

that overwhelmed by the shapes and creations herself had invoked from the vast overshadowing Arcana, Reason has fallen from her throne. It is only in such pangs of parturition as these, that the living impersonation of the soul is evolved—the incarnation of those thoughts and truths under whose influence the “thoughts of men are widened,” and the progressive world bounds forward with increased velocity. Let us then remember that idleness is death; that the pathway to mental greatness is paved with granite, and not strewn with roses; that if we would grasp the far-off craggy summits which ambition views, and which may be attained, we we must regard life not as “idle ore,” but as

“Iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use.”

Take courage, ye workers, who have been, and are still toiling onward—though oft aweary, gathering new strength as moments fly. Ye alone are happy. In the language of Carlyle we would exclaim:—“Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life, purpose. Labour is life. Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.”

CRITICISM.

The most useless and unprofitable piece of machinery in the social engine of the nineteenth century is the average critic. A competent and just one is almost as rare a commodity as a great genius; an impartial one, as an impartial historian. Mind-power and culture by no means presuppose proficiency in the art of criticism. Hence great men have made miserable failures in attempting to analyse and refine. For instance, Goldsmith's comment on the works of Milton,—"There is no force in his reasonings, no eloquence in his style, and no taste in his compositions." Critical works unperverted by passion, occupy an important position in our nineteenth century literature; some of them indeed find a niche in the fair temple of English classics. The writings of Macaulay, Carlyle, Macintosh, and the most of Jeffrey's, will live as educators and models of good taste. Such critiques are valuable for service rendered in exposing platitudes thinly veneered; denouncing errors and falsities; distinguishing the paste from the diamond. But in no department is there greater opportunity for perversion. To a large extent it has become the channel for misanthropic spleen; a means of vent-

ing the spite of personal, national and sectarian prejudice. Not only does it afford an opportunity for the escape of the fumes of *little* minds; even the great thus spit out their venomous poison. What more malignant and uncalled for than the unprovoked attack of Edgar A. Poe upon his rival poet Longfellow. Although his bitterness turned to gall the sweets of no mouth but his own in that one case, we know that many an aspiring genius has been crushed in its first fearful and modest endeavor, by the harsh and bitter sarcasm of towering egotism. Indirectly through this the young poet Chatterton committed suicide. Byron was assailed by Jeffrey with cutting ridicule and personal insult. Tennyson was silenced ten years by the clamors of a set whose names will not outlive their own century. As a rule, the more merit the work possesses, the more unjust and contemptible is the criticism of the jaundiced mind, whose most congenial pursuit consists in trying to crowd merit out of sight, and snapping at the heels of superiority. The common run of critics, like prairie dogs, go in droves. Too insignificant to be more than occasionally noticed, too feeble to do serious harm, they only hazard a yelp under some foreign patronage. If by chance one grows so bold as to send out an isolated bark, at the casual rebuke of an acknowledged leader he sneaks out of sight.

We have not space to notice farther the different kinds of critics. But the newspaper critic occupies quite a prominent seat in this school, and especially so of college sheets. There, some one with the venerable majesty of a few years' growth, assumes the dictatorial chair, and sits in judgment on the presuming rivals yet *in embryo*. But the irrepressible laughter will burst forth as the disarrangement of powdered locks disclose the long ears. Let us remember then that true nobility is the last at picking flaws; that this blatant criticism is a sure sign of weakness; that he who arrogates to himself a false and unbecoming dignity is but aping an ass; and that *men* can afford to smile at the peevish petulance of snarling curs.

GOOD NATURE.

Be good-natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint, no powders; cosmetics are superfluous for it, rouge cannot improve its cheeks; no lily-white mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the beauty that is skin deep, for when you gaze into the face of a noble-hearted man or woman it is not the shape of the features you really

see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, or the brilliance of the eye. You see that nameless something that animates all these, and leaves upon the mind a sense of gratified fascination. You see an indescribable embodiment of a heart-felt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of all external appearances, and defies all the critical rules of the aesthetic.

Cultivate "good nature." It is better than "apples of gold set in pictures of silver," for gold will take to itself wings and fly away; silver will tarnish in time; and both, when abundant, lose their comparative value; but good nature never loses its worth, never abandons its possessor, never loses its hold on the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion, always in season. Everybody admires it; it never grows stale; it costs little to acquire and nothing to keep; yet it is beyond diamond in its worth to its owners, and can never be stolen or lost.

Surely this is a jewel that merits a search, and when found merits a protection.

Possess yourself of it, young woman. No talisman will find you so bewitching in the judgment of the sensible of the other sex.

TELESCOPE FUND.

At the suggestion of Prof. Elder, who then filled the chair of Natural Science in Acadia College, the Class of 1871 undertook to raise funds for the purchase of a Telescope for the Institution.

At a concert held on the evening of the Anniversary of 1871, under the superintendence of Mr. S. J. Neily, \$135.00 was realized.

An agreement was entered into by the members of the Class, twelve in number, to pay four dollars quarterly for two years,—the money to be deposited in the People's Bank as it came in.

Prof. Elder having left Acadia College the year after, and the chair of Natural Science having been vacant until this year, the matter has not been pushed forward as rapidly as was intended. One hundred and fifty dollars has, however, been paid in by the members of the class, though from three of the twelve nothing has been received, and only one has paid the full amount.

A friend of the College generously donated \$130.00 towards this object, so that with interest received the whole amount drawing interest, June, 1874, was \$441.00.

It is hoped that those who have not paid the amount promised will remember their obligation, so that steps may soon be taken towards the purchase of the instrument.

A. COHOON.