

# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

“*Prodesse Quam Conspici.*”

Vol. XIX. No. 5.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

March, 1893.

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The measured flight of constellated years,  
Across a sky  
Blue with unsounded depths of ancient time,  
Soon will draw after them a star sublime  
Whose light upon the hills even now appears,  
Brightest of all, the twentieth century.

For in the splendor of her flame shall shine  
With clearest light  
In one the scattered fires of all the past,  
All life, all knowledge, all desire, at last  
Brightly together in that gleam benign  
Reveal the future to the present sight.

It is not past, but it is yet to come.  
The golden age ;  
No fabled reign of Kronos, but a day  
Whose laws excel the crude Saturnian sway,—  
When true men know the truth, and hate is dumb,  
For love's pure fire has vanquished flaring rage.

Our eyes are watching where the east doth burn ;  
And in the west  
The dreary stars are setting, one by one.  
Our planet rises, flashing like a sun !  
Taught by that light shall struggling forces learn  
Their end, and find in perfect action, rest.

JOHN EDMUND BARSS.

## THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

A RECENT issue of the *Toronto Globe* contained a valuable paper on “The Future of Canada,” from the pen of Mr. Chas. H. McIntyre, B. A. ('89), who is pursuing the study of law at Harvard University. The paper had been delivered before the Canadian Club of that institution, and discussed the pros and cons of the three possibilities—annexation, imperial federation and independence. In regard to the first two his decision is negative, and we quote his views on the third alternative ;

Convinced that colonialism cannot last much longer, that imperial federation is an idle dream and that annexation is the most detestable of all, what shall our future be? We have no hesitation in saying that we firmly hope and believe it will be an independent Canadian nationality—not a nationality born of hatred and rebellion, but that free, generous and honorable independence which marks the ambitious youth in turning away from the parental door. The probability of reaching such a state is of course open to speculation, but so far as we can read the signs of the times, they undoubtedly point that way. The national sentiment is rapidly taking hold of the Canadian press, and to large numbers of educated and energetic young men it is making effective appeals. It is common talk among farmers and merchants, it has enlisted the sympathy of leading public men, and, if cultivated with high and lofty aims, is a sentiment that is bound to grow. Mr. Laurier and Sir Oliver Mowat have repeatedly declared themselves in favor of independence, and Mr. Chapleau has said “that colonies, like shoots from the parent tree, gradually but surely tend towards independent life,” and that he believes in the mysterious and natural growth of nations.

The *Toronto Week* has asserted that “no matter with what sentiments of admiration and even of affection the young man, born and nurtured on Canadian soil, may turn to the mighty nation whose flag waves over his native land, he knows and feels that in the eyes of the people of Great Britain he is but a colonist, and that the term carries with it to their ears a connotation of inferiority. He feels, too, the difficulty, the impossibility of being passionately loyal—and loyalty itself is a passion—to an empire scattered over the surface of the globe and embracing people of all races and all degrees of civilization. We feel sure, therefore, that the best, not to say the only effective way in which the as yet feeble plant of Canadian patriotism can be developed into a sturdy tree, to live and grow through centuries, is to foster the hope and purpose of a Canadian nationality.” Even Goldwin Smith has said that “there is nothing in nature and political circumstances to forbid the existence on this continent of a nation independent of the United States.” The *London Spectator* has asked:—“Why cannot the imperial federationists be content to allow the colonies to proceed along their present line of development till they are able to enter into an alliance with England, not as feudatories but as equals—an alliance in which the United States may ultimately be included? That union of English-speaking freemen is an idea worth striving for, and one which we believe may yet be realised.”

From these and numerous other declarations we might quote, it is evident that the movement towards national life cannot be despised. Of its desirability we are thoroughly satisfied. With enormous areas of fruitful soil and mighty forests, with rich

fisheries and mines, with great maritime position and railway connections, with a sturdy and industrious race, all united to the best representative institutions, how can we be so craven as not to reach out for the glorious destiny that tempts us onward? Let us resent the imputation of Andrew Carnegie, who compared the "man of no country" to the Canadian, by a practical demonstration of national existence, and when the last throb of annexation dies away there will be heard behind it the voice of a Canadian spirit still speaking trumpet-tongued. We can dispense with English governors-general, and give half their salary to the poor. We will have power to frame our own treaties, to appoint our own diplomats, and, if need be, to declare peace and war. But there is no solid reason why two nations of common blood, institutions and laws should not live together on the American continent in peace and harmony. There is room for teeming millions, and the problems of the two countries can be better worked out apart. If countries like Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland and the Netherlands can maintain their own identity in the midst of "an armed camp," if they with less population and far less resources can each support a diplomatic corps, an army, and navy, and preserve intact their property and homes, surely we, in the free atmosphere of the new world, without emperor, without king, without great armies and great navies, without great debts and without great taxes, can sustain our individual needs. We have no use for enormous navies which foster a war spirit, and in that respect are an unmitigated curse. The protection of our fisheries and canals and the defence of our just rights will no doubt require certain naval expenditures, but we submit that every difficulty which a reasonable view of independent life presents can be fairly solved by judicious and honorable conduct. So far as our relations with England are concerned, let there be no misapprehension. We love her matchless history, we honor her people and respect her glorious name. Against Louis XIV. at Blenheim, against the Armada of Philip II. of Spain, and against Napoleon at Waterloo, she may be almost said to have thrice saved the liberties of the world. But Englishmen now, as of old, will acquiesce in whatever is best for colonial growth, and when the people of Canada want independence British statesmen will not be so foolish as to object. To oppose it would be a shame upon enlightened civilization, of which she has been the peerless exemplar. The history of the United States and of the South American republics is ample proof that in trade and commerce, literature and art, and in all those elements which go to make a nation great, an independent Canada would afford the freest scope for our energies, with no diminution of benefits to England. Every one must see that the confusion of British with purely Canadian interests in American diplomacy is a constant source of irritation; and without the military prestige of England we hold that Canada is just as able to man-

age her own foreign policy as Denmark, Bulgaria or medieval Turkey. It is a remark of Sir George Lewis, made long since, that "if a country possesses a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, and no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration which it would not enjoy though the dependency were independent. \* \* \* Such a possession cannot justly be called glorious." This is exactly the position of Canada to-day, and precisely why we argue for independent life. Sir Henry Taylor, when under-secretary for the colonies in 1852, wrote to Lord Grey as follows:—"I do not suppose the provinces to be useless to us, but I regard any present uses not obtainable from them as independent nations as no more than dust in the balance compared with the evil contingencies." Mr. Parkin, however, contends that the relations of the empire have now been changed, and that steam and electricity have re-created the world. He tells us that under imperial federation the emigration from Great Britain will go to the colonies rather than to foreign countries, and thus weld together the bonds of imperial power. Admit that steam and electricity have re-created the world and you have not lessened the force of Sir Henry's statement one iota. We have shown that every moral and material advantage to England from colonial dominion can be just as well gained by separate nationalities, and he must read history upside down who does not know that with increased prosperity and command over the forces of nature, every energetic community slowly but surely tends to independent life. They will not be content to bear the train when they cannot wear the royal robe. Moreover, a comparison between the emigration to the United States and that to the colonies does not bear out Mr. Parkin's statement that under imperial unity emigration will flow to British countries, for from 1815 to 1889, a period of 74 years, the number of people who left Great Britain for the United States was nearly twice as large as that which left for the colonies and all other parts of the world. What the emigrant wants is bread, and the best way to entice him is to render your country a cheap place to live in, by giving industry and commerce their natural course, instead of crippling them with an imperial zollverein. In our judgment it would be much better sense for those Canadians who are dining and wining about imperial dreams, and who advocate more expenditures on foreign immigration, to devise some scheme by which the heart-rending exodus of their own fellow-countrymen may be at least partially arrested. Bright truly said that "the nation in every country lives in the cottage: and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and conditions of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government."

To recapitulate, colonialism cannot live many years longer,

imperial unity as at present advocated is not feasible, and annexation is out of the question. Whether independence will come in our time, we know not, and we predict not. But this we believe, that the best traditions of the past and the highest achievements for the future, together with every circumstance which is calculated to render our country powerful and happy, will present their most splendid display on the platform of a Canadian nationality, and that only misrepresentation the most gross and calumny the most wicked will prevent the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race in North America from accomplishing the greatest ends of civilised existence by the unfettered application of those principles which have been the boast of England, and which from their origin alike are entitled to the English name. We believe in national ideas and national development when purged by the birth-pangs of regenerated life. The separation of Canada may cause some pain, but it is a separation which will produce better things for England and for humanity at large. May it please the wisdom of that Supreme Ruler, in whose hands alike are the breath of man and the fate of States, that in the future record of Canada's greatest achievements her admission into the family of nations will most surely be found, not merely because it is the most auspicious occasion in her career, but because it is one of those extraordinarily brilliant events which the pen of history delights to trace.

CHARLES H. MCINTYRE,  
Harvard Law School.

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#### TWO LETTERS.

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SMITH was in his study, called a study by convention, and not because he studied there. Not that Smith didn't study, because he did. But he was averse to solitude and very much preferred that some other man should read from the "horse" while he followed in the text, and *vice versa*. This had been his method for some time past, but now in the second term of his senior year he sought for points of vantage, where he might mingle his wisdom with that of other assembled philosophers and thus conquer the knotty points in metaphysics from day to day. Smith's room had always been one of the neatest since his first year of residence. True there was no decisive way of determining whether curtains, carpet and pictures had been purchased new by Smith or whether he had obtained them at a forced sale when Brown had had to leave rather hurriedly the year before. The fact remained that the room was a neat one. It was Smith's study and there were books there, chiefly the books of his first three years, which having gone out of use he had been unable to sell. Interspersed with these were others of a somewhat miscel-

laneous nature. An Olney's Algebra, kept as much for the pencil sketches and poetry which it contained, records of successive ages of geniuses in art and literature, as from its unsaleable nature rested peacefully beside Balzac's *Duchesse de Langeais*. Latin and Greek lexicons had grown into a sandwich with *Forty Tales from the Hills* for a filling, while Spalding's *Base Ball Guide* was in close communion with Browning and Plutarch. Smith never cared much for the arrangement of his books. Convenience in the present was his motto, and so he cast each book as it was used into the nearest vacant space.

Smith was in his study this April day and alone. The care-worn expression on his face could not have come from debt, for Smith never went beyond his income. It could not have come from lack of success, for certificates, which might have been rescued from the hopeless confusion of a heap of papers in a trunk near at hand, showed that the college had appreciated his ability as a student, while half a dozen papers in a file at his right hand spoke in praise of his latest poem in the college magazine. Some badges conspicuously displayed in different parts of the room indicated his victories on three successive field-days, and if you had stepped out upon the campus any fine afternoon you would soon have discovered that he was the favorite for the hundred-yard dash in the coming May contest. Still Smith looked care-worn.

There came a knock at the door, accompanied by a sonorous voice strangely mingling entreaties and threats.

"Open up your old house!"

Three vigorous kicks, which make no impression upon a door used to many such in its past history.

"Down comes your shafty!"

More kicks and a farewell prod at the transom and the visitor has gone satisfied that Smith is busy or not at home. And so he is busy. He has a letter from which some of the words seem to stand out strangely, or perhaps it is because his head is aching a little to day. He reads: "If you do not decide to accept your father's offer and go into business you may consider *our friendship* at an end."

"Certainly, *our friendship*," said Smith, speaking mechanically half aloud.

"At an end, certainly, at an end."

"At an end under any circumstances, my dear."

Again he reads: "My friends agree with me that it would be intolerable to be tied down to a man who has no prospects except literature and possibly teaching."

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," said Smith.

"Intolerable, certainly."

"Great friend to yourself, my dear."

"*Friendship*?" "Something else once."

"End it, why certainly."

Then he threw the letter from him to take another sheet and read: "After much thought I have decided that it will be best for you to go on with your literary work as you have mapped it out. It has been hard for me to even entertain the idea of the business ever going out of the old name, but I cannot bear to think of spoiling your life by tying you down to something for which you have no taste."

"Not many superfluous words there," went on the monologue.

"Felt too badly to write much."

"Who am I, anyway?"

"What right have I to desert my father?"

The tone was softer now, as Smith sank back into his easy-chair. There was silence for a moment and then the voice went on:

"The governor wants me."

"Going home?" "Certainly."

\* \* \* \* \*

Anybody who was at the "five" train that afternoon might have heard the following dialogue:

"Hulloa, Smith, where to?"

"Home to see the governor and tell him that I am going into business with him after June."

\* \* \* \* \*

The critics just now are speaking of some sketches which have recently appeared in the *Century* over a *nom de plume* which they do not know represents the prosaic name of Smith. They say that these sketches show a wonderful knowledge of men and that the writer has got at the inside of some of the great problems of life which he is able to express in the most picturesque way. The gossips too have heard some whispers of Smith's literary work and know well his success in business. They are chiefly shocked, however, because he does not get married and settle down. Some indeed, do say that he was engaged once but that something happened to break it off and that now Miss — is married. So the matter stands.

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### GOETHE'S FAUST.

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THERE have ever been in man attributes and aspirations that are peculiar to the age in which he lives and are transient. There also have been in man attributes and aspirations that are part of his being and are therefore everlasting. The work that successfully deals with the former becomes popular; but that work which successfully deals with the latter becomes immortal.

Among the things which have been common to humanity in all ages are Love, the desire for Learning and Power, and the constant struggle between Good and Evil; and upon these ever-

lasting foundations has the greatest of Germans built his grandest structure.

The drama opens in a celestial atmosphere and with a chorus so definite and yet so sublime that it stands almost alone in the realm of poetry. It is sung by the Archangels, Michael, Gabriel and Raphael, and is descriptive of the scene before them with its impression upon their devout natures, and in it is sounded the key note of the whole poem.

From their station before the gate of Heaven the angels look forth and behold the sun accompanied by all his radiant planets. Rushing with unimaginable speed along his predestined path, the thunder of his sphere music resounding in concert with that of the circling world, all being as glorious as when in the morning of time they first sang together fresh from the hand of their creator. Then the earth they see, whirling thought-speeded on its axis; the widespread oceans and mighty continents alternately robed in the deepest night and bathed in the splendours of day, the storms on land and sea howling in emulation, while the flashing lightning advances as a herald in the path of the thunderbolt; and at these things the angels are strengthened in their reverence for the creation of such wondrous works.

At this point Mephistopheles appears before the Lord and in a cynically brutal speech sneers at the earth and its boastful possessor man. God replies that he may keep his sneers; since one good man is beyond all his powers to completely ruin; for though such might for a time fall into the deepest sin, yet there still remained in him a conception of the right way which would eventually lead him once more to virtue. And if Mephistopheles wanted to prove this he might take the aspiring Faust and do what he wished with him in life, only to find in the end how vain had been all his efforts. Mephistopheles accepts the offer and after making some sneering remarks departs from the Holy Presence.

We are next at midnight introduced to Faust in his study, where we find him disgusted with human learning and studying magic from a volume of Nostradamus. Turning the pages he comes upon the cabalistic sign of the Earth spirit and invokes its presence. It appears, and its words to Faust are overflowing with sublimity and almost unfathomable in the profundity of their universal meaning:

In the currents of life, in action's storm,  
I float and I wave,  
With billowy motion;  
Birth and the Grave  
A limitless ocean,  
A web ever growing  
A life ever glowing

Thus at the roaring loom of time I ply  
And weave the garment that thou see'st God by.

The spirit departs without alleviating Faust's distress; and he



sinking from one gloomy mood to another, at length resolves on suicide, but is saved from this act by the sound of Easter bells and songs of rejoicing upon his ear and softening his heart once more toward the world. A little later Faust and his famulus Wagner, a perfect representative of that class of beings who think that memorizing catalogues is true learning, walk forth to enjoy the sunshine and the scenes of the sacred morning. Towards evening a black poodle joins the two and returns with them to the study. Faust after Wagner's departure sits down and begins to translate and comment upon the Gospel of John; but is continually interrupted by the poodle, which at last through the master's exorcism comes forth Mephistopheles in the guise of a travelling student. In answer to Faust's question he says he is—

“Part of that power not always understood,  
That ever wills the bad and ever works the good,”

that is in spite of himself.

Mephistopheles is not Satan, but an intellectual devil; the embodiment of the evil tendencies of our nature; and he tempts by trains of reasoning which Faust cannot overcome because they are the echoes of his own doubts; and as Bayard Taylor says, “his cunning, his subtlety, his scathing ridicule and his savage cynicism form a compound which is a little more than human and not completely infernal.”

A compact is made between him and Faust by which the latter is to enjoy through the demon's agency, a feeling of such perfect happiness, that to the passing moment he will exclaim,

“Thou art so beautiful, Oh! still delay.”

And in return he must yield his soul to the Evil One. That is: Faust is to lose his soul through perfect happiness, and Mephistopheles is to produce that happiness by agencies perfectly evil. A strange paradox, and though the demon sees it not; in the solution of the riddle, he is to carry out the character first assigned himself; that of working evil and producing good.

All being ready he takes Faust out into the world, into contact with fellow beings, to charm him with the delights of the senses, and renews his youth, thus preparing him for the part he is to play. Before long Faust meets and falls in love with a young, innocent and beautiful maiden named Margaret, and his love is soon returned. But good is still in him, and her beauty and innocence stirs it to life. Then to avoid being the cause of her destruction he flies from her presence. But by the subtle persuasions of the demon who represents her as dying of sorrow for his absence he at last returns, works her ruin, and in a duel kills, her brother, the soldier Valentine, whose character is distinctly drawn in a single scene. The two then vanish; and we next find them at an inferno—a human carnival held by witches and wizards on May-day night in the Harty Mountain, and presenting

a panorama of the Gothic mind. Here we are terrified and bewildered at the mingling of storm, and light and darkness, witch and phantom, shout and scream, song and laughter, coarse jest and coarser action. Faust remains here a while without pleasure, and at last leaves the place in horror at the sight of what he conceives to be the phantom of Margaret in distress. Hearing that she is in prison for the crime of infanticide he hurries to her relief, enters the prison, finds her reason fled and himself not recognized at first. At last she recognizes him and her old love returns; but she refuses in spite of all pleadings to fly with him. Then in despair he rushes from the cell, and departing hears for the last time her voice calling his name.

Here the first part ends, and to the average reader this is the whole poem. But the plan is yet incomplete. Faust has not yet been so happy as to wish the beautiful moment to delay. Hitherto his experiences have affected only individuals. A measure of disgust even has already begun to seize him, and a feeling that true happiness is the impossible result of evil actions. Even love, instead of making him happy, has only multiplied distresses. Mephistopheles regretting sees this; and so in the second part he places Faust on a broader platform, where he can affect whole races, and where the temptations of ambition, wealth, power and fame may be added to produce the results desired.

In this second part we first find Faust awakening at sunrise on the Alps from a sleep charmed by invisible harps. He has completely forgotten the past and lives only for the future; and but once are we referred to former experiences. We next find him high in favor with a king whose kingdom he, by great wisdom, has saved from disaster. At the desire of the monarch to witness an exhibition of his marvellous powers he raises up Helen of Troy from the Nether World and falls passionately in love with her, for she is the ideal of beauty which subdues and draws him irresistibly towards her. Soon afterwards we see Faust and the demon transported to Pharsalia, where is witnessed a *classical* May-day night in contrast to the Gothic one. Here Goethe introduces all the characters of the old Mythology, and represents the gradual growth of the conception of Beauty from its rude beginning in Egypt and Asia to its culmination in the perfect creation of Greece.

Meanwhile Faust has descended to Hades seeking the possession of Helen. He accomplishes his object, they are wedded, and a son named Euphorion is born to them. All this means that the romantic strength of the north has been united to the beauty-conceiving classical spirit, and there results an offspring in whom are united both these qualities in full perfection. Soon Euphorion dies and Helen vanishes, her garments changing to clouds and bearing Faust away. This means that the ultimate effect of contact with the beautiful, whether it forever remain with us in a

tangible form or not, is to uplift us above all that is sordid and base on earth. For in the belief of Goethe Beauty had even the power of salvation ; and hence from this point the regeneration of Faust begins.

In the fate Euphorion Goethe laments the death of Lord Byron, who had—

“ Song and courage fair and great,  
Early erring o'erimpassioned,  
Youth from him was early torn.”

In the last act Faust, whose high position and sight of human misery in the aggregate has only served to produce sympathy, has for the good of mankind drained and rendered fit for habitation a vast sea-swept marsh. As the completion of the work needs only the possession of one small lot which the owners refuse to sell, Mephistopheles, impatient at not yet having won his wager, murders the possessors, but is foiled in only receiving in return the curses of Faust.

Another scene: midnight, and four dreadful beings, Necessity, Care, Guilt and Woe, seek to enter Faust's mansion. But Care alone finds entrance, and being resisted she strikes him blind. Then the spark of virtue which had been smouldering in his breast burst into flame and all is made clear. The last work on the marsh is quickly completed and Faust at last explains to the passing moment:

“Thou art so beautiful, oh still delay.”

Then he falls dead.

Mephistopheles, sure of victory, gathers his legions to take possession of the soul ; but their attempts and his blasphemous exultations are cut short by a band of angels who descend scattering roses and singing songs of triumph. The demons flee and the spirit of Faust is wafted to everlasting peace. Thus was the riddle solved, the truth of the Evil One's words made clear, that he was:

“Part of that power, not always understood,  
That ever wills the bad and ever works the good.”

And the saying of God was fulfilled, that a good man, however he may err, still retains in his heart a soul-saving knowledge of the right.

E. B., '94.



# The Acadia Athenæum.

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## The Sanctum.

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THE year's work is rapidly drawing to a close and the thought as to what the style of the next calendar may be is surely of interest to all connected with Acadia, for this is, in a general way, supposed to be a fair index to our present prosperity. It is usually taken to represent the character, standing and future inducements of any institution. To many who are unable to visit the various seats of learning, this is almost the only medium through which a judgment of the institution's merits can be formed, and, as such, the appearance of our calendar should be so raised as to guard against its conveying to the public any unfavorable impression. There is no presumption in saying that our institutions compare very favorably with others throughout the provinces, but if the opinion were to be formed from the appearances of the respective calendars ours surely would be pronounced far behind the rest. The calendar is thus an important factor in deciding where the young man, seeking to become an aspirant to university honors, will cast his lot, and in performing this function it is especially needful that our catalogue should not give any erroneous ideas as to the great advantages which Acadia offers in comparison with similar institutions in the maritime provinces. The important results which may therefore accrue from fairly setting forth these inducements which are capable of being presented, should certainly be taken into account. Of course it would not please us to see any vain and ostentatious display, but in the past our calendars have not by any means given even an ordinary representation of our progressive schools, and those of the future may be improved doubly on the present without, perhaps, the least fear of a tendency to over-estimation. An improvement in this direction is certainly needful, and doubtless will be gladly greeted by all.

IT may be of interest to Alumni of Acadia to know that the department of Physics and Astronomy, which they have so generously provided for, is ably managed by Prof. Haley, and is a valuable addition to the University. These two important subjects have hitherto been taught by professors whose other duties forbade their giving the amount of time and attention to them which their importance demanded. Now an energetic and thoroughly competent professor gives his whole time to these two branches of science. During this year the work of the Sophomore class has comprised a course in general Physics, conducted largely by means of experimental lectures, with opportunities for practical work. The aim has been to adopt the course as much as possible to the needs of those preparing for Grade A. licenses. The Junior class has been occupied with work usually required in advanced Mechanics. The subjects of Light and Electricity are treated in a more experimental way than heretofore, and an opportunity is given for laboratory work in either or both of these lines. The course in Astronomy has been conducted by means of weekly lectures, in addition to which the students are required to pass examinations from time to time on assigned chapters in a standard text-book. Some new apparatus has been ordered for the department, but it has been the wish of the professor to wait until the new scheme of options, of which an extended notice will be given in our next number, goes into effect, before making any very large purchases. With the elective system now an accomplished fact, he will be in a position to make such selections as will meet more exactly the requirements of the department.

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BY the death of Mark Curry, of Windsor, Acadia loses one of her best friends. For many years he had a warm interest in our welfare. From 1874 to 1883 he was an influential member of the Board of Governors of the College. The office of Governor was not then, as it is not now to an earnest, honest man, a sinecure. It is the testimony of his associates in office that Mr. Curry's advice was of great value to the Board. He assisted largely in the erection of Chipman Hall and of the college building, and was a liberal giver to all enterprises of an educational kind in connection with the denomination. Three years ago he assumed the support of the Professorship of History and Political Economy, and he has now provided an endowment of \$20,000 for the same. This chair will bear his name and be of great service to the University.

His benefactions to other departments of the work of the Baptist denominations are large. When the provisions of his will have been executed it is expected that the churches of the Maritime Provinces will receive \$10,000 for Foreign Missions. These donations will, if we are not misinformed, place Mr. Curry at the head of all the givers to the benevolent work of the Baptists in

the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Curry's gifts are of money which he earned by legitimate business. He has bequeathed the greater part of the savings of his life's work to the objects named. By so doing he has left the strongest testimony possible for him to bear of his appreciation of the value of education and of religion. He was a man widely known and highly esteemed for his ability, integrity and lofty Christian character. The college will always honor his memory. Certainly the students are grateful for his labors on their behalf. A suitable memorial service was held on the 23rd of February, and in thus distinguishing its benefactor the University did honor to itself. We shall express the desire of our readers when we say: "O for more friends of the like spirit and power to help us."

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THE students have not patronized the lectures this year as well as might be desired. Whether this is due to the new regulations, by which the members of the Athenæum pay an entrance fee, is an open question. The fact remains that they have not been as heartily interested as they might be in this winter's course. This is a regrettable fact, particularly as the society had in mind this year an extra effort in the way of lectures. We hope that the students will in future show more concern in this matter and feel a personal responsibility for the success of our lecture course.

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THE ATHENÆUM has been under extra expense this year due to its enlargement and adoption of the magazine form. Increased funds are necessary to meet current expenses, and so the editors take this occasion to request of their patrons a prompter and more general response to calls for subscriptions. It is only by increase of income that the ATHENÆUM is enabled to progress in respect of its appearance and contents.

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### The Month.

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THE Athenæum is indebted to Mr. Fred. Brown of Wolfville for a copy of Debates of House of Commons. These have been placed in the reading room where all may have access to them.

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THE Athenæum Society was favored at its last meeting by the presence of the members of the Propylæum. The meeting, which was held in President's Hall, was well attended and the entertainment good. Original papers were read by Messrs. Case and Dunlop, and music was provided by a quartette. An able and practical address by Professor Keirstead closed a very enjoyable evening. We hope the ladies will come again.

It will be interesting to those, who in bygone days have frequented the President's class-room, to know that the ancient clock, to which, no doubt, their longing eyes often turned, has been displaced by a more modern looking timepiece. The new clock is the gift of the class of '95, and bears the name of its donor.

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THE Senior Theses have been completed for another year, and those whose duty it was to prepare them, as well as those who were compelled to listen to and criticise them all feel relieved. The subjects with a few exceptions were well calculated to stimulate the student to considerable study. The difficulty of selecting suitable topics for so many papers must be quite difficult; but the Professors who assigned them have been successful to a good degree in accomplishing the object of these essays.

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THE game of Hockey has been quite popular among a portion of the students for the past two months. The Freshmen have played two matches with the Hantsport team, one of which was a draw, the other a victory for '96; who have also beaten the Windsor team, who gained a victory over the Academy boys. On the evening of February 24th, a half mile race was skated in the Wolfville rink between Ralph Smith of Windsor, and Chester McCloskey of Horton Academy, resulting in the defeat of the latter.

\* \* \* \*

THE Propyleum reception, which was held in College Hall on Friday evening, February 10th, was a very pleasant affair. The ladies labored under difficulties in decorating the hall on account of the rain which poured down all day; but, notwithstanding this, they succeeded in giving to that spacious apartment known as College Hall a more inviting appearance than anyone would have believed it capable of possessing. Although the walking was very bad in the evening a large number responded to the invitation of the society and the hall was well filled. The introducing committee were untiring in their efforts to make the evening pleasant to all their guests, and when "God Save the Queen" gave warning that it was time to go, all agreed that they had succeeded admirably.

\* \* \* \*

ON the evening of February 17th, a very interesting lecture was delivered in College Hall, by Rev. A. Robertson of New Glasgow. His subject was "Elizabethan Vikings." Taking Sir Walter Raleigh as the central figure, the lecturer grouped around him such names as Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Gilbert and Grenville, who were the pride of England and the terror of her enemies during the stirring times in which they lived. The characters and deeds of these men were strikingly depicted by the speaker, who attributed their greatness to faith in God, in their country and in duty; and urged his hearers, as Canadians, to exercise the same faith in shaping the future of Canada.

\* \* \* \*

THE members of the Junior Class were entertained at the home of their former class-mate, Mr. Lew Duncanson, on the evening of Feb. 3rd. Both Mr. and Mrs. Duncanson were untiring in their efforts to make

the evening pass off enjoyably. Such events are a pleasing break in the dull monotony of college life. We understand it is Mr. Duncanson's intention to resume his studies at the opening of next college year.

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At present there are enrolled in the Seminary one hundred and twenty, twenty more than at any previous year, and the number of outside pupils is thirty-eight, an increase of about fifteen over former terms. In response to an appeal from Mrs. Laflamme, the young ladies have contributed \$9.10 to obtain a much needed bell for Union Chapel at Babbite. Their Y. W. C. A. has also sent to Miss Gray for the use of Acadia Telugu School for girls \$14.61. Miss Gray formerly was a student at the Seminary, and this school, of which she is Principal, receives its name from our own. She was the first, of six ladies at present from Acadia, to enter upon foreign Missionary work. Photographs of different apartments of the new seminary building have lately been taken for exhibition at the Chicago Fair. Among these are the reception room, studio, large corridor, gymnasium, class-rooms and several teachers' and pupils' rooms, all of which present most pleasing views. Paintings and drawings from the painting department are also being prepared for exhibit. Among rooms that have recently received names are the "Whidden" and "Manning," the latter named by the North Baptist Church of Halifax. The work in the various departments is prospering well, and all assisting friends can see that their efforts are being crowned with success.

\* \* \* \*

On Friday evening Feb. 24th, a musical recital was given by the Pierian Society of Acadia Seminary, in Alumnae Hall. Although the hall was crowded the audience showed their appreciation of the efforts of the young ladies by the strictest attention and by the utmost good order. Special mention should be made of the instrumental music, particularly the piano solos of Misses Neily and Bill. But all the pieces of the following programme were well rendered, the reading forming a pleasing episode among the musical numbers :

#### PROGRAMME.

1. PIANO DUET :  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Garten Melodie,} \dots\dots\dots \text{Schumann.} \\ \text{Beim Kranzenwinden,} \dots\dots\dots \end{array} \right.$   
MISSES CHUTE AND PURDY.
2. VOCAL SOLO : Flower Song (Faust), . . . . . Gounod.  
EMMA TUPPER KNOWLES.
3. PIANO SOLO : Invitation a la danse, . . . . . Weber.  
MAY R PRATT.
4. READING : Mr. Copernicus and the Proletariat, . . . . . H. C. Bunner.  
ELLEN FRANCES BELCHER.
5. VOCAL SOLO : Peacefully Slumber . . . . . Randegger.  
FLORENCE M. SHAND.  
(Violin Obligato by Miss Fitch.)
6. VIOLIN SOLO : Zingara Polka Mazurka, . . . . . C. Faust.  
ETHEL SHAND.
7. PIANO SOLO : Polonaise, No. 1, . . . . . Chopin.  
KATHERINE NEILY.



8. VOCAL SOLO : Humility,..... Schumann.  
 MARY A. WHITE.
9. PIANO SOLO : Sonata G, Op. 14, No. 2,..... Beethoven.  
 ISABEL LYONS BILL.
10. CHORUS : Home, (SOLO BY MISS BILL)..... Abt.  
 MISSES BILL, ROSS, HARRIS, COWAN, MACKEEN, INGRAHAM,  
 QUIRK, E. SHAND, NEILY, WOOD, DOULL, STEWART,  
 KEIRSTEAD, CHIPMAN, CROSBY.  
 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

\* \* \* \*

THE unusually fine sleighing of the past month has been enjoyed by several sleighing parties from the College and Seminary. The ladies of the latter institution embarked one fine afternoon in large sleighs and drove to Kentville and back, accompanied by several satellites who could not resist the attraction. Even the Freshmen awoke to the fact that a sleigh drive would be a good thing and accordingly packed themselves securely in large box which, to be in keeping with its occupants, was made of green spruce boards. The box was then placed on runners and drawn through the village by horses accustomed to hauling heavy material. They all came out of the box alive, and appeared to have had a good time.

\* \* \* \*

OCCASIONALLY the usually monotonous routine of student life is relieved by events of a social nature, which are, perhaps, appreciated by the students of Acadia all the more on account of their rarity. Such an event occurred to cheer the hearts of Acadia's "grave and reverend seniors," when about a month ago they received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. J. Churchill to spend an evening with them at their beautiful home in Hantsport. It is needless to say that the invitation was accepted. Two double teams were chartered to convey the class to Hantsport. There never was better sleighing, and everyone enjoyed the drive immensely. Their arrival at their destination was announced in true college style, and they were cordially received by their kind host. Space does not permit us to tell all the stirring events of the evening; but suffice it to say that conversation and music occupied the time until supper was announced, which was to the boys, after their long drive, by no means the least enjoyable feature of the evening. Then came speeches by several members of the class, one of which deserves special mention, an original poem by one of the gifted lady members, Miss Annie McLean. The sentiment of the poem is embodied in Virgil's oft-quoted verse, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit," which was taken as its subject. After spending a very pleasant evening the class departed at a late hour, and reached Wolfville quite early the next morning. The kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill will long be held in grateful remembrance by the class of '93.

\* \* \* \*

THE regular monthly service of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Sunday evening, February 5th, when Rev. F. O. Weeks preached from the text, Luke xvi; 31. His sermon was a well prepared and logical one, and was much appreciated by the large audience present.

ON Sunday evening, February 12th, the regular monthly missionary meeting occurred. A good audience from the college and village listened.

to excellent papers by Miss Eaton of the Seminary and Mr. Davis of the College. Rev. J. K. McEwen, of Windsor, was present and delivered an interesting address and earnest plea on behalf of the Grand Ligne Mission.

THE Day of Prayer for colleges was observed with appropriate services, on Thursday, February 23rd. A meeting for prayer was held in the chapel at 11 a.m., and in the afternoon a service was held in College Hall. This meeting took the nature of a memorial service in honor to the memory of the late Mark Curry, who was so noble a benefactor of our college and denomination. Prof. Keirstead delivered a sympathetic and practical address, reciting at length the many merits of the deceased gentleman, and drawing therefrom many useful lessons for his hearers. In the evening a prayer service was held in the church which was well attended, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The whole day was marked by a spirit of devotion and earnestness, and there is a widespread desire that its fruit may yet be seen during this college year.

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## The Review.

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Among the realms of higher college journalism the *University of Chicago Weekly* holds a prominent place. As a weekly it certainly is deserving of much commendation. It is a new exchange with us and we gladly welcome it to our tables. Now that several of our graduates are seeking at Chicago further courses, makes us look for our western friend with all the more interest.

The *Niagra Index* has a very readable article entitled, Tennyson's Lyrics. To some it may seem that all topics in connection with England's illustrious Laureate have some time ago been complete exhausted, but this is certainly worthy of perusal. "Tennyson, the greatest master of lyre that has spoken in the Anglo-Saxon tongue since Shakespeare became silent," is here clearly and most pleasingly set forth in regard to this important phrase of his poetry.

The *Theologue* remains quite silent among all our exchanges of various types and sizes, but when it does speak it always has something to say. There is nothing light or frivolous in its character and its articles are always instructive and of most interest to the thoughtful man.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* contains some good articles. One, Plato's Theory of Education and Modern Culture, and another, The Philosophy of Plato, are of special significance to the classical student who is at all interested in ancient philosophy.

*Night and Day*, a monthly magazine edited by T. J. Bernardo, gives a graphic account of the great work which is being done by "Dr. Bernardo's Homes" for orphan and destitute children. The great benefits which this work has been extending to suffering humanity should be of interest to all. For upwards of twenty-six years these institutions have been snatching from imminent danger all waifs and strays upon whom

they have been able to lay kindly hands. Many poor boys and girls have been rescued from privation, suffering and moral peril, of which Christian people in their fair sheltered homes generally have but the faintest conception. Such a work of mercy demands the zealous support of all capable of being moved by the excruciating trials of our fellow mortals.

In the January issue, the *Argosy* comes very boldly to the front in a futile attempt to defend itself against the just and merited criticism of the ATHENÆUM. The exchange editor seems to have made a superhuman effort, and nobly has he exposed himself to our mercy. He seems quite confident that the "toothless monk," as he terms it, has taken up his abode at Acadia. If so, in this respect at least, we have been more fortunate than Mount Allison, for assuredly that personage that fills their exchange editor's chair cannot be anything higher in the grade of development than the preadamite monkey. Judging from the crude and primitive character of the paper throughout, it is easily inferred that that worthy representative of supreme idiocy does not confine his worse than senseless trash to the exchange column alone (or perhaps he is not the only such thing with which they are blest). That half-witted, thick-skulled quadruped, clothed in the gaudy robe of conceit, displays such asinine qualities that it is extremely difficult for even the most fertile imagination to form the slightest conception of such a being. Perhaps if we were acquainted with the demons of darkness from the shades of the dead we would be able to place it. With reluctance we thus expose him, but by bringing the truth fully before the public, some benefit may accrue therefrom, for possibly the evolutionist may there find the long sought "missing link," though at present much deteriorated.

We would recommend to our scathing critic that in future he attempt something original for it would have far more effect. In replying you remind us of street urchins who can retort with nothing but the expression "you are another." Be careful how you talk about misspelled words and use a dictionary more (a dictionary is a book that tells what words mean and also how to say and spell them). If you look in such a book you will not find a word spelled "infinitesimal." We would also advise you to purchase a grammar and composition (these are books that will tell you how to talk, and write words down so that there will be some sense in them). The grammar says that when two or more nouns are joined by *and* they take a verb in the plural; also that *have been* not *has been* is the plural form of the verb. But considering your condition these are somewhat trivial mistakes and quite excusable in you.

You say that you do not supply brains. How absurd to talk of supplying an article of which the home demand is so extensive. The statement is self-evident to one reading your paper, for it is certainly the most brainless, senseless thing (save its exchange editor) in all creation. You surely either have none of that indispensable commodity, or else have forgotten the old proverb, "charity begins at home."

It is somewhat beneath our dignity to give so much space noticing a thing so insignificant, but as the Lord of the Manor, straying through his field might stop a moment to crush to death one of those cursed

animals that is doomed forever to crawl upon its belly, so in passing we notice you. No doubt you will utter many dying kicks and groans, for even the lowest representative of snake though ever so badly crushed, will wriggle his tail till sunset, but we shall not again turn aside to give attention to a matter of such insane frivolity.

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## De Alumnis.

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REV. DR. W. B. BOGGS, '65, published lately a third edition of his work on "The Baptists, Who are They, and What do They Believe."

HON J. W. LONGLEY, M. A., '71, has lately been honored by England by his election as Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

BENJ. RAND, PH. D., '75, assistant in philosophy at Harvard University, issued last year a second edition of his compilation, "Economic History since 1763." This work has been adopted by most of the leading colleges of the United States, and this year Acadia fell into line. Dr. Rand is not the only Acadia man who has contributed to recent economic literature. Prof. S. M. MCVANE, M. A., '65, also of Harvard, is the author of a work on political economy.

C. R. HIGGINS, B. A., '91, has accepted a tempting offer of a situation in a bank in Astoria, Oregon.

H. N. SHAW, B. A., '91, sang with much acceptance at the annual conversazione of Trinity University, Toronto, on February 7th last.

P. S. HAMILTON, a matriculant of '44, died at Halifax on February 22nd, and a career of distinction in politics and literature was closed.

PROF. JAS. DE MILLE, a matriculant of '49, and for two years registered in the college, is posthumously re-appearing before the public. Lee & Sheppard, Boston, are about issuing a second edition of his B. O. W. C. series, and there is also being published in handsome form under the supervision of Prof. M. Mehan, of Dalhousie, a long, hitherto unpublished poem by him.

REV. R. E. GULLISON did not rejoin the junior class after the Xmas vacation, and the news comes of his ordination on February 3rd at Beaver River, where he is now officiating as pastor.

A printer's error of a serious nature crept into the last issue of "De Alumnis." Two personal items became united so that it was made to appear that A. J. Crocket, B. A., '92, was ill in Chicago, when it was M. H. McLean, B. A., '92.

I make the Alumni announcements through the ATHENÆUM because I believe that it should be to far greater extent than it has ever yet been the organ of the whole University.

Last year I suggested that it was the duty of the Alumni and students to develop and perfect the faculties we now have instead of starting new schemes, and a few months ago I gave a brief outline of what has been done by the Alumni Association. In order that Alumni may see what is yet to be done in the coming four months I give the list of subscribers to the Alumni Professorship fund. It is as follows: Hon. Dr. Parker, C. B. Whidden, H. H. Bligh, A. P. Shand, Rev. Dr. Goodspeed, Rev. Dr. Sawyer, Rev. I. C. Archibald, Rev. E. N. Archi-

bald, Rev. F. H. Beals, B. H. Bentley, Rev. I. E. Bill, E. M. Bill, H. S. Blackadar, J. E. Barss, S. P. Benjamin, Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Dr. Barss, Rev. Howard Barss, O. N. Chipmar., E. P. Coldwell, G. E. Chipman, Rev. A. C. Chute, Prof. A. E. Coldwell, Hon. J. P. Chipman, H. C. Creed, Dr. A. K. DeBlois, Rev. E. E. Daley, O. T. Daniels, H. T. DeWolfe, J. C. Dumaresq, Rev. J. T. Eaton, C. A. Eaton, B. H. Eaton, F. H. Eaton, L. F. Eaton, Prof. Wm. Elder, Dr. F. F. Eaton, C. B. Freeman, E. P. Fletcher, Z. L. Fash, G. H. Fielding, W. F. Fitch, Rev. W. C. Goucher, O. P. Goucher, E. E. Gates, Rev. J. B. Ganong, Rev. M. C. Higgins, C. R. Higgins, W. L. Holloway, W. N. Hutchins, A. M. Hoare, Prof. F. R. Haley, R. G. Haley, Dr. D. F. Higgins, H. G. Harris, D. B. Hemeon, Rev. R. M. Hunt, Hon. J. W. Johnstone, Dr. R. V. Jones, Rev. S. B. Kempton, Rev. A. J. Kempton, A. C. Kemp-ton, Rev. A. T. Kempton, Rev. Prof. Keirstead, T. J. Locke, Rev. Joseph Murray, J. B. Mills, J. S. Morse, Rev. N. A. McNeill, Rev. J. H. McDonald, M. H. McLean, C. H. McIntyre, I. B. Oakes, Rev. J. M. Parker, J. Parsons, W. F. Parker, Rev. G. P. Raymond, Rev. W. H. Robinson, M. S. Read, Dr. H. H. Read, C. D. Rand, T. S. Rogers, Rev. W. T. Stackhouse, F. M. Shaw, H. N. Shaw, Rev. D. H. Simpson, A. A. Shaw, Dr. M. C. Smith, E. W. Sawyer, C. E. Seaman, H. S. Shaw, Rev. M. B. Shaw, L. M. Smith, Rev. G. E. Tufts, A. R. Tingley, G. J. C. White, Rev. Sydney Welton, Rev. G. R. White, Wm. B. Wallace, H. F. Waring, C. M. Woodworth, Rev. F. O. Weeks, E. C. Whitman.

The total amount subscribed is \$795 per year. The first six names were handed me by the late secretary. Nearly all the names are of annual subscribers till they give notice to the contrary. By far the largest subscriber is C. D. Rand, B.A., of Vancouver. The graduates of the last three years are the most liberal according to their means. The remittances so far have been small. It may fairly be expected that some whose names are not on this list will give regularly as they have in the past: Between \$200 and \$250 may fairly be expected from annual fees. It will be noticed that New England, Chicago, Toronto, St. John, Yarmouth, Windsor, Truro and Amherst are not well represented in the above list. The gentlemen who have charge of these districts may be expected to send in charming reports soon. To sum up there is much to encourage, but what has been done is very paltry if we are to support the professorship and endow the chair in the near future.

The list is published to suggest the amount of work to be done. Of my letters to graduates of more than five years standing about one-fourth are answered, and many of these not favourably. Their classmates might induce them to become interested. I am a stranger to them. Look over the list, see how many of the names of your classmates are not in it and write to them. Let each man strive to maintain the honor of his class as well as the alumni and make this undertaking a grand success. Only \$600 have been subscribed toward the endowment. Are there not fifteen classes who will subscribe \$2,000 each toward the endowment, to be paid within five or seven years? In my own class can there not be found ten who will undertake it? It is suggested there may be. It would be creditable to the alumni to subscribe or guarantee the endowment by the time of our June meeting, and it may well be that united, earnest and enthusiastic labor would accomplish the work

better in that time than to let it hang by the thumbs through several years. If this were accomplished the society would then be open to new undertakings.

Among the Alumni there is lack of organization as a whole, lack of local organization and lack of class organization. The last can perhaps only be dealt with by future graduating classes. The two former can be dealt with by all. Some better means may be devised for reaching all the members. This would be rendered easier if there was some local organization. In New England this will hereafter be remedied by the New England Branch, in the organization of which C. A. Eaton, B. A., and B. A. Lockhart, B. A., LL. B., are moving energetically. But in other places much could be done by the formation of Acadia Clubs. In Halifax, for instance, there are at least forty-five persons who are members of the Alumni Society or have attended Acadia. Had there been an Acadia Club for the last twenty-five years loyalty to Acadia would have been preserved and sociability promoted and new members helped, while the Club would be a power in Halifax for Acadia to-day. What has not been done in the past can be done in the future. The annual dinner and educational meeting under the auspices of the Halifax Acadia Club would be looked forward to with interest. Halifax affords only an instance of the opportunities existing in Yarmouth, Wolfville, Windsor, Truro, Amherst, St. John and Toronto. I do not see why Acadia Clubs should not exist as well as Yale or Harvard Clubs.

Remittance and subscriptions to the Alumni Professorship fund will be thankfully received by

C. M. WOODWORTH,  
Secy.-Treas. Associated Alumni,  
120 Dresden Row, Halifax, N. S.

February 22, 1892.

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## Collis Campusque.

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S. S. S. S. S. S. What does it mean?

Say! What would be the *idear* of bringing that gun to rest?

Who inquired if Longfellow was ever poet-laureate?

Freshman's *origonal* method of spelling.

How many blocks are wanting in a full-rigged ship? And the captain quickly answers—thirty-four.

Remember, Freshman, and wear your gymnasium costume to the proper place, not to church.

A practical presentation of the question "Does tobacco injure the human system?" was given, when the skeleton appeared with a long amber in his clenched jaws.

What meaneth that vacant, stony gaze to the regions above the church clock?

'Tis a First Year's new method of attempting Cupid's wiles.

What caused a certain Junior's reluctance to leave the physiology room?

Certain young men do not take advantage of their opportunities to acquire knowledge, or at least do not put themselves in the circumstances requisite to receive such, as is forcibly exemplified by the oldest parson in the Institution, at the mention of the much quoted gourd of Jonah, innocently inquiring "And what is that?"

A certain Freshman, feigning to be somewhat atheistical, simperingly mutters:—

"Prof., I would not believe anything except what I know."

Prof's. mild reply:—"In that case your belief would not oppress you."

A bewildered Soph., in a storm of loose poetry, as he becomes more and more agitated by following the perspective, at length bursts forth: "A pilot! A pilot!"

And the English student read boldly on: "Ye are green wood, see ye warp not." <sup>mis'g'd</sup>

Prof's. inquiry:—"To what does that refer?"

Student's ready reply:—"To Freshmen."

Prof.—"What made that gas turn green?"

Practical Soph.—"It was only the reflection of a Freshman passing the window."

Junior, with a woe-begone look on his face at an early stage of the reception, "Say, B——, aren't the Sems. coming to-night?"

First Student.—"Say J——, how many Sems. have you met?"  
J——. "Wait till I count my tally."—Hereupon he hauls out a handful of broken matches and finds, to his consternation, that he only has met seven.

The question sometimes arises: "Is co-education a good thing." Perhaps the following may throw some light on the subject: One of our Juniors has become so enamoured that the objects of his affections is ever uppermost in his mind. When the Prof. calls the roll he answers to her name.

A miller there came to our College fair,  
On his upper lip was a straggling hair.  
"It grew, it grew," like the peach in the rhyme.  
Till it came to view in the course of time.

Not being content with its ruddy hue,  
He started two sidelights; they grew and grew,  
Till his ears were hid in their shaggy growth,  
And the wind sighed mournfully through them both.

With careful thought he decided to grow  
A full-fledged whisker, above and below.  
The college and town in wonder were soon,  
As they saw his beard, a full golden moon.

Many days and weeks in triumph he passed.  
One morning he came and we all stood aghast,  
His chin and lip were as bare as a ball,  
And his classmates bounced him clean to the wall.

But the final stage put the rest to shame.  
One morning bright to the class room he came,  
With his face as bare as a badger grey,  
And a twinkling eye, as much as to say—  
It is finished.

As the young man rolls back in his chair, his attention is arrested by a hearty laugh that comes trilling from the street underneath. Gazing quickly in the region from whence the sound protruded, he sees two from the "region of the fair" approach, with beaming expectancy in every look and joyful buoyancy in every step. What hath wrought the change? Are not these under the constitution of the Medes; or have they so broken these enactments—so encroached upon those long standing fruits of faithful administration? Whence then cometh these aberrations? Whence cometh this marvelous transformation—from restrained cheerfulness unto cheerfulness restrained? These and many kindred interrogations chase each other through his not unpleasant comments. Nor is he left long to guess but all is speedily revealed, and all made straight and plain. When a polite entrance is secured and he is confronted by a mild and kindly request to "buy a ticket for our concert please?"

The morning sun shone o'er the encampment of the sophi. The braves are on the warpath and a council gathers around the camp fire as the traditional pipe is smoked in gloomy silenee. At length the mighty Chief Hookiwooligooli rises 'mid a silence deep and awful. He stretches forth his sinewy arm and says in accents fierce and guttural: "Young hawks of the mountain find the traitor who steals into our camp on his errands of mischief like the wind of the night. Watch for him with an eye as clear as a star, and ye may do with him as ye will." He sits down amid muttered "good"—"good" from the dusky braves around the embers, and things apparently move onward in their ordinary wont. But ye gods of noise what is that? A howl rises as though the fiends of darkness were on a sophomore racket. The eager Sophi jumps like the crouching panther, seizes tomahawk and spear, and rush forth with war whoop to the scene of excitement. The traitor has been found. With shrieks of vengeance he lays around him. The young bucks leap through the air like bullets, whooping and flourishing tomahawks. The daring Nickowaki seizes him by the legs, and double jointed Squashus pins his mighty arm. They hurry the struggling form to the waters brink, there to bury him in its crystal bosom. But why do the braves scatter like the leaves before the autumn wind? The mighty Hookiwooligooli strides forward like a western blizzard, and in a voice that echoed to the loftiest mountain bade the knaves begone, and, like a ministering angel, hauled the victim from his watery doom.

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## Acknowledgments.

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W. C. Vincenz, Miss Durkee, H. R. Simson, Blanche Bishop, Katie R. Hall, John Moser. L. B. Crosby, Miss Alice Cooke, H. A. Stewart, H. T. Peck, F. E. Cox, \$1.00 each. W. J. Rutledge, W. S. Redden, L. Masters, Rev. A. Cohoon, W. J. Parker, W. G. Clark, Miss Estelle, A. Cook, \$2 00 each. Rev. D. A. Steele, Burpee Wittir, \$3.00 each. J. H. Lovit, \$4.00. J. W. Vaughan, 90 cents. Prat and Collins, G. H. Wallace, C. H. Borden & Co., \$3.50 each (ad). J. W. Caldwell, \$6.00 (ad). Rhodes Curry & Co., \$8.00. T. A. Munroe, \$1.75 (ad).