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THE PASSING YEAR.

The year has old and feeble grown;
His step is slow, his eye is dim;
His pleasure lies in memories now,
And evening shadows fall on him.

But when a smile of sunshine gleams
Across the worn and withered face,
Through lines of age, the flush of youth
Transfigures it with former grace.

When shadows deepen, and the glow
Of sunset like a dream has gone,—
Come visions of the vanished past—
Of Spring's fair promise,—Summer's dawn;—

The glowing scenes on every side,
Where'er his eye might chance to look,—
The beauty of the fields and sky.—
The music of the birds and brook.

And Autumn's rich luxurious store,—
The ruddy fruit and ripened grain;
The golden glory of the woods,
In memory he sees again.

His hoary head he bows in grief,
He feels so old and lonely then;
The singing birds have flown afar,
And thrill no more the woods and glen.

The flowers too, have said farewell,
And sweetly sleep beneath the snow;
And Winter's icy hand has checked
The laughing streamlets merry flow.

December winds through naked trees,
Bluster their chill and frosty breath;
The pitying sun looks sadly down,
And sees the old year cold in death.

MABEL V. JONES.

A Modern New Testament for the People.

Let us be frank. The bible study that the Calendar promises for Acadia College this year is needed. The average college student knows very little bible. Have we not read of a quite recent test made with some of Tennyson's most obviously Scriptural passages and of its revelation of the collegian's ignorance of Scripture? While the bible is so magnified and its gems are set in so many jewels of our best speakers and writers, why is it that the contents of the bible are but little known even to college students? Why is it that when the Scriptures are read in public many are in, but not of, the audience; for, like the idols of the psalmist, "They have ears but they hear not;" and others, (and some of them the best in the *flock*) during this part of the worship, frequently find it an effort to keep from wool-gathering? It certainly is not altogether due to the wretched reading from the pulpit and the hearers familiarity with the Word. To what then is it due? Why is it that to many a collegian the bible is more talked about than read and understood. Some insist, strongly, that it is due to the fact that it rebukes the naturally sinful heart. Others, and their numbers are increasing, are calling attention to the fact that in its present English dress (or dresses) it is not easy to become well acquainted with the bible. It is doubtless true, speaking generally, that if college men were better men they would be better acquainted with "The Book;" but it is also true that, if there were a more modern translation and arrangement of its contents there would be more to read and enjoy it. Is it not true that the barbarous division into verses, instead of into paragraphs and lines, prevent many from seeking earnestly for the connection of the thought? In the beauty of separate trees do not many lose the beauties of the landscape? How much more difficult to appreciate the parallelism of Hebrew poetry when it is printed in "verses" of prose instead of in poetic lines. The Revised Version, in making the unit of the prose, not a verse, but a paragraph, and in printing the poetry as poetry, made two long strides in the right direction.

The 20th. Century New Testament has gone several steps farther. By grouping the different books and arranging them with due regard to their chronological order (Mark for instance coming before Matthew), by the use of heavier letters in the side of the paragraph to indicate its thought, by the division of the Epistles into section with the subject of the section indicated in the heading, and by the use of special type for the quotations and "borrowed phrases" of the Old Testament, it has made the printer assist the reader to a readier access to New Testament truth.

The 20th. Century New Testament departs still farther from the

Revised Version in the matter of translation. It is much freer. Translations range from the metaphor to the paraphrase (terms however which are usually applied to restatements in other words of the same language;) from the interlinear translation of the original words without regard to the idioms of the language into which the translation is made, to the paraphrastic translation of the thought with enough regard to the mere words of the original to avoid translating them literally. Since the translation of the thought is the more important, better the paraphrastic translation which may be very readable, than the interlinear which never is unless to some collegians who are like Shakespeare, at least in having "little Latin and less Greek." Better still, however, is the translation that is concerned with both the thought and the words of the original. While both the Revised Version and the 20th. Century New Testament claim to be such translations the latter is manifestly much nearer a paraphrastic translation than the former. Yet while insisting that "no purely literal rendering can ever adequately represent the thoughts conveyed in the idioms of another language," the 20th. Century New Testament strongly asserts that it is, not a paraphrase, but a translation in which the emphasis is laid upon the translation not of the original words but of the original thoughts—a translation, nevertheless, in which "not only every word, but also the emphasis placed upon every word, has been carefully weighed, and an effort made it give the exact force and meaning in idiomatic modern English."

Take, for instance, what may be cited as such an extreme instance of free rendering that it is practically a paraphrase. In Matt. 5:18 of both the Authorized Version and the Revised Version we have the expression "one jot or one tittle." The absolutely literal translation of the original Greek is "iota one or one horn." 'Iota' corresponding to the smallest Hebrew letter which corresponds to our letter 'i' but is relatively smaller. The "horn" is the smallest projection on the Hebrew letters that correspond to our 'd' and 'f' to distinguish them from the Hebrew letters that correspond to our 'r' and 'k'. A very free translation would be "the smallest parts of" or "the smallest parts of the alphabet of" but a more literal rendering into the nearest English equivalent and which certainly is an improvement on the "tittle" rendering of the Revised Version is that of the 20th. Century New Testament "the dot of an 'i' or the cross of a 't'."

In the matter of literal and free translation we are not to compare these two translations to the disparagement of either. Because the Revised Version is a safe "pony" when you are under review by the professor of New Testament Greek, it by no means follows that it is the better, or even safer translation for general use. Because the 20th. Century New Testament is more luminous and is easily apprehended,

even by the children, it does not follow that it is to displace the Revised Version which keeps English readers in touch with the original words. They are different books to be used for somewhat different purposes. With the one, we get at the truth more literally, with the other, more readily.

In the matter of translation the 20th. Century New Testament is not only freer than the Revised Version but it is more modern and colloquial. The third fundamental resolution concerning the Revised Version was, "We do not contemplate any new translation of the Bible or any alteration of the language, except when in the judgment of the most competent scholars such change is necessary." The Revisors in the last three hundred years themselves said, "We have faithfully adhered to the rule that the alterations to be introduced should be expressed as far as possible in the language of the Authorized Version, or the Versions that have preceded it. We have habitually consulted the earlier Versions; and in our sparing introduction of words not found in them, or in the Authorized Version, we have usually satisfied ourselves that such words were employed by standard writers of nearly the same date." Thus the language of the Revised Version is the English of at least three centuries ago. In spite of the fact that the bible has helped to fix the language, some of the words in the Revised Version are now obsolete; and hundreds of other words have changed their meaning, more or less, in the last three hundred years. This it is that to a great extent, makes much of our public reading of Scripture (even from the Revised Version) unintelligible or difficult to follow, and, that, in our private reading, hinders us from more readily apprehending the truth.

Since the metal mirror of language even at its best, reflects the Word of God but dimly, was it not a pity that the Revisors left it practically unburnished though centuries had been lessening its reflecting power. The recognition of this by the American Revision Committee, lead it to suggest more modern renderings; and when they were not adopted, to request that its preferred readings and renderings, be recorded at the ends of the volumes; and, to since publish its own Revised Version in which these modernizing changes were made. This American version, however, only lessens the need of such a translation as the 20th. Century which differs, not only in being a free, rather than a literal translation, but also in being more modern still.

The aim of the twenty unnamed scholars who have given us the 20th. Century New Testament is to give the New Testament to the people of to-day, not in their ancestral tongue, but in their mother tongue; that the children, in our homes, and the congregations assembled in our churches, may, like the multitudes assembled at Pentecost, be able to hear the Word of God in their own language, wherein they

were born. They aim to greatly lessen the need of commentaries. In the words of an old translator they "would the Scriptures were so purely and plainly translated that it needed neither note, gloss, nor scholia, so the reader might once swim without a cork." Each one of them would say with Erasmus "I utterly dissent from those who are unwilling that the Sacred Scriptures should be read by the unlearned, translated into the vulgar tongue, as though Christ had taught such subtleties that they can scarcely be understood even by a few theologians or as though the strength of the Christian religion consisted in men's ignorance of it." "It was impossible," said Tyndale, "to establish the lay people in any truth, except the Scriptures were plainly laid before their eyes in their mother tongue."

We have had the "Bishop's Bible" but there has been a growing need of what would be more markedly the People's Bible. By the use of the 20th. Century New Testament the plough boy could easily have a better acquaintance with New Testament truths than have many of the Bishops (in a Baptist sense); and the bishops themselves, even though they have more than a mere grammar and dictionary knowledge of the New Testament Greek, will find this newer version a source of much help in following the great lines of thought, and in getting the New Testament facts and truths in their consecutive and other relations; and even to any who may be masters of New Testament Greek, this rendering of other specialists will be of help. I have been much interested, therefore, when travelling, dressed in a business suit, as in speaking about the 20th. Century New Testament to several whose dress bespoke the preacher within and who, to say the least, did not think as readily in Hebrew and Greek as they did in English, some of them replied to the effect that while the new translation might be good enough for the people, they themselves of course could read the Hebrew and the Greek and would have no use for it.

The aim of the twenty translators, to make the New Testament a book for the people and for the children of the people, by translating it into modern English, explains that which surprises and almost shocks us at first—the simplicity and every-day character of this new translation. Since this is the great argument raised against it, let us consider what the objection is worth.

Was not the original power of the New Testament writings due to a large extent to this same simplicity and every-day-ness? We all know that, the so called, Hellenistic Greek in which the New Testament was written is not classical Greek; but we fail to get the great significance of the fact that the New Testament was originally written not only in an every-day language but also in a popular style. Its Greek is by no means the Greek of Philo and Josephus. Many of its

words are plebeian; some of its constructions are barbarous, and its different styles are, in various degrees, colloquial. The eminent authority, Dr. J. H. Thayer of Harvard, writes thus concerning the "common dialect" in which the Greek New Testament was written. "It embodies the lofty conceptions of the Hebrew and Christian faith in a language which brought them home to men's business and bosoms." Concerning the style of the New Testament Greek itself he writes, "It occupies apparently an intermediate position between the vulgarisms of the populace and the studied style of the literature of the period. It affords a striking illustration of the divine policy in putting honour on what men call 'common'."

Speaking generally, the New Testament was written by men too much in earnest to be careful about cultured style of which, for the most part, at least, they were probably incapable. Though we speak of Paul as a trained man, he confessed to the Corinthians that he was "rude in speech," and that he went to them with "no persuasive words of wisdom, that their faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." Appropriate here are the words 1 Cor. 1:26—29. Since the New Testament was written in the people's Greek, and owed much of its marvelous power to that fact, why may it not be rendered into the people's English, or, rather since language even when most intelligible to the people, half conceals the soul of the thought within, is it not a shame to have its hiding power either archaically, academically or esthetically increased?

It seems hard to-day for many to learn Paul's lesson that the power of God is through the Word of God rather than in the words of man. In the first quarter of the seventeenth century, there arose the "Purist Controversy" about the Greek of the New Testament. Assuming that its Greek must have been of classical purity, if God were its author, many, though the evidence against them was to be found on every page of the Greek New Testament itself, nevertheless, manifested much theological heat in defending their assumption.

As the Moslem thinks of its literary style as an unanswerable argument for the inspiration of Alkoran, many have endangered, and many are endangering, their belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures by making it depend too much upon words and style. It reminds me of the story of a certain French mayor, who offered a regiment of soldiers the protection of four of his police that they might not, on their way to the next town, be overpowered by some wayside robbers. To think of human words and literary style protecting the bible in order that it might carry the Word of God from place to place! It is the Word of God. It is its own defense. Let it not be bound in words and idioms of the centuries that have gone; nor, of the academic Eng-

lish of to-day. Let it be free that it may not simply defend itself, but that it may also protect us from the robbers of our purity and the enemies of our manliness.

We read that after the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, when, according to custom, some prisoners had been released, a courtier thus besought the Queen, "That now this good time there might be four or five principal prisoners more released; these were the four or five evangelists and the Apostle Paul, who had long been shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were in prison, so they could not converse with the common people." To which the Queen replied "That it were best first to inquire whether they would be so released or no." Could we ask the four Evangelists and the Apostle Paul, who all wrote in the language of the common people, and could we ask their Master, whom the common people gladly heard, if they were willing, through such a version as the 20th. Century New Testament, to "converse with the common people," I feel assured that they would answer, "Yes."

While I see no more sacredness in the Archaic English of the Authorized Version than I do in the Latin of the Vulgate; and while I am in heartiest sympathy with the thought that underlies the 20th. Century New Testament, that the Bible ought to be translated into modern English, so that all the people may understand it; and while I find little to criticize and much to commend in the new translation as a rendering of the original thought, I would not bring this long treatment to a close without calling attention to something else of great importance in a translation. Have the translators entered into, not only the language and thought of the original, but also into its spirit? Have they not simply clothed the body of its thought with English words but have they incarnated its living spirit? They have thought in New Testament Greek and in the people's English, but have they in their translation, had the same motives, the same desires and been breathing in the same spiritual atmosphere as the New Testament writers? For instance, was the spirit of the translators as reverent as the spirit of the original writers? If so, would it follow that their translation would seem as reverent to the cultured of to-day as the original writings did to the people with whom they seem to have had the greatest power—people who were for the most part uncultured?

Dr. Lyman Abbott writes thus: "The Twentieth Century New Testament renders the original into not merely the language of the twentieth century, but into its colloquial language. If not irreverent, it certainly does not presume in its literary form the spirit of reverence so distinctly characteristic of the Hebrew race." While, by no means, saying there is nothing in this criticism, I am impressed with the thought that Dr. Abbott does not seem to give due weight to the colloquial

elements in the language and styles of the original writers ; and I cannot but wonder if a Greek in New Testament times, who was as reverent and as literary as Dr. Abbott himself, would not have found the colloquial character of the Greek New Testament as nearly irreverent as Dr. Abbott finds the colloquial character of the 20th. Century New Testament. The distinguished divine also writes : "We want to see a translator who can write Paul's Epistles as Paul would have written them had he lived in this age and this country. It doubtless would be desirable to have such a work done ; but is such, after all, the work of a translator. Is it not conceivable, even if it were possible to get such a rendering of the Epistles, that it would differ from the original more than a translation ought to differ from it ? Do we not, rather, want to see a translator who can write Paul's Epistles as Paul would write them in English if, without other changes, such as a knowledge of our times and spirit, there were given to him just such a knowledge of English as he had of Greek. Is not the work of the translator, not to make the original writer think in our times but rather to make him speak in our English ? Is not his work, by means of the language we understand to take us back to the thoughts of the author whose language we do not understand ? In short, do we not want in a translator not one who will bring the author to us ; but, rather, one who will take us to the author.

Though colloquial language and style are at least at first, not reverent to literary ears ; yet since it is true that the New Testament was written in the 'Common Dialect' which was the language of every day life, that its style, though, at times, quite literary, as in the Epistles of James and Hebrews, was to a large extent unconventional, and that much of it purports to be the reports of conversations which are recorded in ordinary words and phrases ; it follows that the important question after all is simply this : have the translators gone too far in their unconventional renderings. In proportion as they in translating have possessed the reverent spirit of the original writers and have reproduced their different styles, from the literary to the unconventional, have they given us a much needed translation even though to those of higher literary culture than most of the first readers of the New Testament writings it may at first seem to lack somewhat in reverence. Accustomed to the English of the older versions, I was almost shocked with the colloquial modernity of this translation ; but, as, again and again, I have read a book through at a sitting and followed the lines of thought, as, I am free to confess, I did not do as readily or as fully before, this sense of its colloquial modernity was lessened and, almost lost, in the sublimity of the thoughts in the divinity of the truth. It is true that it, at first, makes Paul seem to be more human ; but it also makes the

gospel, he believed to be the power of God, seem more divine. In making the Scriptures more homely, may it not give the Word of God a freer course in many hearts and lives; and give us all a truer appreciation of the bible as an every-day book for this work-a-day world?

The bible may be likened to a pyramid. The base is built broadly in the language of the masses; and, for it seems to be God's way, the broader the base the higher will the pyramid rise into the classes. There is no sufficient reason why there may not be many different translations in use, but let us see to it that at least one English version be made so plain that "way-faring men, yea fools, shall not err therein." If the "sad-smiling average man" is unable to get the water of life freely from the antique vessel that is the delight of literary souls for his soul's sake let them not say anything to prejudice him against the plain, modern cup from which he may freely drink and live.

Though a "spiritually minded" acquaintance, believing that every word of the Authorized Version was written by the finger of God, thinks that even the Revised Version is the result of the heterodoxy of the higher critics, is it not true that the more good translations of the bible the better; not only because, since each has its good points, more people can thus be reached in the language and style in which they can best be reached; but, also, in order that less emphasis be placed upon the wording of the different verses in proportion to the attention given to the thoughts of the different books that we may not be in bondage to the letter which killeth, but rather, be under the influence of the Spirit that giveth life? While, if he has time and ability to use them, one does well to enter, frequently, into the special helpfulness of many different versions, he has great reason to rejoice, even though he be no specialist in New Testament Greek, if he has Westcott & Hort's New Testament in the original Greek and on one side of it the Revised Version with its literal, and on the other, the 20th. Century New Testament with its free translation of the Word of God. I shall be pleased when the still unpublished volume of this new translation will appear; and when the three volumes, revised according to the suggestions of the scholarship of the world, will, at length, be published in one volume of a convenient size. If I could have but one translation of the New Testament I would, of course, choose the American Revised Version; but I am very glad that I shall be able soon, and in a one-volumed edition, to place, on the other side of the original Greek (for the study of which it is a stimulant rather than a substitute) the 20th. Century New Testament for the people.

MESKEEK-UUM-PUDAS.

“The Bottomless Lake.”

I sleep in the sea, I sigh for the sky,
I follow in no man's wake;
Earl of the open sea am I,
Lord of the bottomless lake.

—*Sea Shell.*

Would you learn of a dark sparkling lake without inlet or outlet,
Nor rises, nor falls, lying still, though no scum ever gathers.
Where the band is in charge of the mythical bull-frog *Ablegumoo**;
A lake clear as crystal, and brimming in summer and winter.

Hear the tale of the bottomless lake, of *Meskeek-uum-Pudas*,
By the side of the great western road, at the Indian Portage,
On the Island named *Epaygwit*, *Abegweit*,¹ —moored close alongside—
Though since called Prince Edward for honoured Victoria's father;
This gem of the sea in the yielding embrace of *Megamagee*.²

A portage it was, where the supple and strong-bodied *Ulnoo*.3
Would hasten across with his *kweedun* 4 from water to water,
And drive on before him his spouse with the household utensils,
Ulbadoo 5 and *abitas* 6 in terror close-scrambling behind her,
With the infant *mijgooajech* 7 lashed in the *koobulsakun*, 8
All silently staring, alert and intensely excited;
For here was the home of *Chepitchkaam** the horrible dragon,
Half-serpent, half-turtle, fiend, spirit incarnate, whole monster.

What *sesip* 9 come back to its nest that once bathed in these waters?
What *ulamohc* 10 ever returned that would drink from this margin?
You never approach it but ripples will start on the surface
Where all was as placid as glass, for no zephyr was stirring;
And often most blood-curdling splashings are heard in the darkness
When travellers belated pass by at the hour of midnight.
The fabulous bull-frog himself would not utter a murmur,
Unless he were sure that *Chepitchkaam* desired his presence,—
What must it have been when the pale-face was over in Europe
If spirits survive all the dazzle of civilization!

The bottomless lake long ago was a very Avernus,
Whilst Blomidon still was the home of the good-loving *Glooscap**;
Before the deceit of the traders had driven him westward,
To remain, until men shall lose Truth, in the land of the sunset,
Returning as soon as he may amidst wildest rejoicings
To lead in the final destruction of all that is evil,
And fill up the bottomless lake called *Meskeek-uum-Pudas*;
To plant all this Island in one most magnificent forest,
With avenues winding in beauty from seashore to seashore.
The generous *Glooscap* would love to return to the Micmacs,
Oh that all our people might hasten his coming and help him.

Meskeek-uum-Pudas still slumbers in awe-filling silence;
Its depths never knew the unholy unrest of the ages;
Nor yet is its bosom one black hungry-hearted Nirvana.

They say it is one living spring o'er its entire surface,
 They say fifty fathoms to plummet would never find bottom.
 The Micmacs who lived long ago were a fanciful people,
 But sages have passed that remembered the best *atookwokun* ¹¹;
 We owe it to them to preserve their traditions and language:
 We owe it to those who shall follow to keep them intrinsic.
 The splendour is fading away from the lakes and the rivers,
 The names that for ages were cherished will soon be forgotten,
 Since people take pains to forget all the glories of childhood.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Bay View, Prince Edward Island, October 1901.

¹ Epaygwit or Abegweit, at rest on the sea moored alongside; Ancient name for P. E. I. ² Megamaghee or Megumaghee, the home of true men, of Micmacs; Ancient name for N. S. and the whole Maritime Provinces. ³ ulnoo, man, one of our people. cf. inini, Otchipwe. ⁴ kweedun, bark canoe. ⁵ ulbadoo, (pronounced 'lbadoo), boy. ⁶ abitas, girl, young woman. ⁷ mijooajech, helpless infant. ⁸ ko-obilsakun, cradle, a single board without rockers in which the baby was lashed with thongs, or rather laced in like a foot in a boot. ⁹ sesip, bird. ¹⁰ ulumooch, dog; cf. Animoosh, Otchipwe. *See Rand's Legends. ¹¹ atookwokun, folk-lore.

An Educated Gentleman.

Education, a word upon its purpose and ideals. During the century past opinion has vastly changed. The scholasticism and mysticism of former days is losing its hold and education is becoming more practical. Your true young man does not enter college for the sake of becoming learned. He may be a bundle of facts and figures, he may dream in the language of Homer and be able to quote the masterpieces of English literature from Milton's *Paradise Lost* to John Gilpin's ride and yet own no title right to a place among the aristocracy of mind and heart. Upon the other hand there are those who are wholly unlearned in the lore of schools, who meet with a stare of blank amazement your mention of Euclid, the *Survival of the Fittest*, or the Inductive Method, who nevertheless are kindred spirits with a Tennyson, a Carlyle or a Gladstone. Learning does not necessarily constitute an education.

Your true young man enters college for the sake of two great ideals, culture and power, and these resolve themselves into the supreme ideal of service.

A word upon culture. I believe in culture. God gave us minds to cultivate. He did not intend them to become coarse and dull. But what is culture? It is a term of varying significance. It is thought to consist in an ability to discuss high art and kindred beauties. It is thought to consist in a knowledge of fashion, social decrees and functions.

Culture is something that does not belong to the outward show and raiment. It is something that inheres in the soul.

Culture is purity, that quality of the soul by which it spurns and resents the touch of the low and lustful.

Culture is sympathy, that quality of the soul by which it beats in unison with the heart throbs of another's sorrow. Culture is vitality, that quality of soul by which it aspires to the highest type of being.

With the thought of culture we enter the realm of power. Culture for beauty is all right provided beauty results in power. A beautiful mind is of no avail if it does not create thought, if thought is not expressed in words and actions, if actions do not make motives, if motives do not move men, if men do not create history.

There stands your great organ. The wood is finely polished. The pipes are beautifully gilded. Its a thing of beauty, but no chord of music is breathed. The thing is silent and dumb. It is easy enough to be a decorated ornament but I do not care to be a beautiful doing nothing, good-for-nothing, all my days.

With culture and power we succeed to the idea of service. A marble statue without life, an artificial flower without fragrance, a palace of ice without warmth and refuge is an education which does not result in service. The *prima donna* who sings like a bird and dazzles like a star may have culture as it is popularly named. She may have power but she has little of service if never a thought is hers of her sister too heavy of heart to sing.

Culture, power service, such is the purpose and ideal of education. A man of such qualities is an educated gentleman.

INGRAM E. BILL, JR.

Oberlin.

University Extension Lectures at Oxford.

Under the supervision of the University of Oxford, University Extension Teaching, as it is called, is given at different towns in England. The following sentences from the official records published in June, show the extent of the work. "Since 1885, 19,209 lectures have been delivered in some 300 centres, and have been attended by over 278,811 students. As the courses are not expensive, it has been found practicable to arrange for their delivery in small, as well as large, towns. In order to meet the requirements of different communities, the University leaves the details of organization as elastic as possible.

The audience usually consists of two divisions: (1) the general audience, consisting of men and women of all ages and all classes, who attend the lectures only, and who vary in numbers from 30 or 40 in country towns to 1,000 in large industrial centres. The average is about 150. (2) A smaller body of *students* who attend lectures and

classes, who write the Essays and are encouraged to enter for Examination. These find in the Lecturer a *Tutor* who advises them in choice of books, directs their reading and corrects their written Exercises."

At the conclusion of the course an examination is held and certificates are awarded to the successful candidates. The Extension Movement is stimulated by the Summer Meetings which bring together a large number of distinguished Educationists.

These meetings have been held either at Oxford or Cambridge since 1888. The meeting in 1901, held at Oxford, began on August 2nd. and closed on August 27th. The number enrolled was 1125. The students were from many countries including France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, the United States and Canada. Among them were Presidents and Professors of Colleges and Universities in the United States and elsewhere, who added to the pleasure of a sojourn in old Oxford the delight of meeting with hundreds of persons engaged in Educational work and of hearing many of the most famous Professors of the Universities of Great Britain. Courses of lectures were delivered on the following subjects: The Making of England with special reference to the Life and Times of King Alfred; European History; The Empire and the Papacy; The History of Epic literature in Europe; Modern Scientific Advance, including Recent Advances in Astronomy, Recent Geographical Advance, General Scientific Advance; Social Economics; The Great Oxford Collections; Fine Art and Architecture; History, Theory and Practice of Education. There were special classes in The English Language by Henry Sweet, LL. D.; the Origin and Formation of English Literature by J. Churton Collins, M. A.; History and Theory of Education by W. M. Keatinge.

The lecturers included Professors and Fellows of various Universities in Great Britain and Ireland. Among the best known were: The Bishop of Ripon, Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M. P., Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.; Prof. York Powell, A. Sidgwick, M. A.; President Warren of Magdalen College, Prof. Boas, Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, Sir Robert Ball, Dr. Hill, the Master of Downing College, Cambridge.

The lectures were in general scholarly and thoughtful and written in excellent English. In many cases, however, they were not well delivered and consequently their effect on the audience was not equal to the literary merits of the discourses. But the marked ability of the best of the speakers and the comprehensive treatment of the subjects discussed made the Summer Meeting very stimulating and suggestive. Some of the special courses, notably the lectures given by Churton Collins, were attractive to the large classes who attended them.

There were Conferences on Housing of the Poor, Old Age Pensions, and on the Educational Ladder, at which students were permitted

to speak. There was also a debate conducted by the students on the following: "Resolved that the military spirit developed by the present war is hostile to the best interests of this country." These exercises proved quite as exciting as the lectures. The debate showed the bitter feeling that the war has produced in the minds of many Englishmen. The managers of the Summer Session arranged excursions for a limited number of students to Statford-on-Avon and Warwick Castle. The House where Shakespeare was born, the Memorial Theatre and the Church that contains his tomb were visited.

The visitors to Warwick were conducted through the principal parts and rooms of the Castle. After they had partaken of the refreshments provided at the Castle, the visitors were addressed by the Countess of Warwick. The Countess has supported the Extension Movement and by her kindness to the visitors and her discriminating and inspiring address convinced the members of the excursion that she was in sympathy and intelligent co-operation with every effort for the spread of knowledge. The Earl of Warwick was called away by public business in connection with departure for South Africa of their eldest son who is on Lord Milner's staff. It was surprising to many, but very pleasing to find the nobility of England concerned in the Educational Movements of the times.

The special sermons preached by the Bishop of Ripon, Canon Gore (who has just been appointed bishop) and other distinguished men afforded an opportunity of studying the style of preaching in England and of learning something of the religious spirit of the nation. The sermons were preached from the pulpit once filled by John Henry Newman and from which the Bampton Lectures are delivered. In front of that pulpit Cranmer was arraigned to answer for his preaching.

The historic associations of the more than twenty Colleges of Oxford added to the excellent lectures of the Summer Session made the month of August of 1901 one to be remembered by those who spent its days in the halls of the University.

AY ME.

Silent, with hands crost meekly on his breast,
Long time, with keen and meditative eye,
Stood the old painter of Siena by
A canvas, whose sign manuel him confest.

His head droopt low, his eye ceased from its quest,
As tears filled full the fountains long since dry;
And from his lips there broke the haunting cry:
"May God forgive me—I did not my best!"

THEODORE H. RAND in *Song-Waves*.

The Old Evangel and the New Evangelism.

Such is the title of a recent book from the pen of Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, D. D., late pastor of the Bloor St. Baptist Church, Toronto, and now of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, Ohio. It is a book of something less than two hundred pages, and illustrates the best mechanical work of the Fleming H. Revell Publishing Company. Acadia men and women will recognize in the author a promising, not to say already distinguished, representative of the younger Acadia men who are making their mark in the service of their generation, and will have, in consequence, a special interest in Dr. Eaton's book.

In itself considered, however, the book is well deserving of notice. If not a great work, it is a vital one, marked by insight, courage, hopefulness, suggestiveness, and timeliness. The motive of the book is found in the opening sentence of the Foreword: "The brightest glory of the new century's dawn springs from a hope, deep and widespread, of coming religious Revival." Following the gleam the author discourses on "The Church Expectant," "The Need of Revival," "The Revival we Need," "The End of Revival," "What the Church Lacks," and six other cognate or supplementary themes. The earliest chapters strike us as the best. The analysis of conventional Christianity and the church's shortcomings is bold, searching, and sometimes sharply condemnatory. It is, however, no pessimistic indictment which is presented, but the faithful, discriminating testimony of one who sees and mourns the church's weakness, but is confidentially looking to see her beauty and her strength. The note of the positive teaching and suggestion is intensely evangelical. Here again it is not a hackneyed or conventional, but a vital evangelicalism that is insisted upon.

The style is fresh, picturesque, epigrammatic, dignified, and its best very readable. Among the many apt characterizations with which the book abounds, nothing strikes us as exhibiting greater insight and aptness than the phrase "Secondaryism in the pulpit," as at once describing much of the preaching of the times and the cause of its ineffectiveness.

This is but Dr. Eaton's beginning. It is certain that if he is spared he will be further heard from through the press. The readers of his first book will be among the earliest purchasers of the second.

T. TROTTER.

C. H. SPURGEON.

An Analysis of the Great Preacher's Power.

HENRY FRANCIS ADAMS, M. A.

[Part I. of this article appeared in the November number.—Ed.]

II THREE RELIGIOUS ELEMENTS OF HIS POWER:

(1.) His strong faith-grasp of the GOSPEL. A young preacher once asked an elderly ministerial brother to kindly hear him preach, and afterwards give him whatever advice his matured mind and experience could suggest, to help him improve as a preacher. The first criticism the ripe minister made on the sermon was, "My dear young brother, how is it that Christ was not once mentioned in your discourse?" To which the junior theologian replied, "Well, but Christ was not in the text." The old gentleman answered in substance, "Brother, if you want to be a blessing to souls and achieve a good work for eternity, take my advice, and if Christ be not in your text, always put Him in every sermon." Such advice as that was never necessary to Mr. Spurgeon. From the beginning of his ministry till its close, the grand old Gospel Truths have been such a staple element in all his preaching, that I once heard him say in his pulpit, "If Jesus Christ and Him crucified be taken from me, my stock-in-trade will be gone, and I shall have to shut up shop."

You cannot read one of his sermons through, without perceiving that the great CHRIST of the gospels is the centre and circumference of his theology. That his one great aim was to offer a STRONG Christ to WEAK sinners; a FULL Christ to empty sinners, a WISE Christ to foolish sinners; a GRACIOUS Christ to needy sinners. There is probably no living man who understood the great GOSPEL so well, and could state it so clearly, as Mr. Spurgeon. He preached from hundreds of Gospel texts, which had been handled before, but from which he delivered sermons that astonished the Christian world, by their perpetual freshness, fullness and illuminative power. As other men have turned aside into the misty regions of doubt and speculation, he rose into the higher and clearer mountain air of faith and assurance, relating to the verities of the Divine Word, its suitableness to human needs, and its final conquest over every form of human error.

While some men were dealing out in mockery to the thirsty souls of men, the latest distillations of modern thought, he held forth the grand old Gospel in all its plenitude and power, as the one all-satisfying and all-sufficient remedy for the diseased souls of men. Amidst all the vagaries of the modern "DOWN-GRADE" preachers, C. H. Spurgeon stood forth as an uncompromising champion of those distinct and

definite truths, that have always been and must ever be, God's shining torch to light our feet, and direct our way to the mansions above. Whatever pulpit failed to trumpet forth distinct and definite sounds on the foundation truths of the New Testament, the Metropolitan Tabernacle was sure to send ringing round the world, clear and clarion tones of free grace and dying love.

(2.) His great power with God in Prayer. A minister who has great power with God in PRAYER, will most assuredly have great power with men in PREACHING. It was a privilege to hear him preach, but the common verdict is, that the fullness of his power was revealed when he was talking with God in prayer. Then a strange yet devout familiarity marked his speech, which, one hearing him only once, might regard as irreverence, but which a full knowledge of the man, showed to be the result of a long acquaintance with his Divine Father, and a profound and settled trust in His Holy Word. And let it be known that this unctuous power was not reserved for simply the service of the sanctuary, but was the every day strength of the man. At the Monday Evening Prayer Meeting, it was common to see more than 2000 people gathered to plead with the Almighty, on behalf of the teeming thousands of London sinners, and the unsaved millions in heathendom. At those great gatherings, it was an abiding proof that this good man and his people had a strong hold on God's promises, to hear the hundreds of answers to prayer, related there. And a very large volume would be needed, to record all the answers to prayer, God gave to this humble Christian man.

(3.) Strong and unwavering FAITH IN GOD. Simultaneous with his great power in prayer, must be recorded his strong and unwavering faith in God. He could not have had his remarkable power in prayer if he had not had great faith in God. They always go together. When you think of the great needs of his numerous institutions being between a hundred, and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually; and that he had no list of regular subscribers, but trusted to the Father in Heaven to send the needed supplies, you can easily guess to what extremes this man of faith was sometimes brought. His college of 100 students, Orphanage of 500 children, Society of 90 Colporteurs, 30 Mission Halls, and 22 other Christian Societies for all kinds of Christian Work, demanded a faith in God that must not waver. Yet he ever clung to the divine promises till they were fulfilled. And so it came to pass, that these twin forces, faith and prayer, reacted on the greatness and goodness of a life, that had set to its seal that "GOD IS TRUE."

FINALLY.

This kingly man has ever borne an unsullied reputation. Whatever evil reports the devil's spies have brought up in print, they proved

themselves untruthful and died a natural death. The purity of his personal life, and the sanctity of his model home-life was always beyond reproach. And this transparency of character invited and retained for a period of 38 years, the confidence of a vast host of Christian men and women all over the world.

To every one who was privileged to hold personal intercourse with him, his human nature exhibited a most striking mixture of humility and mirth. One felt that he was in the company of a great child-man; unassuming and as artless as a little child, yet exhibiting all the manful elements of a great soul. "Harmless as a DOVE, yet as wise as a SERPENT." The LION and the LAMB, never blended more perfectly in one spirit, than in that of Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

There is no doubt that his numerous personal and relative afflictions, by God's Spirit, created in him deep tenderness of heart, and furnished him with spiritual ballast, in his long and POPULAR CAREER.

To many Mr. Spurgeon was a great MYSTERY. He was often laid aside for long periods by sickness, yet he seemed to do the work of a hundred men. His labours were simply prodigious. The Spiritual charge of a church of more than 5000 members; the temporal care of 500 orphans, of 90 students, besides the general over-sight of scores of missions; the receiving and disbursing of hundreds of thousands annually; the revision of writing, and publication of 100 volumes; to say nothing of the enormous correspondence and researches, (that kept 2 private secretaries busy) all this tempts one to ask "WHEN DID HE SLEEP, AND WHAT TIME HAD HE TO BE SICK?" Concerning his benevolence. His income from his church was large, and his income from the profits on his publications larger. Vast Christian Enterprises evidenced his generosity. In addition to his own resources for benevolence, one would hardly believe what immense sums were given him by Christian people for judicious distribution.

While I was in college, I remember an instance of this kind, which Mr. Spurgeon related in his own inimitable way. A Christian lady in Scotland had reserved £4,000, or \$20,000, in her will for religious institutions. About that time, Prof. Robertson Smith turned unorthodox as to the authenticity of the Pentateuch, for which heresy he was expelled from his chair in St. Andrews University. The elderly lady became so alarmed at this departure from the old landmarks, as to cancel her will, and without waiting till she was dead, sent the \$20,000 to Mr. Spurgeon, accompanied by a note in substance as follows: "Dear Mr. Spurgeon, as all the ministers in Scotland are becoming unsound, I have resolved to devote my money to your institutions; and as you seem to be the only sound minister left, I send it to you to use NOW for fear that you too, may not remain sound long."

HIS LIKE CANNOT BE FOUND IN HISTORY. HE STANDS ALONE THE MARVEL OF THE AGE, AND OUR TINY FAITH PRESUMES THAT THIS MANY-SIDED MAN WILL NEVER BE REPRODUCED. Gladstone called him "THE LAST OF THE PURITANS", but may his mantle fall on a great company of the prophets, so that the Christ whom he uplifted, may be the theme and glory of them all.

Is Scoundrelism a Sacred Probation?

A Scotch doctor who had a pretty skill in literature and art painted two portraits. The subject of one was The Prodigal Son; the subject of the other The Prodigal's Son.

I was reminded of this in reading Lucas Malet's new and very ambitious novel, "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" (Methuen). It is not my intention at present to criticise the book or to discuss more than one of the many problems it raises. Suffice it to say that it is a novel which for good or evil must force itself on the public attention. When anyone plays for a great stake, there is excitement among the onlookers. And certainly the question whether Lucas Malet has lost or won must be discussed. But I deal merely with the question stated in the title, a question which is acutely raised in "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," and particularly in the section entitled "The Rake's Progress." When jilted by Lady Constance Quayle, Sir Richard announces his purpose to his mother as the devils of wounded pride and anarchy and of revolt asserted themselves within him. "I propose to take the lesson to heart. They teach me not to sacrifice the present to the future, but to fling away ideals like so much waste paper, and just take that which I can immediately get. They tell me to limit my horizon and to go the common way of common, coarse-grained, sensual man in as far as that way is possible to me, and to be of this world worldly. And so, mother, I want you to understand that from this day forth I turn over a new leaf, not only in thought, but in conduct. I am going to have just all that my money and position and even this vile deformity—for, by God! I'll use that too—What people won't give for love they'll give for curiosity—can bring me of pleasure and notoriety. I am going to lay hold of life with these rather horribly strong arms of mine—" He looked across at Lady Calmady with a sneering smile. "Strong?" he repeated, "strong as a young bull-ape's. I am going to tear the very vitals out of living, to tear all the excitement and intoxication out of it. . . . As I cannot have honest love, I'll have gratified lust." The Baronet amply redeems his word, and very nearly succeeds in killing his mother. But he comes back again. The last section of the book is entitled "The New Heaven and the New

Earth." A young lady of beauty, intellect, character, and wealth falls in love with him, though she knows everything. She offers herself to him, assuring him that his wrong-doings are dearer to her than any other man's virtue. He accepts the gift, and everything ends perfectly. We leave the characters all bathed in the sunshine of bliss. Sir Richard sums up his blessings at the close. "I am grateful, being as I am, grateful for everything, it being as it is." The years of debauchery and rebellion have apparently gone like a dream. They are as if they were not; no pang, no thought even, returns from them to mar the new peace.

Lucas Malet can quote high authority for this view of life. In a letter written when he was a youth Rossetti criticises Alexander Smith's *Life-Drama*. He says; "The *Life-Drama* has nothing particular to say, except that it seems to bear vaguely towards the favorite doctrine that scoundrelism is a sacred probation of the soul. But I find this everywhere. I am reading 'Wilhelm Meister,' where the hero's self-culture is a great process—amusing and amazing one. On one page he is in despair about some girl he has been the death of; in the next you are delighted with his enlarged views on 'Hamlet.'" So eminently respectable a moralist as Mrs. Humphry Ward gives us the same view in her "History of David Grieve," and a hundred other instances might easily be quoted. There are many excellent people who believe that the theory is essentially Christian, and refer one for proof to the parable of the Prodigal Son.

I do not propose here to discuss the question from a theological point of view, and yet it is impossible to face it without touching on problems essentially theological. There are two lines spoken by the King in "Hamlet" which may serve as a text:

"Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?"

What can repentance do? What can it not do? Repentance can do much and very much. This is the supreme message of Christianity, the good news of the kingdom. The preacher who cannot declare this even without a certain recklessness of faith will find that he has no power. Yet it must be remembered that there are limits even to the power of repentance, and God's truth is turned into the devil's lie if these are ignored. The ghastly caricature of Christianity known as Antinomianism should haunt the preacher forever. Once I read that there were no such persons as Antinomians. I came to discover that the man who wrote these words had been an Antinomian himself of the grossest type. We have had in this country religious teachers like William Huntington, who were deliberately Antinomian. St. Paul himself had to confront such teachers. He had to face the question,

Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? And his answer was "God forbid!" It is true that from the furthest wanderings the soul may return to be cleansed and forgiven. It is also true that scoundrelism is not a sacred probation, that the divinest and most merciful of truths is perverted and turned to poison whenever men and women are taught that they may plunge into vice and repent, and be reinstated, and be unvisited by any consequences of their transgressions. I have heard sermons where the Prodigal Son and his elder brother were compared much to the disadvantage of the latter, compared indeed in such a manner as to turn the sermons into unintended incitements to vice. No one will believe that writers like Lucas Malet and Mrs. Humphry Ward had any such thought. And yet the lesson of their stories is that scoundrelism is a sacred probation. In other words, that sin is a form of culture, that a journey into the far country is like the Grand Tour of our ancestors, part of a gentleman's education. Any book which makes any man believe that is a manual of damnation for him.

In the first place, very few who wander to the far country, the country of great transgression, of sensuality and debauchery, ever return. I appeal to the facts of life. No one can have lived, no one can have come into close contact with his fellows, no one can have really tried to help and save them, without knowing this too well. How many reformed drunkards have you known? How many have mastered the craving? Some succeed, but the multitude fail. I heard from a gentle and merciful woman, known by name to all England, that she never knew a woman who became a drunkard and was permanently reclaimed. She did not deny that there were such cases. What she said was that they had never come within her experience. How often is the forger restored to society? Once cheat, once fall into the hands of the law, and see whether it is possible to break the chain. It is possible. Prison chaplains will tell you that in the course of heart-breaking years they have seen one and another repent and return to manhood, but how few there are who do! "What can it when one cannot repent?" Callosity which cannot be sacrificed soon forms, and then, humanly speaking, nothing can be done. There is no sensitive nerve, there is no shame, there is no desire to be better. Nothing is left that responds to remonstrance or appeal. Even if there is repentance, the bonds of habit cannot be broken, and so remorse and despair, followed either by death or by an apathy that cannot be broken, ensue. We cannot transgress and repent and return at will.

But supposing that the Prodigal does return from the far country, as he may, supposing he receives the welcome, the robe, the ring, the feast. Does that close the story? Does the life in the far country suddenly vanish as though it had never been; or does it deepen the char-

acter and make it aware as it never could be made aware otherwise of what love and pardon mean? It may do this, but that is not the whole story. So many return from the far country with the physical consequences of their sin upon them, consequences which make their lives one continued struggle and often a miserable pain, consequences which in many cases prematurely end life. Have any of us far to look for proofs of this? Alas! these consequences often fall upon the innocent, on the wife, the son, the daughter. So long as sin is a mere purpose it is no doubt evil, but when it is carried into act it is far from evil, for then it involves others. If we could but sin alone and bear the consequences alone, we should have a better right to transgress.

“ ‘If I hae sinned, hae I not suffered? Hae I had a day’s peace or an hour’s rest since these lang wet locks of hair first lay upon my pillow at Craighburnfoot? Has not my house been burned, wi’ my bairn in the cradle? Have not my boats been wrecked when a’ others weathered the gale? Have not a’ that were near and dear to me dree’d penance for my sin? Has not the fire had its share o’ them—the winds had their part—the sea had her part? And O!’ she added, with a lengthened groan, looking first upwards towards heaven, and then bending her eyes on the floor, ‘O that the earth would take her part, that’s been lang, lang wearying to be joined to it!’ ”

I should be the last to limit the possibilities of the divine pardon. I do not know what may not be done for the redeemed, but we must look at the facts as they confront us in this life, and here at least we see the consequences of sin falling most heavily upon those who least deserve them. Nor can I help sympathizing with Rossetti when he criticised St. Augustine. “The only other book I have read for more than a year is St. Augustine’s Confessions, and here you have it again. As soon as the saint is struck by the fact that he has been wallowing and inducing others to wallow it is all horrible together, but involves no duty except the comfortable self-abasement of getting out of it himself. As for the women, no doubt they are nascent for hell.”

Nor am I patient with those who compare the state of the redeemed with the state of the innocent, and give the preference to the first. In reality the two states are not commensurable. None of us is innocent, none of us even can remain childlike. A vision came to David Joris, a Flemish painter, the vision of an array of world-weary kings who met a band of children and laid their crowns at their feet:

“Very sad and over-worn,
Pale and very old,
Look the solemn brows that mourn
Under crowns of gold,
Grown too heavy to be borne.

Kings and priests and all so gray,
 All so faint and wan,
 Drifting past in still array,
 Ever drifting on
 Till at length he saw them stay.

"Till at length, as when a breeze
 Bends the rushes well,
 Captains, kings, great sovereignties
 Bent and bowed and fell,
 Kneeling all upon their knees."

We have to take our way and bear fardels, and become sadly wise and weary. But it is possible for us to be delivered from the great surrenders, to escape the baser slaveries, to be guiltless of the murder of any human soul.

So, then, I should implore the young, whether they are Christians or not, to keep true to their better selves. "Young man keep your record clean"—that was a wise and godly saying. It will be better for ever if you have not consciously stooped to evil, if you have no foul festering secret in your life, if you have kept the pride of a pure youth. If it is sadly otherwise, there is still hope. Repentance will bring forgiveness, but let no one imagine that forgiveness absolves from punishment. I quote some lines which are more or less true of every prodigal, no matter whether he is forgiven or not. They may, thank God, be less true. They will be if he repents. Repentance can pluck out something of their sting, but something of their sting it cannot pluck out.

"In a bleak land and desolate,
 Beyond the earth somewhere,
 Went wandering through death's dark
 gate,
 A soul into the air.

And still as on and on it fled,
 A wild, waste region through,
 Behind there fell the steady tread
 Of one that did pursue.

At last he paused, and looked aback;
 And then he was aware
 A hideous wretch stood in his track,
 Deformed and cowering there.

"And who art thou," he shrieked in fright,
 "That dost my steps pursue?
 Go, hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
 Nor thus pollute my view!"

The foul form answered him: "Alway
 Along thy path I flee.
 I'm thine own actions. Night and day
 Still must I follow thee!"

I cannot help saying that such writers as Ibsen, Tolstoi, and even Zola, do not palter with the facts of life as do Lucas Malet, Mrs. Hum-

phry Ward, and, for that matter, many Christian preachers. They insist on the connection between sin and misery, a connection never in this life altogether dissolved.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR *in British Weekly.*

Dr. Kierstead's Trip.

Dr. Kierstead has been away. Dr. Kierstead has come home. But in the case of such a man this could not be all we were to know of such an event. He went away after the student body had left for the summer vacation and came back in the darkness of the evening without any unusual disturbance some three months later. A few words on the trip from him to the students in the morning chapel service created a desire for a larger "talk" and it was arranged that we should hear the traveller's experiences at greater length some evening in College Hall.

On Friday evening, November 22nd., the institutions and friends were invited to enjoy a treat and the hall, well filled, showed the desire on the part of the people of the village as well as the students to hear our gifted English professor deliver what he desired to call a "lecture-talk." And a lecture-talk it was. For two hours the lecturer took us on a flying trip through Europe—over sea and land, through city and town, country and hamlet, into palaces and art galleries, to battle-fields and historic spots, thro cathedrals of magnificent architecture and into humble homes of the world's greatest men, over snow-capped mountain peaks reaching to the very skies, awful in their sublimity and sublime in their awfulness, and thro warm valleys clad in all the varied verdure of flowerdom.

Dr. Kierstead said he left Wolfville on July 17th. and took a Furness Line steamer to London. This was the start. From London he went to Oxford, visited Blenheim Castle, Warwick, Stratford on Avon,—the home of Shakespeare,—the old town of Woodstock and back to London. From Sweden by rail to Dover, across the channel to Calais and on to Paris, Geneva, to the celebrated valley of Chamouni and Mont Blanc, to Martigny, Sousanne, Berne, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen and to Lake Lucerne, the historic places of William Tell, on to Mount Regi, Basle, Strasburg, Heidelberg, Boon, Cologne, Leipsic, Berlin, Hanover, on to Utrecht, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, the Field of Waterloo, Bruges, Ghent, Ostende then back across the channel to Dover, up to Canterbury and back to London. Again, from London to Edinburg, to Glasgow, across to Ireland visiting Belfast and Dublin, back to Holyhead and thro Wales to Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Rugby, Cambridge and London—in

all 10,000 miles! This is not an extract from a guide book but the places actually seen on the trip. What did he see? Evidently, all there was to see from the time he first had a view of the immense shipping of the Thames and touched for the first time English soil until the last of England's "lighthouses, like the candle of a friend, lighted him on his departure thro the dark!

With the breathless hurry of travel still impelling him, the lecturer vividly and hurriedly reviewed the important scenes of the trip, sometimes in order, sometimes departing to compare two scenes far apart geographically and very often referring to the historical connection and to the way the scene impressed him personally. In fact he gave them not just as the guide-book says, but as he saw them. In London he saw St. Paul's Cathedral, Strand, White Chapel, Parliament Buildings, churches and cathedrals, the Tower, the Bridges, Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle; at Windsor and at Berlin the royal horses of England and Germany; at Oxford the colleges and the castle from which Maude escaped; Chaucer House; Marlborough—made famous as the scene of Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*; in Paris the Louvre, Tomb of Napoleon and the Parthenon; in Switzerland the wonderful Alps; and in Leipsic the universities and art galleries.

In all this mass of diverse scenery, mingled crowds, various styles, costly monuments, different modes of dress and travel and all the impulses moving men, the lecturer went to observe three things.

First, to see Mother Nature in a foreign land and watch how she behaved. In France and Germany the fields were very extensive and the products varied. In the latter country the results of forestry were noted changing and beautifying the landscape. Belgium, the most highly cultivated country, produces until the soil seems unable to support the growth. The clear atmosphere of Wales makes the scenery of the sloping hills serenely grand. The crests glistening like waves in the sunlight seem to smile to meet you. Nothing in all Europe could equal the scenery of England. From time to time from the towers and the castles splendid views of the landscape were obtained. The fields were not large but the verdure deep and the colors varied. It was like Paradise.

The philosophic attempt to explain the meaning of a mountain and describe its effect upon a man as he contemplated it in all its immensity and grandeur, gave the lecturer an opportunity to appeal to the inner life of the few select souls who have the faculty of losing themselves and having the world of nature rush in upon them until they have become only an eye seeing into the heart of nature.

The description of the sunrise in the valley of Chamouni was a bit of descriptive and poetical oratory worthy of the man and had the

scribe the ability to report verbatim it would be a pleasure to reproduce it. Rising at four twenty in the morning the valley presented a wonderful sight with the snow-covered mountains rising on all sides and one star shining in its cold brilliancy. Soon appeared streaks of light and the valley began to change. A few more rays from the great source and the forests were buried in purple light and then was seen the 'morn in russet mantle clad.' The light moving could be felt. One snow-clad peak took fire and then another until the whole scene flashed into living flame and the glorious spectacle was complete. The land below with its varied vegetation was like a carpet to the scene. The light unified the whole—from peak to plain, from the snow-capped height to the rose in the warm valley.

One of the natural scenes not to be missed by any traveller is the ascent of Mont Blanc. The great assertions of geologists are apt to produce scepticism but when the tremendous boulders moved by water and ice are seen as at Mont Blanc no longer can one doubt the most appalling statements of a Dana or an Agassiz—in fact the more tremendous the assertion the easier to believe! In one place on this ascent the path is over a steep declivity sheer down to the valley below and the passage is made by holding the iron railing and aiding one another with the long alpenstocks. The dread of destruction is such that the fifty rods seems to be five hundred, and the journey thro this place moves the heart at such a rate that the ligaments threaten to part. Up to this time the feeling was that nature was a kind old mother with the very best intentions but here it seemed as though the valley was luring you to destruction, the mountain opposite sending out its talons to dislodge you from your hold, the river below calling to you to throw yourself over, and the very mountain to which you clung to be pushing you down to ruin. Nature is no longer passive but intensely active and this activity is not like a mother's but like that of a monster and the monster here and there grasping some poor victim and pulling him into a grave and continually keeping up the deadly work.

In the second place, the lecturer went to see art and architecture. In England the great buildings are mechanical in structure, builded strong and solid. In France there is art and form in the architecture and the curve is seen everywhere. Art and sculpture were seen in all the cities. At Leipsic is a gem of a gallery of statuary. In the British Museum and at the Louvre in Paris mythology begins to live and ancient history becomes fact. In painting and in sculpture abstract terms become living beings and the word and the thing become one, so intimately related are they. The great works of art at the Louvre and in other galleries seem strange at first but the leading events of the world's history appear on the canvas again and again. In every gallery

are pictures of Christ, each adding something to the conception of the Man of Nazareth. Is this not degrading to the holiest of Persons? No, rather it seems to be in the gallery like a ray of sunlight upon the pictures. The general conclusion of such a sight is the amazing extent to which the sorrows and joys of humanity are expressed in art and back of it all seems to be a divine something blending the whole. Standing before a famous painting of Washington at the time when the news of President McKinley's death reached Europe, the thought came that here also was the president and the office of president and the picture became one. And in like manner the family at Nazareth became one with us.

In the third place, what about men? Politically the lecturer saw and heard a great deal. A visit to the House of Lords gave splendid opportunity to know the working of the Mother of Parliaments made famous by England's greatest men. The Earl of Roseberry, Salisbury, The Lord High Chancellor, The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ripon were each characterized in turn and criticised or lauded as they appeared to the observer to merit it. The facility with which the mental machinery of the great Salisbury seemed to move and the ease with which he overthrew the strongest arguments of opponents thrusting the blade to the vital point made him easily the peer of British statesmen.

The English politicians in both houses are gentlemen and always gentlemen. No element of smallness and of bitterness is seen as on this side and the English parliamentarian is always willing to stop and explain, to apologize if necessary. At Blenheim Castle, the home of the Duke of Marlborough, where an American heiress reigns as Duchess, there took place a great gathering of the Conservative forces, three thousand delegates being present from all parts of the Kingdom. The Duke presided at the meeting which was held in the centre of the immense structure which forms three sides of a hollow square. Mr. Balfour was the first speaker and impressed one as a man better fitted for literary work than for politics. The speech of the day was delivered by Chamberlain whose forcible use of English left no doubt as to his position or of his intention to maintain it at any cost. The personality of the man produces a marvelous effect on the hearers and at one time one scornful sentence brought thousands to their feet to shout applause. The meeting was on the whole a disappointment because it was so much like our own and because it lacked the philosophy of government in its relation to the people and the true ring of statesmanship.

Next comes man in regard to education. Out of one hundred University lectures at Oxford, Edinburg and Glasgow by men of authority in their departments of learning, many were robbed of their power

by the delivery. The classical style and faultless diction left nothing in that line to be desired but in the delivery, in very many cases, one sentence followed another like rolls of wool from a carding mill, each pure and good but not the slightest variation to give them power and life. And not a man was heard in the old country with clearer analytical skill and greater mental power than our own venerated Dr. Sawyer!

In the religious world many eminent men were heard. Dr. MacLaren being first. Dr. Parker, Dr. Geo. Adam Smith, Dr. Dodds and the Methodist Bishop Vincent were all characterized tersely but carefully—Dr. MacLaren impressing one as the prophet with a message from a hidden source and Dr. Parker as the man of men. In the religious world a spirit of indifference and worldliness with no great timely issue at stake is noted by all the leaders. At times the lecturer digressed in order to bring in some item of interest—usually historic. At Kensington Palace was seen the home of the late Queen's childhood, her nursery room, her kitchen dishes, the room in which she slept when called to be told that she was England's Queen—all these have great interest for those who love the memory of the noblest woman who ever ruled. At Versailles the place where Mary Antoinette went out with the child in her arms and in vain appealed to the mob. At Paris The Place de la Concorde, the site of the bloody guillotine, where during the French revolution so many lost their lives, and made memorable by Dickens in his *Tale of Two Cities*. The field of Waterloo where Wellington and Napoleon met on a fateful day, where Blucher came to the rescue at the right moment, the house standing where the final charge was made and the monument to the slain—all here is now still and the mellow light comes down and the earth yields her harvest, making it hard to believe that this is the scene of the world's great earthquake. The tomb of Shakespeare and the humble cottage of one whose power and genius, by the inbreathing of power divine, has made him live for all time was a place of deepest interest. The scenes in Switzerland where the feudal system still survives and the cows all wear bells while the women watch them as they aid in harvesting are new to a westerner. The day at Warwick Castle where the sombre prison-like draw-bridge and the stiffness of the formality of noble life melted into a home and a family showed the effect of life and environment on a man strange to such scenes.

All this told in such a way that it was not wearisome as are usually the rambling talks of lecturers on travel, but intensely fascinating because the lecturer had lived thro the scenes he described and had absorbed so much of what he saw that he seemed to be charged with a wealth of information all leavened with the poetic and philosophic essence of the man.

For those whose pleasure it was to listen art became new, history real, and the comatose beings of the class room were quickened so that they now pulsate with a new life. We trust that the arduous duties of the professorship will not permit the doctor to subject this material to the formal style of a lecture—if his style could be formal. He has hit upon a happy and instructive method of detailing the educative features of sight-seeing in its larger sense.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

Will you kindly grant me a little space in the columns of the *ATHENÆUM* to make a few suggestions in regard to a certain matter, which touches the student life in general? These suggestions may be both foolish and impracticable, in which case you must feel at liberty to consign them to the oblivion of the waste basket. If this communication chances to escape the editorial blue pencil, I hope that it will be regarded by the students as worthy of some consideration. The college paper should of course be employed for the discussion of college topics, but if such discussion be confined to the columns of the paper it is worse than useless.

But I see that critical pencil poised above these generalities, and so refrain from further moralizing. In brief the subject to which I wish to call your attention is—College Songs and College singing.

It will be admitted that this is a matter of some importance. Those dear old idiotic songs that we used to sing at Acadia will be always associated with some of the most pleasant experiences of our lives. Not all the songs were foolish, but we sang all kinds with the same abandon and the same enjoyment.

It will also be admitted that in respect to these things there is room for improvement at Acadia. It might be suggested that there is a possibility of having a higher class of college songs. But I would not pose as a Carrie Nation, to shatter with the axe of reform the decanter which contains the delectable wine of college tradition. (I hope no one because of this figure of speech will doubt my orthodoxy on the temperance question.) It might also be urged with truth that more interest should be taken in the glee club; but this year that admonition may not be necessary. Yet there is another lack which is painfully apparent and which I believe can be easily remedied.

It will be noted at any gathering which the students attend in force, that the first verse of any song is sung by a lusty chorus, while the second verse is rather a feeble attempt, and the third if it is reached at

all is a lonely solo or duet. This does not prove very enlivening to the audience, nor is the impression produced the most desirable.

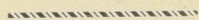
As a remedy for this state of affairs I propose, Mr. Editor, that Acadia publish a song book of her own. Not an edition with music like the larger and more ambitious Universities, but a small cheap edition, which could be carried in the pocket of every student, at least of every student who was fortunate enough to possess a pocket. Such an edition could be published at a cost of five or ten cents per copy, and could be revised every year or two to bring it up to date. That such an edition is all that is necessary is evidenced by the fact that the words and not the notes are unfamiliar.

In the practical working out of this scheme I would suggest that a strong committee of students be chosen, with one or two members of the Faculty added for consultation. Then let this committee lay under tribute all the best college song books, and call on students and graduates for old favorites. But above all let the songs that are actually sung be incorporated in the book, even if the sentiment and literary merit of these may fail to satisfy those who see things not as they are but as they ought to be. Otherwise we shall have a song book which does not contain the songs which the students sing. But all these details can be arranged at leisure.

And now in closing let me thank you, Mr. Editor, for the space given if this passes your scrutiny, for your wise discrimination if it does not. Hoping that this year may be one of success in all departments, I remain

Yours very truly,

AMIENS.



If any young man have embarked his life in the pursuit of Knowledge let him go on without doubting or fearing the event. Let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of Knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the sight of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

SYDNEY SMITH.

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College Reform. The abolition of the old practice of hazing by a university of the standing of Cornell, is certainly a big step in the right direction. Some lesser institutions had already done away with it, or rather in them it had disappeared, but when Cornell passed such a resolution it set an example that none need hesitate to follow. It is a triumph of present-day civilization. The perpetuation of that barbarous custom of the Middle Ages to-day is as much an anachronism as would be the use of the cucking-stool, or the celebration of the suttee; but while the latter are almost unthought of, the former holds out most persistently among the unwritten regulations of college life.

Why is it that men who desire recognition as gentlemen, stoop to this base imposition? It may show an element of conservatism in men, the power of custom, a sense of humor, a desire for self-exaltation at the expense of one's fellows, possibly a faint, lingering desire to bestow the benefits of the discipline, but above all, it does show, that even in men who lay the greatest claim to nobility and refinement, there dwells an element that recalls their relation to the skin-clad savages, that lurked by the limpid waters of the Jaxartes.

We would be sorry not to recognize in most college men a spirit of true chivalry and courteousness, but that other spirit exists and manifests itself not only in hazing but in wanton recklessness in the use of property, in rude familiarities, and in boisterousness at public gatherings and elsewhere, to say nothing of malicious disturbances and low

tricks, which, it is fair to state, characterize individuals rather than college men as a class. It is regrettable that men, so long as they are within sight of the college dome, should read "license," what beyond that limit they are agreed should read "prohibition." Education, instead of excusing such conduct only makes it more censurable. The gentleman ever has with his education, kindness, courtesy, honor. He who would truly merit that name must not only have these qualities, but be prepared to discountenance any practice hostile to them. Let us be glad then that reform initiated must advance. "The old order changeth yielding place to new," and mayhap "this generation shall not pass away," until so altered have things become, that, through sheer curiosity, college boys listening to the traditions recounted by some sage of the old time, will sigh for the excitement of those days when terrified Freshmen invoked Aurora all night long, and hoodlumism all-pervading reigned.

Athena Complains. Perhaps there has never been, since its inception a time when the meetings of the Athenæum Society were in a more demoralizing condition than they are at present.

The conduct of members generally is not becoming to a body of men whose avowed purpose is, "affording facilities for improvement in public speaking, the culture of literary taste and the acquirement of general information." The accomplishing of this surely presupposes some sobriety and thoughtfulness. The real condition forcibly reminds one of the abounding frivolousness and rollicking behaviour of children of tender years. We cannot believe that the cause of this, or the blame lies wholly with the new members of the year. The society is, by custom, practically under the control of upper-class men, and the blame should rest on them for making or allowing the meetings to become in part valueless through disorder and nonsensical procedure. Nevertheless, the undesirable condition exists and we venture to advise as a remedy, the method the driver employs when the animal becomes too spirited, *i. e.* put on more work.

May we urge the Executive Committee to try this. Nothing will more easily calm down a novice than the thought of having to display his abilities before an assembly of his fellows. Try the powers of every member, occasionally; in the case of the newer members, frequently; for no time is so opportune as the first and second years, for bringing out latent powers. Especially does this apply to debate, than which there is nothing better to give mastery of material, keenness of analysis, clearness and conciseness of expression, logical, orderly presentation, and concentration and acuteness of thought. No man secures these without effort, but also no man can fail to attain some considerable de-

gree of proficiency by frequent practice through three or four years. For some time the Society has failed in the matter of debate. Had debating been systematically prosecuted, and each member not esteeming it a privilege, been constrained to bear his share as a duty, the recent embarrassing and annoying paucity of debaters would not have existed and the three or four "emergency" men would not have felt guilty of grievous sin in declining to shoulder the additional burden which that unmerciful "confidence of their classmates" deemed advisable to put upon them.

A word on Intercollegiate debating is pertinent in this connection. Why should it not be made an annual affair as well as intercollegiate foot-ball. Few of us would be willing even to consider the proposition to abandon these physical contests which more than anything else, in our Maritime Province colleges at least, operates against an atrophous condition of self-sufficiency. A great deal of time is consumed in preparation for them but it is time well spent, not only for the physical, vitality it imparts, but also for the mental invigoration, while the struggles themselves inspire a loftier college spirit, pride and courage through victory, humility and determination through defeat. But if physical contests prove thus useful, why should we overlook the desirability of going up with all our forces, intellectual in addition to physical against our sister colleges? Were this matter properly treated there is no reason why a debating team might not be put up each year as well as a foot-ball team, and with equally good prospects of success. Should such intellectual combats become the fixed order of things their influence would be highly beneficent.

We would mention one or two other things open to improvement. The office of critic needs the most complete renovation. The critic's duty is properly, to give honest criticism for the general good of the society. Too often, what he really does, is to attempt a bit of humorous composition, which as often proves to be of no great merit, and provokes laughter rather by what the writer would like it to be, than by what it is. Such a report may be of value as an exercise for the writer, but if it must be of that nature the Society would get more good from it, if it were written at home and a little more time spent upon it. Why can the critic's report not be a criticism, for there is assuredly enough to criticize and of this anyone may be convinced who takes the trouble to observe during one session. There are times when a word of praise would be proper and stimulating, but far more often the criticism would be adverse, in view of unbusinesslike conduct, ludicrous posture of speakers, extraordinary effusion of gestures, affected intonation, especially by ministerial students, and the unpardonable abuse of English, as to grammar, pronunciation, and the use of undesirable

words and phrases. It is true that men can not be found to furnish a perfect criticism, but a very wholesome effect would be produced, and something like the true concept realized, by rightly directed effort.

A custom, as pernicious as it is unjust obtains in the Society in the manner of deciding debate. The debate is adjudged gained by those contestants getting a majority vote when the question is put. Now it is but fair that weight of argument and oratory should be mainly considered by voters in casting their votes, yet as far as these criteria are concerned, perhaps in the majority of debates the vote might as well be taken before debate as after, members voting for the men they wish to see win, irrespective of desert. Such a course removes one of the main incentives to effort on the part of the debater. He desires to win, but why should he devote several hours to the preparing of a subject when a half-hour's work is as likely to give him the victory. At the same time the pride of victory, the pay for his work, is almost wholly removed seeing that he does not win because he deserves to. In addition a slipshod habit of working is encouraged. On the other hand, the society suffers, for the members who decide the question have had no healthful exercise of judgment, the information offered is likely to be scanty and incidental, and a motive to make the best of what is given, is lacking.

Intercollegiate Foot Ball. The passing of another season on the field leads us to write of intercollegiate foot-ball—especially in the matter of the composition of the teams. Of course the Halifax league has nothing to do with the collegiate league only in as far as it has the strongest college team playing in it and in as far as that college insists on playing in the intercollegiate matches the same men who play in the city league. These men are all members of what is known as the Dalhousie Amateur Athletic Association and may or may not be students of the college faculties. Any one once a member of the D. A. A. C. is always a member and hence always eligible for the college team. Practically the same state of affairs exists at the University of New Brunswick. This leaves our own college and Mt. Allison, which have both contended for and always played undergraduate men. This year we, wisely or unwisely, adopted the method of playing a graduate much to the discomfiture of Mt. Allison who of course are now contemplating the same course, unless, as she herself suggests, some arrangement can be made whereby the players on the college teams shall be regulated by an intercollegiate enactment. Acadia will be the first to enter into such a compact and, considering that Dalhousie has art graduates galore from all the other Colleges whom she can use, we would expect her to be willing to concede a little to smaller

institutions. Mt. Allison has already expressed a desire for such a change, and U. N. B., which is coming very rapidly to a place where she can contest strongly for honors on the field, will undoubtedly recognize the necessity for such a modification and concur with this end in view. Otherwise no one can tell where such struggles for men will stop and the game will not fairly represent the respective colleges.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *McGill Outlook*, altho dealing exclusively with matters concerning its own institution, contains some items of interest to Acadia. Many of our men find their way to McGill and, while we do hear with feeling of pleasure of their success in the class room, we also notice that some of our men appear in the column with the heading "Campus." On the foot-ball team we find an old Acadia captain, Mr. Morse; and one of our '99 team, Mr. Wright. In the field sports Mr. Richardson '00, furnishes a ludicrous scene with the knee which habitually goes out of joint,—a pastime formerly enjoyed on our own campus; but we notice that he does not come up to his own mark in the event—the high jump.

Nearly all the exchanges have their own version of the successes and failures of the foot-ball team. We are of course interested in the course of events on the campus with our rival, Dalhousie. Dalhousie probably has this year the strongest team that has represented the college for some years, and until the last few weeks—since the last number of the *Gazette* reached us—it has been winning glory unmingled and scoring heavily.

Like ourselves, Dalhousie has added new names to her faculty, and, judging by the inaugural address of Prof. D. A. Murray on "Mathematics for Undergraduates," they have an able man in that department. One would almost be inclined to believe mathematics a pleasant necessity to the undergraduate. To those interested in the study we recommend a perusal of this paper. Especially is it of value to teachers.

Dalhousie mourns the loss of Dr. MacGregor, but rightly takes pride in the fact that in sending Dr. MacGregor to Edinburgh New Scotland is making some return for what Old Scotland has given us in days gone by. It is the highest honour that could be paid to Dalhousie, and it is also the most noble return that could be made—a man.

De Alumnis.

Miss Zella M. Clark, '99, is studying at Cornell University.

Rev. Isaiah Wallace, '55, has taken up his abode in Wolfville.

Rev. Zenas L. Fash, '91, has recently accepted a call to the Baptist church at Woodstock, N. B.

Miss Alice R. Power, '96, has been appointed as teacher of Latin in the Kimball Girls' School, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Lyda Munro has returned to N. S. after a year's wandering abroad, her trip having extended as far as Australia.

Rev. W. M. Smallman, '91, has returned to his native land, and is at present the pastor of the Nictaux Baptist church.

Rev. James A. Huntley, '00, assistant pastor of the Amherst Baptist church, has received a call to the pastorate of the Lower Aylesford church.

Miss Evelyn F. Keirstead, '98, has entered upon the third year of her work as teacher of History and Economics in the High School, Middletown, Conn.

The many friends of John W. Roland, '01, will no doubt be glad to know that he is still an occupant of this mundane sphere. We have ascertained (since our last issue) that he is a student at the Boston School of Technology.

Jeremiah S. Clark, '99, spent last summer among the Crees and Otchipwes of Manitoba. He is at his home at Bay View, P. E. I. this winter, employed by the Canadian Government editing Dr. Rand's Micmac Dictionary, which he expects to publish next June, and after that he returns to Indian work in the Northwest, unless some way opens up for work to be carried on among the Micmaes of the Maritime Provinces.

Madame Constance C. Bauer, of the Kimball Girls' School, Worcester, Mass., and a former teacher of French and German in Acadia Seminary, has resigned her position to go abroad. After visiting relatives and friends in England she will go to Germany, France and Italy, making a special study of the languages and literatures of those countries. She will probably be away from America two years. Her many friends wish her *bon voyage*.

Miss Sarah P. Durkee, B. A. '96, M. A. '97, is now a teacher in the City School of Newark, N. J. In February, 1900, Miss Durkee was graduated from the State Normal School at Trenton, as Vale-

dictorian of her class numbering 800. Since accepting her position she has been promoted and has also received a substantial increase in salary.

Frank Andrews, '81, was a candidate for legislative honors in the recent local election. He opposed the Hon. J. W. Longley, '71, in Annapolis County.

The Month.

Editors: P. W. DURKEE AND AVORA E. MACLEOD.

During the month which has just passed there has been no startling variation from the regular routine into which college life has settled. Any, however, to whom variety is the spice of life, have probably noticed that the weather lately has been well furnished in that line, thus compensating in a measure for the lack in the more interesting order of events. Class meetings have been numerous, Chip Hall has been made resplendent in a new coat of paint, but the chief interest, first and last has been in foot-ball.

The second of a series of concerts to be given in the course of the autumn and winter occurred on Tuesday evening, October 29th, when Mr. Edward P. Elliot the noted impersonater from Boston appeared before a large audience of Wolfville people and students. A dramatized form of the popular novel "David Harum" was presented, in which Mr. Elliot's successful impersonation of ten characters met with considerable applause.

The reception given on Friday evening, November 1st, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was a pleasant and promising beginning for the Social programme of the season. The guests were received by Mr. S. J. Cann and Miss B. M. McMillan, the presidents of the respective associations. As on other such occasions, College Hall and the Museum, by the magic touches of a skillful decorating committee, appeared suddenly transformed from their usual sombre appearance into a most attractive and brilliant scene. At first to many this seemed to be a very solemn occasion, but through the untiring efforts of the introducing committee, an air of ease and freedom gradually stole over the throng and a pleasant time was spent in renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones.

Thursday evening, November 6th, our foot-ball team and a number of sympathizers left Wolfville to uphold the honor of Acadia against her

annual opponent, Mt. Allison, and to play the return match with Truro. At the station in Sackville they were greeted by the Mt. Allison boys with the University's lusty yell; the cordial welcome given the visitors cheered their spirits somewhat depressed by the tedious journey. The team was then conveyed to the University residence where the desires of the inner man were well ministered to.

The day was perfect and the grounds as well as the men appeared in perfect condition. At the beginning of the first half Mt. Allison had Acadia on her defence but as the game proceeded our men pulled themselves together and slowly pushed their opponents down the field to their ten-yard line where, being dribbled, by Keddy and Nicholson, the ball was carried over the line by Steele, making the most scientific combination play of the game.

When the teams came on the field again Acadia had realized that although the score stood in their favour the result was by no means certain, and they concluded to play a defensive game. This they were well able to do as, although perhaps no stronger in the scrimmage, by their more scientific work they controlled the ball. Mt. Allison determined that at least the game must be a tie and the characteristic snap of the team was much in evidence. Mt. Allison kicked off. The ball remained at centre field a few minutes and then the play settled about our ten-yard line remaining there till the end of the game, save the last five minutes, when Acadia by a grand rush carried the ball to Mt. Allison's ten-yard line, where the game ended. Score 3—0 in Acadia's favour.

A pleasing feature of the game at Sackville was the large number of students from the ladies' college, who at the end of the first half strengthened the determination of our men as well as somewhat smoothed the ruffled plumage of their own champions as they chanted the following absurd couplet:

"Acadia boys are pretty, Acadia boys are nice

But when it comes to foot-ball Mt. Allison cuts the ice."

Strangely enough this demonstration was absent at the end of the game.

As soon as the Mt. Allison game was over the team left on the evening train for Truro where they played the next day. Truro has for several years been a very friendly rival, giving us a game early in the season at Wolfville and expecting a return match on their home grounds later. And, it will not be out of place to remark "their home grounds" means one of the best foot-ball fields in the province.

To say that our team outclassed Truro in this game is to state the case mildly; our boys played foot-ball in earnest and moreover played what has long been unknown at Acadia,—a scoring game. In the first half with the forwards heeling the ball well, three of our half-backs

crossed the line in almost twenty minutes. One of these scores was lost by the over-anxiety of our captain to get an easy kick for goal which caused him to run into dead ball territory. The team work was much more noticeable than any individual work but until the game was over some of the men played exceptionally good ball. In the second half Truro played a stronger forward game but our forwards controlled the ball and did not exert any great effort to score. The score 10—0 made in the first half from two tries by A. Boggs and Theo. Boggs and a goal each by Jones and Steele tells the story of the game. W. L. Hall refereed the game most satisfactorily, to whom by the way, Acadia owes more of the success of the entire trip than to any one else.

While the first team had been pursuing its victorious career, some of the remaining foot-ball devotees, acting on the principle of "better late than never" organized a second team. Arrangements having been completed for playing King's College, on the morning of the King's Birthday the team with almost the entire student body left for Windsor. During the morning the victorious first team arrived and was given an enthusiastic welcome. Later a party of college girls taking advantage of the fine weather drove up, and shortly after noon a number of teams arrived with a contingent from the Seminary. The foot-ball match which presumably was the attraction was too one-sided to be really interesting, our boys easily making a score of 16—0.

In the evening after the return home our series of victories was celebrated in a characteristic manner. It wasn't a very big racket nor a loud one. They didn't tear down anything, nor interfere with the rights of anyone. It wasn't a disgraceful piece of rowdiness, nor a high-toned musical entertainment, it wasn't a funeral, it wasn't a wedding, but it served the purpose and cheered the hearts of many who had begun to *fear that such things were dying out here.*

• One of the most enjoyable social functions of the month was the At Home given by Mr. and Mrs. Cohoon to the senior class, on Friday evening, November 15th. Progressive crokinole occupied most pleasantly the first part of the evening, after which various games were heartily entered into. The musical talent of '02—now so widely known(?)—by its dulcet harmonies contributed not a little to the entertainment of all present. The president of the class then made known the fact, that this was the Anniversary of a very important event in the life of Mr. Avard K. Cohoon '02, to whom, as a token of the lasting affection of his classmates he then presented a gold chain. When at an *early* hour the company left, it was with best wishes for the host and hostess whose kindness and hospitality had been so thoroughly enjoyed.

Perhaps the most interesting meeting of the Athenæum Society this month was so because of the annual Freshman-Sophomore debate which occurred on Saturday evening, November 16th. On this occasion the ladies of the Propylæum enjoyed the rare privilege of being present. The speakers were as follows:—Freshmen,—Messrs Wheelock, Chittick, Jonah and McPherson; Sophomores,—Messrs. Leonard, Baker, Bates and Cunningham. The discussion of the subject, “Resolved that the Australian constitution is superior to that of Canada” was learned and comprehensive. The vote of the house was given in favour of the Freshmen.

Undercurrents.

“Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles.”

Editors: R. E. BATES and MAE HUNT.

Freshmen, *Attention!* Change *Walking-hours!* To the right—*Rubber!*
Forward, *March!*

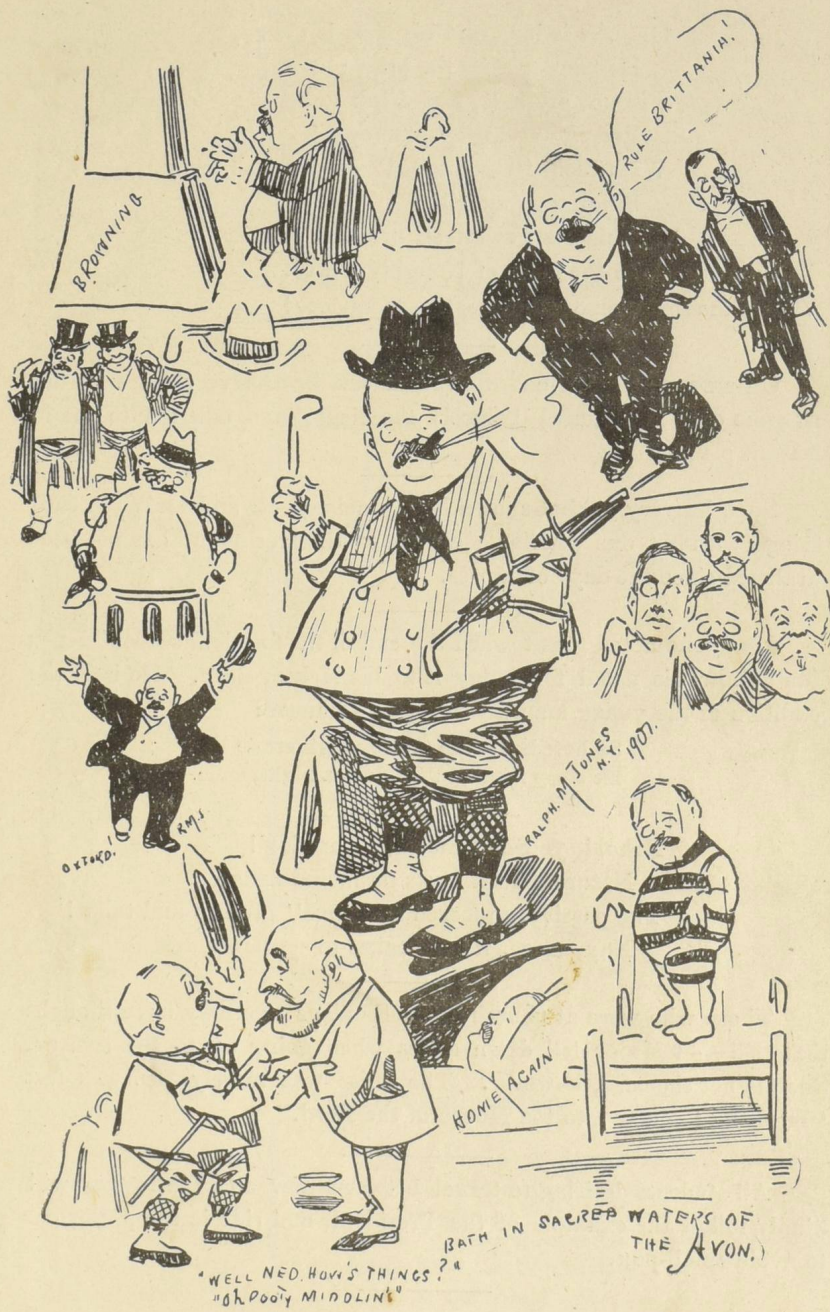
Funeral address over the remains of a beloved rifle, by O. B. K-d-y. Oh, my beloved shooting iron! “Kill-mouse” the wonderful! Truer than Steele, more trusty than mine own right hand! How oft thy deadly leaden hail hath fallen ’mongst thy tiny enemies! No more the pests do nibble at my whiskers as I dream. Thou hast cleared the room of vermin and restored my balmy sleep. Our names are used as bugbears in the Realm of Rats and Mice. Truly, like thine owner, thou art O. K. But now a long farewell, my old and shifty-sighted friend. No more shalt thou wake the midnight echoes of Chip Hall. Thou wilt go down to History beside “Kill-deer” of Leatherstocking fame. On thy grave the words shall be:

“He never missed a mouse at half a yard.”

It seems that the ministerial twins in room 32 have been doing the Paul and Silas act. Their neighbors say that they are often heard “singing hymns at midnight.”

Tricks played to an accompaniment in the key of High G, have become popular at the Sem since the reception.

Pastor H., addressing College gallery: “Try to forget the Messenger(s) and remember only the Message.”



Oh, *Art* is long and his *Arm* is *strong*,*
 He cannot *Miss* the prize :
Fill up, my lads, and drink to her
 Red *lips* and gray-blue eyes !
 Wish them "Good-speed" as they sail away,
 Singing so merrilie,
 The neatest, sweetest, prettiest pair
 In the class of Noughty-Three.

*Witness the condition of the Reception room door !

CH-RLT-N : (Being called on in Latin for the very lines he has just gone over in his crib) "Surely the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places."

Such bravery as that shown by Principals B. and DeW, in capturing (with but one assistant) a wee small Freshman, has not been paralleled since the days of Moses.

If anyone noted that toward the end of the foot-ball season E-T-N didn't show his usual form, lay it to his lack of sleep. He is in the condition of the young man described by Chaucer :

So hote he lovede that by nightertale
 He sleep namore than doth a nightingale.

Behold, ye Sophomores, a paradox !
 Nature herself looks on incredulous ;
 The passive, squeeze'd "Sponge" gets up and talks !
 Nay, more, it even takes to *squeezing* us !

Those who were at church a few Sundays ago may have thought that Ell--t Major fell down stairs when going up to the gallery. Such is not the case, however. The noise was merely Mr. E's feet "rejoicing to enter into the House of the Lord."

All students desiring to travel between now and Christmas will kindly follow the example of the President, and ride in the parlor car to avoid small-pox.

In an old ATHENÆUM for January, 1880, we came across a record of the first meeting of the Pierian Society, held Dec. 12, 1879. The program, quoted verbatim, was as follows : "Only an Armour Bearer," sung by an enthusiastic chorus. Interesting compositions were

then read by (here follows a list of six names). Next a lively discussion on the following resolution:— Resolved: "That a knowledge of housekeeping is a greater requisite to womanhood than a knowledge of books." The question was decided in the negative. (They probably settled the question for good. We don't hear of debates on that subject now-a-days.) Miss D. by special request played God Save the Queen with variations, after some choice selections from Schumann.

Tooty the tooter is straining his throat,
Carolling love-lays so jolly,
To a soft sympathetic accompaniment
By his blushing and beautiful—

(Got stuck for a rhyme here. Readers please fill in to suit themselves *and the circumstances.*)

The only member of '03 who voted for '04 in the Freshman-Sophomore Debate has been (so we hear) severely reprimanded, and practically ostracized by his class for his temerity. It is always wise to pocket one's conscience at this annual farce.

The Soph: "What are you reading, old man?"

The Freshie: "Essays of Lalia." The Soph found on looking at the title that the book was "Essays of Elia." He didn't fully understand the mistake but took it to be significant of the state of that Freshman's mind.

As this is the last issue of the ATHENÆUM before the Christmas Holidays perhaps it is none too early to wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, also a delightful Examination season and a pleasant Conversaz.

Acknowledgments.

Miss Maud Lounsbury, \$1.50; Miss Laura Kinney, \$1.00; Rev A. L. Lewis, \$1.00; John W. Roland, \$1.00; Frank H. Thomas, \$1.00; J. A. Armstrong, \$1.00; W. T. Travis, 50c.; Prof. C. C. Jones, \$1.00; H. A. Ferris, \$1.00; Claude L. Sanderson, \$1.00; Vernon L. Denton, \$1.00; Miss Mabel McDonald, \$1.00; B. H. W. Eaton, \$1.00; S. J. Cann, \$1.00; S. W. Schurman, \$1.00; M. R. Benn, \$2.00; L. E. Christie, \$1.00.

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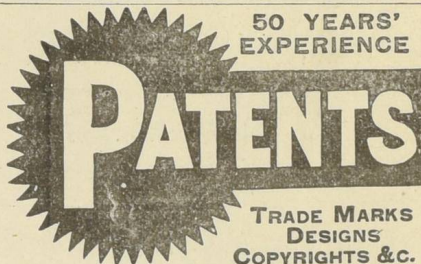
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