

# The Acadia Athenaeum.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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## Ode.

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MID the deep quiet of this morning hour,  
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,  
By feelings urged that do not vainly seek  
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes  
That stream in blithe succession from the throats,  
Of birds, in leafy bower,  
Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.  
—There is a radiant though a short-lived flame.  
That burns for Poets in the dawning east ;  
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,  
When the captivity of sleep has ceased ;  
But he who fixed immovably the frame  
Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,  
A solid refuge for distress—  
The towers of righteousness ;  
He knows that from a holier altar came  
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice ;  
Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise  
The currents of this matin song ;  
That deeper far it lies  
Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

—WORDSWORTH.

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## The Relation of the Study of Literature to the Study of Philosophy

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Notes of the Opening Lecture at Acadia College Oct. 9, 1896

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BY PROF. E. M. KEIRSTEAD, D. D.

Continued from November issue

“PHILOSOPHY” (said says, “is *in the end* at one with poetry. It might even be said that *ultimately* it is nothing more than an attempt to prove that which poetry assumes as given, or to enable us by reflection to recognize as the universal principle of reality that ideal which poetry exhibits to us in special creation. Yet the essential differences of method make it difficult for two such disparate activities to come to any understanding with each other.”

And so we always look upon philosophy as one thing and upon literature as another. And we accordingly now ask how the study of literature helps the study of philosophy?

It helps (1) *by giving us the most interesting and instructive presentation of man*. Of course in studying what is in man there is (a) *The introspective method*, the study of consciousness, the looking into the mind itself in its operations to see what is taking place there. Nothing can replace this kind of study. It is true that in examining this action we have only our recollection of states of consciousness; but this knowledge is close and personal and becomes to each the key to the consciousness of others,—the condition of interpreting the acts of others.

And it is marvelous what one will find in the mind if it be closely observed. Browning's words are true here as in other departments of thought: "Keep but ever looking, whether with the body's eye or the mind's, and you will soon find something to look on! Has a man done wondering at women?—there follow men, dead and alive, to wonder at. Has he done wondering at men?—there's God to wonder at: and the faculty of wonder may be, at the same time, old and tired enough with respect to its first object, and yet young and fresh sufficiently, so far as concerns its novel one."

You remember Kant's statement that there were two things of which he never tired thinking—the starry sky above him and the moral law within him, showing how even one of the laws of the mind may become the object of profound and continuous meditation. Introspection must ever be prominent in the philosopher's investigations.

But introspection is not all; it is not enough. A philosopher needs all the facts of human life that can be compassed by a finite mind. He needs a knowledge of *man* and not simply of *a man*—even of so good a man as himself. And so literature comes to his aid as revealing what is in other members of the race—men, women and children.

It gives the most interesting presentation of man's *intellectual* powers. Read a book of philosophy like Locke's or Hamilton's *Metaphysics* and you have indeed a valuable setting forth of man's mind as far as you can exhibit it in a chart. But then read literature and what a new thing man's mind becomes to us. Look at this intellect in its operations as depicted by the great authors, and what marvellous powers it is seen to possess. See what various views of nature are presented by Chaucer and Wordsworth, Shelley and Tennyson—to go no farther afield. Or see men and women as they are set

before us in the complex relations of life in the drama. Follow the intellect as shown in the range of characters from Caliban to Hamlet : from Juliet's nurse to Portia, and Desdemona and Cordelia. See the mind growing to evil's heights in an Edmund or rising to such types of faithfulness as Horatio and Kent. Or look at the exhibition of conscience in the remorse of Lady Macbeth or Claudius or Dimmesdale and compare this with a cold analysis of a moral faculty. See the working of this conscience as portrayed in the multifarious forms of tragedy, in the many types of society, and the moral law will be to us as almost wonderful as it was to Kant.

Look at the range of desires, affections, benevolent and malevolent, set before us in any great writer and the mental phenomena exhibited strike us as so vast in range, so capable of combination as to make man the masterpiece of God's creation.

We say with Hamlet, "What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god !"

In a word this exhibition of what man's intellect is in its range, its elasticity, its power can be given nowhere as it is in life and in life as it is seen in literature. It is this view of the intellect in its extent and richness that is in Milton's mind when he makes Belial say :

"For who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion."

In brief, literature gives to us the fullest, the most interesting and the most instructive presentation of man.

Still further the author is *himself* a revelation of what man is. So Milton could say : "Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image : but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." The author by the method he shows in marshalling facts, by the analysis of his subject, by his comprehensiveness of grasp sets before us what man is in some measure. This is what Emerson means when he says : "We owe to books those general benefits which come from high

intellectual action. Thus, I think, we often owe to them the perception of immortality. They impart sympathetic activity to the moral power. Go with mean people and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us, who will not let us sleep. Then they address the imagination: only poetry inspires poetry. They become the organic culture of the time."

So the great masters have presented the world of life with their own greatness.

Says Caird: "If we could learn the circumstances of the Trojan war as a contemporary historian might chronicle them, we should not know nearly so much of the inner movement and development of the Greek spirit as Homer has told us." Also, "Thus before Shakespeare's characters most ordinary human beings seem like the shadows of the dead in Homer."

The genius of the writer who can thus portray the life of a bygone time is itself a revelation of man.

And all this is in part the material out of which philosophy must be made

If we add hereto the phenomena of a religious character set before us in literature of all kinds, we shall be in possession of those manifestations of mind which are to be classified by the philosophic thinkers. It is said, "Philosophy is not a first venture into a new field of thought, but the rethinking of a secular and religious consciousness, which has been developed, in the main, independently of philosophy."

In this respect then, literature is an aid to the study of philosophy.

There is one other way in which the study of literature aids the study of philosophy.

There is the fact that it shows *men in society*. Introspection only shows men as individual persons. But man gets his completeness only in relation to his fellows.

And literature presents man in society. At present there is much of this kind of writing, Dickens, Tolstoi, George Eliot, and hosts of others in fiction, as well as Carlyle and Spencer, like Plato of the past, even as literary workers, bring men before us in the organized relations of society.

And the laws of their relation are so clearly suggested that the views of the writers become the material of the philosopher. Sociology, for example, which has assumed so large a place in the curricula of many universities, while it

has to be founded on a philosophy is prominent in the field of literature before the thinker in philosophy takes it up. It is in this wide and varied, and accurate acquaintance with literature that the student becomes acquainted with himself in the first place, and then with his fellows, and so with the race. Thus he is in a position to investigate the unities that lie at the basis of society. So does literature and philosophy.

II. We now ask : *How is the study of literature helped by the study of philosophy ?*

1. It must be said in the first place *that philosophy supplies the assumptions of all studies and so to the study of literature.*

All studies, all sciences, have their assumptions. Astronomy, for example, which is generally regarded as one of those most pure and separate of all assumptions, involves the ideas of space and time and matter at its basis and those ideas philosophy gives.

Says Robert Flint : "The scientist often fancies that he is a man who takes nothing on trust; in reality, he takes everything on trust, because he accepts without question or reservation thought itself as naturally truthful and its laws as valid. Whatever a multitude of superficial scientists may suppose to the contrary, the fact is that the entire procedure of science and philosophy, in so far as it is simply a generalization of science, is assumptive and dogmatic. At bottom, science, which is so often contrasted and opposed to faith, is mere faith, implicit faith, and in the view of a serious and consistent scepticism must be a blind faith."

These assumptions are presupposed in the science of history, of psychology, of sociology and of ethics.

And as literature touches every side of human living and as it gives a picture of life it is full of the same assumptions which philosophy examines, so the student of literature cannot really investigate these literary specimens without investigating the principles of philosophy.

Thus while literature furnishes the materials for philosophy, the principles of philosophy must be a constructive force in literature.

As your architect is powerless without the building materials, and yet you cannot see the real meaning of your materials until your architect has put them in their places, so you cannot see the beauty and significance of the matter of literature until you know the philosophy at its basis.

You must therefore know something, at least, of the philosophy of the time to understand its literature. *In Me-*

*moriam* for example, cannot be understood without reference to the implied theology and philosophy.

The more thorough your knowledge of philosophy, therefore, the fuller will be your appreciation of the poet's genius in relating his concrete subject to great principles.

Thus if we look carefully into our literature we shall find much of it tinged with agnosticism, and if we trace that back to its source we find it the result probably of the negative attitude of some great German thinker.

We do not read books now and immediately cast them aside. We ask what they teach. And if we be not careful we shall take our philosophy from literature, instead of making literature furnish the matter for our philosophy. As every man is something of a philosopher it is well for him to get his doctrine from the best sources. Only when literature is kept in its place does it fulfil its true office; only then do we really understand it.

2. *Philosophy helps the student of literature by helping him to interpret language.*

Poetry, for instance, is beauty in language. To discern that beauty, to know literature, language must be interpreted. But only as we know philosophy and psychology can we really know language. We must not forget that language itself is "the great confessional of the human heart," the supreme expression of the human mind.

The relation between the words and thought must therefore be examined.

The definition of a name given by Hobbes—"A sign taken at random for a mark that will raise a thought like some thought we had before and which being pronounced raises a similar thought in the mind of the hearer"—is very good as showing the function of words to give continuity to our own mental life and to relate us to the mental life of others. But we cannot rest in mere nominalism. Language, we believe, expresses the soul of man and to know that soul its expression must be studied philosophically.

I have been told that a professor at Yale is devoting himself to the study of the use of the subjunctive mood in the writings of a single Latin author and that he is showing by psychology and philosophy the absurdity of many of the grammars constructed on the deductive principle alone.

This I take it will be the second help afforded to the study of literature by philosophy, that it will give him principles and insight for the interpretation of language. The

words will not be simply bright images and pictures, but parts of larger pictures and suggestive of realities.

3. *The study of philosophy helps the student of literature by so far enlarging his conceptions as to enable him to interpret the great masters of literature.*

If a small man undertakes to interpret Shakespeare or Browning he will make his author seem as small as himself. But set a mind to interpret these, or other authors who know from experience of self and other; how subtle and incapable of being put into definite form and expression are the thoughts that are suggested by true greatness and the man gets a vision almost like that of Moses. Many of the deepest truths taught by Aeschylus or Sophocles or Browning cannot be understood unless there has been the previous consecutive thinking and unifying processes of philosophic study. The same is true of the Bible, which is probably the most virile book in all literature.

4. *Philosophy helps to a knowledge of literature because it helps to read the history of the literature intelligently.*

There are schools of philosophy and often these schools give rise to types and schools of literature. So by knowing their philosophic principles you trace the streams or tendencies of literature in a natural and not in a merely mechanical way. Thus Spinoza is said to have influenced Goethe, and so Coleridge, and so Carlyle and Emerson. And thus some of our thought.

This will keep us from making our division of literature merely chronological. It will enable us to detect somewhat of the forces operative through the ages and to feel how certainly a Mind is guiding in the multifarious life of man. The true history of literature is a history of thought, and philosophy alone can give us such a history.

Thus the careful student will be helped by philosophy to detect the assumptions pervading literature, to interpret language adequately, to understand the great literary masterpieces and to obtain a true conception of the history of literature.

It may not be useless for us as students to note some consequences of these views.

1. And first we must carefully distinguish literature from philosophy or we shall not understand either.

Many persons suppose they enjoy poetry when it is really the philosophy they appreciate. Some of the critics think it is the philosophy of *In Memoriam* that readers value when these readers suppose it is the poetry.

The imagination in the figures, the diction, the inner essence, the true sense of beauty is one thing. The philosophic suggestion is another. Each is good. Each is to help the other. But they must not be confounded. As Mrs. Carlyle says: "It is the mixing of things that is the great bad."

2. We further see that the study of literature is no mean study. It is not easy if it be made a real study. It takes hold of all the elements of mind and generally demands more mind than the student possesses. There are multitudes seeking to study literature. The impression seems to be that any one can master so easy a subject. It is said, indeed, that many of them do not get much out of their work. That is no doubt true. But the number of people is very great who do not get much out of anything.

To really master literature requires life-long devotion, tireless patience, the eager insatiable thirst for beauty and truth, for life itself.

If a man is willing to pay the price of work and surrender and prayer for the ethical qualities that are the condition of the entrance into real life let him come to the granary of the ages. If not, let him go and make shoes, or pick stones, or labor at any other honorable employment, but let him not insult the saints by bringing his empty head and frivolous heart to their sacred presence.

Probably people never make themselves more ridiculous than when they pass estimates on books the seals whereof they are not able to open. Wherein they judge another they condemn themselves.

3. We can, from the course of thought presented, easily see the difficulty of teaching literature.

In the great Universities the lecture rooms where literature is taught are filled with students. But there is as yet no agreement as to methods of teaching this subject. Professors in the same University hold opposite opinions and use different methods. Some demand what they call thorough work, by which they mean the effort to make literature a science. They desire the history of every word, the classification of all the epithets, the arrangement of all forms in a regular system.

Others do not favor this analytical method by which every trace of beauty, every sense of the spiritual, every artistic element is remorselessly destroyed by grammar and lexicon. These persons live in the region of the aesthetic and value only those phases of thought which appeal to their sympathies.

A third class of teachers seek to combine those methods



and to add other elements of instruction. These desire clearness of mental vision and perception of the inward spirit and essence of the thought. But they also look upon literature not as something apart from life, but as the expression of life,—life personal, life social, life national, life religious. And so the patient study of words and the continuous philosophic thinking contribute to the life they already possess. In this spirit and with this aim it would be hard to fail in the work of teaching. Without it success would be slight.

4. We see how a literary taste is to be cultivated.

It has often been taught that a literary taste is shown by one's power to express himself after the style of Addison or of Macaulay or some other writer or school of writers. In this view literary form has been regarded much as the style of dress current in any period. It has been looked upon as a matter of form of the external.

But the only discussion here presented is of a deeper character and indicates that literary taste is not so simple a matter. In this view taste is not a distinct faculty, but a harmony resulting from a combination of many elements. Only the undeveloped taste likes one thing so much that it will not look at another. The developed taste will take the instincts which literature develops, such as rhythm, love of story, truthfulness of representation, and demand that they be real and not mere forms. It will be characterized by an ever increasing sense of reality. The material must be real elements of humanity; the beauty must be real beauty; the rhythm must be real rhythm; the story must have part in human life. The plan must not be a fancy, but a law of life. So we grow in love of truth and have impatience with falsehood.

The mind will have an increasing sensitiveness and delicacy, so that it will detect beauty where others do not; it will have an impatience with everything artificial; it will treat the means of artists only as means and never as the ends,—the means of placing before us our human souls; it will have the elements so balanced that harmony will result. In brief, style will not be a trick to be learned, but the free expression of a developed mind—the result of prolonged surrender to the discipline that concerns the senses, the feelings, the representative and creative imagination. "The style is the man." "The spirit of literature is just the spirit of the highest human life." Get that full life and culture and you will gain the literary style.

5. The views presented, I venture to think, make apparent to us how great our inheritance is in the English litera-

ture and language. It is so vast that we are puzzled by its very richness to know how to use it. But it certainly must be too large and rich to be minimized into anything merely artificial. Its result must be to enable us to drink at the "ancient founts of inspiration" and to receive into ourselves whatever "the spoils of time have left." It must bind us near to our fellow men of the ages and to the spirit of Him whose words were spirit and life. So all study and all experience will reveal to us truth and our own possibilities of growth, and a single ordinance of Christianity will suggest the law of daily expectation.

"Look thou not down but up !

To uses of a cup,

The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,

The new wine's foaming flow,

The Master's lips a-glow !

Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with  
earth's wheel ?

### Football

FOOT-BALL is always characteristic of the first part of the Collegiate Year. Acadia has ever been an enthusiastic promoter of the game; and has won a reputation for perseverance and triumph over circumstances that has elicited praise from opponents and admiration from her supporters. We have always felt that Acadia has laboured under a decided disadvantage. The isolation of Wolfville, unlike the "splendid isolation" of old England, has often led to our detriment. Dalhousie our only collegiate opponent, unless some of the able New Brunswick teams follow the pigskin into Nova Scotia, is able to play us but once a year, and it is then for the first time that Acadia's fifteen line up together. In spite of the difficulties the "Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Yah ! Yah ! Yah !" of many hoarse and desperate throats have often betokened that a noble fight has terminated in a well-won victory.

This year the foot-ball team contained its usual brawn and muscle and under the heroic efforts of Capt. Morse, put up a fight that will always be remembered with considerable satisfaction. The first game of the season was played with Mt. Allison, the New Brunswick boys being fortunate enough to convert their try into a goal, thus making the score 5 to 3 in their favor. The next was our annual contest with Dalhousie, and here as in the former game, the superiority of the City team in experience and practice showed up to her advantage. That perseverance and determinateness, however, that Acadia has always been famous for, here stood the home team well in need. Urged on by the encouraging cries of Capt. Morse, who being injured in

the preceding game was unable to play, the Knights of the red and blue plunged fearlessly into the strife, and retired at last, beaten, but beaten gloriously. In both contests the visiting team handled themselves in fine form, and put up a gentlemanly and creditable game. Acadia's team individually deserve great praise for their noble efforts, and the brilliant and plucky plays of Freeman, Conrad, McCurdy, Morse, Rose and Ferris are worthy of special mention. In the game with Halifax Morse's place was taken by Crandall, who with Duval won fresh laurels for himself. It remains to congratulate Capt. Morse on the skillful and efficient way in which he handled his men; and to remark that Acadia in times past may have had a better team in point of practice and experience, but never a pluckier one than the team of '96.

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### Cathedral Building

BEAUTY is Truth. In all the quaint old legends it is so. The two Twin Sisters are never absent. Their subtle fingers have woven into the web of Antiquity patterns of surprising fairness; their inspiration has kindled the fire of poetic genius; nations in the first flush of victory have fallen across the threshold of the Morning: worlds have trembled at their speaking. Beauty is truth. In the ceaseless surging of the times the spirit has departed, the form has dominated; in the ceaseless surging of the times man has fallen. Fresh and beneficent they drift upon the troubled waters when three thousand years or more have failed to dim the lustre of their presence or mar the deftness of their touch.

It was always so. Our superstitious ancestors wondered at the strange relationship and rather than blur the softness of their mythical coloring sacrificed reason to emotion. They had no cynics in those days. They had no reasoners. All that was beautiful was true. It mattered but little to tell them it was a fable. It made them happy, and if it made them happy why dismiss it? After all what do we know of anything? Is there anyone in this great, wise century who has defined Truth? Was there anyone in the foolish Past who babbled of Truth? Will there be any in the Future? We reason and are miserable. They believed and were happy. They labored under an illusion? Perhaps so—but who is there to tell us that we are not also laboring under an illusion far more deceptive than their own?

Cathedral building is an art. To us it is merely an art; a seen and an unseen something that awakens the latent spirit of appreciation. To the mediæval monks it was an art, but an art is a far different signification. To them it was a religion, a breathing existence; the essence of all things known and unknown. Noon and night in the lonely cell; the vision of completion was their only sustenance: noon and night their one ambition; noon and night their death. The winds of winter shrieked in the crannies of the cloister. The petals of an errant summer hid the ruinous wall. Blocks of marble torn

from their rocky fastness are blocks of marble still. Blocks of marble in the hands of a carver are blocks no longer. Chip by chip the meaningless setting departs. Breath by breath the imprisoned existence awakes—Truth and Beauty again. Ah! the Twin Sisters are deceptive. All those long years the monks labored for a divinity of which they knew nothing. They labored but not in vain. Their creed was written in words. It was also written in stone. Day by day as they chanted, day by day as the passionate outgoing of the heart found its culmination in an etching of wondrous sublimity they crept a little farther from Jerusalem. They crept from Jerusalem? Yes, Jerusalem the city; Jerusalem a mortal entity; Jerusalem the humanity, but not Jerusalem the divinity. Flesh and Blood were their model. The crucified man-god was their mirror. The redeemed God-man was their master.

Truth is the essence of Religion. Beauty is Truth. At the fabled fountain of immortality the Twin Sisters drank deep. At the same fountain drank Rhyme. Hence in the better sense of the word a Cathedral is a poem. The dim sanctuary, the stained windows, the matchless imagery are all symbols. The pious monk as he shaded the softness of the Madonna's hair and gave it an indescribable beauty was only expressing the indescribable beauty of his soul. The holy father as he wove the spotless draperies for the altar was only symbolizing his own spotlessness. Nothing is more expressive of the spirit than the works of the spirit. A pointed arch is only an arch, you say. Yes, it is an arch. It is also a manifestation, a prayer, a holy aspiration in stone. Long and wearisome is its growth. Long and wearisome is its sacredness. The body of the beginner is the dust of the finisher. Architects of time are architects of mortality, but their reward is without end.

Cathedral building is an art. Religion is an art: the most sacred, the most perfect of all arts. We worship the Trinity and yet the Trinity is one. Both are indiscernible, both are eternal and both are one.

The sentiment of mediæval christianity was deceiving. The world was totally blind, the Church was color blind. Excessive brightness is as misleading as stygian darkness. The old monk as he portrayed the inexpressible tenderness of the Saviour's features did not know that the handiwork of his genius was a representation of what he felt ought to be, not a delineation of what was. He did not know the lineaments of That Face. He did not know the characteristics of That Body. But he did know the dictates of his own benediction. Deep in his heart was enshrined a Saviour. It was distinct from his brother's Saviour. It was his own Saviour; his own estimation; his own conception of Beauty. He fought for Divinity and won it, but Divinity was Beauty.

Michael Angelo was an artist: he was also a worshiper. The architectural triumph of St. Peter's was his conception of Art. The inexpressible something that the art stood for, was his conception of Divinity. If he failed at the crucial test; if he arose above the com-

mon faults of humanity ; if his Ideal was as far removed from the Real as the east is from the west his conception was still the standard of universal christianity. Our conception is his and the image that hangs from the rosary but faintly expresses what one great genius worshipped as the Most High, the Beautiful, the True.

Briton once had an unique conception of Divinity. The hoary Druid-priest bent low in the sacred groves of Mona. His God was our God, but the oak leaves deceived him. Christians from Rome said : " See !—He worships the mortal," and in his bewilderment the old priest could not deny their accusation. So from the lands of Light they brought him the faith of the Mighty. It appealed to him. It could not help but appeal to him. In righteous anger he cut down the Oaks of his infidelity. He cut them down, but he built them into Cathedrals. Year by year he carved out the persons of the Trinity. Year by year he glorified the structure, till even the rabble were awed by its sublimity. He died, and they that came after him died, and neither he nor they ever knew that in their ignorance they had both worshiped the same Great Spirit. They worshiped the Trinity. He worshiped the Oak-leaves. Beauty gave the groves their sacredness and Beauty is Truth.

Aestheticism is that which distinguishes man from the beast. Aestheticism is the one unconditional evidence of the soul. The *canaille* are little better than beasts. They move and have their being, because they cannot help but move and surely they cannot help their being. They are machines of force ; their lives a circle. The monks were aesthetes. Cathedral building is a product of aestheticism. The Mediaeval Church enjoined solitude. The holy men of that Church enjoined solitude, but not because it was commanded. Their natures were too fine to endure the carnality of the world ; their divinity was not the divinity of the people. The divinities were the same, but not in degree. The people dimly comprehended sublimity. The clergy were the creators of that sublimity that the people could but faintly comprehend.

Perhaps this natural out-going of the heart, this passion for cathedral building might be criticised. If the cultivation of the Beautiful is Religion then surely Religion should be as universal as nature. Religion should be as universal as nature. Religion would be as universal as nature were man a spiritual equivalent of nature. The trees, the flowers of the field are as much symbols of divinity as the cross and the altar. The stars, the moon and the sun are as much evidences of a Being as cathedrals and scriptures. But man is mortal. Give him a human conception. Give him a mythical injunction and he is a believer. Give him the world and he is an atheist. The monks, though god-men, were yet mortal. They knew that Nature was Reality. They felt that Ideality was far sweeter. The conditions of worship must not hamper the worshiper. Christianity was theirs but not theirs of their choosing. True the mountains and the woods were sanctuaries, but trees are not images, neither is solitude privacy.

Emotion, not Reason then is the mainspring of life. Gray, grand

and mysterious the shadowy walls stand to-day testimonials of the heart, not of the sense. Dim, slumbering cloisters, the rich softness of the frescoes, the indescribable grandeur of the tracery are to-day manifestations of the feeling, not of the intellect. They died to know all. We live to know all. Happiness is not the main object of life. Happiness was all the monks wanted. We prefer Unrest.

Eighteen hundred years have passed away. Eighteen hundred years may yet pass away. Whether it be eighteen hundred years or a day the spirit of Mediaeval Christianity is eternal. The adoration of St. Peter is the adoration of the druid-priest. The sweet illusion has not ceased : it is not ceasing : it never will cease. You sleepy burgher wonders at the penciled spire. It might be grand and beautiful to make a spire like that. It might be grand and beautiful to labor under so sweet an illusion. To me sleepy but reasonable it is a mockery. Perhaps on some feast day when the censers are swung low in the sanctuary and out of the almost angelic stillness come the voices of the Cloister, chanting as it is in their breviary the Litany of the Blessed Virgin—

Pater de coelis Deus, miserere nobis  
 Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis  
 Spiritus sancte Deus, miserere nobis  
 Sancte Trinitas unus Deus, miserere nobis—

the same dreamy burgher may feel that he too is worshiping a divinity of which he knows nothing.

Ah ! the Twin Sisters are deceptive ; the Twin Sisters are immortal. Body of one body, spirit of one spirit, together constituting one great essence of Eternity, they are themselves Eternity ; for Truth is infinite and Beauty is Truth.

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## The House of Sleep

### A MONOGRAPH

I stood on the edge of the moor ; weird, desolate, silent. The heart of a fog-spirit that wrapt it round seemed covetous of its love, for no gable parted the tapestry or deepened its sullied color. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but stagnant waters, stretching out into the unconfined distance like the barren wastes of the sea. He was the only living creature there and in his step there was no vitality and in his voice no sound. Long, lean and invisible fingers threaded the draperies of the dying Day. On the threshold he halted, for down the long, windy corridors came the echo to his cry, and the deadened foot-falls of his Welcomer. Nearer and nearer crept the Apparation and as the features grew discernible in the dusk the wanderer knew—what he always supposed—that the House of Sleep was Death.

# The Acadia Athenæum

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## The Sanctum.

THE old year of '96 is rapidly drawing to a close. By the time our next issue has winged its flight, figuratively, from Sanctum and Press—our subscribers old and new, and we presume other people as well, will be basking in the smiles of a certain precocious infant known to the Christian speaking part of the world at least as the New Year of '97. Looking back over the two months of College awakening, it is not without regret that we record so soon a passing. Indeed it would be contrary to the laws of human nature to record anything without a little flavouring of discontentment. Not that man is prone to decrying circumstances that work beneficently for every other living creature but himself; but that the circumstances themselves should have such a decided tendency to nourish a feeling of resentment against the harmless individual is, to say the least, annoying. We as a body of students, however, never have anything in particular to complain of. The first snow-storm and other singular occurrences having once more cheerfully contributed their part to the amusement of mankind, our 'cup' like the well-worn flagon of the Roman Poet is filled to overflowing. The Juniors, this being the part of the year most interesting to them, are trying to look happy at the pleasing prospect of an exhibition and the consequent trying ordeal of "bowing to a delighted and expectant audience." The Freshmen, Sophomores and Seniors coming under the general head of "disinterested parties" are humanely exerting their united efforts to console the prospective speakers by dilating in a funeral-like air, upon the possibility of impressing an *ex* vary audience with the importance of 'Greece as a social center previous to the Flood' and 'Darwin's differentiation of the *marine algae*.' With these few introductory remarks upon the uncertainty and perversity of life as represented in the Institution we beg leave to return to our forgotten starting point—the passing of '96—and to extend to our sub-

scribers old and young on this last festival of the year, the compliments of the season.

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In a recent issue of one of our daily Journals the students and friends of Acadia College were greatly pleased to find reported there the full particulars of an interesting experiment with the Röntgen Rays, conducted by our own Professor of Physics, F. R. Haley M. A. A thorough scientific discussion was given by the professor of the principles accruing to this important discovery, illustrated by several original photographs. The clearness and conciseness with which the facts were arranged, apart from the interest of the subject itself, lent an additional charm to an attractive article. As far as we know Prof. Haley is the first to report any successful experiments with the Röntgen Rays in this part of the provinces. The progressive spirit that prompted the esteemed professor to apply a principle so recently demonstrated and under such difficulties occasioned by the absence of many needful and costly appliances is worthy of the highest praise.

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With due propriety a few remarks upon a deficiency in the education of our graduates may now be made. For some years Acadia has laboured under the disadvantage of not having a properly equipped Physical Laboratory. It is of the utmost importance in these times that a man, especially an educated man, should be able to apply the simple principles that govern the natural world. To the broad and liberal minded, nothing is so odious as a culture whose main object is to dwarf the naturally progressive individual with a promiscuous collection of facts, without any regard to the deductions and inferences than can be profitably made. Somebody has justly said, it is not all of knowledge to know, but to apply what you know is the secret of successful advancement. In this light we can see that it is indeed an unfortunate drawback to a modern education to be without the needful material, necessary to a complete and efficient explanation of the simple relations of one fact to another. Undoubtedly in the near future a College, without an extensive Physical Laboratory, will be somewhat of an exception; and we are correspondently sure that then some of Acadia's graduates or friends will see that she is not deficient in anything that contributes to her welfare and good standing in the educational world.



## The Month

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**A**LTHOUGH Dame Nature has not been in her most genial mood during the present month, we have had our usual quota of social and intellectual treats which add greatly to the pleasure of College life.

An interesting service was held in College Hall on Wednesday the 4th inst at which reports were presented by Mr. J. S. Clark, delegate to the Maritime Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Truro in July last; and by Mr. C. W. Rose, delegate to the mid-summer students' Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Northville, Mass., under the direction of Mr Moody. These reports were helpful and well received.

On Saturday, the 7th, the first open meeting for the year of the Athenæum Society, was held in the College chapel, the ladies of the College honouring us with their presence. After the usual routine of business, an interesting programme was carried out.

An enjoyable reception given in the Wolfville Baptist Church under the auspices of the B. Y. P. U. on Friday evening the 13th, was participated in by the students of the various institutions. All speak highly of the entertainment offered them.

The Propylæum Society gave a reception to the visiting foot-ball team of Mt. Allison College in the Hall on Friday the 20th. The large gathering which filled the Hall was entertained with a short programme, consisting of addresses of welcome by Dr's. Jones and Keirstead, Captain Morse '97 and the reply of Capt. Butler, representing the Mt. Allison team. The Wolfville orchestra furnished choice music; the remainder of the evening being spent in social conversation. Although this is the first time we have had the Sackville boys with us, we hope it may not be the last.

An evangelistic service was held in the Hall on Sunday the 22nd inst under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The Rev. A. J. Gordon of St. John gave a very helpful and stimulating address, on the subject "Value of a Purpose in Life"

On Tuesday the 26th, the students of the University united with the Wolfville Baptist Church in a Thanksgiving service. The Rev. J. T. Denovan gave a strong and invigorating address.

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The night wind with a desolate moan swept by;  
And the old shutters of the turret swing  
Screaming upon their hinges; and the moon,  
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,  
Struggled aslant the stain'd and broken panes  
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death  
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

WILLIS.

## De Alumnis

H. F. Waring '90 and H. P. Whidden '91 both of whom having been successful pastors, the former in Minnesota, the latter in Manitoba are now registered for graduate work in the Divinity School of Chicago University.

A. F. Newcomb '92 is pastor of the First Baptist Church at Grafton, North Dakota. Mr. Newcomb has won for himself an enviable place in the Baptist ministry of the North Western State.

Among those recently joining the benedicts are L. J. Lovett '88. H. G. Estabrook '91, William Holloway '91, E. A. Reid '91, O. N. Chipman '92, A. V. Pineo '92 and T. W. Todd '95.

Frank R. Higgins '91 is doing advanced work in Mathematics at the University of Chicago. Mr. Higgins has just completed a very successful course at Cornell.

T. W. Todd '96 who for the past year was instructor of English and Expression in Shurtleff College has been ordained pastor of the Baptist Church at New Berlin, Ill.

Miss J. Mildred McLean '93 after studying for two years in the University of Chicago has accepted a position in Hardin College, Missouri.

J. E. Wood '93 having completed his law course at Dalhousie has now hung out his shingle in Halifax.

G. E. Chipman '92 spent the summer quarter at the University of Chicago. Mr. Chipman has now entered upon his second year as Professor of Economics in Shurtleff College, Ill.

H. A. Stuart '95, having taken the first year of the medical course in the University of Vermont, is now studying in Boston.

C. T. Illsley '92 who spent a portion of the summer quarter at the University of Chicago has returned to his church in Minnesota.

H. H. Hall '89 of Portage La Prairie, Man., spent two months this summer in the maritime Provinces canvassing for the Manitoba Baptist Convention.

S. R. McCurdy '95 and N. E. Herman '95 are at Newton Theological Seminary.

G. E. Tufts '94 and R. R. Griffin '95 are studying law at Toronto University.

Lew Wallace '94, spent the summer in Manitoba.

B. S. Bishop '94 is studying medicine at McGill University.

Moran Hemeon '92 M. D. is practising in Lunenburg, N. S.

E. H. Cohoon '94 is at his home in White Rock recruiting.

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Of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay colour, and sad colour is in some degree pensive, the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most.

RUSKIN.

## Exchanges

UNIVERSITY is the only weekly exchange which visits our table and it well maintains the reputation of Toronto University. No. 6 contains a very interesting article entitled "Glimpses of Oxford" which presents to us very nicely the almost inexpressible charms of that ancient city. Matthew Arnold's appropriate words are quoted. "Beautiful city! so venerable, so lonely, so unravaged by the fierce, intellectual life of one century, so serene! and yet, steeped in sentiment as she now lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, or whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?"

The University Monthly for Oct. has considerable literary merit. "Sir Gernus" is a very catchy little poem depicting the heart-breaking knight of *ye olden times*.

"So dainty he was and debonair,  
With a foppish way to smile and swear,  
But they said that his heart had the proper ring,  
And his slender sword was the proper thing,  
That day he fought for his fickle king."

An appreciative account is also given of Schöpenhauer and his philosophy.

The Owl leads all our exchanges in the way of a literary magazine. In the Oct. issue thirty pages are filled with interesting reading worthy of any publication. We heartily commend the article on the Countess of Aberdeen. "The Riner Quelle" is a curious tale of old French Canada.

As usual King's College Record is quite up to date and again presents itself in good form. "Haliburton as an Imperialist" shows an interesting phase of our honoured fellow countryman's character. The Commons is as breezy as of yore and makes very pleasant reading.

For Shurtleff College represented by the College Review we have quite a brotherly feeling. The Rev. A. K. DeBlois and Prof. G. E. Chipman both well known sons of Acadia, here exert their talents and uphold the honor of their *alma mater*. Prof. Chipman contributes an instructive article on "The College and the Problems of Hard Times."

We have also received The McGill Fortnightly, Dalhousie Gazette, Colby Echo and Prince of Wales College Observer.

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For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal, the soul within.

TENNYSON.

## Collis Campusque

### Lay of the last Reception

The reception given by the ladies of the Seminary to the Academy youths a short time ago was a grand success. It was supposed to have been a full dress affair, but as to just what is meant by full dress depends largely upon what section of the country one comes from. However there was a marked uniformity in the high collars and good appetites worn by the Academicians. The ladies received in very becoming gowns relieved by smiles of Amusement. A very pleasant evening was spent in such exciting games as "Button, button who'se got the overshoe," and "Hid the ice-cream," the Cad hiding the most got first prize and the one hiding the least the booby prize. The latter prize is still in the hands of the committee.

It is reported that the next reception will be given to the Sophomores and Freshmen together. It would perhaps be as well to mention, for the benefit of the latter, that Golf stockings and sack coats do not constitute evening dress. Further, they will please observe the rule established by precedent and quietly remain in the back-ground until the Sophomores are comfortably situated. By so doing they will learn how to conduct themselves properly and avoid getting tangled in the furnishings of the room. One last word of advice,—do not when becoming seated with a young lady sit down on the small of your back, stretching your feet half-way across the room in the attitude called "negligent."

### Lamentations

And it came to pass that a fair angel of light was sojourning for a short time in the land of Canaan which lies over against Gaspereau. And behold a member of the tribe of the Sophomores hearing the glad news girded up his loins and shaking the dust of the Temple of Learning from his sandals, betook himself into the land of Canaan. And it came to pass on the morrow that the angel lifted up her eyes and beheld him afar off, and she knew him not. For this Jacob unlike he of old, had been an hairy man, but the remorseless scythe of his tribe had ruthlessly garnered the silky crop, and the angel wept and would not be comforted. And behold the angel put away her grief and laid aside her mourning and looked upon her servant Jacob and he again found favor in her sight. And it happened after tarrying a short time with Jacob in that country, that the angel departed upon her journey, happier, perchance, but still grieving in her heart for the misfortunes of her servant. But behold as time rolls on the rains of spring and the sun of summer and all nature smiling upon Jacob will make the waste places glad and will bring it to pass, that although now the glory has departed from Canaan, when the angel comes again his moustache will flourish like a green bay tree, yea verily, like a cedar in Lebanon.

### Notice

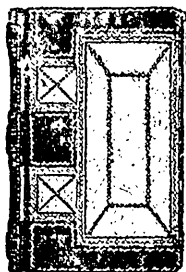
The following was handed to the editor by a fair Semite. It is contrary to rules to publish contributed poetry, but as the author inclosed a few stamps, which we need, we give it here.

"The month of May, the month of May,  
 Alas, how soon it slips away,  
 But the SLIPPERY member of '98,  
 Whether wanted or not is "up to date."

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### Acknowledgements.

Miss True, \$1.00; Miss J. B. Burgess, \$1.00; Miss Winifred Elliott, \$1.00; Miss Irene Spencer, \$1.00; Miss Kate Sutton, \$1.00; Miss Winnifred Robbins, \$1.00; Miss May Soley, \$1.00; Miss Bertha Sangster, \$1.00; Miss Sadie Calhoun, \$1.00; Miss C. W. Blair, \$1.00; Miss Ethel Emerson, \$1.00; E. L. Franklin, \$1.00; R. D. Pugsley, \$1.00; Fred Star, \$1.00; S. S. Poole, \$1.00; C. J. Mersereau, 50c.; Chesley Richardson, \$ .10; J. R. Crispo, \$1.00; Rev. A. F. Newcombe, B. A., \$2.00; Rev. J. B. Morgan, B. A., \$2.00; Rev. D. E. Hatt, \$1.00; Rev. H. Y. Corey, M. A., \$2.00; Rev. A. A. Shaw, M. A., \$1.00; A. H. Armstrong, B. A., \$1.00; J. S. Clark, \$1.00; E. McNeil, \$1.00; Ed. Simpson, \$1.00; G. W. Bashaw, M. E., \$1.00; C. D. Schurman, \$1.00; A. L. Hardy, \$1.00; J. C. Hemmeon, \$1.00; W. F. Parker, B. A., \$1.00; Rev. A. F. Kemp-ton, M. A., \$1.00.



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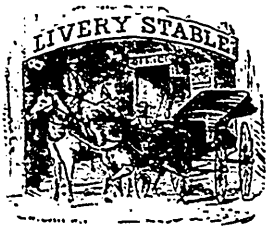
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