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## The Mental Mirage.



O many an author's much applauded  
board

The hungry-minded reader, all  
expectant, comes ;

Finds large display, gilt dish, lux-  
urious flowers,

But few soul-feeding crumbs.

## Per Contra.

To many an author's rich and ample board,

The barren minded reader, bent on pilfering,  
comes ;

Himself, well filled—much deftly pocketing—

He scarce leaves rhinds or crumbs.

*Pastor J. Clark.*



## The Concept of God.

EDITOR'S NOTE :—To understand and to correctly interpret this article the reader must remember that the writer is treating the subject from a *purely philosophical standpoint*.

IT seems safe to assert that no concept can be more important than that of God. Discourse has from the beginning found in that concept its chief theme. In the space permitted for the present discussion, it would be vain to attempt any exhaustive exposition of the history of the concept; my object is to point out its essential value, free it from the various superstitious adhesions which it has accumulated, and present it in a form such that it can be accepted by a scholar without the sacrifice of intellectual honesty and self-respect.

It is commonly held that the concept of God is essential to Cosmology, Ethics, Logic and Religion. Let us inquire in what sense, if at all, this position can be maintained.

In the first place; Religion, in its discursive aspect, consists of just two parts: First, a doctrine of conduct; Second, a doctrine of the world. But this resolves it into Ethics and Cosmology, and thus it requires no separate treatment. It remains to discuss the relation of the concept of God to Cosmology, Ethics and Logic; and in the ensuing discussion we must carefully bear in mind the distinction between God as *existing*; i. e. as a *person* capable of exerting physical or psychic force; and God as a *concept* or impersonal and immaterial *Ideal*.

### I. THE CONCEPT OF GOD IN COSMOLOGY.

It is an opinion very frequently expressed that the very existence of the physical universe demonstrates the existence of God. This contention in its systematic form, is the famous Cosmological Argument. It takes several forms:

I. As popularly held this argument is usually based on the principle that every existing thing must have a beginning. If this be true, it follows that the physical universe had a beginning. What then produced it? and why?

To this form of the argument there are two obvious answers : In the first place, if it be granted that the physical universe had a beginning in time, it by no means follows that the agency which produced it had any personal attributes. The presumption is that the physical product had a physical cause ; that though the world in its present form may, very possibly, have had a beginning, yet it is materially continuous with the universe which preceded and produced it. In other words, in accordance with the well-established principle of Conservation of Matter, Matter never begins to exist and never ceases to exist ; but its forms continually change.

But this is really to say that the physical universe had no beginning ; but has existed, in one form or another, from all time. And this is the second way of answering this argument. It is absurd to say that all existing things have beginning and end. Space and time are now quite generally admitted to be existing things, the Kantian critique having quite failed to demonstrate their purely formal character, and they certainly can have neither beginning nor end. And if these entities do not begin or end, there is no logical necessity for considering that matter does so. Certainly we have no experience of the origin or destruction of matter.

So much for the so-called Cosmological Argument ; though it may be admitted as evidence, it certainly cannot be considered conclusive. Another argument, closely allied to the Cosmological, is the Teleological. This argues that, though we cannot argue from the existence of a universe to God, yet the particular dispositions of *this* universe show design and therefore indicate a designer. The answer is again twofold : First ; If it be granted that the universe shows design, then it is clear there must be a designer ; but in this no character is assigned to the designer, whether he be good or bad, infinite or finite, etc. He is merely a *designer*, and, since the universe does not appear perfect, one might fairly argue that its designer is imperfect. Thus, if this argument indicate God at all, it is an imperfect and limited one.

But it cannot be admitted that the physical universe manifests design. Adaptation it certainly shows ; but for this design



is unnecessary. The doctrine of natural selection would seem to cover the facts fully as well as that of design; and the former has this advantage over the latter, that it does not beg consciousness. All Idealism begs consciousness by failing to realize that consciousness is a natural phenomenon as much to be accounted for as any other. When we observe that the operation of certain forces produces certain adaptations, we have a sufficient account of those adaptations. Force is the ultimate fact of the physical universe. To say that this force is projected by intelligence is to complicate the problem immensely and in vain. The concept of consciousness or of intelligence is much more complex than that of force and it is bad logic to explain the relatively simple by the more complex. How are you to explain the intelligence, if you assume that it has antedated physical nature? To rest finally in a concept so obscure and complex is highly illogical and unsatisfactory.

It seems clear, then, that Cosmology can do very well without the concept of a Personal God. Let us see whether Logic requires it.

## II. THE CONCEPT OF GOD IN LOGIC.

Does all thinking imply the existence of God? Can his existence be proven by concepts? These are the two inquiries with which we are here concerned.

The first question raises the whole problem of the nature of Truth, a problem that is still in its infancy. It may be true that all thinking, as Prof. Royce maintains, implies *The Absolute*; but there seems at least an even chance that it is not true. Probably more competent critics disagree with Prof. Royce on this point than agree with him. But even though we should grant (as the writer does not) that thinking does imply the Absolute, yet it would seem absurd to endow this hypothetical entity with consciousness. True, Prof. Royce commits this very absurdity, apparently considering that his Absolute is a person; but this is the very point in Prof. Royce's philosophy which is most called in question. Even among Absolutists it is unusual to regard the



Absolute as necessarily conscious or personal. Hence there seems very slight evidence that thinking implies the existence of God.

The attempt to prove God's existence by concepts is very ancient. The argument maintains that we have a concept of a perfect or *most real* being; the traditional *Ens Realissimum*. But from such a concept the attribute of existence is inseparable. Hence the *Ens Realissimum* must exist. This is the famous Ontological Argument. Its refutation is obvious. Granting that we can form a concept of the *Ens Realissimum*, it does not follow that existence must be possessed by it. For existence is not an attribute of a thing; but is a particular relation of a thing to time and space, or to the process of perception. But further, it is extremely doubtful whether any clear concept of a perfect being can be formed. Let the reader try to form such a concept.

It seems clear, then, that the *logical process* does not imply the existence of God; and here arises the interesting problem as to what must be the relation of an existential God to the world of *logical concepts*. For the sake of those unskilled in philosophic discussion, permit me to call attention to the two aspects of a concept; viz, the psychological and the logical. As a psychological fact the concept must be thought; but as a logical entity it is a pure connotation or content to which the accident of being thought is quite unimportant. In this aspect concepts are, of course, entirely out of relation with the time process. They are static, changeless, eternal; and their number is absolutely infinite.

Now, what can be God's relation to the realm of logical concepts? Is He superior or inferior to them? If He thinks, He must think in concepts; and His concepts must be copies of the eternal logical concepts, which are accordingly superior logically to Him. But if God does not "*look to the Ideas*," as Plato would say, He cannot think at all; and thus is not an intelligent being; in short He becomes, in that case, a concept Himself and thus is static, changeless, eternal and unconscious. The fact is, there can be only the two kinds of reality; viz., factual and conceptual; and these do not coexist in the same entity. If an entity is factual it



cannot be *as such* conceptual, and *vice versa*. The factual is said to *exist*, has temporal and spatial relations, and is subject to continuous change. The conceptual is said to *be*, has no temporal or spatial relations and does not change. That God has conceptual reality is, of course, certain; and it does not seem possible or desirable that He should have factual existence.

### III. THE CONCEPT OF GOD IN ETHICS.

This is popularly the most important part of the discussion. What is the relation of God to human conduct?

In all times it has been more or less customary, among the ignorant and the superstitious, to regard human conduct as the outcome of the exercise of supernatural or transcendental powers. We no longer regard sickness or lunacy as demoniacal possession, and I presume that few educated persons now regard sin as due to the machinations of a devil; but there are still some highly intelligent people who persist in believing that the movements of the physical universe, as well as some of our impulses and emotions, are directly effected by the activity of God. It seems fairly evident, however, that these remnants of transcendental superstition must soon be dismissed by thinking men.

We know that the supposition of a God in physical nature is entirely gratuitous, since all the activities which occur there are sufficiently accounted for by the action of natural forces, and we only complicate the problem by asserting that those forces are, in some mysterious way, *exerted* (?) by God; for it is far more difficult to explain the connection between physical force and God's personality than to conceive of force as self-exerted; in fact the former process is impossible. We also know that human conduct is the reaction of an organism to an environment and that the laws governing that reaction are the ultimate *raison d'être* of our deeds. The hypothesis of spiritual powers operating upon the human soul is quite gratuitous. Action is everywhere, in the sphere of conduct, projected by interest; and interest is determined by constitution. Constitution is sufficiently explained by the evolution of the race and the individual. "The predisposition of matter."



is the final word as to the existence of particular constitution. If it be asked : How is it that matter has particular predispositions? the answer is : you cannot get back of predisposition ; the word means that each disposition is the result of a predisposition. This is talking in the very language of fact. We gain nothing by dragging in a hypothetical God to *explain* (?) the dispositions of matter. Such a hypothesis explains nothing, but only complicates the situation.

Now as action is projected by interest, the great ethical question is : What is man interested in? and why? Distinctively human interest centres, I should say, upon three classes of objects; viz, what *is*, what *ought to be*, and what *is as it ought to be* ; or, to use the traditional terms, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful.

The knowledge of what is could never, I suppose, in itself give rise to any conduct which could be called moral. For such conduct there must be also knowledge of what ought to be. And yet it is just in the realm of that which is, that the problem as to the existence of God lies. If God exist as a factual entity, this can only be ascertained by an examination of physical nature ; and we have already seen, in our examination of Cosmology, that no such existence is to be discovered there. There remains here, then, only the inquiry as to the conceptual reality of God, and this is, of course, beyond dispute. This incontestable conceptual reality is what the theist must hold to ; and it is of vastly greater importance than any factual existence could be, as I hope presently to show.

That which *ought to be*, as distinct from what *is*, can have only conceptual reality. That is to say : the Good, as distinct from the actual, has only conceptual being. And yet what ought to be, (the Good), is of far greater human *importance* than what merely is (the True), in other words ; Man, as a moral being, is more interested in what ought to be than in what is. Thus the Good is morally superior to the True ; conceptual reality is of far more ethical value than existential or factual reality. This estimate will not be questioned by any expert in philosophy ; and to convince the novice it is only necessary to point out that the



*ideal* circle, knife, horse, or man is always ethically superior to any *actual* circle, knife, etc. I use "ethical" to denote broadly any adjustment of means to ends. Thus if God were merely an existing being, He would be of no moral or religious value whatever. His power over the life of mankind can be exerted only in His capacity as a conceptual entity. In short God and the Good are identical. The personal characteristics popularly attributed to Him are quite irrelevant to Him as an object of moral or religious contemplation, His value—for I still employ the personal pronoun out of reverence for the paramount importance of this impersonal concept—consists in the interest of man in what ought to be.

We are now in a position to appreciate the ethical value of Beauty. When a concept or ideal becomes embodied in fact or actualized, the result is Beauty. In other words Beauty is the fusion and identification of what *ought to be* with what *is*; in short, it is what *is as it ought to be*. It follows that every distinctively human satisfaction arises from, and every purely human enthusiasm or desire seeks, the Beautiful as thus broadly interpreted. The Beautiful has nothing of the insipidity of the actual; nothing of the crystal coldness of the conceptual; it pulsates with the warmth of the living union of the two. What we love and take delight in is always the Beautiful; the Good made actual. No other impulse to right living is necessary or possible; no other principle need or can demand our devotion. The claim that man's salvation demands the operation of supernatural powers, is here conserved; for a concept or ideal is superior to physical nature in much more real sense than any physically existing God could be. The only possible dynamic in the spiritual or moral life is the enthusiasm generated by contemplation of the Beautiful and the Good. If God inspire men with good impulses, He must do so by giving them a vision of the Good. But the *fact* in such a transaction is that man *sees the Good*; to say that God *shows him the Good* is a mere figure of speech. Thus we ought to free ourselves from the false notion that a personal God is necessary to morality or true religion. Such a doctrine is, doubtless, necessary for the

survival of Christian dogmatism ; but for true religion we need and can employ only the concept of the Good.

This discussion must here terminate. Limitation of space has compelled me to condense into these few lines considerations for whose full exposition a volume would be required. It will, therefore, be unprofitable reading for a careless perusal ; but I am sure the thoughtful reader must be able to fill out the argument and see the advantage of such a concept of God.

The writer is not actuated by any antagonism to popular religious beliefs ; but rather has here attempted to isolate the essence of those beliefs and represent their fundamental rational principles. He holds that conception of God as an actually existing person is absurd and useless and has here tried to point out the real dynamic principles of morality and religion. Some may be moved to brand this doctrine "Atheism" ; but the name will not apply. He who worships the Good, under any aspect whatever, is no atheist ; much less such is he who worships it in its pure and unmixed character. And he who loves not the Good, nor trusts, in it, is an atheist none the less for a dogmatic assertion of comological superstition, though this be called Theism.

*C. J. Mersereau '00,*





## A Churchyard in Acadia.



IN an old Acadian churchyard,  
Where the pine trees whisper in prayer,  
The mystical winds of even  
Breathe a strange and solemn air.

Here the rude villager wanders,  
Or in pensive hours may roam  
These aisles, when twilight lingers,  
And straying kine move home.

Beneath the friendly shadows  
Of these patriarchal seers,  
A time-worn fane reposes  
Through the long vanquished years.

The robin and song-sparrow,  
Since first the dawn arose,  
Have sung in rapturous music  
Above this ruined close.

And near the cloistered hillside  
Doth a mirrored streamlet flow  
With the same, restful murmur,  
Which it voiced so long ago.

No more this shrine shall echo  
The simple laud oft sung;  
No more shall the worshippers gather,  
Or the Sabbath chimes be rung.

Yet forever in benediction  
These sheltering shades caress  
With intimate touch and tender,  
Lives which the world shall bless.

*Inglis Morse, '97*

### Huxley as a Reasoner.

“**C**LEVER men are as common as blackberries; the rare thing is to find a good one.” The combination of brains and morals whose rarity Huxley thus lamented, he himself exemplified.

The power of his intellect is undoubted. Before Darwin began to write his “Origin of Species,” he selected Huxley—then in his early thirties—as one of three by whose verdict he was content to stand or fall. Virchow said he was “the first biologist in Europe.” And in 1906 Sir Oliver Lodge wrote: “The man who probably did as much as any to fight the battle of science in the nineteenth century, and secure the victory for free enquiry and progressive knowledge, is Thomas Henry Huxley.” But his intellect was not as strong as his conscience. His love of truth was uncompromising, admitting “no particle of self-deception, no assertion beyond what could be verified,” and demanding absolute sincerity in all his dealings with his fellows, no matter what the consequences. Falsehood, whether caused by interested motives or by foggy thinking or by inexcusable ignorance, he detested. This was the lesson he had learned from Carlyle as a boy.

In the realm of “scientific fact” truth must be the sole arbiter. Huxley was of course compelled to take for granted that there is truth, and that our minds are able to grasp it; but no further postulate would he make. How far apart were his ideals and those of at least one of the prominent theologians of his day can be seen in his famous debate with Bishop Wilberforce in 1860 at the Oxford meeting of the British Association.

Wilberforce was fifty-five years old, and had for years been one of the best known debaters in the English Church and in the House of Lords, though his nickname of “Soapy Sam” indicates that his methods were not altogether praiseworthy. (He explained the name by saying that he was continually getting into hot water and coming out with clean hands!) He came to the Oxford



Meeting with the avowed intention to "smash Darwin," whose famous book had appeared the previous year.

Huxley was only thirty-five, had never debated in public, and was most unwilling to discuss such a subject before "a general audience, in which sentiment would unduly interfere with intellect," especially when he was morally certain that his antagonist would appeal to prejudice. He had, however, the immense advantage of knowing his subject at first hand, whereas Wilberforce had been "crammed up to the throat" for the occasion by Professor Owen.

Wilberforce opened by ridiculing Darwin and Huxley, somewhat savagely, but in so persuasive a manner and so finished a style that even those who could not agree with him were yet charmed by his rhetoric. Producing argument after argument, he assured his audience that there was no truth whatever in evolution. Finally, turning with a smile to Huxley, he asked him whether it was through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed his descent from a monkey.

Huxley, with the forcible eloquence for which he is now famous, first knocked to pieces the Bishop's flimsy structure of supposed fact: "I am here only in the interests of science, and I have not heard anything which can prejudice the case of my august client.... You say that development drives out the Creator; but you assert that God made you: and yet you know that you yourself were originally a little piece of matter, no bigger than the end of this gold pencil-case." It did not take long to show that the Bishop was incompetent to discuss a matter requiring honest reasoning as well as expert and up-to-date knowledge. Huxley ended with a retort which has become famous:

"I asserted—and I repeat—that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would rather be a man—a man of restless and versatile intellect—who, not content with success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to

obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

The same thoroughness, the same passion for facts at first-hand, is shown in his debates with Gladstone. He could have argued Gladstone's side with deeper and wider knowledge than that of the Grand Old Man himself, not only in the realm of Biology but also in that of Biblical scholarship. And he was far more cautious about drawing conclusions, being driven from none of his, while he drove Gladstone from several. The debates on Creation and the Flood, as he said, were not in themselves worth the powder and shot, as the battle was between "a bundle of prejudices" that rested wholly on authority and facts that rested upon scientific evidence. But the debates were of value in putting the science of Genesis to the test. The debates on Miracles were far more important, as Huxley was here attacking the Gospel narratives, and putting against their authority the fact that "repeated and minute examination never reveals a break in the chain of causes and effects." His contention was not that the miracles may not have happened, but that we need much stronger evidence than that afforded by the Gospels before we can honestly say that we believe in those miracles. As he once put it, "The beneficent demon, doubt, whose name is Legion and who dwells among the tombs of old faiths, enters into mankind and thenceforth refuses to be cast out."

This resolute endeavor to "test all things" would have been of little avail had it not been helped by an extraordinary power of analysis. Huxley could reach past the false to the true, past the irrelevant and trivial to the great, and could see the significant in what seemed to most men hardly worth notice. One of his most famous lectures is on a piece of chalk. "Evolution and Ethics," the Romanes lecture of 1893, is "an attempt to reach a world which, to many, is probably strange, by the help of a bean." When Hume said, "It is a miracle that a dead man should come to life: because that has never been observed in any age or country," Huxley showed the absurdity of the argument by reducing it to the simple statement, "What



never has happened never can happen, without a violation of the laws of nature." In dealing with scientific facts, then, Huxley was consistently sincere as well as penetrating.

How about the realm of morals, of conduct? What chance is there here for one who, refusing to accept tradition, demands scientific evidence?

In the first place, Huxley made a sharp distinction between *acting* without good evidence, and *believing* without good evidence: "If any one tells me that the evidence of the existence of man in the miocene epoch is as good as that upon which I frequently act every day of my life, I reply that this is quite true, but that it is no sort of reason for believing in the existence of miocene man.... We constantly, and in very grave conjunctions, are obliged to act upon extremely bad evidence, and very often we suffer all sorts of penalties in consequence."

This statement is itself an evidence of the kind of morality Huxley championed and exemplified. The first necessity of good conduct is absolute honesty with one's self. "The morality which opposes itself to truth commits suicide." "There is small chance of doing rightly unless we think rightly." If he made an error, he did his best to correct it, extenuating nothing. If he found himself holding opinions for which he had not sufficient evidence, he frankly abandoned them until such time as he should have evidence. And if he found that facts warranted any conclusion, he did not hesitate to adopt that conclusion, whatever the cost in happiness or reputation. "Science seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this." So he wrote to Charles Kingsley in 1860, immediately after the death of his first-born son. "He made," wrote one of his admirers, "all pretence about religious belief, and

the kind of half-thinking things out, and putting up in a slovenly way with half-formed conclusions, seem the base thing which it really is." To believe in Darwin's theories without examining the evidence for them he felt was quite as bad as to disbelieve in them without examining it.

"'Tis a kind of good deed to say well." Huxley believed it one of the best of deeds, and accordingly took all his life a public stand for honesty. "There is nothing of permanent value (putting aside a few human affections)....except the sense of having worked according to one's capacity and light, to make things clear and get rid of cant and sham of all sorts." Believing that there was one aspect of truth which had been especially revealed to him, he demanded for it the same reverent regard that was being given to other aspects of truth. He told what seemed to him truth, he smote whatever seemed to him fallacy, believing that "although the beast has no brains, you can knock the heart out of him."

It took courage to champion Darwin's cause. Abuse was a favorite weapon of the enemy. Misrepresentation was so common that Huxley could not hope to get full justice in his lifetime. The old narrowness of thought was still so strong that until 1869 his evidence on oath could not be received in the courts against the word of the lowest thief who stole his coat.

In spite of all these disadvantages, Huxley refused to fight in any way unfairly. So scrupulous was he that in his classes he never referred in any way to his own religious beliefs, and even in teaching comparative anatomy was careful to explain that when he said a type was "next in development" he by no means implied that one type grew out of another, but only that it was an advance.

Truthfulness, courage, reverence for one's fellows,—these are no mean virtues. And these are but a few of the many Huxley showed in his daily life. But what warrant had he for any virtues, having thrown aside "revealed religion" and all authority? Could Huxley justify his morality on scientific grounds?

In the letter to Charles Kingsley from which I have already quoted, he gives an account of the "agents of his redemption":



"The hope of immortality or of future reward? I can honestly say that for these fourteen years such a consideration has not entered my head. No, I can tell you exactly what has been at work. 'Sartor Resartus' led me to know that a deep sense of religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology. Secondly, science and her methods gave me a resting-place independent of authority and tradition. Thirdly, love opened up to me a view of the sanctity of human nature, and impressed me with a deep sense of responsibility."

What could be more scientific? Finding that certain causes produced a better manhood, he believed in them. Not dogma, not theory, but demonstrable fact underlay his every-day life.

What he means by "a deep sense of religion" is explained by his reference to "Sartor Resartus". What he means by "science and her methods" is made clear by a letter written in 1855: "I want the working classes to understand that Science and her ways are great facts for them—that physical virtue is the base of all other, and that they are to be clean and temperate and all the rest—not because fellows in black and white ties tell them so, but because these are plain and patent laws of nature which they must obey 'under penalties.'"

The "deep sense of responsibility" which love taught is perhaps best seen in his constant endeavor to help working men. "I should like to be remembered as a man who did his best to help the people", he said in 1880. How successful he was in helping them is abundantly evident. A London cabman—whose breed is not noted for over-scrupulousness about exacting fares—once refused to accept any compensation for driving him home: "No, Professor, I have had too much pleasure and profit from hearing you lecture to take any money from your pocket—proud to have driven you, sir!" Another man asked for an envelope bearing Huxley's signature, "as a great favor....It will be something for me to show my mates and keep for my children. He has done me and my like a lot of good,—no man more." His family, his friends, his students all testify to the greatness of his heart

In one case his heart perhaps got the better of his judgment. "A country lad came near the boundary line in the examination; though generally weak, his worst fault was a confusion of the parts of the heart," such as putting the mitral valve (so named because it resembled a bishop's cap) on the right. Huxley finally passed him, observing, "Poor little beggar! I never got them correctly myself until I reflected that a bishop was never in the right."

Huxley approached moral questions exactly as he approached questions of fact: he did the best he could with whatever evidence he could get. When forced to act without sufficient evidence, he never hesitated to act,—and he never neglected to note the consequences, so that he might the next time act upon better evidence. When not forced to act,—as in questions of belief,—he kept his mind open. In the highest realm of all, the realm of faith, he followed the same plan.

Some faith he found himself compelled to have,—the faith that man's mind is so constituted that it can attain truth. All other faith he considered sinful, claiming that it prostituted reason "by giving assent to propositions which are neither self-evident nor adequately proved." "The universe is one and the same throughout; and if the condition of my success in unraveling some little difficulty of anatomy or physiology is that I shall rigorously refuse to put faith in that which does not rest on sufficient evidence, I cannot believe that the great mysteries of existence will be laid open to me on other terms." To be honest with himself, Huxley therefore had to answer "I don't know" to any question concerning the life after death or the existence and nature of God.

He had no *a priori* objections to any of the great Christian dogmas. He found no difficulty in mere marvellousness,—Science had revealed to him too many marvels for that. The doctrine of immortality he found "not half so wonderful as the conservation of force, or the indestructibility of matter." "As for virgin procreation, it is not only clearly conceivable, but modern biology recognizes it as an every day occurrence. So with restoration to life after death. Certain animals, long as dry as mummies and,



to all appearance, as dead, when placed in proper conditions resume their vitality."

But believing in the possibility of a thing is quite another matter from believing in its actual existence. "Give me but a scintilla of evidence", he said of the orthodox beliefs, "and I am ready to jump at them." Desires and aspirations, so far from leading him toward belief, only made him the more cautious: "Science....warns me to be careful how I adopt a view which jumps with my preconceptions, and to require stronger evidence for such belief than for one to which I was previously hostile. My business is to teach my aspirations to conform themselves to fact, not to try and make facts harmonize with my aspirations."

Agnosticism seemed to him therefore the only moral path for a man who finds the evidence still unconvincing. "Believing where we cannot prove" was for Huxley impossible. By his special direction his epitaph consisted of three lines from a poem by his wife:

"Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;  
For still He giveth His beloved sleep,  
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best."

He had the firmest belief that "the Divine Government (if we may use such a phrase to express the sum of the 'customs of matter') is wholly just....The wicked does *not* flourish nor is the righteous punished....The ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence....The gravitation of sin to sorrow is as certain as that of the earth to the sun, and more so....Not only, then, do I disbelieve in the need for compensation, but I believe that the seeking for rewards and punishments out of this life leads men to a ruinous ignorance of the fact that their inevitable rewards and punishments are here. If the expectation of hell hereafter can keep me from evil doing, surely *a fortiori* the certainty of hell now will do so." So in no uncertain words he brands as "very mischievous lies" the two dogmas that "the moral government of the world is imperfect

without a system of future rewards and punishments" and that "such a system is indispensable to practical morality." His life stands in evidence.

As to belief in God, he said that there may have been an omniscient Creator, but he had not sufficient evidence to warrant either a positive or a negative conclusion. Neither could he "see one shadow or tittle of evidence that the great unknown underlying the phenomena of the universe stands to us in the relation of a Father—loves us and cares for us as Christianity asserts. On the contrary, the whole teaching of experience seems to me to show that while the governance (if I may use the term) of the universe is rigorously just and substantially kind and beneficent, there is no...relation of affection between governor and governed....I submit to it with implicit obedience and perfect cheerfulness, and the more because my small intelligence does not see how any other arrangement could possibly be got to work as the world is constituted." Henry Drummond did not see how science could go one step further than Huxley went,—“for the next step would be God.”

It seems strange that Huxley should so often have been called a materialist or a fatalist or an atheist—he himself declared atheism utterly illogical for finite beings.

Without faith in a Father or in personal immortality, Huxley yet found this life well worth the living. "Remember," he says, "that the highest level of moral aspiration recorded in history was reached by a few ancient Jews—Micah, Isaiah, and the rest—who took no count whatever of what might or might not happen to them after death. It is not obvious to me why the same point should not by and by be reached by the Gentiles." Although he was not sure he had an immortal soul, he refused to imperil or damage it. In 1869 he wrote: "As I stood behind the coffin of my little son the other day, with my mind bent on anything but disputation, the officiating minister read, as a part of his duty, the words, 'If the dead rise not again, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.' I cannot tell you how inexpressibly they shocked



me. Paul had neither wife nor child, or he must have known that his alternative involved a blasphemy against all that was best and noblest in human nature. I could have laughed with scorn. What! because I am face to face with irreparable loss, because I have given back to the source from which it came, the cause of a great happiness, still retaining through all my life the blessings which have sprung and will spring from that cause, I am to renounce my manhood, and howling, grovel in bestiality? Why, the very apes know better, and if you shoot their young, the poor brutes grieve their grief out and do not immediately seek distraction in a gorge." So he fought bravely to the end, unable to say with Ulysses that "Death closes all", but believing with his whole mind that

"Something ere the end  
Some work of noble note may yet be done."

*Sidney F. Pattison.*



### Comrades.

**A** COMRADE—what does this word mean? There is a suggestion of intimacy in it, so it signifies more than an acquaintance or an associate. There is a suggestion of helpfulness in it, so it means more than proximity. We must join two or more words together to fill out its definition, and say an intimate associate who is helpful to us. This is what people greatly need. This is the moving spirit of socialism which makes it attractive to so many. The world is a tiresome world because people pull apart, and treat each other as antagonists, when it should be constituted on the principle of comradeship.

But especially should this be the type and quality of College life. What a mistaken notion a student has who infers from his reading of the fighting of students in German institutions that when he enters an academy or college he enters a cage of wild beasts, and must fight his way among them. Is a lad still living

who fired a spit-bill in a recitation hall of Horton Academy long ago? The other party is still living who thought the "fun" had begun and consequently threatened vigorously the happening of dire retribution, if that offense should be repeated. O! no, the lad was in the best of good nature, and the Academy at that early day, was not a cage of wild beasts. What was needed just then, was a wholesome notion of comradeship, not the bumptious self-defending spirit, sharply looking out for insults. Good comradeship does away with all that.

Our word comrade needs limitation in the sense just now suggested. Comradeship may be either good or bad; and bad comradeship is far worse than none. The students now under arrest in a small college town of West-Virginia for hazing one of their number until he is humiliated beyond endurance and made sick by his suffering, deserve what the faculty say that will get and more, what the civil authorities say they will give. One vicious proposal led to another, until they outraged decorum and decency. But the ideal comradeship we speak of now is good not bad, genial and wholesome, not vicious or demoralizing. It does not revel in the Stein song, as in "Lauriger Horatius," not in "The Horse Hearse," even if written by Bliss Carmen as in "Upidee" with apologies abundant to Longfellow.

It is a propitious sign of the higher terrace to which College life has attained, that, in the largest and best Colleges of the land, hazing is reprobated, and pranks frowned down. College sentiment has been so elevated and purified in the process, that the manners of the genial Christian gentleman are the ideal to be imitated. Such is the elevation of sentiment at Harvard that when new men are coming in at the opening of the year, the Senior and Junior classes appoint large welcoming committees, and assign one of their number to certain Freshmen, invite them to social gatherings for acquaintance and fellowship, hoping and expecting that acquaintance will ripen into comradeship.

It is not to be thought that the original inspiration for this student fellowship, took rise solely in the good feeling of the more



advanced students. The governing spirits of the University are to be credited with the initial underlying forces. Among the Harvard officers and faculty, are men of the highest character and culture, and of benevolent disposition. As the life-enforcing sap of the maple trees pushes itself up into the branches at spring-time, so the sentiments and cultured feeling of these men, go up into all the College life to produce the delightful good-fellowship which prevails in the University.

This is not-saying that every student among the five thousand, is up-lifted by this good fellowship to attain the best there is in him. There are always some in a large crowd who are so heavily weighted with animalism as to be unworthy of the large and golden opportunities which have come to them. You cannot make an Antoninus Stradivarius out of a common Hans, nor a piccolo out of a corn-stalk. The Harvard "advisers" have their eyes on the good-for-nothings, and weed them out as the first year comes to its close, so that the upper classes are composed for the most part of men who respect themselves, and who are respected for their worth and their attainments—men who have ambition worthy of their College and of their larger citizenship. And when these men go out from their *Alma Mater*, there are for them no songs like "Fair Harvard," and no fellowships quite so rich as those of Harvard men.

This effort to promote comradeship in College life, will be appreciated when it is seen that the greatest blessing of that life, is the fellowship it affords, and leads on to. If the student is morose and surly and disposed to be a cynic, like his ancestor Diogenes, like him, he will be left in his surliness to enjoy what sunshine a generous sun may insist on giving him. Those who dig small holes in the ground, and crouch down in them, will find that the sun will not insist on shining on them long. Good comradeship means a large open life, joyful and kind, wholesome as it is optimistic, full of good feeling and fellowship for other people. And if maintained in College life, it produces in the student his most engaging personality. And when he and his comrades leave their

College Halls, it stations for him all around in the land the most valuable friendships he can possibly have. College men find this true in active life. The more numerous their College comrades the better for them. It may be allowed to us to look up to lofty heights for examples. We have them in the last two Presidents of the United States. Ex-president Roosevelt, a Harvard man, was helped greatly to political prominence by his Harvard comradeship. There were lines of good fellowship running out in thousands of directions, like telegraph wires, to Harvard men in all the country, and these were kept hot for him by his many friends. So too President Taft owes much to his Yale friendships, while that equally noble personage, Mr. W. J. Bryan, had but small help from College comrades, for they were few. And what we are saying of political prestige, is just as true, when applied to the law or to medicine or to the Christian ministry, and indeed to any occupation or industry. In all these the good fellowship of college comrades, has supreme value,—more than conspicuous scholarship, or abundant spending money in College days, or favorable family connections. Comradeship is a potency of the first and commanding order. It was Dean Briggs of Harvard who spoke of "human fellowship as the real and great and permanent blessing of College life."

There is some danger of the clubs and societies of College, dwarfing this blessing. It is in their belittling process that secret societies do their greatest mischief. They may contract the blessings of comradeship to the student. He is in danger of making his world only as large as the numbers in his little College fraternity. There are in Harvard all told forty or more societies or clubs. A few students are so narrow and contracted as to limit their comradeship to their College fraternity. If you watch the career of such men you will observe that their world will always be very small like themselves. It need not be so. It is the large comradeship that is most valuable. The whole College is even too small for the largest profits. The student during his College course should build himself somewhat at the least into the sur-



rounding community, and into the large world of human life. There are outside enterprises and church endeavors. Into some of these surely, and for the sake of the largest possible fellowship in good works, the College Student should push himself. This extra-territorial activity need do no harm to his scholarship in the class-room, but will enlarge his conception of world service, and add to the value of his strictly College comradeship.

His College:—what a world of interest he may make of it. It is full of enthusiasms for him who enters it in the spirit of good comradeship as his social ideal. Let him sieze upon Latin and French and German to read them at sight. Let him grip mathematics as an athlete grasps his pole to vault over the high bar. In History let him fix upon the great-world turning points, and then fit smaller events between these.—O! there are so many enthusiasms for him—on the Campus is the Athletic—inside, is the intellectual—everywhere, are the social and the moral—in all these, the student may carry his good fellowship, and so go on to the largest fortune possible for him to achieve.

*I. R. Wheelock, '68.*



### **"Inasmuch."**

THE angel of death entered the room and quietly bore the mother away. Swiftly and silently higher and higher, far above the clouds, the angel bore its burden, then, entering the gates of Heaven, laid it carefully at the King's feet.

The King stooped to take the hand of the mother and as He did, He said."

"Now, Death, the child."

But Death paused a moment and the King surprised turned,

"Death, do you not obey?"

But still Death lingered and the King then bade him speak his thoughts.

"Oh Master, it is a goodly child, fair and strong. Would it not be well to leave it for a little while?"

But the King in sadness answered :

“ Ah, Death, it *might* be well indeed, but all the world have turned away. Their hearts are hardened. The helpless cannot live, for where is there the *real* compassion now?”

“ And yet, O King—”

Then Death was silent, for the King stretched out his golden sceptre and touched him on his forehead :

“ Go now upon the earth, in earthly garb. Mingle well amongst men ; learn of them and see if you can find the real compassion left.”

\* \* \* \*

The Ladies Auxiliary was at its height. Mrs. Jamison stood up behind the table, rapped firmly upon it, and began :

“ Ladies, there is a matter of the greatest importance, which *I think* ought to be laid before the meeting, this afternoon.”

The “ Ladies ” at once grew sober and thoughtful and their eyes were as intent upon the speaker as if there had not been “ laid before them ”, at stated periods throughout the last three years, this same matter of greatest importance.

Mrs. Jamison continued :

“ You are well aware of the facts, ladies, that this Auxiliary is not doing any—ah—any really active work for the good of the Church and Christianity, at large.”

Mrs. Jamison cleared her throat. “ Of course, there are the dues, which are sent four times a year regularly to the Head Secretary of the Ladies Auxiliary of America—I have not forgotten them—but any really active work in connection with the Auxiliary. What do the ladies think about this matter?”

And Mrs. Jamison sank back into her chair as one with the knowledge of having performed her duty and performed it well.

Ordinarily, Mrs. Smith would have told of an apron sale held five years ago, Mrs. Jones have suggested a pie social and a committee—which would never have met—been appointed to consider matters. But the unexpected happened. A small woman, neatly dressed in black, arose and quietly addressed the meeting.



"Madam President, ladies," she began, "I have come here in the interests of a small child in New York City."

The ladies looked interested. "It is so refreshing to have something different happen," Mrs. Robbins whispered cautiously over to Mrs. Jones.

"The father of the child," the speaker continued, "was drowned four weeks before its birth and its mother died two weeks ago. The little child is left now without anyone to care for it—helpless and alone. No trace of any relatives can be found, so I have undertaken—along with my other work—to provide a means of support for the child. I would suggest, Madam President, that your society consider steps in this connection."

The faces of the Auxiliary had become first puzzled, then troubled; but Mrs. Jamison, ever equal to the occasion, arose:

"I am sure, we are all very much interested in what our sister has said and in the good work she is doing. It is most worthy, I am sure, and—ah—and perhaps a committee might be nominated to consider matters."

The ladies looked relieved, for they had heard of committees before and knew that the results would not be of such a nature as to cause them the slightest alarm. But not so with the little woman. She sprang to her feet.

"Oh ladies, I am sure I did not make it emphatic enough. The case is most distressing, most pitiful. You who are mothers would know. A little child left all alone in a garret, with no one to care for it. Found in its dead mother's arms—starving. Something must be done immediately. Cannot some step be taken at once—to-day even?"

Confusion was now prevalent amongst the ladies.

"How erratic!" "How out of place!" "Pity the child hadn't died with its mother!" "Wonder if there really is a child and if it would ever see the money, anyway!" "Likely as not she wants the money herself, looks as if she needed it bad enough!"

But out of the confusion came Mrs. Jamison's voice clear and calm:

"Ladies our sister does not understand how we conduct our business. My dear sister, we never undertake any matter without the most careful consideration. In accordance with our customary methods we will nominate a committee and no doubt will find it our pleasure to aid you in your most worthy work.

"Ladies, proceed to nominate your committee."

But the angel had heard the varied remarks and it saw these prudent ladies shake their heads and firmly avow that valuable money should not be trusted into the hands of such an erratic young creature, so disappointed it turned away.

\* \* \* \*

The parlor shades were drawn and the parlor lights were burning, casting about that weird, fashionable glow that always adorned the home of Mrs. Dennison on calling day.

Mrs. Reginald St. Clair and Mrs. Randolph Randolph were calling, and Mrs. Dennison was relating to them, in her most charming manner, an account of "the reception given in honour of Lord and Lady So and So, which it had been her privilege to attend when abroad last season."

When the maid came up with a card, Mrs. Dennison knit her brow as if trying to place the name, then with her usual graciousness said.

"Show Miss Brown here. We shall be delighted to see her."

She felt perfectly safe to do this, for the maid had been warned whom to receive on calling day.

The visitor came, and although Mrs. Dennison did not have the slightest idea when she had ever met her, yet she did know the extraordinary value of such a gown. So Miss Brown was most graciously received and allowed to hear the remainder of the reception story.

Miss Brown proved herself most charming, showed that she knew "the best people" and was about to be received open-armed into the select society in which these three estimable ladies moved, when suddenly she made the most unheard of remark:

"Oh yes, I met her the other day when I was on my way to the Mission."



Mrs. Randolph Randolph looked shocked; Mrs. Reginald St. Clair fanned at a most furious and unnecessary rate, while much alarmed about her guest and asked hurriedly.

"A mission, Miss Brown? I presume you made a mistake."

"Oh no, Mrs. Dennison, I didn't, I am very much interested in the Mission on R—Street. That was what I wanted to talk to you about—and I was going to see the other ladies later."

Mrs. Dennison looked relieved, for now her friends would know that this mysterious Miss Brown was not an acquaintance.

"It is really doing a wonderful work and there is a little child there—" but Mrs. St. Clair had risen to go and Mrs. Randolph was remarking that she had already stayed too long, while Mrs. Dennison was endeavouring to assure all, that she never felt like assisting in such work, her husband said "It just encouraged laziness." So the poor angel slowly followed the ladies out and as they stepped into their carriages, it turned and walked slowly away

"Ah," it sighed, "The Father knoweth best, but yet again I'll try."

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Morrison smiled a sad little smile as she lighted the fire in the grate,

"A fire *is* homelike," she said to herself,—"*yes* homelike, and I need to do all I can now to make it homelike here for James."

She waited a few moments. Then her husband joined her and together they sat before the fire, Mr. Morrison reading and his wife looking sadly into the fire. Her hands were idle—for there was nothing now for them to do in the evening; and it was of this very thing that she was thinking.

A rebellious feeling stole over her.

"It isn't fair," she told herself. "It isn't fair. I only had the one and for that one to go. Yes, here I might be mending now, or sewing or something." She moved restlessly.

A timid little knock was heard, and a shabby woman with a heavy shawl thrown over her shoulders and bearing in her arms a tiny babe, stood there before them.

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am, I do, indeed, for troubling you—but its Mag Smith I am—the sister to your wash-woman—and I'll not be for troubling you long, Ma'am."

Mrs. Morrison stepped forward to offer the woman a chair. She was a kind woman, this Mrs. Morrison, so although she felt stung to the heart to see this child in this woman's arms, yet she asked kindly :

"And what can I do for you?"

"Oh Ma'am, its the baby—and I beg your pardon for a—mentioning it, but it was Lizzie, Ma'am, that would not let the police have him. Seems like she promised his mother, afore she died, that the police wouldn't get him—though I dunno what she thought we'd ever do with him."

Mrs. Morrison felt a thrill go over her. She could scarcely keep her arms away from the child—and yet she *must* think.

"Whose child, is it? And the father where is he?"

"He's drowned, poor man, he is. Knocked off the bridge and Ma'am, she most died, then she did. They're nice folks, Ma'am, but they never seemed to get on much." And then with a woman's instinct, her face glowing she cried :

"You do want him—don't you?"

Margaret Morrison never seemed to know just how it all happened, but the the next evening as she sat beside her husband, she did not need the fire in the grate to make it seem like home for the little white cradle was again beside her and in her hands was a tiny white garment.

Her husband folded his paper, leaned over the cradle and as he touched the tiny hands, he murmured :

"Did God know we needed you—little one—did He? And did He send you here to us?"

And the angel watching over the child rejoiced, withdrew and swiftly and silently flew again up to the Father's throne.



## The Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest.

A large and interested audience gathered in College Hall on Friday evening, April fifteenth, to enjoy the eloquence of the speakers in the eleventh annual contest for the Ralph M. Hunt oratorical prize of twenty-five dollars. Oratory is no stranger among the Acadia students, but special interest centres around "The Oratorical." Three contestants entered the forum—Messrs. J. A. Green and A. H. Chute of the Senior class and T. S. Roy of the Juniors. President Cutten presided. The staff of judges included Revs. I. W. Porter of Wolfville, F. H. Beals of Canard and Principal H. T. DeWolfe.

Mr. Green was the first speaker. He presented a thoughtful essay on "The Potency of National Sentiment." Aptly chosen material logically arranged, graceful diction and clarity of thought marked his oration.

Five illustrations of the Potency of National Sentiment were drawn from History—past and present—showing first, that the mission of men who delivered a great message to mankind was made effective only by the power of an underlying sentiment that possessed the people—"a lambent fire that often plays imperceptibly among the smouldering embers of human thought; sometimes shoots its quivering tongues through a nation and becomes an unquenchable passion; and at intervals leaps to the zenith scattering to the winds of heaven the debris of laws, customs, thrones, and nations while the world beholds and trembles."

Secondly, it was a great, though indefinable sentiment that became the unifying, "motive power of the vastest migratory movements the world has ever seen" when the barbarians trooped across Asia and Europe and caused the break-up of the Roman Empire.

Again, the power of National Sentiment was seen in the wonderful display of patriotism, when in 1588 England rose in her might and crushed the Spanish power—the greatest since the fall of Rome.

The next lesson was drawn from the French Revolution. Then the bonds of a system a thousand years old were shattered and modern Democracy was seen to emerge "from all the tragic slaughters and confusion, march to the citadel of Freedom, scale the battlements to the topmost tower, and fling to the breeze the many folds of the tricolored banner—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Finally, the grandest exemplification is found in the present tendency of the nations to lay the emphasis not solely upon Political Liberty and Equality, as since 1789, but rather upon Fraternity; and thus we are being ushered into a new era of Brotherhood and social enfranchisement.

Mr. Chute was the second speaker. His subject, "Abram Lincoln" was handled in a masterly manner. The essay was strong, clear, and forceful, marked by literary finish of a high order and by clever oratorical turns.

In God's plan the greatest comes from the smallest; the loftiest comes from the lowliest. The humble origin of great men is no wonder. Nay rather, it is one of the sources of their power. "Out of the fires of misfortune come the iron and steel, the rugged thews that bind the empire builders of the ages." Therefore we should cease to marvel that out of such obscure surroundings as witnessed the coming of Abraham Lincoln should spring the supreme and colossal figure of Modern History. Lincoln's power lay not only in his greatness but in his simplicity. "The enchantment of his life was in that perfect blending of the soul of a mighty prince to the breast of a single man." He learned his lessons not in the narrow schools of art, but in the boundless vast of nature, in that great university of life where lessons never end. Unwarped by culture and uncramped by creed, his daring spirit burst the narrow bounds, and like the mountain torrent or the sea-called stream, rose resolute, and tore new channels where it found no way. Called from the silence of the West, in the nation's night of need, he came to play his part in the mightiest drama of his century.



The speaker then drew a graphic picture of Lincoln's struggles and his triumph. His Fame is eternal, but to know him as he was we must see him as the ruler of a storm-lashed nation.

Mr. Roy was the last speaker. Possessed of an easy gracefulness upon the platform, a clear, resonant voice, and no mean oratorical gifts, he made a splendid presentation of his subject—"The Potency of National Sentiment." His subject matter was carefully selected and logically arranged but lacked somewhat the rhetorical finish possessed by the other essays.

Time destroys the worthless and preserves the good. Liberty, one of the greatest gifts of time, has been made possible only by the potency of national sentiment.

Sentiment originated when the family grew into the clan and the clans came together into the city or state. It has been manifested in every nation since, revealing itself in different aspects. The first aspect is that revealed to us when the Trojans fought for their city. It was martial in character. This aspect was manifested in the struggle of the Greeks against the Persians, and the Romans against the Carthaginians. There was a lapse of the sentiment during the Theocracy of the Middle Ages, but it bursts out again and as a result we have the growth of the nations. The second aspect was moral in its character. Men were inspired by it to grapple with eternal moral evils. This was evidenced by England's spending twenty million pounds sterling for the emancipation of her slaves, also by the United States' giving of the blood of her noblest sons in a similar cause. Sentiment should inspire us, as it did those of old, to Liberty, but of the broadest character—Liberty of mind, conscience, and soul. This sentiment should be broad and free and should mean not merely glorying in our resources or conquests but should inspire us to noble lives. Thus our National Sentiment will be potent and lasting.

The orations were all of a high order of excellence, showing careful preparation. The contest was close. The judges, after some deliberation, awarded the prize to Mr. Chute on a narrow margin.

*G. C. Warren, '10.*

## College Life.

**C**OLLEGE Life! What does it mean? Does it stand for a unique phase of life, or for a mere aggregation of unrelated activities, as, for example, the class-room, plus athletics, receptions, theatricals, banquets, and the give and take of daily intercourse, one with another? In either respect, college life does not distinguish itself from life in general. For neither in variety of activities nor in seriousness do they nor need they necessarily differ; and, if they do, the difference is one of degree only. Its distinctive quality therefore, if it really possesses any, must be sought in the aim of the class-room, in which the whole of the life more or less centers. In what then does this distinctive feature consist?

I would say that the class-room stands for the supreme opportunity of relating with our own actual life and experience certain approved phases of varied human life. But we must relate such phases, not with our brain and memory only, but with the whole and total of our concrete experience. For if we do not actually vitalize them, these various phases cannot and do not live in us, and we do not vitalize them unless we draw them down into the very depth of our heart, sense and mind. Hence class-rooms call, not merely for brain and memory activity, but for live students and for a live faculty that really seek to live and really dare live right there, and, through such living and through such mutual help and available instrumentalities, to broaden out into ever more noble, effective and beautiful living—or manhood and womanhood. This is the aim of the class-room.

Viewed from this standpoint the other forms of college interests and activities remain irrelevant unless related in some manner or degree with the work or life of the class-room. And this intimate connection results when such interests and activities are held to furnish a broader basis to test and live out more fully the life and ideals more particularly nourished and developed in the class room.

In this totality of interests and activities, constantly permeated and transfigured in the manner indicated, we have College Life. Are we realizing this ideal? *H. G. Hartmann.*



## Editorials.

THE ever-present problem in College Journalism is to produce a magazine of acknowledged merit, to faithfully reflect the spirit of the institution and to stimulate original literary effort. The question at once arises:—How can we use our paper to develop the latent literary ability in the student body and at the same time maintain an average standard of excellence? We have tried to meet the difficulty this year in two ways. By giving our readers in each issue a standard article and through solicitation and competition enlisting the participation of as many students as possible. On being approached some have positively refused to contribute because of a lack of time while others have plead utter inability. There has not been evident on the part of all that genuine interest which makes striving on the part of the staff voluntary and effective. It does not take a critical eye to observe a general inferiority in the papers read before our society and a tendency to regard them as wholly unnecessary or of very small value.

It should be the aim of our society to combat this tendency; to place a stamp of real worth on literary productions. The Editor of a College Paper cannot possibly reach every student. You owe him your sympathetic co-operation, not a highly iced indifference. We have faced this year the ordinary criticism. We have tried in spite of all to convey a message through our paper and to stimulate the interest in journalism. Many [to whom we appealed] willingly responded. We have literary ability here of no mean order. We wish however to bespeak for the new staff a more intelligent and sympathetic interest. They cannot do their work well without you. The paper is your organ. You speak through it to the host of Acadia graduates who have gone out under the spell of their *Alma Mater*. Will you not make it truly expressive of your own college life? Not a life of narrow meannesses. Not a life of one-sided interests. But one in which every department throbs with the loyal co-operation of men who scorn indifference and who put into every task *the very best* they have to offer.

There seems to be awaking in our Maritime Provinces a new and deepened interest in Agriculture. For this spirit the Agricultural College in Truro is to a large degree responsible. Here we have a plant, under the supervision of the Provincial Government, equipped in the most up-to-date manner, where young men may study and practise the principles which must be observed to make farming what it should be, the foremost industry of our Province. Recently at the expense of the Government the ministerial students were given an opportunity to come into touch with the methods of instruction there adopted. The purpose of the excursion was to bring the prospective ministry into closer relation with the real needs of scientific Agriculture. All who heard Principal Cumming and his enthusiastic staff felt that there was a genuine healthy Gospel in their message. We shall turn in the future with keener interest to the efforts which are being made to develop not only our agriculture but all our magnificent natural resources.

### Acadia's New Song Book.

**A**CADIA graduates and all who are interested in the "Institutions on the Hill" will be glad to welcome the advent of a neat little volume entitled "Acadia Songs."

A song Book with music has been a long felt need at Acadia, and now we rejoice to say that it is an accomplished fact.

The committee having the music in charge has made a selection from the best songs common among all the colleges but more especially those which are characteristic of Acadia. The book contains many Acadia songs never before published and is full of the Acadia spirit from cover to cover. It is certainly a rare collection of College Songs.

The book is bound most tastefully in Cloth with a design of the College on the cover. It will be ready for distribution about May twenty-fifth. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price \$1.25.

Get your order in early. Address all orders to.

Vernon E. Chute '10,  
Wolfville N. S.



## De Alumnis.

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**W**E notice that the Maritime Province men at McGill have organized a "Nova Scotia and New Brunswick" Club. All prospective students are requested to communicate with Ralph R. Allingham, Sec-Treas. of N. S. & N. B. Club, Strathcona Hall, Montreal, at an early date and they will be looked after on their arrival.

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Vernon F. Masters '86, who was for some time professor of Geology at Indiana State University and later Chief of the Geological Survey in Peru, S. A., has recently presented his Alma Mater with a valuable collection of over one hundred pieces, of Peruvian pottery for the museum.

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Dr. D. A. Steele '63, has given to the College library a collection of rare books of value including a "Breeches" Bible and a very early edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

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Preparations are being made for the celebration, during the College Anniversary exercises in June, of the Jubilee of Dr. R. V. Jones '60. For half a century he has been on the staff of the schools here and today he is more highly esteemed than ever.

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The many friends of Miss Etta Yuill '97 will be glad to know that she has recently been promoted from a junior department to the principalship of all the schools in Penticton, B. C. Miss Yuill is one of the many Acadia teachers in the West and they are all making good.

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The Athenæum extends congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Avery DeWitt '04, on the arrival of a daughter, born at Brussels.

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Fred S. Goucher '09 sails for Europe in June. He expects to spend the summer in travel, visiting London, Paris, Switzerland, and Germany returning in September to take up his work as teacher of Mathematics in "The Allan School."

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Rev. C. W. Corey '87 has received a call to the Baptist Church in Kamloops, B. C.

### Exchanges.

AS no exchanges appear in the June number of the Athenæum our work ceases with this issue. Much pleasure and no little profit have accrued in reviewing the college magazines. We have been brought into closer touch with sister institutions, learned something more of the aspirations, ideals and literary ability of under graduates, and broadened the horizon of our acquaintance with college life in general. A college magazine should, and usually does, give an epitome of the life and *esprit de corps* of the school.

We have bestowed praise on what we deemed to be work of true merit, but have withheld caustic criticism, not that we were blind to defects, but because we are sceptical as to the real helpfulness of adverse criticism alone. It is so easy to find fault, but so difficult to pave the path to improvement. Of some twenty-five exchanges received, those that have yielded most pleasure in reviewing have been *Acta Victoriana*, *Queen's Journal*, *McMaster Monthly* and the *Argosy*, together with the two copies of the *Brunonian* which strayed to our table during the year.

When the worst comes to the worst, we must make the best of it.—*Ex.*

There is a suggestive editorial in the April number of the *Acta Victoriana* on "Do We Think Enough?" We quote the following: "Let us be quite candid with ourselves and we will discover how little really independent thinking and judgment—forming we do. How often in what we call "mastering" a subject, we are content to master the opinions and theories of the professor, the author, the commentator! It is true that much of our time must, and ought to be, spent in this way (for we are learners and not Daniels come to judgment), yet even so, four years is a long period for cramming unless a rather thorough digestive process is in progress at the same time. We venture to think that some men and women graduate with a serious case of intellectual indigestion."



## THE PATH OF HOPE.

“Build on resolve, and not upon regret,  
The structure of the future; do not grope  
Among the shadows of old sin, but let  
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope  
And dissipate the darkness; waste no tears  
Upon the blotted record of past years,  
But turn the leaf and smile, oh, smile to see  
The fair white pages that remain to thee.”—*Ex.*

## A TOAST.

A toast to the land of promise,  
To the realms of the bold and free,  
Where the rapids foam, as the hills they roam,  
On the way to the mighty sea.

To the land of the lofty mountain,  
Where the hidden riches sleep,  
The land of the mead and fountain,  
With waters broad and deep.

To the land of summer sunshine,  
With skies of brightest blue,  
The land of winter pastime,  
Mid snows of radiant hue.

To the land of the beauteous maple,  
To the Queen of the Western World,  
Where all may come and make their home,  
‘Neath freedom's flag unfurled.

—*University of Toronto Review*

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges; *Bates Student*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Martlet*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Argosy*, *Western University Gazette*, *Xaverian*, *University of New Brunswick Monthly*, *Saint Andrew's College Review*, *Queens Journal*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Okanagan Lyceum*, *Allisonia*, *McMaster Monthly*, *Normal College Gazette*, *Vox Lycei*.

## The Month.

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O! air-born voice long since, severely clear,  
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear,—  
“Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he  
Who finds himself loses his misery.”

—*Mathew Arnold.*

**DECLAMATION CONTEST.** The annual contest for the prize of ten dollars offered to the members of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes for excellence in declamation was held in College Hall on Thursday afternoon, April fourteenth. There were five contestants, Messrs. H. P. Everett '12, C. A. Dawson '12, C. F. Kinney '12, H. E. Allaby '13 and A. DeW. Foster '13. The selections chosen were well rendered. The judges, consisting of the Faculty, were unanimous in awarding the victory to Mr. Foster.

**ATHENÆUM.** The final debate of the college year took place in College Hall on Tuesday evening, April nineteenth when the representatives of the Sophomore and Freshman classes took the platform against a team representing Horton Collegiate Academy. The subject chosen was, “Resolved, that it would be in the best interests of Newfoundland to join the Dominion of Canada.” The lower classes, supporting the resolution were represented by Titus, Illsley and Allen while the negative side was well championed by Hovey, Fielding and Robbins. The debate was of a high order. The judges, Dr. Tufts, Dr. Chute and Rev. J. W. Manning, because of superior argument gave the decision to the under classmen.

The meeting of the Athenæum Society on Saturday, April twenty-third took the form of an impromptu debate, the resolution debated being the advisability of the abolition of capital punishment, Mr. I. M. Rose '11 led the affirmative and W. S. MacIntyre '10 the negative. The debate was slimly attended and marked by



lack of interest. A vote being taken the majority present decided the question in favor of the affirmative.

**PROPYLÆUM.** The members of the Athenæum Society were entertained in "Open Propylæum" on the evening of April first. The President Miss Crandall announced the program for the evening.

Clause I.—The Clancey Kids. Clause II.—Synopsis, Miss Dykeman. Clause III.—Farce :—An Annual Event.

The first clause was an amateur play, given by about a dozen of the college girls. All played their parts well, but special mention might be made of the leading character Miss Sipprell, in the role of Mrs. Van Sorrel, a dashing Society blonde, Miss McGregor, as a darkey servant, Miss Masters as Mrs. Clancey in a party dress long since past its prime and the "Clancey Kids"—Misses Gilroy, Starratt, Crowell and Porter.

The second clause, the Synopsis by Miss Dykeman, was a paper of surpassing excellence. The third clause was a farce befitting the day and was well received by the audience. After the critic's report by Miss Bancroft refreshments were served and a social hour spent. The meeting closed with the Acadia Doxology.

**Y. W. C. A.** The Y. W. C. A. held its annual business meeting on April seventh, when the officers for next year were elected. The following received appointments:—

Miss Eaton '11,—President; Miss Hubley '12,—Vice President; Miss Zwicker '13,—Secretary.

Miss Eaton will also represent the girls at the Canadian Summer Conference at Muskoka in June. The girls are fortunate in their choice of one, who will so worthily represent them.

**ATHLETICS.** The Prince of Wales basketball team met the Acadia quintette on March thirtieth and were defeated by a score of 27-14. At the close of the game the visitors were entertained at a dinner given at the Royal Hotel by the Island men at Acadia.

The first outdoor track meet of the year was held on the College Campus on April ninth and was fairly well contested. Excellent showing was made in all the events. The meet was won by the Juniors, with a total of thirty-five points.

The interclass baseball league was opened on Saturday, April sixteenth, when the nine representing the upper classes was defeated by the Sophomore team with a score of 13-8.

The Sophomores scored a second victory on Wednesday April twentieth when after a close and hard fought battle they succeeded in defeating the Academy with a score of 3-2. The work of both Reid, '12 and Rattray H. C. A. in the box was excellent.

**SCIENTIFIC.** The Standard Oil Company has given to the chemical department at Acadia, at the solicitation of Instructor Williams, a valuable collection of oils, wax, pitch and other petroleum products. The Royal Baking Powder Company has also presented us with samples of their various products.



## The Lyceum

*(Of Horton Academy.)*

EDITORS—CLYDE W. ROBBINS, FRED E. GULLISON,  
W. HARRY FREDA.

**GENERAL.** Much interest is being manifested in the Academy reading room. Under an efficient committee's management, this part of our school life is being developed. We trust that in the near future Principal Robinson's hopes that a good Library be established may be realized.

Spring has come with all its attractions. We are often tempted to lay aside our books. Victory however is to him who endureth. Let us keep at our studies then for the few remaining weeks.



**Y. M. C. A.** It is the continual dropping that wears away the hardest stone. Although our Y. M. C. A. meetings are not largely attended, we feel sure that the faithful ones who are ever found present, are being helped. The meeting held on the thirteenth of April was of special interest. Mr. A. De W. Foster was the leader. He gave an inspiring address on the realities of Christian Love.

**LYCEUM.** Still our Lyceum meetings continue to offer enjoyable evenings to those who attend. Our new president Mr. John Meisner has shown much interest in the society since he was elected. On the evening of the sixteenth of April an impromptu debate was held on the subject "Resolved that the life of a married man is happier than that of a bachelor." Our friend Mr. Watson from the Southern clime, ably supported the negative.

**ATHLETICS.** The Academy base ball team promises to hold up our past reputation. The game with the Sophomores was lost by the small score of 3-2. Mr. Ratteray showed up well as pitcher.

The track team will probably be strengthened by F. C. Higgins in vaulting. Mr. Higgins is a new man with the pole, but he is doing good work.



## The Pierian

(Of Acadia Seminary.)

EDITORS—ELSIE KING IO, GWENDOLYN SHAND IO,  
LENA NOWLAN IO,

THE Seminary year is drawing to a close and examinations are in sight. Looking back, the memories of evenings wasted, like horrid shapes return to haunt us. The Senior as she passes along the corridor is inspired by the class photos hanging on the wall and one may catch her faltering accents :

"I, too, must work,  
And pay to see my name  
Hung in these dusty avenues of fame."

**MUSIC DEARTMENT:** The director has lately organized a music class composed of the Junior and Senior pupils in the Piano-forte course. The class meets for an hour every Saturday morning for the purpose of receiving hints in the art of teaching music.

**Y. W. C. A.** The work of the Association in the Seminary is perhaps one rather of prevention than of cure. To prevent the rush of fresh interests in Seminary life leading to the neglect of spiritual life ; to keep clearly before the girls, the ideal of Christian womanhood.

Sunday Evening, April seventeenth we enjoyed a very helpful service led by the Principal. Dr. DeWolfe asked us the practical question—what use are you going to make of the remaining six weeks of this term? We have opportunities here at school that we may never have again.

**Recitals.** On Friday Evening, May sixth, the Senior flag will float for the first time when a graduating Recital will be given by Miss Helen Knowles—piano, assisted by Miss Eva Frodsham—soprano.

Those of us who have heard Dean Southwick before, were anticipating his presentation of "Hamlet, as the man of will" and we were not disappointed. The lecture was given on April twelfth in College Hall under the auspices of the Seminary Y. W. C. A. and the proceeds will be devoted to sending delegates to the Summer Convention at Silver Bay, New York.

Owing to the pressure of outside events and various contracting agencies our Recitals have been fewer in number this year than heretofore. But on Friday evening April twenty-second the Vocal and Elocution Recital fairly atoned in excellence for the omissions. The presentation of "The Falcon" (Alfred, Lord Tennyson) was a novelty much appreciated. The following is the complete programme. Every participant did excellently and Miss Davis and Miss Hammond are to be congratulated for the evening's success. Miss Hafey of the musical staff and Miss Chambers of the Senior class both rendered fine service as accompanists.



## PROGRAMME.

Eastern Song (*Sherwood*)  
 Chorus.  
 The Making of the Hay  
 (*Lehmann*)  
 Miss Edith Woodman  
 Springtide (*Beecher*)  
 Miss Eva Frodsham  
 Reading—Elaine  
 Miss Laura Curtis.  
 Duet—Neath the Stars (*Goring*  
*Thomas*)  
 Miss Butcher and Mr. Roy.  
 When the Heart is Young  
 (*Dudley Buck*)  
 Miss Annie Miller.  
 Love Me or Not (*Secchi*)  
 Miss Helen Knowles  
 Rockin' in de Win  
 (*Neidllinger*)  
 Chorus.

The Falcon  
 by  
*Alfred Lord Tennyson.*  
 CAST.  
 The Count Federigo degli  
 Alberighi.  
 Annie Chambers.  
 Filippo, Count's foster brother  
 Marion Harding  
 The Lady Giovanna  
 Jean McLatchey.  
 Elisabetta the Count's Nurse  
 Annie Anderson.  
 Scene—Italian Cottage.

**GENERAL.** On April twentieth Dr. Saunders of Halifax, paid us a visit and gave us a pleasant address during Chapel. Dr. Saunders is an old friend of the Seminary and we are always glad to welcome him.

We were asked to contribute a Seminary song for the new book of College Songs. A committee from the Senior and Junior classes composed the words and Professor Ringwald the music.

On Saturday evening, April ninth the students of the Seminary gave a reception to their friends. The decorative scheme was well carried out, the chapel being done in Senior colours and one of the class rooms in Junior colours. There was a large number present and all had a very pleasant time.

### "The Gallery of Fame".

"What rage for fame attends both great and small  
Better be d-d than mentioned not at all."

B-lc-m. "Oh, I'll never get in the joke column because I  
have'nt any sweetheart."

N. B. "Never say die, up man and try."

There is a young Soph. they call C-r-y,  
Who has usually been rather wary  
But he's in a dilemma  
O'er a fair Sem called Emma  
Now fond of *wry* faces is C-r-y.

A. H. Ch-t-going away to preach and having a heavier ser-  
mon than usual, was obliged to take the freight train.

Prof. Newell, "Arsenic is often taken to make a person more  
beautiful."

J-E. B-rss.(nervously) "Sir is it possible to acquire the habit."

On Thursday afternoon April 14th, an intellectual treat was  
given by the aspiring orators of '12 and '13 to any who happened  
to be within a few hundred yards of College Hall. The program  
went somewhat like this,

K-n-y rose with accents faltering  
Murmured he was Clad-i-at-er.  
Ev-r-tt thundered Victor Hugo.  
Ten or fifteen minutes later,  
D-ws-on rose and said he'd Bridg it  
All-by made quite a fuss  
But A de Water got the money  
He was such a Spa(o)r-ti-cus.



## TRAGIC.

Time—Summer of 1910,

Personae—Small boy—Inquiring tourists. Tourist—"What is the name of this valley young man?"

Small boy—"Willow Hollow, sir."

Tourist—"Any story or legend connected with it."

Small boy—"Sure, Last Spring a Senior around here called G-rd-n McInt-r- went down this hill with a college girl and never came back again."

"Can that be? And pray what became of them?"

Small boy—"Went up the other side on their way to the poor house."

"Who ran through each mode of the *lyre* and was master of all." (B-ll Sp-rr.)

On Wednesday May eighteenth only 15,000,000 miles will separate the earth from the comet. Just a pleasant walk after prayer meeting.

1913,

There's nothing here at College

You do not *try* to do

But though you are a Freshman

There is no Class to you.

Advice from Dr. Jones—"Mr. L-g-n if you eat one pancake that's no reason why you should eat fifty." Also "Remember when your wife tells you not to do a thing its always better to—

Logan (under his breath) "Do it."

M-rg-s-n, (on his way to the Poor House Sunday afternoon)  
 "All the fellows that go with me take part in the meeting, so it's  
 up to you B-ncr-ft."

B-ncr-ft. (taken aback) Oh——, "Well what did "Doc"  
 Eaton do last Sunday?"

M rg-s-n—"Why he put up a good prayer."

B-ncr-ft (brightening) "Well I'll sing like the d——.

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There is a young Senior called St-rn-s  
 Who is practicing all that he learns.  
 By force of example  
 With Mac as a sample  
 His heart for the Residence years.

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#### SAD FATALITY.

How's that? Why W-rn-r was *butchered* just after the Easter  
 holidays—They say that V-rn-n Ch-t- was chief mourner.

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#### BEFORE THE SEMINARY RECITAL.

Webber; "Where do you come in in the program Tom?  
 Roy; "I am right after Miss Curtis."





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