

by no means intend to make an unfriendly remark.

It was always of necessity somewhat so. To the large majority who count it beyond their reach it must have always seemed too patrician and "stuck up" for love, tho' it may have often been an object of envy. But in an age, a community, a continent eminently utilitarian, in which time seems every hour to move faster; where is the individual who will consent to be "button-holed" with the praises of the higher culture? Lower culture may make dollars; higher culture rarely. And just here it is we seem to find our conviction of the winning talent and enthusiasm of the able lecturer from the University of New Brunswick.

For that he was understood and his subject relished, the large audience who heard him gave abundant evidence. Who did not perceive that the air was elastic with approbation? And yet, we repeat to you, friend hearer, you were listening to a theme for which the great army of progress marching, on and on, to some golden Eldorado in the west, has little if any relish.

Of course we "editorial correspondents" are bound to be considered juvenile, and yet, we may venture perhaps to say, the pet dream of our little life has been a wide diffusion of the higher culture. We have believed, in our young breast, that it possessed the power of a mighty principle, and have often felt convinced it were for any man a worthy life-work to make it popular. Judge then of the echo of enthusiasm with which we listened to the lecturer's enthusiastic, often eloquent, and always intelligible, rendering of our favorite idea!

We were too pleased to take notes, and shall therefore attempt no digest of the lecturer's argument and illustrations; suffice it to say, these were cogent, appropriate, convincing, and conveyed in that style of language which seems never burthened with a word too much, and which, notwithstanding, never burthened the hearer with straining after the speaker's meaning. The thoughts came from a deep abundant spring, and yet rose, so to say, to the lips of those who drank them.

"Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring," might not have been a bad motto for the lecture; and surely all who listened appeared to "drink deep," however new to some, perhaps to many the idea that higher culture offers to all men, all societies, all nations, the large and varied values claimed on its behalf.

Long live the worthy lecturer to present often and to many his well-timed discourse; and often and to many, to follow it with admirable practical addresses like that he gave us on Thursday.

Yours truly, "SHADOW."

The Concert.

THE audience room and galleries of the Baptist Church were thronged last Thursday evening by the ladies and gentlemen who had been drawn to the anniversary exercises of the College.

The choir which exercised such attractive power was from the Baptist Church, in Germain Street, the pastor of which, Mr. Carey, was present. The exercises continued for upwards of two hours,—the swiftest gliding of the day, in which the high anticipations formed by the exercises of the morning were amply justified. Several pieces of superior excellence were *encored*, and all commanded the deepest attention, and elicited the heartiest applause.

To some of us this was the first practical demonstration of the superiority of the human voice over the most exquisite of instrumental harmonies. For the expression of all the passions—the blitheness of joy, the intensity of despair, the depth of pathos, the utter abandonment of woe, the human voice has ranked and ever must rank first as the immediate instrument of the soul through which its emotions are more naturally communicable, and also as being superior in absolute power, flexibility and melody. To what a rich æsthetic repast we were treated, let all true lovers of music bear witness. We who know nothing about the Jenny Linds and Nilssons can only say that we never listened to more delightful melody than the solos of the Misses Hartt and Foster. We have to tender in behalf of every student of Acadia, our sincere thanks to Mr. Harding and his choir; both for the pains taken to instruct and entertain us, and the cultured talent of such high order as they brought to the task.

For ourselves we mean to profit by the lesson. It was not without a feeling of emulation mingled with admiration, that we heard a lady's voice in the crowded and heated room, rise through two octaves so buoyantly and effortless, and fill the space, from the highest note to the lowest, with a volume of sound. We were well aware that had we been speaking we could not properly fill it with respectable ease. If our present inspiration only lasts, the woods will ere long be ringing to our vocal gymnastics.

THE ACADIAN ATHENÆUM is the name of a bright monthly issued by the students of Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S.,—a Baptist College founded in 1838, and ever since sustaining an excellent reputation.—*The Watchman and Reflector*, May 17th, 1877.