

College. We are sure that the work is thoroughly done and that the beauty of form, the minute differences of statement, and the wealth of expression, for which the French is famous, will appear to the students and be constantly suggestive of the unfolding beauty of the truth.

—The Brewers' Almanac states that the amount invested in the liquor traffic in Great Britain is £230,000,000. This is an enormous sum to be devoted to one industry. It is stated that the trade in alcohol, in the forms of beer, wine and spirits, is one of the very largest in the world. In all Europe the capital invested greatly exceeds a thousand millions of pounds sterling. In the politics of the country brewers and distillers are a powerful element. The political power of such a trade is simply enormous. It is said that for every primary school in England and Wales there are six licensed houses for the sale of liquor. The British drink bill is large, over 150,000,000 million pounds sterling in one year. What do the people do with it? What could they do without it? To spend an amount double the interest of the national debt, on intoxicating liquors is enough to demoralize any nation. The greatest consumers are the wage-earners, who spend fully one-fifth of their earnings in strong drink. The waste is something frightful to contemplate, and if continued it will sap and destroy the very life blood of the empire. In spite of the strides which have been made in favor of total abstinence in the mother country, there is more alcohol per head used in the British Isles today than was used in 1840. In 1840 the consumption was at the rate of 3.89 gallons per head. In 1898 the rate was 4.30 gallons per head. Of course this is in Great Britain, the percentage is nothing like this in Canada. But it is more than it ought to be even here, and more than it would be if many of our public men loved it less and more of our church members were total abstainers in deed as well as word—if more of them voted as they prayed. The temperance sentiment in these provinces is much higher than many suppose. But it will not do for the Christian men to fold their hands and say, "we have done all we are able to do." We have done no such thing. We have just begun to do. The foe is sleepless. This is a warfare in which the sword must never be sheathed until the victory for which we are pledged shall perch upon our banners. God speed the right and keep us all true and hopeful.

Opening Lecture at Acadia.

The College opened on the 4th inst. with prospects of a good attendance. The Freshman Class has an enrolment of forty. On Monday evening, 9th inst., the opening lecture of the year was delivered by Professor L. E. Wortman, M. A., Professor of French and German. Dr. Trotter announced the appointment of Miss Annie M. MacLean, Ph. D., to the chair of Sociology in Royal Victoria College, Montreal; of Rev. C. H. Day, M. A., as assistant Professor of Philosophy in Brown University, and of Wylie C. Margeson, M. A., to the chair of Biology in Kalamazoo College, Mich. All these are Acadia graduates of recent years. The lecture of Professor Wortman was a scholarly, able treatment of his subject: "Glimpses of Hugo as a Dramatist." It was in fine literary form. The translations made by the lecturer of French verse into English verse showed marked skill and knowledge both of French and English. Dr. Trotter pronounced the lecture admirable. It was well received by the students as well as by the Faculty. It was evident from the applause that the services of Professor Wortman are highly valued by the College. The lecture will be published in full in the Acadia Athenæum, which we recommend our readers to procure. The limits of our available space allow us to give only the following brief and imperfect outline:

VICTOR HUGO AS A DRAMATIST.

The lecturer selected for special consideration Victor Hugo's play "Hernani." He gave quotations of many of the best passages in original metrical translation, at the same time tracing the progress of the play on the first night of its performance in Paris, noting the hostile criticisms and making these the suggestions for some description of the French drama in general, and for comparison in various respects between the Classic and Romantic schools. He noted how Hugo, at this time the recognized leader of the Romanticists, had set forth

the tenets of the new school in the preface to his play, *Cromwell*, which had been written some years before, but made too long for the stage. Amy Robsart, dramatized from Kenilworth, had not been a success. Marion Delorme had been forbidden by the Censor, and this play—*Hernani*—had been written in a few weeks, in answer to the taunt from the Classicists that the Romantic school could not produce a dramatic masterpiece.

Having finished the special synopsis and criticism of *Hernani*, the speaker proceeded to some general characterization of Hugo's literary work and style. His plays abounded in passages of great lyrical beauty and power, they were full of pathos and human sympathy. The general question of their success must depend in part on one's conception of what the drama is in essence and purpose. The speaker sketched the development of the drama in France, the effect of the Renaissance, Boileau's interpretation of Aristotle. He claimed that the literary critic and lawgiver was authority only in so far as he interpreted the matter, that the creative genius was the final authority. Then he argued that the Greek drama did not furnish a final model for all time, that it was, with all its perfection, eminently religious and national, and so possessed adaptation to its period—local coloring—which were wanting to its imitations of later times. The Greek drama itself had changed from Aeschylus to Euripides, and the natural inference was that, if Greek literature had continued to develop, the Greek drama would have undergone further alterations. He was inclined to believe with Hugo and Tolstoi that all literature must have some fuller adaptation to its own period than to another.

He did not think Hugo had, in his selection of subjects for his plays, procured himself the opportunity to show what was deepest and best within him. He had not always maintained the unity of action—the only one of "the unities" which he acknowledged. The author's broad sympathy and his belief that a play, to be true to nature, must contain somewhat of the variety that characterizes actual life, perhaps operate against the symmetry and perfection of form which some specially sought in a dramatic work, but, said the lecturer, if his dramatic works lack the perfection of the Grecian temple, where base and column, entablature and pediment, in studied proportions of grace and beauty, contribute each its due and indispensable part to one grand whole, they escape the chill that lurks in nave and transept. Created in this nineteenth century, is it not their glory that they resemble rather the beautiful modern dwelling, in which everything suggests practical regard for man's convenience and comfort, where every room and corridor and recess speak of the sweet relations of family and social life, where the very air seems laden with memories of human struggle and human joy? His personages are not Colossi nor giants, they are men. He might have justly adopted the motto: *Homo sum; humanum nihil a me alienum puto.*

But his greatest glory is in his prose works. Here he is not only free from all restraint, but does not chafe in the effort to be free. He sees no shadow of bonds. Tolstoi says: "By words man transmits his thoughts to another, by means of art he transmits his feelings." Hugo's prose works are the mirror of his deepest feelings and in them he realizes Tolstoi's conception of art.

Hugo's style was infinitely varied, yet ever characteristic. He was not an imitator or a borrower. He did not repeat himself. In different places and works one would be reminded of various authors—Dickens, Scott, Byron, Lessing, Lytton.

Sometimes one is ready to charge that his imagination is too fertile—carries him beyond the bonds of probability. The speaker instanced the passage in *Notre Dame de Paris*, where the hunchback is described amidst the bells. To ordinary sounds his deafness renders him unconscious, but these brazen notes he can hear, the vibration of the loft he can feel, he moves about with deep and sombre joy, talks to the bells, glories in the din, and finally, in a phrensy of dark delight, springs at the great bell, as it swings and clamors, and clings to it, shaken and bruised, a very spirit of the deep thunder that issues from the tower and booms over the city.

His (the lecturer's) first feeling was, This is overdrawn. Then he reflected, "Can we amateurs not trust the keener insight, the more thorough analysis, the better informed judgment of the master? Nature is ever greeting us with surprises that unsettle our hastily formed conclusions. You have, perhaps, turned away from a canvas, on which was depicted a glowing sunset, with the easy comment, the artist is extravagant in coloring. Then, later, on some afternoon of storm, you have stood on a point from which a wide horizon lay open to your view. Your gaze, wandering to the west, is caught by a rift in the low hanging clouds; soft, silvery light is filtering through, a wind, high up, carries the clouds. There roll away great curtains, whose fringed edges and half perceived linings glow with ever changing color. In south and west and at the zenith, the blue ether peeps through, and hurrying clouds, reaching fantastic arms to one another, reflect hues of gold and crimson and shades unknown to your vocabulary. The grass of the fields, the foliage on the hills take on a richer green, the water sparkles like ruby wine, earth, sky and sea smile their *au revoir* to the god of day, and, as he sinks, hidden by the western mountains, and you reluctantly see the wonderful panoramas merge into twilight and sombre night, you confess that you have but begun to appreciate the resources of the Great Artist of the universe, and that from no painter's palette need be expected colors to rival his effects."

Acadia Notes.

A couple of weeks ago we enjoyed a visit from no less distinguished a person than

SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

Having spent some days in Dartmouth with his lifelong friend, the Hon. Dr. Parker, he paused for a night at Wolfville, on his way to the political picnic at Berwick, as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Kierstead. He visited the college building, and made us wish very much that the college had been in session. In response, however, to a suggestion that the Seminary and Academy students could be congregated, and that we should deem it a great privilege if they might see and hear him, Sir Charles very cordially consented to meet the students the next morning, before starting for Berwick. It was a great pleasure to us all. However divergent may be the estimates men place upon Sir Charles' political creed, there can be only one feeling as to the magnetism of his personality, the breadth of his acquaintance with life and men, and the unique charm of his easy, suggestive, entertaining speech. Sixty years ago, he and the Hon. Dr. Parker were boys together at Horton Academy, and it was an occasion of pride to young and old to meet this old Academy boy at the end of so many years, to listen to his wise and kindly words, and to find that his interest in the institution is still warm and genuine. He spoke on the marvellous progress of which he had been a witness, in the material, social, educational, and religious life of the country, and gave in happiest form and phrase, many wise counsels to the young people.

THE COLLEGE OPENING.

On the 2nd and 3rd of October, matriculation examinations were held, and at 2.30 o'clock on Wednesday, the 4th, the Faculty and students met in the college chapel for the opening of the year. There was a good attendance, probably five-sixths of the students being on the ground when the bell struck. There were devotional exercises, a brief address by the president, announcements by the other professors, and the wheels of the work were all set a-going.

The Freshman class numbers over forty, with probably others yet to be enrolled. Four new students enter the Sophomore class, and one the Junior class. The attendance in the three upper classes promises well, and so far as we can judge, the conditions in all respects are favorable for a good year. Chipman Hall has an increase of residents.

The professors are in fine vigor, and full of eagerness and high purpose. It is a matter of special gratification that Dr. Sawyer's relief from administrative care has so far brought renewal of health and strength, that he was able recently to go to Boston, and enjoy most of the meetings of the great Congregational Council. If there should be any doubt as to the standing of the great men of that Council, in relation to the philosophical, theological, or ecclesiastical tendencies of the times, we venture to think that there was one man at least at that council from Nova Scotia, who could locate them each and all with unerring precision. How we should like to be by when he was doing it! It would be a kindly and very instructive performance.

SPIRITUAL INTERESTS.

On the evening of the opening day, there was held by the college Y. M. C. A., a prayer meeting of singular tenderness and power. It would have awakened expectations, if the fathers and mothers and the pastors could have heard the humble, earnest, manly confessions of Christ, and of the desire to make the year a year well-pleasing in his sight. On Sunday morning, the 8th, the prayer meeting at 9 o'clock was again a time of deep interest, and at 11 o'clock, in the Baptist church, the pastor's annual sermon to the students was preached by the Rev. H. R. Hatch. It was a strong and earnest presentation of the great truth that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses,"—whether material things, intellectual acquisitions, or what the world calls happiness, but in right relations with God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath seen. May the testimony of Sunday morning, and the weekly testimony of this pastor from his pulpit, which is a veritable throne of power, be in very deed unto life. At the evening service, by the pastor's invitation, it was the writer's privilege to preach. It was a good day.

In the very nature of the case there are in college life as elsewhere, strong adverse currents of influence; and there, as elsewhere, spiritual prosperity is assured only by watchfulness, faith, and unceasing prayer. We trust we shall not be forgotten in the churches and the homes.

THE OPENING LECTURE.

It is customary, within a few days after the opening of college, to have a public lecture by one of the professors. This year the duty fell to Professor Wortman, the professor of Modern Languages, who chose for his theme a subject springing naturally from his department, "Glimpses of Victor Hugo's Drama." The lecture was delivered in College Hall, Monday evening, the 9th inst., to a good audience. While devoting special attention to Hugo's drama, by a study of the author's great drama "Hernani," the lecturer really gave a critical estimate of the varied work of this famous French poet and litterateur. The lecture which was happily conceived, gave evidence of unstinted labor, and in its fine elaboration, scholarly finish, and excellent delivery, left nothing to be desired. It was a literary treat. At the close of the lecture, allusion was made to the presence of the new principals of the Seminary and Academy, and a hearty greeting was given them by the college body. Principal McDonald acknowledged the greeting in his usual happy way.

Wolfville, Oct. 10th.

T. TROTTER.

When the Century Begins.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you please tell us when the Twentieth Century commences. J. B. W. Lockport, N. S., Oct. 9th.

The Twentieth Century will begin immediately after the 1900 years of the preceding nineteen centuries are completed—that is to say on January 1st, 1901.

Ed. MESSENGER AND VISITOR.