

has given them. Remember the words of Daniel Webster, and apply them to this subject of money. "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with right principles, with the fear of God, and the love of their fellowmen—we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten through all eternity." Such is the object to which this new building is consecrated, who will assist in such a praiseworthy enterprise?

Finally, we have *confidence* in the piety, love, and patriotism of the denomination. We believe they will perform the work they have undertaken. The late Governor of this Province once said in Parliament, "Attempt to put down the Institutions at Wolfville; you cannot. Every Baptist woman in these Provinces would knit stockings to support them. The thing is impossible." The denomination is the same, and, we believe that in the affair of the new building, they will not allow their former prestige to be sullied.

Either Principal J. F. Tufts, or Rev. D. M. Welton, of Wolfville, will gladly receive and acknowledge contributions.

GUIZOT.

No greater man has fallen, during the past year, than Francois Pierre Guillaume Guizot. Without doubt, he was one of the most remarkable men of our age, whether we regard him as a statesman or historian. In him, France mourns one of the greatest names in that galaxy of illustrious men who have made her literature famous, and one of the most honorable, high-principled, and conscientious statesmen that have ever administered the affairs of the Empire.

Four months have passed since his death, and it is not now our purpose to present our readers with a sketch of his life, or scarcely even with an estimate of his character, since with both his life and character, the press has already made them familiar.

As a statesman he must ever be regarded as rigidly honest. Ignorant of the arts by which politicians wheedle the multitude, he never made himself popular. He was too high-souled for such contemptible jugglery. Nor were his principles, to which he strictly adhered, calculated to make him the idol of the people. His views of the royal prerogative were worthy of the court of Charles I. of England; and the philosophers of the 15th century were not slower to discern the needs and aspirations of humanity. Yet, amid this darkness, he did what he thought

best for the people, and his failures may be attributed to that ideal of the past, which he so assiduously followed, but to which modern society refused to conform.

With different feelings do we turn to Guizot, the historian. For this work he was eminently fitted. An accomplished scholar, a close student, a judicious critic, a keen observer, possessing a breadth of view and depth of erudition unequalled by any contemporary, he was well prepared to enter the realm of history. His success in this department is commensurate with the talents which he brought to bear upon the execution of his work. He became the chief of that school, in which history is regarded, not as a mere medley of events, without any coherence or unity, but as a concatenation of causes and effects, an evolution of phenomena from antecedents, a great drama, where the unities are observed, and the episodes, although at first sight apparently digressions, contribute to the one common end. His history of France, and of the revolution in England, his history of civilization in France, and in Europe generally, are works which "the world will not willingly let die."

The life of Guizot is another striking example of the effects of hard work. Of low birth, and slender means, he raised himself by his own untiring toil to that lofty eminence before which all Europe adoringly bowed. Nor did he, like some, when greatness smiled upon him, relinquish that which had been the means of his ascent. He still ceased not to plod, and in the hour of misfortune, that activity continued to be his consolation.

Our object, in beginning this article, was to translate from a Paris paper the account of an incident, not generally known, in the early life of Guizot.

The character of any man is inadequately understood, if an estimate is formed with his public acts alone as the basis. The glamour which is thrown around these be-dazzles and deceives the observer. In the temple of fame, the proudest niches are not generally assigned to those whose hearts possessed the most noble qualities, or whose souls overflowed with sympathy. The very adytum may be occupied by one great intellectually, but morally, void of all that is ennobling—having no tear for the oppressed, no help for the fallen, no solace for the bereaved. Not such a man was Guizot. In him the mental and the moral were happily blended, as the following glimpse of his social life will show:

"In one of the illustrious circles, where he was universally admired, he made the acquaintance of Mlle. de Meulan, a lady of considerable attainments, but somewhat straitened in circumstances. For five years she had been a weekly contributor to the *Publiciste*, a journal established by Suard, the early friend and

patron of Guizot; and from this source arose her entire income. In 1807 came a change. She was no longer to be seen in her accustomed place among the Empire's elite. The watchful Guizot soon learned that she was ill, and that the only stay of subsistence for herself and mother was gone. The case seemed hopeless for the two ladies; poverty and misery stood at the door ready to invade their hearth, when, one morning, a package arrived from an unknown quarter, containing that week's contribution for the *Publiciste*, written in a style and manner closely resembling Mlle. de Meulan's. Weekly came a similar package, weekly was it sent to the journal, and not till long after the lady's recovery, was it discovered that the thoughtful, the generous, the great Guizot, had practised the gallant plagiarism."

Correspondence.

WE are sorry to inform the A. B., who sent us an account of the felicitous appearance of his first-born, that we do not publish notices of births. We congratulate him, however, on his incipient family. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," says a very high authority; but, with Lamb, we must add, "don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless; let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us."

WE wish to tender our thanks to W. A. Spinney, A. B., for the words of sympathy contained in his letter to the Editors of the *Athenæum*. Nothing is more gratifying to us than the pleasure with which our friends in general, and our graduates in particular, hail the appearance of our paper. By their support we shall still labour to build up the Institution so dear to us all.

SOMEBODY has returned us a paper, without sending his name and address. Now, as we issue one thousand copies, it is evidently impossible for us to know who the individual is. We shall, therefore, be compelled, much against our wish, to send him a copy of this issue. Let those who do not wish to become our subscribers take warning from this, and when they return their papers, see that they send their names and addresses; otherwise, the paper must be sent as before.

We also take this opportunity of thanking our friends, that so few papers have been returned. We need their support, and heartily thank them for it.

A. Darkey Rev., to whom we sent the *Acadia Athenæum*, has indignantly returned it. No sah!