods smelt the savour. The gods smelt the sweet savour. The gods

like flies over the sacrifice collected.”

Our outward ears are neither useful nor ornamental. In their structure alone is adequate proof that man was not made at one cast. The marks of their degeneracy from trumpet-like ears are unmistakable. The ear is a comparatively late arrival in the order of sense-creation. The whole body is sensitive to sound vibrations in lower structures. To locate this sense in a special organ and affix a device to collect the sound was not accomplished until creation had advanced to the mammalian stage and that was the latest and last.

The sense of taste placed at the entrance of the digestive tract is older than mouths. In the simplest animal life, the amœba, one thousandth of an inch in diameter, that under the microscope looks like a drop of mucilage, we have a living thing, that eats without a mouth, digests without a stomach, breathes without lungs, and feels without nerves. Along the lower lines of animal structure this sense was authoritative and passed judgement upon all food. With man who produces, and largely prepares his food, there is no demand for taste to determine what is proper to be taken into the stomach. It has become with us a whimsical affair that will take kindly to whale blubber or to roasted locusts or limburger cheese, and refuse tomatoes, or celery, or sugar, or some other wholesome production. Mankind could live without this sense and eat to keep alive, but not live to eat.

We come now to the eye, this is the organ of superlative interest in the evolution of the higher faculties of mankind. It was late in coming. It is the organic response to light. The lowest forms of animal life are eyeless. The simplest known structure for seeing is an aggregate of pigment cells covered by a translucent skin and without nerves or brain. No image is possible with that arrangement. In the long run the eye was perfected more and more and arranged on different plans. It began in the water where no great range was possible. An arboreal life resulted in a hand as we see it to-day in those animals most nearly related to us. That organ of itself was indispensable, a creature might have it and never reach the dignity of man, but without it there was no way upward. Security in trees where no enemy could follow from limb to limb, left the nose and ears to play a less important part, and then the sense of sight was called upon, in a large measure to do duty for them. Degeneracy accompanies disuse, and the old acuteness of smelling and hearing was lost forever. The evolutionary drama had shifted its scenes. Something of the brute was then and there left behind. Had the earth remained treeless as it long did, it would have been manless. Among their fruit-bearing branches the arm and hand were formed, and they were largely relieved from supporting the body and set to the higher duty of waiting upon

the brain. From the elevated outlook afforded by trees, the eye not only surveyed the ground beneath, but often took in the adjacent region. With greater freedom of the fore limbs resulted a more erect attitude that must have increased the range of sight. This may be verified by noticing the difference between an ape and a dog in the use of their eyes. Slowly, very slowly in the later stages of human evolution *seeing* became the master-sense. Through its activities the world widened. Mountains, seas, sun, moon, and stars got themselves reported in the brain where they piqued curiosity, stimulated thought, and elevated sentiment through all the higher ranges of the dawning mind. The cerebral lobes of the brain became picture galleries wherein were displayed in endless succession a panorama of the whole visible experience of each individual. This took precedence of all other sense expressions, and man became less, and less, a *smelling, listening* animal, and more, and more was led and instructed by his eyes that at length resulted in the visual imagination that enables us to create at will from our experience endless combinations of significant scenes. Thus, Milton, overtaken by blindness, dictates immortal verse, wherein are displayed fabulous wealth of imaginary situations that owe all their grandeur and brilliancy to such quests as eyes alone can make in this wide universe.

Bunyan wrote his "Holy City" in prison and John saw the New Jerusalem from the rocky isle of Patmos. Note this passage from Ruskin, and mark how it is all an appeal to the eye, how in spite of prose arrangement it overflows the mechanical restrictions and asserts itself as poetry.

"We know that the gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Appenines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and the olive, which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us for a moment try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun; here and there an angry spot of thunder, a grey stain of storm, moving upon the burning field; and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcanic smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes; but for the most part a great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plummy palm, that abate with their grey-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand. Then let us pass further towards the north, until we see the

orient colors change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through the clefts in grey, whirls of rain-cloud and flakey veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands; and then farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grizzly islands amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forest fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and at last the wall of ice durable like iron, sets death-like its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight."

Before one can write like that he must "come forth into the light of things," and open his eyes to the grandeur and beauty of the world. He must get beyond the old brute utilitarian use of sight, and learn to love, admire, and commune with the high festivities of the seasons displayed in beauties of color, and contrasts of shade, and shine, of grey rocks, and lowering clouds and the endless variety of color, and form, that though the eye alone can reach the heart and mind of man.

It is true that hearing has a great moral and spiritual part to play. With Man it is no longer the vigilant sentinel to stand between him and prowling enemies. The keen responsibility of its ancient office has been outgrown, but the sense has been raised to the dignity of a character-building factor. It operates now in conjunction with the sentiments, and transmutes the voices of Nature into higher values till the song of the lark, the whispering winds in the pines, and the bellowing of the savage sea awaken

"thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears" or touch "a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air."

However great the hearing sense, however much its contributions to our higher faculties, still it falls far behind the eye as a factor in man's upbuilding. It is greatly more restricted in its range than the sense of vision that peers into the structure of a microscopic cell, and responds to the light from nebulous wisps that swirl round the "bands of Orion." The brain, so long debtor to the eye, at last invented the means to extend its scope beyond all natural limits, and the results are the discoveries of astronomy that force us into the admission that our sun is but one of the innumerable hosts of its kind; that our earth is but a speck in the infinite universe. Thousands of trained eyes, armed with

telescopes and spectroscopes are sweeping the awful depths of space, and as a result of their discoveries we are no longer able, rationally, to entertain the limited ideas of Providence and mankind as objects of His special care that have long been current in Christendom. Philosophy and Theology have been confronted with the demand to accommodate the truths that come from every field where eager observers are ransacking the universe for truth. The heights, and the depths alike, are sounded. Spectroscopes deal with the chemistry and motions of stars, dredges sink miles down into the dark abysses of the oceans, photographers set their cameras the night long to obtain the signature of stars so distant that the swift light waves that left their impressions on the sensitive plate have been many thousand years on the journey. No quest for Holy Grail so sacred as these high enterprises by which the coast lines of our knowledge are extended into new and wide domains. Venerable superstitions, cruel and strong, invulnerable to all other attacks have been dislodged by the search-lights of science directed by devoted and tireless students. "God is light" said the rapt apostle, and therefore he who replaces ignorance by the light of truth is in a holy alliance and lofty service.

No shrines of ancient oracles, no marble temples of the gods, no Gothic piles of gloomy aisles and turrets and spires dedicated to the Most High, is more sacred than observatories and laboratories. Within the revolving domes where swing the huge telescopes directed by trained observers, all is silent and orderly as Nature. Human eyes of marvellous quality are keeping nightly vigils, and would not be elsewhere. No high priest garbed in all the glory of his vestments was ever clothed with more dignity than Agassiz as he presided over the investigations of his laboratory; "it may be that he had trod

Outside the plain old path of *God thus spake,*
 But God with him was very God,
 And not a visionary wraith
 Skulking in the corners of the mind."

While the discoveries of science teach us our place in the wide economy of laws and things, they also confer upon us great dignity, and furnish us with reasons why He who "stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," is also mindful of Man who can think his thoughts after him in worlds without end for "there is no searching of his understanding."

R. R. McLEOD.

Investments.

The college student finds that as the course of study approaches its termination, the question of Investment is one that he must of necessity seriously consider. Now there are investments and investments.

It is of course taken for granted that the student who goes forth from the halls of such a college as our own Acadia, will be interested only in *profitable investments*.

Along this line of thought permit an old-time student to write. Whenever we speak of making an investment, we naturally think of bonds, railroad stock, bank stock, real estate, or here in Westmoreland County, copper-mine stock, or oil-well stock.

But the serious student will at once agree with the writer, that there are other investments, superior to bonds or real estate, and without which our bonds and elegant homes can give us but little real joy and pleasure in life.

I recall the student days when I was an inmate of the now historic Chipman Hall. One beautiful autumn night, somewhere between the hours of midnight and sunrise, I saw two young men (Freshmen of course) stealthily climbing the stairs, each carrying a well-filled pillow-case over his shoulder. I sang out, "What have you there?" and I received a memorable reply in an assumed voice, "Man does not live by bread alone." Seriously then there are wants in him which this cannot supply. And if the young man fails to invest in the things I am about to mention he will find that in spite of the many things of the earth which he has—or may accumulate—he is a poor man.

In the first place let me say that an investment in *physical strength and health*—is always sure to pay a handsome dividend. This dividend we can realize by taking proper care of our bodies and obeying the laws of our physical being. A sound body next to a good character we may all consider the most precious of possessions.

The Ascetics of old held that the best way to advance their spiritual interests was by mortifying the body and some went so far as not only to ignore, but positively to deny the rights of the body. The result was that for the purpose of attaining into eternal life they imposed on themselves cruel hardships and tortures.

This was a mistake, the body must not be abused, but preserved, its powers developed. It is manifestly the duty of the true man, to glorify his maker, with his whole being, *body, mind and soul*.

The Pauline idea of keeping the body under, does not mean to suppress, but to develop its highest and noblest powers. A race horse attains his highest speed only through subjection to man and a process of training.

Another profitable investment is that of *intellectual culture* and need. I say that it *always* pays a rich dividend to the investor.

Our lives can expand by the use of our mental powers, till they become rich and great beyond description.

By entering into the world's best thought, we ourselves become higher and nobler beings.

No previous age has ever offered such advantages for mental culture as you and I enjoy to-day. Our Fathers Manning, Harding, Bill, Crawley, Cramp, Pryor, Crandall and others planned largely and wisely for the *intellectual life* of our people, when they laid the foundations of the University represented by this Journal.

Our young people have no reasonable excuse for not acquainting themselves with the literature of the world. There is *power, strength* and *inspiration* in good books.

A third investment, one that pays here and hereafter is that of *Faith*.

It is the underlying ground for trust in things hoped for, the reason for believing in things not yet seen. Without faith we could not exist. It is the foundation of all our knowledge. It underlies all human society and all human activities. The young person who fails to invest in a real living *faith*, fails in the race of life. The faiths of the world lose something of their beauty when they become the arrogant assertions of the mind rather than the confiding convictions of the heart. Wherever knowledge fails us, there faith takes us by the hand and leads us forth into the mysteries of God.

The investments made will offer and pay good dividends. Whether you are rich or poor, an employer or an employee you all have the means to invest in physical health, intellectual culture and faith.

B. H. THOMAS.

Dorchester, N. B.

Exposition and Expression in the First Act of Wilhelm Tell.

Not always is an artist's last work his best. In some cases, the man seems to exhaust his sources of inspiration. Sometimes the expanding results of years devoted to study and thought and expression are nullified by the clouding of the imagination and the crippling of the judgment which attend bodily decay. That man is surely blessed of Heaven, whose mind remains unshattered and unmoved by the storms which batter and wreck its mortal tenement. The mind that thus holds itself above its material attachments, while happy in itself, affords to the observer a strong presumptive proof of its immortality.

These reflections, which come to me as I sit down to write a few thoughts on Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, are perhaps not wholly appropriate to his case. He was at the time of its completion only in his forty-fifth year, and, though already in the painful grasp of the disease which, before he should reach his forty-sixth birthday, was to still his swelling heart, yet his mind was alive with that abnormal activity which we have sometimes seen in connection with pulmonary affections. He was consciously making heavy overdrafts on his remaining physical strength, yet, so overwhelming was his concern for the offspring of his intellect, that he seemed to regard the body only as the disabled vessel, which must be kept afloat as long as possible in the interests of the cargo.

Whether *Wilhelm Tell* be Schiller's best work, I do not feel competent to say. To me it appeals more strongly than does any other of his plays, and it affords a certain satisfaction that different critics call it his best. Measured by dramatic standards, it is not without faults. Literary critics accuse it of want of dramatic unity. It has two heroes—the leaders of thought and influence in the cantons and Tell. It introduces the episode of Rudenz tempted through love of Bertha to give his allegiance to Austria. Yet, even if there be three dramas, they are uniform in direction and unite at the end.

It seems to me that the theme was the deepest interest of the author—to a certain extent mastered him. The love of liberty which had found less mature expression in his earliest play, *Die Rauber*, the appreciation of nature, so deep in the German mind; lyric skill and sweetness; a rare intuitive taste in the employment of the rich resources of the language—these are characteristics of the author which eminently fit him to treat the subject he had chosen. He does not it seems to me, set out to construct a play in all respects conformable to the laws of the drama, with so much of force and deeper purpose as may be consistent therewith. He purposes a presentation of the subject that shall express his own deepest longing for the liberty and unity of his country, and that shall rouse and move his countrymen towards their attainment. The degree to which he accomplishes this object shows either that he held himself largely within the limits prescribed by dramatic science, or that the spirit is deeper than mechanical rules that would limit its operation.

I must turn to the first act, which Goethe called “not a first act simply, but a whole play in itself.”

The stage scenery which the author prescribes includes a bay in lake Lucerne with the mountains by which it is enclosed. The *Ranz-des-Vaches* and the tinkling of bells are heard already before the curtain rises. Then the fisher boy sings in his boat:—

“There’s a smile on the lake, its bright wavelets leaping
 Call to bathing the boy on its grassy bank sleeping,
 Then hears he a singing
 No flute-tones more sweet,
 Like angel notes ringing
 With heavenly beat.

And now he awakens with longing desire,
 The waves ’round his bosom are mounting still higher,
 There’s a voice from the deep :
 I am calling to thee,
 Awake from thy sleep,
 Come thou hither to me.”

Upon the mountain side, the herdsman sings :—

‘Ye meadows, farewell,
 So sunny for feeding !
 The herdsman is speeding,
 The summer is gone.
 We go to the mountain, we come back again,
 When the call of the cuckoo awakes sweet refrain,
 When the earth once again with bright flowers is clad,
 When in beautiful May the streamlets flow, glad.
 Ye meadows, farewell,
 So sunny for feeding !
 The herdsman is speeding,
 The summer is gone.”

Then an Alpine hunter, appearing on a steep heights, contributes
 his variation :—

“Loud thunder the mountains, the dizzy path reels,
 But no apprehension the brave hunter feels ;
 He strides on unheeding
 O’er broad, icy fields ;
 No spring there, nor seeding,
 No grain autumn yields ;
 A vast, foggy ocean lies under his feet,
 No dwellings of mortals his vision to greet ;
 Through the rift of the storm-clouds,
 He catches the sheen
 Of a world ’neath the waters
 Still mantled in green.”

Now there are appearances of coming storm, and the characters
 on the stage enter into conversation at once natural and picturesque.
 Upon this peaceful nature-scene bursts Baumgarten, who, having in
 defence of “his wife’s honor and his own” slain the tyrannical and
 brutal governor, and being pursued by his horsemen, begs to be set
 over the lake. The rising storm makes the boatman refuse to make
 the attempt, though all the bystanders join their entreaties. At this
 moment Tell appears. To him the sorely tried boatman appeals :—

“Ah, there is Tell, he handles too the oar,
 He’ll say if now the passage may be dared.”

TELL.

“Where need drives, boatman, all things may be dared.

.....
 The brave man thinks the last of all on self ;
 Trust thou in God and save the hard-pressed man !”

The boatman retorts that it is “easy to advise from a safe har-

bor," and suggests that Tell himself make the attempt to cross the lake with Baumgarten. When Tell has started on his desperate voyage and the boatman is reproached for not attempting it, he says of Tell:—

“There are not two such men upon the mountain.”

As the excited observers follow with anxious gaze the boat, now lost in the trough of the waves, now tossed on their summits, the pursuers arrive in vengeful haste. When they descry the receding boat, their baffled fury falls upon the innocent peasants:—

“You’ve helped him forth
And you shall pay to us—Fall on their herds!
The cabins overthrow, burn and destroy!”

Now is the joy of the countrymen over the escape of Baumgarten turned into grief and rage at the loss of home and possessions. Amongst woeful exclamations, the author gives to the fishermen the couplet that closes scene I. :—

“Justice of Heaven!
When will the saviour of this land appear?”

This first scene has gone far with the exposition. We have been verily taken to Switzerland, introduced to its grand natural scenery, and to the simple-hearted yet brave and mutually helpful people. Then the panorama changes to give a striking view of the oppression under which the cantons suffer—a view greatly heightened in effect by contrast with the peaceful background upon which it is thrown. Then Tell has been introduced, and in circumstances that reveal the character of the man. Closing the act, the apostrophe of the fishermen serves as a summing up; shows that we have not witnessed an isolated act of tyranny, and arouses anticipation.

The second scene takes us to Schwyz. It adds to the picture of oppression, and shows what is the sentiment in Schwyz and Luzern, as the first scene has suggested and the third shall further show it in Uri. Luzern is represented by Pfeifer, introduced in conversation with Stauffacher, and the latter is gradually aroused by his wife Gertrude, to take measures with representative men of the other cantons towards throwing off the yoke of Austria. With much skill, she draws him on to explain the despondency that she has long observed, and to express the discontent and apprehension that have not been hid from her, and of which she strongly suspects the cause. Here the language is often Homeric in its simpleness and strength. Even our strong English sometimes fails to duly render the compounded terms. For example:—

“What can oppress thy heart; tell it to me.
Thy industry is blessed, thy fortune blooms;
Full are thy barns, thy droves of cattle fall,
And the well-nourished brood of horses sleek
Is safely from the mountain-sides, home-brought
To quiet wint’ring in the roomy stalls.”

Stauffacher is at length persuaded to act. In scene three, we are taken with him to Uri and see being built by forced labor of the people a fortress, which shall further compel their submission. Their conversation shows their comprehension of the case and their deep resentment. Then a herald appears proclaiming that the "hat of Austria" is to be set up in Altorf, and whoever shall not honor it "with bended knee and bared head" shall forfeit life and goods to the king.

Limits of space forbid more than a mere indication of the substance of this and the following scene. In naturalness and beauty they maintain the lofty standard set in scene one.

Scene four is laid at the home of Walther Fuerst, father-in-law of Tell, in Uri. Melchthal of Unterwalden is here in hiding for his life, having, in righteous anger, broken with a staff the finger of the governor's officer, who was taking away his oxen. Now he is in deep anxiety for his old father, who is within reach of the indiscriminating vengeance of the governor. To Walther Fuerst comes Stauffacher on his mission of arousing the cantons to concerted resistance. He has heavy news. The building of this prison-castle, Baumgarten's case, and, most terrible of all, unhuman vengeance that has been taken on the father of Melchthal for the son's misdeed. His property has been confiscated and his eyes have been put out.

At this point in Stauffacher's report, Melchthal, who has, to the consternation of the speakers, overheard their talk, rushes out from his hiding. His grief and horror make him a ready agent of revolt. The cup is full—overflows. He breaks down the remaining hesitation of the others, and undertakes the mission of carrying through the summons to a secret meeting at Ruetli.

Though the first scene of act two may be regarded as a part of the exposition, yet the decision to summon representative men to a secret meeting marks the turning point, the crisis; and here I close, adding only one paragraph from Melchthal, spoken in a milder moment of his grief upon hearing the almost incredible report of the governor's vengeance:—

"No more! Never again!

(Pauses, then speaks in a soft voice, choked with tears)

Oh, 'tis a noble gift from Heaven sent,
Light of the eyes—All beings do exist
From light ev'ry created thing exists—
The plant itself turns gladly to the light,
And he must sit, e'er feeling, in the night,
Darkness eternal—him delights no more
The meadow's living green, the flower's bloom;
The shining glacier can he see no more—
To die is naught—to live and not to see,
Ah, that is woe—Why with compassion look
You so on me? I have two perfect eyes

And can the blind old father neither give,
No smallest glimmer of the sea of light,
That, full of splendour, blinding, floods my sight."

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

Turn, westering pilgrim, to the place
 Where man is likest God in face,
 And God his glory nearest shows
 In the fair star that Christward glows.
 Turn, for the way thou goest is far
 From the sweet influence of that early star.
 From breathless morn, faint noon, night's pain—
 Turn to the worship of the Child again.

The western sky allures to fame and pelf:
 Thou on the road must test thyself;
 But, when the western lures are spent,
 Their red and gold in ashes blent,
 The East hath word to light thy load,
 And set thee on the heavenly road.
 Turn, westering pilgrim, here adore,—
 Turn to the worship of the Child once more.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

Greenwich, N. S.

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### Echoes of the Past.

My thoughts again revert to by-gone days. I muse and the fire  
 burns. As the leaves of memory turn over, fancy is busy. So to-night—

“I have a room where into no one enters  
 Save I myself alone:  
 There sits a blessed memory on a throne,  
 Where thought centres.”

I am at school again—a member of Horton Academy. I am studying  
 under the regime of Principal Hartt and his assistant, Thomas A.  
 Higgins, B. A. College, academy and boarding house fall into position;  
 lessons are conned, or not conned, as the case may be; the halls echo to  
 the tread of busy feet; students gather and disperse at the call from the  
 belfry; school life is in full and abounding activity.

After 4 o'clock, p. m., a grand sight was to be seen on the quad-  
 rangle. I mean by quadrangle the yard at the back of the college.  
 On this space the college student used each to erect his little pile of

wood. A score of these gowmsmen plying their grating saws and wielding their blunt axes was verily a sight for a novice. It was noted that sundry disputes used to arise touching ownership. With equal zeal the *Meum* and the *Teum* were maintained and ignored. Small piles of fuel became large, and large became scanty. Indeed bars of wood were not unfrequently found even in the corridors, but whence they came remained an inscrutable mystery. Now to us of the lower school these very bedlams of students were fraught with mystery and grandeur. We sniffed the atmosphere of the higher life and higher learning. We thought our academic studies irksome and shadowy, because of some cachexy of body and mind inseparable from the lower condition of life and study. We could not evolve light from darkness. As long as this state of things continued sentences would lie in their own Greek moulds and exult in their own Greek idioms. Algebra would be symbol and naught but symbol; geometry could as well be studied from cobwebs as from books. We yearned for the length and breadth and attitude, the fecundity and wealth of university life. We believed in the correlation of force. It was simply this,—that college forces transmitted into us could and would so enlarge and purge our intellectual faculties that clarified vision must inevitably result. After matriculation the coveted panacea would be ours. Let disappointed hopes be buried. There was no royal road to learning.

Our ambition to be admitted to college life was greatly stimulated by one thing. One of the professors sawed and clove his wood in the afore named quadrangle. Right well could he ply the saw and wield the axe. His figure is before me now. Tall and graceful, sometimes a tinge of melancholy, sometimes a smile upon his face,—always a smile when accosted,—his coat dotted with chalk, telling of the day's conflict, he was an interesting and familiar figure in those days. Like the students, he too had rooms in college. In them he lived and thought and studied. This man drew us towards the college. We were eager to know more about him and feel the spell of his influence. Three years of experience under his able and faithful instruction should give me some qualification for speaking of Professor Stuart as a man and a teacher.

In 1847 Mr. A. P. S. Stuart of Brown University was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Acadia. He left the institution at the end of the year 1849, but returned in 1853 to fill with marked ability for the succeeding five years the chair of Mathematics and Natural Science.

Professor Stuart was not a recluse though he loved retirement. He seemed to be at home either in society or solitude. His thoughts at times dwelt in the shadowy past. We knew there were points in his

history too sacred for the gaze of vulgar eyes. He longed for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still. His life was fed from invisible sources, and he held constant communion with Him who never forsakes and loves even unto the end. In this mood and manner of life he performed amongst us several years of valuable labor. He rendered no prefunctory service, but gave himself to his work with a zeal and an enthusiasm which insured success and won our confidence. Let us give a few of his characteristics as a teacher.

He was thorough in his work of preparation. With him it was not a question of hours, of time, but of mastery. The problem must be solved, the principle must be grasped. Nor was he satisfied with a mere solution and a feeble grasp. The whole process must be concatenated and the whole concatenation shine in the pure light of reason. In his views the rational was the life of the process, be the subject metaphysics, morals, or mathematics. Professor Stuart was not brilliant, nor even quick of apprehension. He did not think rapidly. But when the light dawned, the mental illumination flashed his whole countenance. He seemed to have mental grappling irons that never lost their hold, a power of analysis and exegesis that revealed the secrets of many deep things. In the silence of his study these mental processes went on. The pale student's lamp burned until midnight. The next day you could see that he was the strong man because he had entered into the purchased possession.

With the spell and conviction of the process upon him, he entered the class-room. What Professor Stuart knew he could impart—most emphatically he could. Clear in his thinking, lucid in expression, it would be a strange mind into which he could throw no light. The living knowledge within him must be transmitted. By that intuition which marks the teacher, he saw clearly the student's difficulty. If there was any weak link, or any link wanting in the chain of reasoning, he refused to proceed until the one was strengthened and the other supplied. Who of his students does not remember the thrill and ring of Professor Stuart's "Don't you see it?" From the beginning, slowly but surely on through all the mazes was the process conducted, till the plentitude of the demonstration flooded the soul. I verily believe he could read in the countenance whether one was going through a verbal, memorized, operation, or acting the part of an intelligent being, so closely did he read the soul's condition in the facial expression. The power to see the student's need, to impart knowledge not more by skill, by language, than by mental flash-telepathy is it?—is a rare endowment. There have been and are a few teachers endowed with this power, and Professor Stuart was, in my judgment, one of them.

Another marked feature of Prof. Stuart as a teacher, was his

enthusiasm. The literal meaning of this word will convey our idea best,—full of the god, a god within, inspired. Even from this ever-glowing inspiration there would emanate at times what might be termed mental spasms. This spasm was always caused by some brain density on the part of some student. When the afflatus was full upon the professor, environment became a myth, with a fearful and startling instantaneousness he cast his gown behind him as slough, seized the chalk, and lo! formulæ took shape upon the black-board as if at the touch of a conjurer's hand. Between the waves, so to speak, of this spasm the chalked hand used to pass with amazing rapidity through the hair, rendering the original color of it strangely ambiguous. This violent agitation of the mind ended only when the point in the lesson was made clear. At such times the professor's face, always intellectual, was positively beautiful. The tinge of the cheek, the flash of the eye, the play of light upon the whole features I see now as of yore. As classes we got a glimpse of the spiritual character of mathematics. It came to us as a revelation that even abstruse subjects, under the guidance of an inspired, born, teacher, might become as attractive and fascinating as the poet's song, or the novelist's romance. This inspiration in a teacher that fuses and sets in a blaze the whole structure of our conceptions is simply priceless.

Much more might be said of the man who for many years filled such a large place in our institution. He was intensely popular. We students loved and venerated him. We caught, it is hoped, some of his inspiration and enthusiasm; at all events we admired his virtues. His deep interest in us, and his profound sympathy with student life, bound us to him in very tender ties. And yet what is strange to tell, Professor Stuart lived in the confidence and affections of his students without his being apparently conscious of the fact. Severe mental strain in the solitude of his study brought on a slightly morbid condition of the system, and, among other groundless notions, fancied that his services were no longer either appreciated or needed. The sad morning of his departure is still fresh in my memory. Around the coach which was to bear away our beloved professor all the students were gathered. There was something unutterable in the touch of the hand—a strange tremor in the voice that day on which he who had filled so large a place in our hearts, as well as in our academic life and work vanished from our sight.

## The Strenuous Life.

BY REV. J. B. CHAMPION, B. A.

Hamilton Theological Seminary.

From time to time phrases are coined from the mint of human experience. They usually express some dominant ideal or characteristic of the time and for that reason become current coin. We hear much to-day of "rush" and "push" and "bustling activities of this busy world." "The strenuous life" is a phrase with the same tone, hence its ready acceptance. This is an age when natural forces have been harnessed as never before. It would seem that the more man makes nature his servant, the harder he works himself. The present era is therefore one of energy. Life seems reinforced with superabundant energy. Strength has an enhanced value, Industry is to the forefront, Work is King.

There is a natural reason why Theodore Roosevelt was the author of the phrase "the strenuous life." He has not merely uttered it, he has lived it and he said it because he lived it. His life interpreted itself to others by these pithy words.

He began life with a weak body and plenty of money. Delicate—he should be excused from toil. Sickly—he would be killed by strenuous work. Weak—he need not walk the rough path of labour, for he can afford to ride with coach and four. With a millionaire father what an opportunity to the son to enjoy all the possible pleasures that wealth can purchase. No! Such a course would have made him a chronic invalid in body and soul. He determined instead to conquer physical weakness, resolutely to set his face against a life of pleasure seeking. He had a burning ambition to set before his countrymen the best possible work. To him a college course seemed indispensable. He sought no easy bypath at Harvard. Completing his work there, he tried to further strengthen his physique by "roughing it" for a time in the "wild West." He soon after threw himself into public life with an earnestness and energy which has ever since characterized him. With nobility of purpose, loftiness of ideal, and persistent endeavour he has advanced step by step, till he has reached the post of highest political honor in his country. Not even Platt who lay in wait for him "on the Jericho road" could prevent his ascendancy. Side tracking this strenuous life in the vice presidency was the quickest way of making him president. He still leads the strenuous life. His recent message to Congress shows it. His latest book issued at the close of last year (1901) has "The Strenuous Life" for its title. It is a collection of his addresses and lectures. Only the opening one deals with his subject.

It is a good presentation of the "Expansionist doctrine" that is, the strenuous life of the nation.

With this concrete example of the strenuous life before us, we may be helped to a definition of it. Plainly it is not as some suppose the breathless break-down pace of the race-course. It is not "burning the candle at both ends." To some, it is the picture of throbbing brow, overstrained muscles and nerves at utmost tension. The above miniature of Roosevelt's life shows nothing of that sort. The strenuous life brought to him health and enlarged capacity for work. It meant to him hard work done with the best of his ability. It means to most of us the best and steadiest effort that can be put forth without impairment of the sources of energy.

A young minister was asked at the examination previous to his ordination, to give his definition of a Christian. His composure being a little disturbed just then, he paused a moment and then replied: "A Christian is one who forsakes not the assembling of himself together." This might also fitly apply as a definition of the strenuous man. Whatever he undertakes, he throws into it, the whole weight of his being, all his faculties and forces. His life is strenuous in that all parts help to bear the strain. There is co-operation of body and soul to do the very best. With pure strenuousness the best is the most.

There is no doubt that the strenuous life has its perils. Common sense may not "set the pace." It easily develops into the over-strenuous. Instead of a pace it may be a constantly accelerated motion. The limit of endurance is soon reached, and the finish comes before the race has well begun. Some have been disposed to charge the strenuous life with responsibility for the kind of death which overtook Malbie B. Babcock. The constant strain is believed to render body and mind unfit to withstand the shock of disease. The nervous exhaustion becomes itself so intolerable that the sufferer "makes his own quietus" in one way or another. A cultured lady of excellent Christian character and strenuous life who lately passed thus away, said in most plaintive tones just before the poison had finished its fatal work:—"life is too great; its responsibilities are too heavy for me, I can't bear it any more. How much longer have I to live, doctor?"

Is it true that the ghost of suicide haunts the way of the strenuous life? or is it but a nightmare. In each of the cases above there was physical disability enough to bring about this sad result in almost any case. True, the overstrain may have contributed but it is by no means certain. The danger lies most in the ignorance which sees not the limit of endurance and draws heavily upon the reserve forces of nature. It is hardly fair to charge to the strenuous life the results of that recklessness that cares not to avoid the over-strenuous exertion. An indolent

student refuses to work hard lest he should be tempted to end his own life. Alas, the boon to society will not come; he is too lazy to commit suicide. To escape inevitable work is the only reason that would urge him to the "bare bodkin." More suffer from the under-strenuous life than from the over-strenuous.

There is a danger which comes from the absorption of the strenuous life. The needs of humanity are forgotten. Friends, wife, children and even his own soul can have but the crumbs under the table. The man lives in an office, the door of which has constantly this notice on it, "This is my busy day." The social instincts become stunted, the man becomes a machine. This however is simply maladjustment and mismanagement of the strenuous life. No one can better afford to heed the claims of others upon him than the strenuous man and as a rule none is more ready to heed such calls. Darwin it will be remembered, confessed that his absorption in scientific pursuits had cost him the loss of the æsthetic sense. He no longer saw beauty in nature; music had become but sounds. It is a serious question how far a man is justified in thus mutilating his manhood and impairing the symmetry of his being through an exclusive trend of strenuous life.

But is there not compensation? Was not the joy of achievement in scientific discovery a *quid pro quo* for the sacrificed delight of æsthetics? Alas, it is a nature and not a mere delight that has been irretrievably lost. Science and Evolution have a big bill to pay if they make good to Darwin his eternal loss.

There is however a joy and a zest in strenuous work that has no law of "diminishing returns." There is pleasure in the consciousness that life is made to mean something. Only the sick and weary do not enjoy the exhilaration of motion. Epictetus says "we are God's athletes." Paul says "we strive for the masteries." It is a mistake to think that work came into this world because of sin. It was commanded before the fall. We read in Acts that after the disciples had been expelled from one city, they at once proceeded to another and "were filled with joy and the Holy Ghost." That was joy in Christian service. Those who draw moral lessons from Evolution, tell us that the primeval worm crawled into a mudbank rather than keep up the wriggling exertion, and there he stays to this day without the slightest progress; though "happy as a clam." It is the lowest order of imaginable happiness.

Some have known the indescribable pain of being turned aside from the strenuous life. When sickness stops the student in his college course, when the ship grounds upon the bar before clearing the harbour, when the new engine is ditched before the first station is reached, life is a dreary agony. Health restored, what joy comes into life again. Hard

study is then a delightful privilege. The ship has floated off the bar; with snowy sails all set she glides joyously over the azure waves. Thanks to jackscrew and derrick the engine is replaced on the shining rails and soon pushes those mighty shoulders of energy over grade and curve and rippling stream, bounding along in joyous service.

But the strenuous life must not be glorified apart from its moral phase. There is no virtue in mere work, not even in strenuous work. Satan is not represented as taking his ease. There is the strenuous life of evil. Work is means, not end. The motive must determine the worth of the strenuous toil. True success is not found in work for evil's sake.

What is success?

“Is it to worship earthly groveling gold,  
And dollar blinded to look only down,  
To rake the muck heap and forget the crown,  
Until youth's bounding blood creeps strangely cold;  
To dwell with envy, arrogance and dread,  
To barter all benevolence for dross.  
To lose companionship, nor feel it loss  
Because the flower of sympathy is dead,—  
Is that success?

To labour for the rainbow bubble fame,—  
Afloat so fairly in the morning air,—  
A perfect jewel for a prince to wear,—  
Is it a recompense for all its claim?  
Thro careful night and crowded *strenuous* day,  
Thro iron rebuff of flattery,—like snow  
That leaves one thirsty—it is grasped and lo!  
It vanishes in nothingness away!  
Is that success?”

Grand motives, high ideals, unselfish ambition are worthy of the strenuous life, without which they are worth almost nothing. As Dr. Lorimer in his “Argument for Christianity” says “Who ever heard of apathetic silent truth succeeding against active eloquent error. Truth is mighty, but it is not mighty when it skulks.”

There is no better training ground for the strenuous life than a good University. There one comes in touch with noble strenuous lives. Capacity for work is developed, the value of time and its utilization is learned, tact in avoiding unessentials is quickened and the power to marshal all forces and faculties upon a given point is won. This association and training saves life from fussy inefficiency, and from the “main strength and stupidity” method. The trained man of strenuous life knows how to save his energy as well as how to expand it. He finds out how to do the most in the shortest time and with the least waste of power.

Thank God for his servants the Colleges. Years but deepen the conviction of our indebtedness to them and the faithful men who toil on within them. They teach how to get down into the dust of toil and

conquer, "In pulvere vinces."

It seems somewhat sad that now and then a strenuous student of life is cut off before the intended work of life is reached. Upon this sunny hill slope within a shady nook of trees is the grave of a young Englishman. He was converted soon after coming to this country and immediately sought thorough preparation for the work of the ministry. Four years were spent in a western academy, four more in college here, and the last of the three years of the theological course was slipping away when his summons came. Was all this toil wasted? Had the strenuous life here no relation to the hereafter? It was God's way of making a success of his life. The strenuous life was recommended when it was said "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might."

"With comrade Duty in the dark or day;  
To look for beauty under common clay;  
Our brother's burden sharing when they weep.  
But if we fall to bear defeat alone;  
To live in hearts that loved us when we're gone  
Beyond the twilight, (till the morning break) to sleep,—  
That is success "

### A Chat About Father Knickerbocker.

The New Yorker is an American who has lived in a hot-bed and is ripe (I had almost said over-ripe) before his time. He is the promise of what the American will be. In him the ear-marks of the new-world genius may be seen at their best (or worst), since those qualities which individualize him are accentuations of the qualities peculiarly American. When the Boston man walks, the New York man runs; when the Boston man runs the New York man takes a cab and drives over a policeman. The difference is of degree, not kind and before many years are out it will cease even to be that.

Physically the New Yorker is neither homely nor prepossessing, at least in my eye which loves best a wholesome country robustness, the ruddy leanness of the sun-kissed Canadian rustic. He is not so comely as the Bostonian and if good-looking at all runs too much to stomach. The face too is often either fat and pallid like a bladder of lard, or tinged with the unhealthy blue-red that comes from the beer-bottle. Fat or lean he nearly always is, and the pleasant normal type that feeds on sun and wind and good diet seldom lives long in the city office. Nature, I think, made him handsome at the beginning, but he neglected the conditions she imposed, and so lost his comeliness. The features though are good, better than those weather-beaten ridges and furrows which pass muster on so many Nova Scotian faces, but

more uniform, less individual. One New York type especially impressed me by its frequent recurrence. The nose short and slightly tip-tilted, the lips full and shaded by a neat black mustache, the chin double or tending to be double, the neck fat so that the upward military tilt of the head forms a thick ridge of flesh at the back of the collar, the chest full and the figure ranging from stout to corpulent. I do not know that he was bald but I think slightly so on the top of the head, though I did not often see him with his hat off. The Greek type predominates greatly over the Roman and in fact the Roman type is rather rare.

In the matter of mind the New Yorker takes a high place. Culture he does not care for unless he can sell it but he is intelligent beyond the common. He is not a psychologist, but his knowledge of human nature is sound as far as it goes and profound enough to keep him out of debt. The uniformity of business routine, the recurrence of mental type due to the sameness of work (in kind, if not in detail) helps him I think to interpret men in terms of himself. Hence he poses as a smart, keen tradesman. Away from work he does not care to be instructed, but likes to be amused and interested. Thus he prefers the theatre to the church, or if he goes to church at all he chooses one which smacks most of the theatre. The galling routine of office-work creates a strong craving during off-hours for what is new and odd no matter whether it be good or bad. He will go to see a minister who squints provided there is no other minister in the city who squints. His knowledge of current events is large but superficial and obtained from the red and black head lines of the city newspaper, which while it gives big dividends to the careless glancer, thwarts and at last kills all inclination for a deeper knowledge. For books he cares but little since the Magazine offers him a cheaper diet which can be swallowed more quickly. Light fiction suits him best because it calls for little effort to master it, but once read it is thrown aside for good. Style has not much weight with him but he prefers it humourous and with a hint of the grotesque about it. True he buys George Elliott and Thackeray, but it is for the drawing-room not for the study, and he has a keener eye for the binding than for the print. When he has a thought he does not try or care to adorn it with pretty words but only to pass it on as quickly as he can to some one else. The thought indeed, like an out-building, does not often admit of ornamentation. Hence his style of speech is bald, prosy, harsh with terse slang, but having the sharp force of direct brevity.

I do not believe a great poet or speculative thinker could breathe long in New York. He would die in a month. If a beautiful thought found its way into the city it would be run over by a tram-car or taken

up by a policeman. There is no place for it here. Practical! practical! practical!—you hear it in the sharp clatter of metallic voices, in the rattle of the street car, in the smart decided slap of feet on the pavement is a digest of modern American New York life of which not the book but the machine is symbol. Man himself is fast becoming a machine. He works with more precision but his groove is narrower and his mind contracts to fit it. When the machine comes in the poet and the thinker will go out. Any man who asserts that America may yet produce a literature that will vie with that of Greece and England does so surely in the face of fact. The spirit of the age forbids it and tho the mind is sound and strong as ever it is imprisoned in a cage of gold and cannot fly.

The American in general, and the New York American in particular, is essentially a man of big ideas. I do not mean that he is a Milton or a Plato. The bigness of his ideas is a mere matter of pounds and yards; he extends but he does not refine or exalt. If he founds a newspaper it must be larger than a London or a Paris newspaper but it is only a question of bulk. If he steals, he does not pilfer; he robs a bank or embezzles, and the world must hear about it. He will not sacrifice a reputation for integrity unless he can make a bigger (and therefore, a better) reputation for crime. If he gives at all he founds a charitable institution and poses as a philanthropist; but he will not put a cent into the hand of a cripple. His benevolence is the offspring of his egotism, and his gift is large that men may see it and marvel at his good works.

Father Knickerbocker's manners are not good but he is more sincere than we are. There is greater bluntness and less hypocrisy. When he feels contempt he does not let it drizzle coldly through a thin veil of courtesy, but puts it into plain words, and you may knock him down if you feel insulted. If he is polite it must help to sell a pair of boots; he must be paid for it. At the table his manners are bad, and he does not care for a fork if his knife have a good broad blade. On the other hand he is a gentleman in that he does not gossip. The newspapers serve him with his daily need of tittle-tattle, much of it questionable enough and he is content with that. There is no slimy, undercurrent of secret scandal to poison his good name. It is true that his next door neighbor is often a stranger to him and he cannot talk about him because he does not know him. But how many scandal-mongers, think you, abstain from gossip for the slight reason that they do not know him of whom they talk? Gossip creates as well as constructs and does not love to be hampered by too many facts. It is true however that the American will not trust a man until he knows that he can be trusted. We of Canada are confiding or courteous enough to

trust (or seem to trust) a man until we know that he is not to be trusted. The American is the keener tradesman. The Canadian is (at least in society parlance) the finer gentleman.

I do not, I cannot doubt that there is much vice in New York. One who walks about the city with his eyes open cannot help but see it for it has a pretty face and does not care to hide it. Father Knickerbocker is just as candid in his sins as in his good works and sows his wild oats where all may see him. Too often he confounds liberty with license. He will degrade himself to prove the soundness of the constitution. He will not limit the freedom of his neighbor, because he loves his own and his sense of justice is more acute than are his notions of right and wrong. Perhaps his neighbor lives a base life and he an upright one but he likes to feel that he can be a rascal if he pleases and not be bothered by the importunity of others. But I do not think New York is worse than most cities in the matter of positive vice. It is so frank that it exaggerates its own wickedness. If I were to place my finger on one thing which more than any other menaces the future of the city it would be the negative, but far more stolid and far more stealthy sin of materialism. The handiwork of God has been so covered over and tricked out by the cunning devices of men that people have well nigh forgotten about them. God of course is in all things whatever shallow changes may be wrought but it is easier to see him in a rose bud than in a shop window. It is not atheism but phlegm. They do not deny God, they merely disregard him. One can fight vice in the open and kill it, for it is flesh and blood and the sword bites deep. But materialism is a stone wall on which the weapon of faith is blunted. New York is the one city in the world where Moody could not get an audience.

Now it may be that some who read this slight paper have lived in New York longer than two months and so know a deal more about it than I do. To such probable critics and possible sceptics I can only say that these recorded impressions of the person, character and habits of Father Knickerbocker, although just in my poor judgment, are not to be regarded as more than tentative either by those whose ignorance might lead them to accept without demur, or by you whose larger knowledge might warrant a different opinion. If I have erred it is because my standard of judgment is at fault. Is it fair to try this big cosmopolite at a finicky Canadian bar? Perhaps not. If Procrustes' bed had been bigger the hatchet would have had less blood upon it. Well, well, there is a kernel of truth in that, but having ground my little hatchet I did not like to put it by without testing the temper of its edge.

RALPH M. JONES.

## The Junior Exhibition.

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There are three times in the college course when we feel that we are the most important of all classes in the institution, the day of our enrolment as freshmen, the day when we as Juniors are exhibited, and the day when, the process being complete, we are turned out upon a world which will commend and reward us not for what we know but will applaud us for what we can do. All the students have passed the first stage, half have now passed the second, and one is no longer considered a member of the student body when he has passed the third.

The Junior class—the class of nineteen hundred and three—on Tuesday evening, December seventeenth came to the second act of importance in their course. A large class, containing the usual number of able men and women, the usual proportion of mediocrities, and their quota of magnified pigmies, made a good showing. While we felt that had the classes full charge of such an affair the program would be of a higher order and of a more interesting character, still we feel that the faculty make some effort to assign the parts to deserving students who have meritorious matter to present. That they choose always the most appropriate in either case would not be our opinion. But we do not know all the motives.

The hall was very tastefully and handsomely decorated and no one could be in doubt as to the colors of the class. Purple and gold make a combination that is at once beautiful and showy, especially when seen in decorations on a large scale, which cannot be said of all the combinations of colors exhibited in the institution.

The march was artistically rendered by Miss Elliott and Miss Delap of the Seminary graduating class. The quickening of the pace is a decided improvement but, as is usual with such music, it can be fully appreciated only by the few who either naturally can follow the time or have been trained to do so. The rest either imitate some one who may be out of step or made no effort to keep step with the piano. This last remark applies especially to the faculty most of whom are so deeply engrossed in profound cogitations about the harmony of the universe that they cannot consider such trivial affairs which in themselves reduce to order some of the parts. It is not necessary to have the marked beats of "Marching through Georgia" before an educated body of men can keep step.

The speakers of the evening were well chosen in regard to diversity of both thought and manner of presentation. In nearly every case the individuals exhibit clearly their natural tendencies in the selection and composition of the subject matter. The program was as follows:

March.—Schubert.

Misses Elliott and Delap,

Prayer.

The Nebular Hypothesis

J. Austen Bancroft, Barton, N. S.

William McKinley

W. Andrew White, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

Music: Caprice.—Schytte

William L. Wright.

Electrical Engineering as a Trade and as a Science

Pearl W. Durkee, Digby, N. S.

War a Necessity

Laurie W. D. Cox, Stockbridge, Mass.

The Relation of War to the Greatness of a Nation

Claude L. Sanderson, Yarmouth, N. S.

Music: (a) Adoration.—Borowski

Sarah Imbrie Manatt.

(b) The Bee.—Schubert

The Minister and Social Reform

Leslie O. Loomer, Falmouth, N. S.

Poetry

Etta G. Phillips, Fredericton, N. B.

Music: Cavatina.—Raff

Sara Imbrie Manatt.

#### NATIONAL ANTHEM

Mr. Bancroft, the first speaker, in a clear, confident but rather ministerial manner, presented his essay on "The Nebular Hypothesis." The subject is of greater interest to those who have given it some study than to those who learn all they know about it from an essay. One would hardly believe after hearing Mr. Bancroft that there was the least doubt that he was presenting *the* manner of the origin of the world. That he had a good grasp of this theory was amply demonstrated and his style was good.

Mr. White from "across the line" was out with a good eulogy on the lamented President. Such a beginning as "when the chimes in the old cathedral and the bright aurora" etc., gave promise of something good and Mr. White divided with Mr. Cox the honors of the evening. He did not confine himself to the subject of his essay, but by way of contrast alluded to the loss of our own sovereign queen, whose death brought the first tear-drop to stain the new century, as well as to Lincoln and Garfield who were martyrs before McKinley. Tracing the varied career of McKinley from boyhood as teacher, soldier, captain, governor of Ohio and twice president, to his death at Buffalo, the speaker had many opportunities of attributing to him many things usually attributed to men in high position regardless of their true relation to such affairs. All the prosperity of the country, every steam whistle, every blade of grass, every factory's hum, and even every stream plunging from the mountains—in fact all things on the earth and in the waters under the earth sing the praises and second the nomination of the popular hero. The calm rational deliberation of the man in troublous times, was a characteristic feature well brought out. Mr. White has pulpit manners and of the gestures we can say that they were not so objectionable as profuse.

Mr. Durkee, always calm and unaffected but very original, was somewhat of a disappointment. This not because of his thought but

because of his low tone and his "sea-saw" "rock-me-mother" motion which is not a gesture that adds to the presentation. He seemed to realize that he had to speak to all present and did not confine his efforts to one direction as did some of the speakers. The matter of his essay was good and his divisions well marked. Such a subject is one of great and timely interest to young men and Mr. Durkee has no doubt considered well the possibilities in this line. If not heterodoxy, we would like to say that if he had been less original he could have made more especial mention of the recent work of Marconi who, we understand, is to begin operations with his wireless telegraphy in our province very shortly.

Mr. Cox surprised us. After the indistinction of nervous timidity had passed he gave his essay, which was perfectly memorized, with a clear tone and in an easy manner. His arguments for war were good, well selected, well arranged, tersely given, and usually the climax came when and where it should come. This is what gives effect if the argumentative style is used. His main argument was based upon the evolutionary theory that in all nature there is warfare and that the ultimate results of such strife lead to the conclusion that the fittest will survive. While we do not like to be partial we think this the best essay delivered.

Mr. Sanderson's nervous state ruined the presentation of a good essay. Evidently it is with difficulty that he brings himself under complete control. Practise of this kind is no doubt an efficient if not a pleasant remedy for such a disease. The speaker and not the subject elicits notice. His essay contained good matter, was carefully written, and showed considerable thought on the place of war as an element of greatness in any nation. This subject is one of timely interest when the earth is filled with prolonged wars and rumors of imminent war come on every hand.

Mr. Loomer knew his essay. This is a great deal, when, to the comfort of the hearers lapses of memory are so disturbing. Concealing all signs of nervousness, he, in a meek and lowly manner, presented his essay in a clear voice. His subject was not just one that could be ably and practically dealt with by a student and the information must have come, in a large measure, from outside sources. It would be a good subject for a ministerial conference and embodied some valuable hints for the profession. It is not of importance that his flock should know these methods.

Miss Phillips, the last speaker and only lady on the program gave a touch of beauty to the scene and, as is customary with the ladies, left the realm of the real and practical to the men and went in search of beauty in the sentimental sphere. After defining poetry the speaker

went on to say that poetry was above and beyond all the sciences dwelling in a region, where to use the unpoetical words of Shelley, "the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not even soar." The art of Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare and Milton flowed in measured lines; that of Reuben, Raphael and Michel Angelo in exquisite pictures; of Phideas and Praxtilles in perfect sculptured forms; of Beethoven, Wagner and Mozart in notes almost divine; and of men like Edison in sounds carried over the wires circling the globe. In fact "all creation is poetry." But even then it would take a sublime soul to imagine that "in the new-created poetry of God's handiwork Adam and Eve conversed together in language poetical." In such a wealth of poetry as is found in the English tongue we feel that the best illustrative selections were not made in every case. Those that were given were good and often beautiful but some of the rarest gems not yet familiar quotations might have enhanced the value of the paper. Tennyson the beautiful and Mrs. Browning the sublime were ignored. Miss Phillips looked exceedingly well and spoke in a distinct voice that was not monotonous in the least.

Those who are chosen to speak, of course, get the praise but a great many of the essays written by members of this class which were not presented are works of true merit. Some of these will appear in our columns in a later edition.

The somewhat severe mental effort of comprehending the entire import of the essays was relieved at several points in the program by the introduction of musical numbers.

Miss Manatt, who has charge of the violin department in the Seminary, made her first appearance in Wolfville and was most heartily received. Miss Manatt is an artist and displays her talents to great advantage. She plays with good feeling and has a rare touch, apparently being in full command of her instrument.

Mr. Wright, who usually suffers from a superabundance of nervous energy, was seemingly in command of himself and played better than he has ever done in public. This is high praise. With a little more careless confidence in his ability and not quite so apparent attention to the very severe technique Mr. Wright will please any audience. The class should be proud that they can furnish from their own ranks musical numbers of such high order.

The severity of the proceedings was relieved very unexpectedly at another point when from some unknown opening in the ceiling the Chinaman's staple article of diet began to pour in a tiny but lengthy stream. While, of course, we cannot as an orthodox journal countenance any such jokes, still we feel that in the history of the college no better one has been devised and carried out.

### The Y. M. C. A. Conference.

For the fourth time in the history of Y. M. C. A. work at Acadia, the Inter-collegiate Conference of the Maritime Provinces has met in Wolfville. On Thursday, Nov. 28th the delegates from the various Colleges arrived. There were eight from Mount Allison, eleven from Dalhousie, and five from the University of New Brunswick. These, the good-people of Wolfville received to their hearts and homes, and furnished for them generous and bountiful hospitality.

At 7.30 p. m., the opening session of the Conference began in Alumnae Hall, at which Rev. Henry Dickie, of Windsor, gave an interesting and instructive address on "Individual Work for Individuals." This Individual work is a continuation of Christ's method and teaching. It is the method used by Paul, prince of Christian workers. But too frequently the Christian minister is measured by the number of sermons he possesses. The great essential to Individual Work is Christian life. Where this is lacking the worker is like the woman who neglects her home and spends her time delivering public addresses on Domestic Economy. Personal tact is a necessary aid to personal works. He who would catch men, must bait his hook carefully; and laws of logic do not remove wounded sensibilities. Earnestness and pertinacity are right when rightly employed, but we are neither policemen nor lecturers on morals. Officiousness is one thing; wise and brotherly solicitude is another. But there is a work to do, and "shall I see a young man full of hope and promise, embark on the sea of life which is so rough, without telling him of the treacherous bar?" This is a question worthy of consideration.

At the close of this service, a reception to the delegates was given in College Hall. This was an enjoyable feature of the programme. Although the advent of so many fair young ladies from "across the way" brought joy and gladness to the expectant Acadia boys, to the delegates it was at first disconcerting, even to the grave and stately presidents. Soon, however, these were adjusted to the circumstances, and all went harmoniously and well with social chat and laughter until the midnight hour, when the mournful sound of the National Anthem ended this agreeable affair.

On Friday morning the Conference greeted H. W. Wright, a delegate from Prince of Wales College. This is the first time Prince of Wales has been represented; but all felt assured that henceforth delegates would be present, to give and receive in College Christian work.

At the morning session the Nominating Committee appointed the following officers of the Conference:—Hon. Pres., Rev. E. M. Kier-

stead, D.D., Pres., S. J. Cann, Acadia, and Sec'y, E. H. Crawford, U. N. B. It was a source of gratification to find that C. F. Park, International Student Sect'y in Preparatory Schools, and A. B. Williams, International Student Sect'y for Colleges in Canada and the East were to attend the whole Conference, and to give the men the benefit of their varied experiences in Associational work. Mr. Park addressed the Conference on the Problems of Preparatory Schools in a forcible and effective way, and gave of his energy and enthusiasm in the various discussions. But it is to Mr. Williams that thanks is especially due, for the successful issue of the Conference. He led the discussions, presenting questions, giving opinions and elucidating hard problems. His address on "Winning Men for Christ" left a deep spiritual impression upon the minds of all.

Four subjects of special importance were brought before the delegates for discussion, and of these the first was "The Canadian Colleges" Mission. Canadian Colleges are sending missionaries to the 12,000 students of Calcutta. The work is of primal significance in view of the fact that education sweeping away idolatry, is leaving young men in blank and hopeless atheism. This movement is non-denominational and thus embraces all Protestant Colleges. But while it is especially a work for students, Acadia has not been able to take it up on account of the pressing need in Baptist missions.

The second subject was that of "Systematic Giving." This method of giving is the Biblical one. Following it a person can give more and experience less inconvenience. Acadia has this year for the first time demanded this method of "giving" in respect to mission needs, and has been eminently successful, multiplying many fold the amount obtained any previous year.

"Bible Study" was another subject for discussion. Press of work causes students to neglect this most important factor of Christian enlightenment and spiritual life. The Committee on this work should earnestly impress upon all students the necessity of Bible Study. The fact that it is in the curriculum as a literature subject, does not remove the need of it as a devotional exercise.

The fourth subject was in reference to "Devotional Meetings." W. H. Smith, of Acadia opened up this field of work, by means of a very pleasant innovation. Certain leading and vital questions with two-minute answers were read, and then discussed. The result of this discussion satisfied the Conference that "Devotional Meetings" are the essential factor in the fulfillment of Y. M. C. A. ideals.

It was with a two-fold pleasure that the Conference listened to Rev. R. O. Armstrong, of Newport, as he spoke concerning "Life Work from the Missionary Point of View." Mr. Armstrong is an

earnest speaker, but in addition he has been accepted for mission work in China. So his message came home to the hearts of all with double significance, and left a deep impression on the Conference.

Perhaps the most instructive address during the Conference days, was given by Rev. David Hutchinson, of Moncton, on "Thought and its Fruit." There is no sea that yields more quickly and abundantly than the sea of thought. The universe existed always in thought in the mind of God. Every invention, every work of art, every enterprise or organization came from thought. As certainly as we can trace every sunbeam back to the sun, every raindrop back to the cloud, so can we trace all things back to thought. The power to think is the greatest power God has conferred upon men. The control of thought involves an awful responsibility. Thoughts shall reap honor or bear disgrace since action is only thought embodied. Therefore bridle the imagination and hold the reins of the intellect with firm and steady grip. Cheap literature is dear at any price and instead of being light is so heavy that it will bear a man down to bottomless depths. Thought bears fruit and the fruit will answer to the nature of the thought which produces it. Thoughts of thieving will lead to theft, thoughts of unbelief will lead to scepticism. Thoughts are the threads which the great loom of time weaves into character.

The associational sermon preached by Rev. E. M. Keirstead, D. D. furnished a climax to the entire conference. The text was Romans 8:28 "And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good." The love of God in the soul of man as a transmitting power, is the secret of the universal harmony. A force binds all things and thus we say all are one. Science says that after æons all will be predominately good but the Bible says, "God worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure" and "All things work together for good." Good may include sorrow and trial. The Good for the soul is the predominate part and this may include earthly good or not. Good is the developing of the highest in conformity with Christ's image. The Love of God is the transforming power which reduces and finally subdues sin. Only sin can hurt me, but love, the antagonistic force, is far superior and can extract from material evil a soul of good. College life may kill a man rather than help him. If he becomes vain in his imagination of all knowledge his foolish heart is darkened and he changes from a spiritual being to a materialistic one. The world becomes so small that everything must be seen through a microscope. Rather let man recognize the expanse in universal love; then as the clay is transformed into the beautiful vase so may man be transformed into the image of Christ. The waters springing from the midst of eternal snows flows down the side of Mount Blanc to the traveller's feet, but those same waters furnish a power to draw him far up the heights. Thus love flows from an unexhaustible fountain in a changeless God, but in the very act draws man up to spiritual being and light.

In a closed session on Sunday evening, characterized by deep earnestness, and potential with the fervor and calm enthusiasm of three day's toil and reflection, the Conference ended.

# Acadia Athenæum.

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**Reflection.** Again the merry bells of Yule, "the festive board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal" have roused a joyous music through the land. In our own souls, wild melodies whose notes have scarce yet been hushed. But they have passed leaving their train of echoes. Echoes how varied in character! Some sweet, some harsh; cheerful, melancholy; soothing, rousing. How, as we reflect, do memories crowd upon us! As children with what joy did we anticipate the Christmas-tide, and with what delight did its hours glide away! And as we have grown older, though anticipations are ever high, pleasures realized have grown less and less. Perhaps 'tis because the tragedy of life has entered our lives, that joy is subdued. Whate'er the cause we feel the fact, "that all things suffer change save God and truth." Again at this time, how especially beautiful and significant the story of that first Christmas-eve and its meaning for us grows with the passing years. That quiet country side; the peaceful flocks; the sleeping village; and the starlit heavens; the watchful shepherds; the glorious angel of the Lord with his "good tidings of great joy," and the angelic choir that chanted the grandest song this sinful old earth has ever heard, "Glory to God in highest heaven and on earth, peace, good-will toward men," will ever live with its message of love. Two thousand years have not faded it, but it has blessed throughout that time millions with its words of peace and set vibrating in unison with its note of truth the heartstrings of tens of millions. Yet its light is in the shadow of the cross. What wonder that mirth is restrained, when we realize that many a hand is weary that peals the bells, and joy is

mingled with sadness, and hozannas are borne to our ears on breezes laden with groans and sighs of the suffering. Strange incongruous med'ey with problems we may not solve; but faith lays hold on God and trusts

“That life with all its yields of joy and woe  
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—  
Is just our chance o’ the prize of learning love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed and is.”

**Temperance Reform in England.** So strong is the sentiment for complete prohibition in Canada that any attempt at compromise with the liquor traffic would receive the severest denunciation. In England, however, where the sentiment is perhaps not so strong, and where the difficulties are greater, the temperance party has begun a movement that while good in motive and lead by such men as Earl Grey, Bishop of Chester, Cardinal Vaughn, Marquis of Ripon, and Sir John Lubbock, has such an appearance of trying to kill the devil by surfeiting him with sweetmeats that it can only be justified by the best results, of which its promoters are as yet by no means assured.

The plan is to have the public houses controlled by a trust company. Each public house is to be directly under the control of a reliable manager, is to be kept scrupulously clean, is subject to inspection, and in addition to spirituous liquors, tea, coffee, cocoa, and food are to be supplied, the manager being stimulated to sell the latter by receipt of a commission on them.

Only five per cent. is allowed shareholders on their capital. As much more is applied to the sinking fund while any remainder of profits (and already it has been proved that their will be a remainder) goes to benefiting the neighborhood by appropriations to schools, libraries and public works.

Of course there are many who will unreservedly stigmatize such a means of combatting the evil, on the old principle that evil should never be engaged in that good may result, but we should not be hasty. However it may conflict with our moral ideas, we must admit that there are remedial measures, not curative, yet highly beneficial. Yet this must be admitted by the supporters of the system that the best that can be achieved is to arouse that public sentiment that will make possible the bringing in of prohibitory measures. It is a question which will rise the faster, public sentiment or respectability of the public house. If the traffic is deprived of its repulsive features it seems that men will be all the more ready to uphold it because of its lesser repulsiveness. Further there is danger that shareholders will not be so indifferent to personal gain as to give up readily a remunerative business. He who plays with hot irons may expect to get burnt. Theories do not always work

out successfully in practice. At a time when prohibition occupies so large a place with us, we may watch with interest this doubtful project of reform in the mother land:

The writer of "A Modern New Testament for the People" in December ATHENÆUM is Rev. H. F. Waring whose name was inadvertently omitted.

In "Meskeek-uum-Pudas" in the same number, read 'came' for 'come' in line 18, and 'love' for 'lose' in line 31. This essay is included in a collection entitled, "The Acadian Exile and Sea Shell Essays," issued from the office of the P. E. I. Magazine.

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### Seminary Notes.

December 18th, 1901 completed a most satisfactory term's work. A larger resident registration than ever before, serious purpose, and general good health, together with the hearty co-operation of the students with the teaching staff, have made work of a high general average possible.

Already twenty applications for rooms for the Spring Term have been received and this points to an unusually large registration.

Much needed additions to the apparatus of the department in Physical Science are being procured thus materially increasing its efficiency.

The Pierian Society has voted to resolve itself into two Societies, the new society to have control of the 'Thistle'; the old Society to publish a new paper. The name of the new Society as well as the name of the new paper will be announced later. Additions are being made to the library of the Seminary which will be under the joint control of the two Societies.

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### Academy Notes.

December has passed off quietly with us. The disheartening anticipation of examinations and the preparation for them has fully taken up the time.

Our Lyceum meetings are profitable and instructive. The officers are: Pres., Don Darrach; Vice-pres., Harold Ells; Sec'y., Arthur Malder; Treasurer, W. Kierstead. Everyone attends and the meetings are enthusiastically conducted.

Amid all our work in December we had no time for basket-ball, otherwise we should have been happy to have matched our powers

against that of the classes of the college. But our new H. A. A. C. will be represented in the College Hockey League. A new yell has been chosen which will "blanket" the Freshmen's when we meet them again.

The officers of our atheletic club are : Pres., Chas. Parker ; Sec'y., A. Nalder ; Treasurer, Pernie Condon. Provision is made in the constitution for an annual field day to be held about the middle of May.

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### Exchanges.

*The Presbyterian College Journal* for December is the first and one of the best papers on our list. The first article on anarchism is a timely one and one full of thought. Anarchism is defined in clear, concise terms. We do not like the employment of sacred phraseology revised to suit the occasion even if it does make beautiful imagery. We will be content even from a theolog with the entirely original though less ornate, outside of the realm of the sacred. The writer traces the history of the movement as a principle of political philosophy from its inception to the present, noting the thirty bloody murders of those in high places whom anarchists believe are their enemies, beginning in Paris and, would that we could say ending with the death of the man who as President of the American Republic recently fell a victim to this murderous organization. Passing over his causes of the disease and practical objections to the same we notice a unique suggestion as to a cure. Not, in any case, by sympathizing with the cry for vengeance to which vent is given in newspaper and pulpit. Treat it as a disease. Treat those who acknowledge no governmental authority as outlaws, and, instead of banishing them to another country to carry on their work, let the nations select a lone sea-girt isle and allow these men to get their own living from the soil and enjoy the happy state of "no government." Anarchism is a product of the kingdom of darkness and the writer is a firm believer in the efficacy of the advancing rays of the gospel to kill the germs of the disease and purify the atmosphere.

Most of the articles in the *Journal* come from the pen of 'reverends' who are inclined to resort to the orthodox religious hyperbole. 'A Ramble in Scotland' reminds us strongly of the account in a recent issue of our own journal of the travels of one of our faculty. 'Talks about Books' calls attention to the lack of such a book review in our paper. Books are the things we study. In books we find our knowledge, our ideas, and our recreation. Then to have some one refer us to the best is indeed a service. The *Journal* reviews this month among others "Kim" by Rudyard Kipling and begins a lengthy review by

stating that "this is Kipling's best book." Enough to create a desire to read it! Then Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way, being the story of Charley Steele and another" is tersely characterized as a disappointment—the whole story being unreal, unlikely, and the moral far to seek. A great number of theological works are discussed and the department is signed by one whose chirography denotes maturity of days and whose utterances denote maturity of thought. Would that we had one competent to edit such a department.

*The McMaster University Monthly* is one of the best papers on our table. Following an eulogy on a retiring professor—Dr. Newman—we find the little story "Spuds" of the Ralph Conner type, picturing an incident in western life having for its hero a Galician boy, purchased for five dollars from an ignorant mother. The purchaser, a rough character, carries out the joke until he finds that it is not a joke but that the boy has found his heart, and, being softened, makes an effort to restore the lad but intimates that after the experiences the parting will be hard. Spuds feels so too and in broken English says—"Dave, your my mother, you, I'll stay with you." "And Dave kissed Spuds on the forehead—the first kiss for years."

'Humor in Statistic-Gathering,' 'Nature in Muskoka,' and two Sketches of the Royal Visit make up a good paper.

Other Exchanges received: King's College Record, Excelsior, University of New Brunswick Monthly, The Theologue, University of Ottawa Review, McGill Outlook, Niagara Index, Manitoba College Journal, Argosy, Dalhousie Gazette and Queen's College Journal.

### De Alumnis.

A. H. C. Chipman, '00 is working in the interests of the Canada Life Insurance Company.

R. J. Colpitts, '01 and former Editor-in-Chief of the "ATHENÆUM" spent Thanksgiving with friends in Wolfville.

Bradford K. Daniels, B. A., '94, M. A., '96 is in the Philippine Islands employed as teacher by the United States Government.

Avard L. Davison, '97 has been admitted as a member of the law firm "Roscoe & Dunlop" and has charge of their office at Middleton, N. S.

W. L. Hall, '98 and E. N. Rhodes, '00 visited us on the 22nd ult., the former as Captain, the latter as a prominent "Forward" of the Dalhousie football team.

Rev. R. Osgoode Morse, '91 has recently settled in Chester, the

Saratoga of Nova Scotia. Mr Morse was for some time previous, the successful pastor of the Baptist Church, Guysboro, N. S.

Rev. I. W. Porter, '87 has entered upon his second year as pastor of the Baptist Church, Bear River, Digby Co., N. S.

J. Philips W. Bill, '99 is taking his last year at Dalhousie and is having phenomenal success in his work. He has won every case thus far entrusted to him. The ATHENÆUM extends congratulations.

Rev. Johnson L. Miner, '95 pastor of the First Baptist Church, Plymouth, Mass., has received a call to the pulpit of the Baptist Church, Charlottetown, P. E. I. recently vacated by the Rev. G. P. Raymond, '90. Mr. Raymond is engaged in Sabbath School work.

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### The Month.

Editors: P. W. DURKEE AND AVORA MACLEOD.

The interest in Athletics generally flags at the close of the foot-ball season, but this year owing to the increased interest in basket-ball and the unusual attendance at the gymnasium, which has begun operations under the able instruction of W. M. Steele, the fear of neglect of the material man while the Juniors and Seniors are in the throes of Essay and Thesis production is minimized. The Propylæum and Athenæum societies are prosperous; the Propylæum always is so judging from external revelations and in the Athenæum we feel that a reaction has set in and that the day of cheap jokes and far-fetched puns is giving place to a period of more solid endeavor. We must also mention the Y. M. C. A. Convention and the exceptional treat we have enjoyed in hearing two masterly sermons by Dr. Keirstead and Dr. Chute respectively on the 1st and 15th of December. Our social life too has not been neglected, two receptions about Thanksgiving broke the monotony of the meetings and services of the Y. M. C. A.

We must again ask the indulgence of our readers while we notice one more foot-ball match and as this is by us though not by our opponents generally looked upon as one of the most important of the season perhaps the indulgence may not be unmerited. When less than a week before it was heard that Dalhousie had won the championship of the province and claimed to have one of the strongest teams they had ever sent out, our hopes of a victory vanished but the determination of keeping the score as low as possible was as strong as ever. The issue almost surpassed our hopes and Acadia on November 26th held the champions of the province down to the score 3—0.

Despite the weather a large number of spectators appeared and

throughout the game the excitement ran high. The teams lined up as follows :

|                  |           |               |
|------------------|-----------|---------------|
| <i>Dalhousie</i> |           | <i>Acadia</i> |
| MacKie           | Full-back | Hamilton      |
| Cock             | Halves    | Steel         |
| Hebb             |           | A. Boggs      |
| Bailey           |           | T. Boggs      |
| Cameron          |           | Eaton         |
| Dickie           | Quarters  | Haley         |
| Hawboldt         |           | Elliott       |
| Hall             | Forwards  | Keddy         |
| Potter           |           | Jones         |
| Cheese           |           | Cann          |
| Rhodes           |           | Goodspeed     |
| Lindsay          |           | Tedford       |
| Malcolm          |           | Nicholson     |
| Young            |           | Thomas        |
| MacDonald        |           | Calhoun       |

For some time after the play commenced the ball remained near center field. Slowly but surely however Dalhousie forced the oval towards Acadia's goal until our five-yard line was reached, here owing to an off-side play by one of our quarters a free kick was awarded and it looked as though Dalhousie would score, but Cheese missed the easy goal. The ball was then rushed into the tiger's territory and time after time it would be near the goal line when as often one of our men would get off-side and Dalhousie would regain valuable ground by the free kick. The first half ended with the ball at centre-field, score 0—0 and the hopes that a tie at least would result were high with Acadia's men.

When play was resumed Dalhousie rushed matters and soon had the ball near Acadia's line. "Scrim" after "scrim" followed, but the phenomenal defense by our halves and costly fumbling on the part of Dalhousie's prevented a score. A scrimmage however gave Dalhousie their chance, the ball was heeled out to Dickie, who circling around the "scrim" fell across the line with two of our men upon him; a try was awarded. Cheese made a good attempt for goal but failed. During the rest of the half Acadia held her own until Tedford, one of our ablest-forwards unfortunately had his collar bone broken and was forced to retire, the "scrim" being noticeably weakened thereby. Later Bailey carried the ball over but Hamilton touched for safety. Toward the end Acadia pulled herself together for the final effort, a long punt took the ball into yellow and black territory and our forwards followed up sharply; then followed some magnificent passing by our halves and for a few minutes it looked as though Acadia would score, but the ball was captured by the tigers and sent to centre. Play ended at Acadia's twenty-yard line.

Thanks is due to G. Archibald of Truro who refereed the game firmly, impartially and with satisfaction to all; also to Campbell and Bill touch-judges.

Dalhousie certainly had a magnificent team and won a fair victory. But nothing but praise can be given to Acadia's fifteen. Our forwards were a match for their opponents in pushing the scrim though their control of the ball was inferior. Much had been heard of Dalhousie's half-line, but our own out-played their opponents at every point, they excelled particularly in defensive work and while fumbling was noticeable with Dalhousie's halves it was seldom seen among ours. The quarters of our rival were certainly "stars" but they were given little opportunity "to shine" and Acadia's quarters distinguished themselves by swift and accurate work. Our full-back was a new man, but he played such a game as will in all probability warrant him a permanent position on the team. As a whole it may be said with truth that every man "played the game" and Captain Steele should assuredly be proud of the team he has this year led, which is probably the strongest Acadia has had for years.

"*Dabit deus his quoque finem*" says Aeneas concerning his wanderings. True there is an end to all things but their memories remain be they bitter or sweet. The December wind whistles wierdly through the trees and at every fresh gust the snow dashes fiercely against the windows but it cannot cloud the memory of that brief holiday gone like many other things into the past. The Y. M. C. A. Convention which was then in session claimed much attention and interest but various and rather novel forms of diversion managed to be liberally sandwiched in. Perhaps it is sufficient to mention here only the two *general* social gatherings.

The first of these was a reception given by the Acadia Association in honor of the delegates on the evening of their arrival, Thursday, November 28. College Hall, so characteristic for variety of scenes, assumed its usual reception attire and presented a cozy appearance. Ample power had such a scene at this time to entice away for a season, many a reluctant captive from the delving of the depths of philosophical study and classic lore, to enjoy for a season "the feast of soul communing with soul" and to drink drafts from the flow of intellect, and accordingly a large number with ready acquiescence wended their way thither. In spite of the number of new faces the topic cards soon became satisfactorily ornamented without much difficulty or delay and the task of sitting through nine topics began. Discipline in the art of being gracefully bored, could not on this occasion be applied to these for from all accounts the evening must have been one long round of pleas-

ure from start to finish. So much so, in fact, that time in its winged flight slipped away unheeded until a much later hour than usual.

Then on Saturday evening at the close of the lecture the fair inmates of the Seminary rose to the occasion and extended their hospitality in somewhat the same manner except that here that hideous hobgoblin formality was practically banished and an air of unwonted ease characterized the assembly. Besides the entertainment by individuals with individuals there was provided another source. Solos by Miss Drew, a reading by Miss Brown and violin music by Miss Manatt introduced a pleasing variety and succeeded most acceptably in checking conversation for the time being. Fudge, the ever-welcome, was then passed, soon after which the warning note sounded and quietly (except for a slight disturbance in one quarter) and reluctantly the guests departed.

Beyond a doubt the most pleasant evening of the month was that spent with the Propylæum Society in College Hall on December 6. "The students of the three institutions, the professors and their wives, the students wives, and a few friends from the town" were invited. The meeting opened by a terse and expressive welcoming address by the president, Miss Rand. After the reading of the minutes, a short discussion with considerable warmth and eloquence took place between the Sophettes and Freshetts as to the care of the waiting room. The Sophettes by their previous year of training easily won the debate. Mrs. Trotter was elected an honorary member of the society, and in response to an invitation she gave some well chosen and pleasing words to the society and expressed her very great pleasure at being identified into the college life in this way. After a roll-call responded to by quotations from Canadian authors, the entertainment of the evening was taken up as follows:

|                                              |                                           |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Paper: Canadian Authors                      | Mrs. H. G. Scott.                         |
| Piano Solo                                   | Miss O. M. Archibald.                     |
| Paper: Critique on Gilbert Parker            | Miss M. V. Crandall.                      |
| Reading: The Lane that had no Turning        | Miss B. McMillan.                         |
| Paper: Characteristics of Carmen and Roberts | Miss M. D. Hunt.                          |
| Quartet                                      | Misses Starr, Crandall, Johnson and West. |
| Synopsis                                     | Miss M. E. Haley.                         |

After a highly entertaining critic's report by Miss Phillips the meeting adjourned.

Each number in the above programme is worthy of particular notice but space will permit us to mention only two. We always expect something of a treat when Miss Crandall appears before us and consequently her extracts from Gilbert Parker were particularly interesting. Miss McMillan held her audience spell-bound and showed elocutionary power such as we scarcely thought existed among us. It is sufficient to say that from the time the fair ushers showed us to our seats until the last notes

of the Propylæum song died away the interest was not allowed to flag and the whole audience seemed sorry when the end came.

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On the evening of December 12 Dr. and Mrs. Chute were "at home" to the Hebrew class and others. As might easily be expected the hospitality of this model host and hostess proved to be most delightful and the few very pleasant hours spent there were thoroughly enjoyed.

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Musical treats like angel's visits have been few and far between this term. We feel the lack; for music hath charms to soothe the woes of college life, and brighten the dull round of daily routine. Long and vainly have we looked for a recital but are happy to announce at last, that the Seminary pupils are not asleep, they are only preparing for a grand rush after Xmas. The first of the series of recitals is planned to take place on January 24 after which one each month will follow.

The closing engagement of the Eastern Lyceum Bureau's season here was filled on Wednesday evening when the Eugene Page Concert Co. performed to a full house in College Hall. All these entertainments have met with success and the last does not suffer by comparison with earlier ones. The programme included solos by the different members of the company and several quartets, the instruments being mandolins, harp and violincello. All the numbers were pleasing and the duet by Mr. Page and Miss McCune was novel and fascinating.

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The College Y. W. C. A. bodes well to enjoy a prosperous year. Though the number is not large the interest taken by each girl compensates for the lack of members, and the ready cooperation of all results in a harmony and unity not often to be found in so small a society. Regular monthly committee, cabinet and business meetings are insisted upon by the President, and tend to systematize the work, while at the same time strengthening and upbuilding high Christian character. In the department of Bible Study the Y. W. C. A. may be really congratulated upon securing the services of Dr. Chute as a teacher. Under his lucid and helpful instruction Sharman's life of Christ is both interesting and beneficial and systematic daily study becomes not so much a duty as a pleasure. The first Sunday in November Mrs. Harrington gave an interesting talk on missions in Japan, and arrangements have been made to have others address the society on the subject of missions throughout the year.

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Basket-ball has been already mentioned. The first match of the season was played Saturday, December 17 at 2 p. m. when the Juniors chose the Freshmen as their victims, the Juniors won by a

score of 14—1 showing more practice and a better knowledge of the game, while the Freshmen showed sporting ability, which will probably give better results after a longer life in the athletic world. The Senior-Sophomores game immediately followed; the Sophomores seemed to have control of the ball for the first few minutes and made the first score, this brought the Senior team to realize that some work must be done and they did it; the game resulted in a victory for the Seniors whose team is composed of some of the best athletes in college, score 31—9.

On Wednesday December 11, the Senior-Junior game was played and as was expected resulted in a victory for the Seniors, score 27—6. On Saturday 14 one of the most exciting and closely contested matches of the season was played between the Juniors and Sophomores; although several times the scores on both sides were equal the Sophomores were never ahead of the Juniors and throughout the latter showed a better knowledge of the game and better combination play, though quite a number of "foul plays" gave the Sophomores a considerable advantage; the resulting score was 9—7 for the Juniors. At 2 p. m. the Seniors defeated the Freshmen by a score of 33—7. On the 16 the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen in the hardest fought game of the season by a score of 6—3; in both these games the Freshmen showed the results of practise and put up a much stronger game than their first one.

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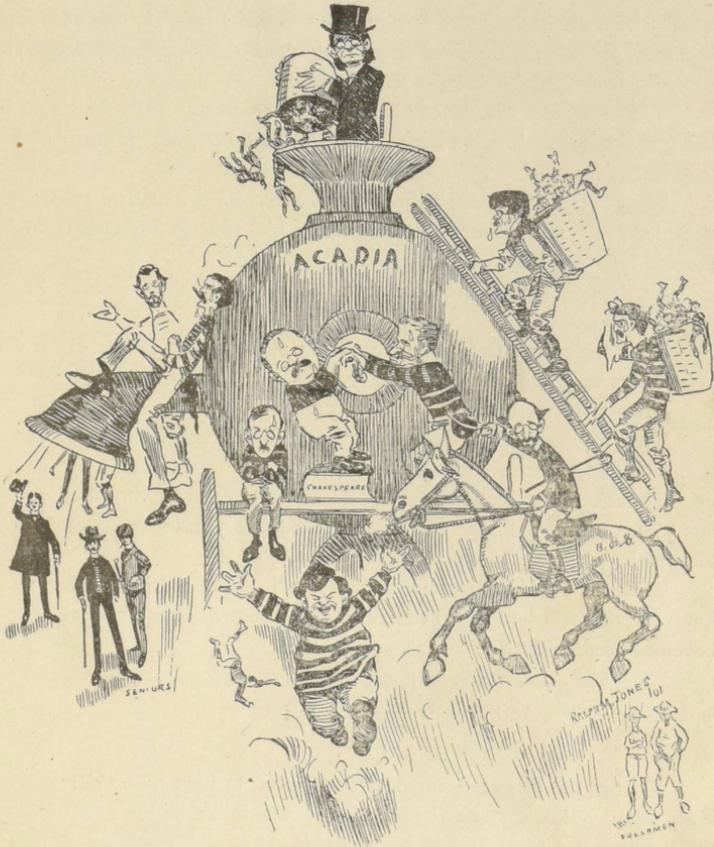
### Undercurrents.

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Editors: R. E. BATES AND MISS MAE HUNT.

We wish to congratulate the class of '03 upon their Junior Exhibition. We only regret that the two most enjoyable numbers, namely, the Rice Shower and the speech by Dr. Trotter, were omitted in printing the programs. That was certainly a unique idea of the class of '03, the playing of a trick upon themselves (for no one doubts for a moment that such an excellent joke could have been thought of and successfully carried out by any class in college *except* the Juniors.) It introduced just the touch of fun required to make the occasion a success. Knowing that the affair would be laid to some other class, they thus added interest to their own Junior, and for the second time were enabled to play a successful trick at a Junior Ex. To some it seemed eminently fitting that the rice should descend directly after the speaker who seems at present nearest to that condition when the throwing of rice is customary.

3RD AND LAST OF THE FACULTY SERIES.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE COLLEGE GRADUATE:  
President: "Each a specialist in his department, Gentlemen."

Solomonides, the Wise Man, asketh leave to state from the depths of his wisdom

That whosoever thinketh in his heart to elongate the nether extremity of a professor, doth perform the same office for himself, and is a loser thereby. Thinkest thou that professors learn nothing from succeeding generations of leg-pullers?

That the man who attempts to be dignified generally succeeds in being ridiculous. Trust college fellows to respect only those to whom respect is due.

That it costs no more to join the A. A. A. A. than to set up the oyster stews, and no more to take a class girl to a good entertainment than to lose the same amount playing "Banker."

That professors seldom pluck a fellow solely for handing in an essay on time.

That the more Receptions a fellow stays away from, the more popular he becomes at the Seminary.

That cribbing hurts nobody but yourself.

That no matter how important a man you may be in your class, still the class *can* run without you.

That there are just two types of girls one meets at a reception. To one you can find nothing to say: To the other you are tempted to say too much.

That the Freshman who knows it all becomes the Senior who knows nothing, while the Freshman who knows comparatively little becomes the Senior who knows something.

That the class which goes about with a chip on its shoulder will always find someone ready to knock it off.

We are not disposed nor do we propose to pose as a "Manual of Etiquette," but a few rules occur to us, which, if followed implicitly will make one a true, college gentleman.

1 Never call at the Sem in a decent, orderly way on Saturday afternoon, but sneak around under the windows at night, listening to what the Sems are saying if the windows are open, and if they are shut, throwing pebbles and mud against them. Always use someone else's name in addressing a fellow-prowler.

2 If you are good at forging, write as many bogus invitations as possible to Seminary and College ladies. Both fellows and girls will like and respect you for it.

3 Never miss an opportunity to sing and hoot at any fellow who is escorting a lady to an entertainment. This is especially pleasant for the lady.

4 If possible always go to Chapel provided with a text book to plug during prayers. Reverence has no place among the qualifications of a gentleman.

5 Never miss an opportunity to say an unkind word about any other class. Do all that you can to embitter class feeling. A college with all the classes at peace must be very tame and insipid.

6 Make it a point to refuse to debate or read a paper at our literary society, and try to create a disturbance of some kind at every Athenæum meeting. It helps to break the monotony.

A youthful bard has appeared in the Freshman class. We ran across an effusion of his the other day, extracts from which we print together with some comments from our own pen. The poem is entitled "Acadia, Beloved." It is dedicated to Dr. Trotter, whom the poet describes as a "kindred spirit," and a "friend to whose help and encouragement much of my poetical success is due." This is how young Lycidas proceeds to build the lofty rhyme :

Descend, thou Muse, to help thy lover sing,  
 As we together sweep the swelling string  
 In midnight cloistered cell or sylvan scene,  
 Where the night raven or meadow lark doth scream.  
 In lyric lay relate my thoughts and deeds  
 Since first I entered 'Cadia's classic shades.  
 Sweet Wolfville, loveliest village of the plain,  
 Forever in my heart shalt thou remain  
 An emblem fair of leisure-life and love,  
 For on yon hill of thine, the town above,  
 A fairy palace is, beneath whose dome  
 A Maiden Beautiful is wont to roam.  
 Her eyes of heaven's own hue, of gold her hair,  
 Like dawn of day her cheeks all passing fair,  
 This Amariyllis doth mine heart possess  
 And I her willing slave myself confess !

The poet proceeds in much the same strain to tell how he met this Vision Beautiful at a reception, and how he obtained permission to call and how every Saturday afternoon he has "A short and fleeting hour of Paradise." Then comes these lines :

When queenly night her sable cloak unrolls,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 When stars begin to take their earthward flights,  
 And brightly shine the studious Sem-wise lights,  
 I lean forth from my window o'er the way,  
 And listen to the Semites as they play.  
 Amid sweet Babel (my quick sense is such)  
 Methinks I hear my angel's lightsome touch !

Uncertain of his unaided powers, the young poet modestly proposes to the Muse a duet. In line 2 we notice "swelling string". Undoubtedly wet and beginning to swell. This may explain some of the music that follows. He doesn't seem at all particular where he shall meet this Muse of his, nor does he make any mention of a chaperon. Note in line 3 beauty and grandeur of the phrase "midnight cloistered cell." Line 4. Author seems to be a great lover of poultry. Scene—scream: rather questionable rhyme. Note Oriental effect produced by lopping off the A from Acadia. Very pretty? Deeds—shades, better be an Irishman and say "dades"—shades. Line 7. Teaches us to crib appropriate lines while we are cribbing. We know of no plain around here. Line 9. Observe happy coinage "leisure-life." Very restful and drowsy is it not? Reminds one of the Lotus Eaters. To the gentleman who leaves sports, classes and exams severely alone life here is indeed leisure-life. On yon, on yon, onion! Beautiful! Fairy palace, dome, maiden beautiful, roam, the eyes, the hair, the cheeks—Oh, oh, how nice to be a poet. To ordinary mortals the translation of these lines is "He is smitten on a yellow haired girl that boards at the Sem." Romance, Farwell! Selection 2 "Queenly night." Poets are fond of comparing night to a queen. Longfellow has something like this and old Euripides, "*Potnia, Potnia una*" Line 2. This line is almost worthy of a Gray. It is perhaps the best line in the poem. We advise the poet to cast off rhyme altogether and flee away after Walt Whitman, or else make decent rhyme. Line 3. Astronomer as well as poet! Studious lights, a fine use of this adjective. Line 6 shows a slight declination from the exalted style. "Sweet Babel." How appropriate for 15 banging pianos!

Well this is enough to give you an idea of this man's poetry. This is but a fractional part of the whole epic, but the remainder is much the same. When the gentleman ceases to rave about the Vision he starts in on the illustrious career of his class. Taking a liberal poetical license he relates the victory over the Cads, the wild bursting forth from imprisonment and the subsequent pursuit and slaughter of the poor Sophs. the junior "Fight on the Stairs" and the basket ball victories. Then he stops. Amen.

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ACADIA FOOTBALL TEAM—1901.—

|           |             |                 |            |            |          |
|-----------|-------------|-----------------|------------|------------|----------|
| TEDFORD,  | CANN,       | CALHOUN,        | THOMAS,    | NICHOLSON, | JONES,   |
| Forward.  | Forward.    | Forward.        | Forward.   | Forward.   | Forward. |
| A. BOGGS, | E. G. BILL, | STEELE, (Capt.) | T. BOGGS,  | EATON,     |          |
| 1-2 back. | Bus. M'g'r. | 1-2 back.       | 1-2 back.  | 1-2 back.  |          |
| ELLIOTT,  | KEDDY,      | HAMILTON,       | GOODSPEED, | HALEY,     |          |
| 1-4 back. | Forward.    | full back.      | Forward.   | 1-4 back.  |          |