

nevertheless extremely picturesque, and the bold ogee battlements are of a peculiarly elegant and pleasing character."

### Correspondence.

MESSRS EDITORS,

I have just received the first number of the *ATHENÆUM* for the current College year. Some of the remarks in the Editorial column as well as some of the Locals of said issue, carry me back once more to the old College grounds, and to the days of yore. I find myself in consequence strongly inclined to indulge in penning "a few lines" in accordance with the line of thought thereby suggested to my mind.

Some of your Locals, particularly, give us who are outside a pleasant peep into student life, and make us almost wish that we were students again ourselves. If the memory of the many happy days which invariably come to the student during his course of study, form a link, ever increasing in strength, to bind him to his Alma Mater surely, Messrs. Editors, the reminiscences which will cluster around your college days, as well as those of your associates, will be doubly sweet. To one thus reviewing in memory the distant past, the old halls are still alive with the hum of familiar voices, and the recollection of faces that may never be seen again, have a power little less than the living presence. If this doctrine be in any degree correct, what bright pictures will be yours to cheer the dreary hours of Bachelorhood (of course *literary*) when college days become for you a thing of the past!

But I must not indulge too much in reverie. I had almost forgotten that I was writing for the columns of a College paper,—a journal which of all others is understood to be guided by the motto: Activity—activity in thought and energy in expression as embodied in the words,

"Act, act in the living present,"

quoted by one of the contributors to your last number. I am glad to note the spirit of this motto pervading your columns to such an extent.

Success to the *ATHENÆUM*, and success to *ACADIA*, which it represents, as it goes forth on its mission of greeting and good will to all.

### Music.

OFTEN at school, in boyhood's days, has the unwilling pen been called upon to express the thoughts (perhaps borrowed) on some familiar subject; and, with longing eyes, the unhappy composer looked and worked, and worked and looked again, until his production should reach the prescribed length required by his exacting teacher. But from no such motive do I write to-night.

Upon such a subject, in his calmer moments, one is not prepared to write. Ennobling as are the revels which fancy pictures to the understanding, yet these, neither alone nor combined, afford a substitute for that deep stirring of soul, which, by music, is called from the hidden chamber of the heart.

What the sun is to the natural world, music is in the sphere of the emotions. As morning steals upon the night, melting the darkness, so do the gentle influences of song breathe upon the soul, relieving sorrows, quelling resentment, and bringing all to peace. Milton addresses Aurora, the child of the morning:—

"Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,"

and who doubts but that some kindred power in the unseen realm of thought and feeling has been delegated to this most elevating of earthly enjoyments. If not, where shall we look for such power? In intellect? This rich gem in man's nature, once sparkling and bright, now glitters only on the brow of the few; and then it stands comparatively polished, only because of the toil necessary to arrive at such a standard of attainment. Is it in wealth, power, pleasure, fame? These all are for the favored few. Though thought awaken kindred thought, and the true value of mental worth be duly appreciated, whether acting upon the more sober judgment, or engaging the imagination in the pleasing scenes which it pictures to its view, still there is a vein all untouched. True it is, that there is a poetry in words, and in it is a power. In nature, it may be the same, but it certainly cannot be the same in degree as that possessed by music, the poetry of sound. To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes the poet and the sage; and herein also lies the secret of poet appreciation in the truly refined and cultivated mind. As poetry thus wields an influence peculiarly its own, so, kindred to it is music. The dance