

IN a late issue of the *Messenger and Visitor*, the Rev. J. W. Manning comes forward with a plan for raising the debt on Acadia Seminary. It may at first appear somewhat visionary, but we believe it practicable. The proposition is as follows:—The debt of \$10,000 is to be paid previous to June, 1888. The ladies are to do it. The whole amount is to be divided into shares six dollars each. Seventeen or eighteen hundred of these shares are to be taken by the ladies, who will pay one dollar half-yearly till the whole is paid. The plan appears feasible, and surely aims at a great desideratum. Female education is coming to be recognized as of equal importance with that of the other sex. And if this be true, what earnest efforts should be put forth in order to remove this encumbrance from our institution, and thereby insure its future success. It can and should be done. Moreover it is really too hard that those having tender sentiments in regard to the Seminary should have these cruelly and constantly invaded by the chilling thought of that dreadful nightmare—debt. An appeal to the ladies cannot fail when made in the interests of a worthy cause. Time for action has arrived. The cause is worthy. How soon shall we hear of the first instalment having been placed in the hands of the Treasurer of the Institution?

WILL our Subscribers please take a note of what is said this month concerning the finances of our Literary Society? It has been the aim in the past to keep the accounts of the paper and the society separate. Last year it was necessary to supplement the receipts for the paper by some eighty dollars of the society's money in order to pay the printer. This year we hope, through the promptness of subscribers in forwarding the amount due us, and the addition of the names of a large number of friends to the subscription list, to make the paper more than pay for itself.

IT is only fair that those who advertize in the ATHENÆUM should have the patronage of the students. Boys spend your money where you can get the best bargain.

THE VOICES OF THE WINDS.

The winds have voices for the various moods of man,
And utter thoughts that take no shape on mortal tongue.
Yet with an ear responsive to their slightest touch,
How thrill we with their notes in heart-vibrations rung.

I lay at noon-time in a hammock idly swung
Beneath the orchard blossoms sweet with breath of June,
Above, the fretted blue of heav'n lay on the leaves—
Lay on the flowers white and glorified their bloom.
Anon, the leaves were stirred as if by hands unseen,
That strove to usher in that of the infinite mind,
Whose boundaries seem ever placed beyond our grasp.
The breeze that entered seemed the breath of all mankind,
Peace, peace, be on the hearts of all the called of God:
To wait on Him is revelation of His mind;
His mind is in the wind as in the heart of man,
In knowing that is knowledge human and divine.

I stood at daybreak on a bleak and rockbound coast
And watched the waves still lashed to fury by the storm
Which last night made the sea and sky one sounding shout,
Whose echo now made music in the ear of morn:—
Sound forth the strength and power of our Almighty God;
Let earth and air and sea their meed of tribute pour;
Let all the ends of earth uphold His majesty;
Jehovah is our king and reigns for evermore!

BE BE.

JOSEPH COOK.

A large audience greeted Joseph Cook in Assembly Hall on 26th ult., and listened with evident attention and interest to his lecture upon "God in Natural Law." Rev. Dr. Sawyer presided. At the close of the lecture Prof. Jones proposed a vote of thanks, which was heartily passed. We hope Mr. Cook may visit us again.

Before entering upon his lecture the distinguished orator made some pleasant remarks upon his visit to Wolfville, in the course of which he stated that he could say of Acadia what Webster said of Dartmouth College, viz, that a four years' residence in the midst of such scenery is of itself a liberal education.

Proceeding to his subject he said: "The North Star hangs over Blomidon; what keeps it there? Suppose that to-morrow morning the sun should rise, inscribed across its face in letters brighter than its own light, and such as to be visible throughout the illumined half of the world, with the words: 'Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts, who was, who is, and who is to come.' Let this inscription be made intelligible in all languages and among all nations. One would think that under that awful light, as it passed over the continents and seas, and from people to people, the dusky tribes of heathendom would quit their idols at once; that, in the high marts of civilization, avarice, malice and dishonesty, serpents writhing colossal in the hollow streets as in caves, would wither to ashes; that literature, politics