

Acadia Athenæum.

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FARE thee well, Acadia, said a sad Senior about to graduate, fare thee well dear mother of mine, I go forth but not unloving, for if thy stripes have been severe, thy caresses have been endearing. But O! I tremble as I go forth into the clamorous strife of men, already in imagination longing for thy verdant wind-swept hills and thy musical streams; but strange, yet true, I feel with all the wondrous depths of knowledge, I must have have sounded, that I have no panoply to withstand the unknown shocks of that most doughty warrior Mr. Practical Actuality. All the novels I have perused, alas have they taught me how to live, had those pure heights of Mathematics whence I wheeled into infinitude through a parabolic curve, or became resolved by a series of differentiations into value infinite or infinitesimal, will these avail me now? Will the boxes of chalk scraped on blackboard in endless plusses avail to make me a positive and significant quantity? Heavens! Methinks rather the horoscope of my destiny was cast in the sign of minus, and the spectre of an eternal negation stares at me from the future.

But let me take stock. Primus smattering of Latin and Greek. But could I harangue an Athenian mob or read with ease a tragedy of Sophocles? No! But that is more my own fault than yours, Alma Mater.

Yet I have not been altogether with the divine Plato, but he poor fellow, knew more about sphere-music than dollar-coining; of thee stout Stagyrite I know too little to be benefitted. As for mathematics I was cheated the other day by a street boy selling apples, and I would have to review Greenleaf to repeat long measure or work out a foreign bill of Exchange. Can it be that I have ascended such heights that my soul under ethereal inspiration speaks such sub-astral and common things? Can a man who has exulted over the mysteries of the Cycloidal arc be expected to think of simple interest? I trow not, forbid to powers that wait on aspiration, forbid the degradation of intellect. Still may it be mine to meddle with the infinitely great and infinitely little. Logic! I could not be puzzled on Barbara, celarent, etc. I had the dictum of Aristotle complete; and (let me not brag) could steer my way through the horns of a dilemma and drag the ray of a *petitio principio* from the brow of a Sophist, and yet, my father beat me in an argument on the look of Job last Sunday.

There is no doubt I am exceedingly learned, but I have been doubting lately about my practical mother wit. But you can't help that Alma Mater.

If I fail, your skirts are clean, yea, by the memories of four years your hands are free from blood, guilt.

The last meeting of the "Acadia Temperance Society" was held in the Acadia Hall, May 11th, and proved to be one of the most interesting of the year. In the way of entertainment, the ladies were more than equal to the emergency, as they have shown themselves on former occasions, and on their part, presented a capital programme. Readings were given by Misses Whitman and DeBlois, and an essay, subject: "The Abuse of Genius," by Miss Lovitt. The regular programme was supplemented by interesting speeches from Dr. Sawyer, Prof. Tufts,