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TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

BY BRET HARTE.

"Speak, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tufa!

"Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis!

"*Eo-mio-Plig*—whatsoe're the "cene" was
That these vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder,
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches,—
Tell us thy strange story!

"Or has the professor slightly antedated
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creations?

"Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant
Carboniferous epoch?

' Tell us of that scene,—the dim and watery woodland
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club
Lycopodiacea,— [mosses,

"When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

"Tell us of thy food,—those half-marine reflections,
Crinoids on the shell and Brachipods *au naturel*,—
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

"Speak, thou awful vestige of the earth's creation,—
Solitary fragment of remains organic!
Tell the wondrous secret of thy past existence,—
Speak! thou oldest primate!"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together.

And, from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with the expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration;

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County,
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

SUBSCRIBERS who are in arrears will greatly oblige by remitting the amounts due to the Secretary-Treasurer. We are in urgent need of funds.

MANY students have been suffering severely from colds. This is not strange. The boarding house and college are about as ill-adapted to hygienic purposes in the winter months, as could well be imagined.

THE department in the dining hall this year has been for the most part satisfactory. Lately, however, we have observed a tendency to disorder at some of the tables, which should be

checked before it becomes chronic. Evidently the demonstrations referred to are the result of thoughtlessness, but this fact will hardly make an *impropriety* a propriety.

WE acknowledge with pleasure the courtesy of the Dalhousie students in inviting representatives of Acadia to their George Munro drive and dinner. The kind request was most cordially received by our literary society, and prompt means taken to secure the attendance of proper persons. Unfortunately, however, the drive had to be postponed.

To friends of the college who may be anxious to know the result of the "new departure," we would say that the indications are hopeful. There is no evidence of friction in the faculty, and the students appreciate very highly the instruction of the new professor. At present the work in the department of education includes physiology with the freshmen, psychology with the juniors, and the history and philosophy of education with the seniors.

WE learn from the Preceptress that the outlook for the Seminary is highly encouraging. Miss Hitchings, of Yarmouth, who succeeded Miss Harding as teacher of vocal music gives evidence of great natural and acquired skill in her department. She studied for some time under Miss Morel, of Lassell Seminary, Auburnvale, Boston, and has since been teaching music very successfully in this Province. Instrumental music has become so popular under the professional care of Miss Dodge that an extra teacher in this subject has been provided in the person of Miss Hattie Gourley, of Great Village. The instruction in elocution by Miss Wallace is reported to be of an interesting and excellent character.

In general the work of the institution is moving along smoothly and well. The students now number 60, 30 of whom are boarders. There are seven from New Brunswick.

WE are in receipt of a small book of 138 pages, entitled, "The history of American College Journalism," by J. M. McClure. It gives the history of journalism in connection with 24 colleges. Each sketch is written by a different author, apparently a student or graduate of the college represented. We observe with regret that the *Record* and *Athenæum* are the only Canadian journals noticed. This omission is, we presume, the fault of the papers themselves and not of the editor of the book. We suppose he received no response to his request for historical sketches from the papers whose histories do not appear. Though the book contains a number of typographical errors and is unsatisfactory in some respects, it is, never theless, well worth its price to those interested in the subject.

The editor, in his preface, makes the following remark: "College journalism is an institution peculiarly American. Its origin is comparatively recent and its *raison d'être* is a question still unsettled."

Now that Parliament is in session it may be well for the student to give political matters some attention. The idea that obtains with some virtuous folk that to tamper with politics is to handle moral poison, arises from mistaken ideas of fact and misconception of duty. It is surprising to note how far some people seem to get above the institutions of their country, and how virtue and intelligence seem to make them independent of civil and political life.

This weak notion of Christian morals and Christian duty is sometimes used to check the young aspirant to political knowledge. Surely man's relation to man is such as to make indifference to the interests of government and liberty, culpable. It may be well to teach a young man to hold up his hands in holy horror at every exhibition of political vice, but in the very same breath he should be taught that this is but the trail of the serpent polluting another part of the total life which it is his duty to reclaim to a Christian

idealism. We believe that the proper relation of all men to politics is neither sufficiently perceived nor sufficiently emphasized. Moreover, we do not think that sufficient provision is made for the instruction of young men in the affairs of their country,—a circumstance which therefore renders self-instruction more necessary and imperative.

It is with profound regret that we record the death of the Rev. Stephen W. DeBlois, D.D., pastor of Wolfville Baptist church. In his death Acadia loses one of her warmest friends and wisest counsellors. For more than a quarter of a century he has been a member of the Board of Governors, and Recording Secretary of that body since the year 1859. Deceased had been in ill-health for many years, but until recently, had continued, with the exception of short intervals, to perform his pastoral duties. The funeral services took place Thursday, the 7th inst. The church was heavily draped in black, and appropriate music was rendered by the choir. Memorial addresses were delivered by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Dr. Crawley, Dr. Sawyer, and Dr. Pryor. A large audience, including a number of clergymen, was in attendance. The solemn and impressive service will be long remembered by scores and hundreds who that day mourned the loss of a faithful pastor and personal friend.

The late Dr. DeBlois was for 28 years the one preacher to whom the students of these institutions were wont to listen; and the ATHENÆUM as organ of the under-graduates of the college would heartily testify to the zeal with which he prayed and preached in their behalf. We know that all graduates will unite with us in expressing esteem for a life so rich in righteous endeavor and blessed fruit, and in extending their sympathy to those whom death has so recently bereft of husband and father.

IN response to an invitation from the committee of the "Ladies at Home," a number of gentlemen, chiefly college students, gathered in the Wolfville skating rink, on Tuesday evening, the 22nd ult., to enjoy the merry pastime afforded by this popular and pleasant resort. On this occasion, however, more than ordinary allurements were extended to those favored with a "bid." Usually one seeks with "bow profound and manner bland," the pleasure of skating with some fair maiden, but leap year has happily reversed this, as well as certain other irksome conventionalities; hence the guests no sooner arrived than they were captured by their fair entertainers, who were waiting to welcome them, and then each happy swain and damsel fair sped away over the sparkling ice, forgetting all else but the keen enjoyment of the hour, and feeling, doubtless, that though life may be earnest and real, it need not necessarily be sad and gloomy. The ring of the skates on the frozen surface, the murmur of conversation, broken by occasional bursts of merriment, the "bright eyes that looked love to eyes which spake again," the steady glare of the electric lamp which threw a brilliant light over the graceful forms of the skaters, all contributed to render the scene thoroughly inspiring. For nearly three hours the skating continued, and then refreshments were announced and disposed of in a manner that spoke volumes in favor of skating as a healthful exercise. Socially the "Ladies at Home" was a decided success, and many of the guests are enthusiastic in their praises. All its *results*, however, have not yet appeared; and while some of them are sufficiently evident to the observing, others will only be revealed by the slow process of *development*. Words were doubtless spoken, thoughts exchanged, influences exerted, and shall we say, *attachments formed* under the exhilarating freedom of the Leap Year's entertainment, whose effect no mathematician can calculate, and of which no prophet can predict what will be the end. We regret that such pleasant gatherings are

not of more frequent occurrence, and that a "Ladies at Home" can only be expected once in four years.

We are glad to notice that the *Week* has found its way to our reading-room. The idea of this paper should commend itself to every intelligent Canadian.

At a time when partyism in the public journals is carried on into the extremes of misrepresentation and falsehood, when the critical judgments of newspaper men are largely directed by prejudice or marked by weakness and ignorance, there is indeed need of some sure oracle of fact, some intelligent, unbiased censor of Canadian life. We take it to be the aim of the *Week* to meet in some degree this desideratum in Canadian journalism. But the extent to which a paper can realize its ideal does not depend altogether upon the publishers. It is dependent upon the public for patronage and sympathy—a fact which in the present case should not be forgotten by any who have the welfare of our people at heart. If the *Week* receives the support it should, we may expect to see it growing each year in strength and power—more comprehensive in its knowledge of Canadian affairs, clearer in its apprehension of logical consequences, more accurate in its analysis and acuter in its criticism.

On another page will be found a conspectus of our work for the present term. We hope it may prove of interest to the governors, senate, and other friends of the college. A close examination of the table will, we think, show that it represents an amount of work greater than that done during any corresponding term previously. Compared with last year the seniors have five hours, the juniors two hours, and the sophomores and freshmen each one hour more class work per week. It is also to be borne in mind that last year the term was shortened for the three junior classes without any subtraction from the work.

Hence, compared with former classes, these will be required to do an increased amount of work in one fifth less time. Bearing in mind too, that the lecture system is but sparingly used and that long assignments have to be reproduced with a somewhat strict adherence to the text-book order, we are inclined to believe that, as to amount, the work has at least reached its proper maximum. Any further addition to the curriculum under the present system would make it burdensome and uneducative. To attempt to cover too much ground is a serious mistake—a mistake which not only defeats its own purpose but becomes fertile in evil results. Clearly our college has reached a point where it cannot advance farther without resort to electives. Will the authorities yield to the logic of events and circumstance or will they let the curriculum pile up into one incongruous mass of subjects?

CLASS SUPPERS.

CLASS SUPPERS are becoming quite popular among our students. The seniors, a short time ago, indulged in an entertainment of this nature, at which the various dietetic and intellectual characteristics of the class of '84 were displayed over a well spread table. More recently the juniors were treated by their class-mate, S. W. Cummings, to a sumptuous repast in his room in Chipman Hall. The generous Selden neglected nothing that would contribute to the enjoyment of his guests. The supper was one that might delight the soul of an epicure. Every kingdom in nature was laid under tribute to please the eye and tempt the appetite of the class of '85. There the luscious bivalve—always indispensable on such occasions—peacefully awaited the hour of destruction; there the plump turkey comfortably reposed—the inviting centre of many a longing eye—both forming interesting subjects for facetious remarks with regard to their family relationship and respective places in nature; there the products

of the temperate, and the richer fruits of the torrid zone ornamented the board, and suggested to the more poetical, orange groves and vine-clad hills; there spices and condiments pleased the palates, while the rich essence of fruits cheered the hearts of the happy juniors. The evening, however, was not devoted to physical pabulum alone; there was the usual "feast of reason and flow of soul." Toasts were proposed to "Our new Professor," "The Wives of '85," "Auld Lang Syne," etc., and enthusiastically responded to, in speeches thoughtful, humorous and pathetic, in accordance with the varying nature of the subjects; while the inspiring notes of violin and piano, at times soothed the minds or stimulated the emotions of the class of '85.

Social entertainments of this kind may appear objectionable to those who take harsh and gloomy views of life. The cynic may sneer at the innocent enjoyment of youth, and regard their tendencies as subversive of true manhood. To him there can be no development, only in proportion as the individual comes in contact with the more rugged and angular points of human experience. According to this view the sternest gravity indicates the profoundest wisdom, while mental and moral growth are incompatible with any sense of pleasurable emotion. But misanthropy and old-time puritanism are not the best materials with which to construct a refined and symmetrical type of character. Man has a social as well as an intellectual nature, hence his education is, to a large extent imperfect, and the development of his character abnormal, so long as he neglects the one and cultivates the other. In Wolfville the opportunities for development in this direction are exceedingly limited. The students are, in consequence, chiefly left to their own resources to supply this necessary element in their education. Accustomed to mingle in society at home, they naturally resent the social ostracism to which, for some inscrutable reason they are subjected, under their new relations, and endeavor to modify the evil by

cultivating among themselves a mutual interchange of social feeling. This object is gained, to some extent, by the pleasant associations of class suppers. It is well known that members of the same class may meet in the recitation room, in the dining hall and on the campus, and yet a deep personal interest in and attachment for each other be wanting. There may be class relationship without the corresponding element of unity and friendliness. There may be personal contact, but social and mental isolation. The lines of thought, the sympathies, the individual characteristics of each member may differ. In order to break down these barriers, and introduce harmony and good feeling among class-mates, it is necessary to bring them together on occasions in which the social element in their natures can be fully brought into play. There they are thrown into new and more pleasant relations—relations in which all the influences are inspiring; where the glowing imagination peoples with forms divine every realm in which it wanders; where the harmonies of music touch with wizard hand the responsive cords of being, and every note breaks the slumber of a "thousand thoughts;" where sympathies are awakened and united, old associates remembered and new ones pledged; where hands are clasped around the board and "Auld Lang Syne" sung with heart and voice. These are some of the influences attending class associations, and few, we believe, of those who have enjoyed them, will say that their tendency is not elevating and their effect upon the character important and salutary.—*Com.*

THE longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and insignificant, is *energy and invincible determination*,—a purpose once fixed and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstance, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Clip.*

CONSPECTUS OF WORK FOR WINTER TERM.

DAYS.	HOUR.	FRESHMAN CLASS.	SOPHOMORE CLASS.	JUNIOR CLASS.	SENIOR CLASS.
Monday,	9-10*	Aicests—Euripides.	Chemistry—Elliot and Storer. Experiments.	Mechanics—Olmsted.	Active and Moral Powers—Stewart.
	10-11	Algebra—Olney.	Latin Composition—Harkness.	Legis—Jevons. Selections from Mill and lectures.	Handbook of Moral Philosophy—Caldewood.
	11-12	English Literature—Brooke. Bacon's Essays. Foye's Essay on Man.	General Geometry and Calculus—Olney.	Adelphi—Irenece.	Lectures and Discussions. History of English Constitution—Cressy. History of Education (lectures).
Tuesday,	9-10	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.
	10-11	Same as Monday.	Agricola—Tacitus.	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.
	11-12	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Education—Spencer.
Wednesday,	9-10	Greek Composition.	Physics—Avery. Experiments.	Political Economy—Mill. Selections from Cairns.	Same as Monday.
	10-11	Initial Græca, Part III—Smith.	Moral Sciences. Wayland.	Lectures in Astronomy.	Same as Monday.
	11-12	Rhetoric and Essays.	Paradise Lost—(Clarendon Press.) Monthly Essays.	Paradise Lost—(Clarendon Press.) Monthly Essays.	Biographical Sketches of Educationalists with lecture-on Method.
	12-1	History: The beginning of the Middle Ages—Church.	New Testament Greek.	Physiology of the Mind—Carpenter.	
Thursday,	9-10	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Kant's Critique of Pure Reason—Morris.
	10-11	Same as Monday.	Same as Tuesday.	Same as 12-1 Wednesday.	Mitchell's Handbook of N. T. with lectures on Evidences of Christianity.
	11-12	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Lectures and practical Latin Composition.	
Friday,	9-10	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Same as Thursday.
	10-11	Same as Monday.	Same as Tuesday.	Same as Monday.	Same as Thursday.
	11-12	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	Same as Monday.	
	12-1	Physiology. Lectures and Text.			

VANITY FAIR.

It is almost a century and a half since the English novel took its rise. It would be an interesting study to note the objects and motives of the workers in this department of our literature since that date, whether as the outcome of the times or as manifestations of the characteristics of the writers themselves.

From the time when Richardson and his co-workers pleaded the cause of virtue in language which brought discredit upon their aim, until Dickens in our later time made an exposure of the defects in the educational and poor law systems, the misery of chancery wards and prisoners for debt, novel writing has outdone the drama itself in the range of subject matter.

Among the many uses to which it has been applied is that of social reform, if criticising human frailties can effect much in this direction. Be this last as it may, Thackery has certainly employed satirical fiction with the greatest success.

No one of his works rears more plainly on its title page its object than does "*Vanity Fair*." Its introduction, too,—“Before the Curtain,” as it is called, suggests the tenor of the whole. “As the manager of the performance sits before the curtain on the boards, and looks into the Fair, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over him in his survey of the bustling place.” Then, concluding a summary of the follies being enacted there, he adds, “Yes, this is *Vanity Fair*; not a moral place certainly, not a merry one though very noisy.”

Although avowedly “A novel without a hero,” one character—that of Rebecca Sharp, maintains a prominent position throughout. A place of honour in the social world is her ambition. A mistress of strategy, she does not scruple to employ any means to further her designs. All those finer sensibilities which are the grace of true womanhood were wanting in her nature. But although loveless and false, she was withal witty, clever

and cheerful, and could command at pleasure the *appearance* of those feelings of which she was entirely destitute. Her intellect and practical talent were the chief factors in her society conquests. How best to make my Lord Steyne or General Tufto her admirers; or “how to live on nothing a year” and yet maintain the semblance of spending the income of a retired member of the East India Company were to her problems easily solved and applied.

In no position does she appear to worse advantage than in the treatment of her little son. “During two years she had scarcely spoken to the child. She disliked him The mother’s dislike increased to a hatred: the consciousness that the child was in the house was a reproach and a pain to her.” And this “to a fine open-faced boy, with blue eyes and waving flaxen hair, sturdy in limb, but generous and soft in heart, fondly attaching himself to all who were good to him.” Even the rough Colonel, his father, who had played his part in more than one fatal duel would caress him for hours together, and fondly declare that he was “the finest boy in England.” These, the tenderest and strongest of ties, when they came between the mother and her aims are thus seen to have been nonentities.

Perhaps the character of Mrs. Crawley, *nee* Rebecca Sharp, is the extreme one of “*Vanity Fair*.” This much, however, can be affirmed,—all the other impersonations with two exceptions are modified forms of principles akin to hers.

Thackery’s object seems to have been twofold. To display in its true colours the hollowness of higher London society during the first quarter of the present century was the primary purpose; affording in its execution opportunities to comment upon the inborn foibles of humanity. That, in an age which pronounced George the Fourth, after his notorious treatment of his wife, “the first gentleman in Europe,” there was much to condemn cannot be doubted. That there is much in the same circles at present open to

the same strictures no one pretends to deny. But that any one looking upon the "Fair" should see so little worthy of admiration and so much that is 'false and hollow,' it suggests at least that the picture on the retina of the mind's eye was untrue or that its reproduction was not genuine.

TERTY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HOLIDAY.

(Contributed.)

The birthday of our Queen was to be celebrated on the morrow, and we were to have a holiday. The juniors had gone on that never to be forgotten "geological expedition," leaving their professor behind waiting for his boots.

We 'Cads' had planned an excursion to Blomidon, but early in the afternoon we learned that thirteen only out of the fifteen matriculants could be taken in the yacht, and inspired by some sudden fancy, or deterred by the kindly hand of Fate, the Walker and the writer, agreed to be the two to give up their seats. Then wending our way to the spot where Foster and Eagles had moored their fishing boats, we chartered, for a twenty-four hours' cruise on the Basin, Foster's boat, a staunch newly built sloop, declared to be the fastest craft of its kind, on the Horton waters. In an hour and a half, at the turning of the tide, we must start. My partner looking after the victualling of our craft, while the providing of fishing-tackle with which we hoped, nay expected, to lure from their placid haunts many finny denizens of the sea, fell to me.

At the appointed hour everything was in readiness, and, as with all sail set we quietly drifted on the receding tide, out into the Basin, no breeze to ruffle the calmness of the waters, only intense silence enshrouding us, and the waning glory of the sunset glowing on our face, such lulling effects were produced upon our senses as one feels but seldom in a lifetime.

We seemed to be drifting out into another

world, in which the winding travels of a *Zenophon*, the perplexing twistiness of *Olney's Radicals* and dull head-aches, had no place.

At ten o'clock we came to anchor in a secluded nook, where an arm of the sea ran up into the fertile and orchard-covered lands of Medford. The sails were lowered, and everything made secure for the night. Then was presented to our minds a perplexing problem, the "cuddy" was intended to accommodate but two, and there were four of us,—the Captain, the Captain's boy, my partner and myself. Theoretically there was no solution, either by a rule of Napier, or a fundamental principle of Boscovich. Practically the problem was solved, for, in that small space, we wound and wedged ourselves, and nestled snugly for the night. With such surroundings, in such narrow quarters, far from our home and loved ones, we slept; and if I remember rightly, there were no worrying dreams, no shadows to mar our rest, only sweet, peaceful sleep,—and cold feet.

The following day began early with us,—about four o'clock. There was bait to be procured before the tide should cover the herring weirs. And that day, what did it not bring forth to us? What impressions did it not stamp indelibly upon our memories? The morn was clear and cloudless, not a breath of air to stir the glassy stillness of the deep. On our left old Blomidon towered above us, in all his proud and majestic grandeur, as my companion remarked, "with his night-cap on," for in truth, while we slept, upon his brow "The sea-fogs had pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic."

To recount that day's doings in detail, would be wearisome. Let a general outline suffice. Having pushed from the sheltering cliffs, we anchored in mid-Basin, and began to fish. With what envious eyes we watched the Captain and the Captain's boy, as with mechanical precision, first one, and then the other captured his lively cod or chubby had-

dock, while the repeated jumps and snaps on our lines, only resulted in empty hooks, or scaly monsters with hideous heads being hauled to the surface! In the afternoon one of those fierce and sudden squalls, met with nowhere else save the Basin of Minas, came down upon us with terrific fury, and our Captain, in company with a score or more of other fishermen, hastily weighed anchor, and scudding before the blast, sought more secure anchorage. A few hours later, standing on the wharf at Horton, we gladly welcomed our comrades of the "Yacht," cold and drenched, with subdued movements, and dread words,—telling of disaster and almost wreck.

To relieve their laboring vessel the brave "Henry," and intrepid "Hanck," at the risk of their lives, cut adrift the swamped "Tender," the foaming billows breaking completely over their deeply-laden craft.

He of the mighty beard, completely overcome by fear, with his hat, thought to repel the force of the surging seas. He of the strong arm, thinking no doubt of the joys so soon to be realized, clung with all the tenacity of despair to the rail of the plunging ship.

Thankful for their escape, the Walker and the writer, slowly returned to Chipman Hall, by no means ungrateful, on their own account, that the Fates had withheld them from so terrible a danger.

LEE.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

John Hopkins University publishes five papers.

A Latin play is contemplated for next term at Princetown.

A large swimming tank is to be added to the Harvard gymnasium.

The editors of the *Dartmouth* secure their appointment by competition.

The Seniors of Amherst have decided to graduate with clean shaven faces.

There is a college to every hundred miles of territory in the United States.

Matthew Arnold recently lectured at Dartmouth college, on Literature and Science.

Colleges and Universities in the United States increase on an average of fifteen every year.

The whole number of students in the collegiate department in the United States is over 32,000.

The young lady students of Hallowell, Maine, Classical Seminary, have formed a base ball nine.

Texas University has the largest college endowment, namely, \$5,250,000 and 1,000,000 acres of land.

Among the fifty candidates for degrees in the School of Physicians, at Dublin, two were girls, one of whom surpassed all competitors.

The December number of the *University Monthly* advocates the establishment of a residence in connection with Fredericton University.

Miss Alice Freeman, President of Wellesley college is described as slight and girlish in figure, with a youthful face. She is a Doctor of Philosophy.

Harvard was founded in 1639, Yale in 1701, Columbia 1739, Princetown in 1746, University of Pennsylvania in 1749, Brown in 1766, and Dartmouth in 1769.

The Harvard *Daily Herald* and *Weekly Crimson* have been discontinued, and a consolidated board of nine editors from each of the above papers publish a daily paper called the *Herald Crimson*.

There are different ways of getting through college. Some shout their way through, some taffy through, some fiddle through, some "my-father-is-a-pr-a-cher" their way through, and a few work through.

At Oxford, the Philothespian Club has successfully produced the *Merchant of Venice* and at Cambridge, Girton college has played the *Electra of Sophocles*, the music of *Antigone* being adapted to it. It is proposed also to present the "Birds" of *Aristophanes* shortly.

Amherst college has a gymnasium, over which is placed a special professor, who oversees the drill of each class, and whose duty it is to examine privately every member of the college, once a year, and take statistics of his growth, condition, etc. Attendance is compulsory.

The college of New York has a new course of study called the course of workshop practice, which has for its aim "to make the student acquainted with the tools used in working woods and metals, the properties of these materials, and the methods of forming and combining them for useful instruction."

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Vir, a man; gin, a trap,—virgin, a man trap.

At a game of base-ball a boy was struck on the back of the head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

Oscar Wilde has received many thanks from Mary Anderson for writing a play for her. They reach him in this shape: "Declined with many thanks."

Said a boy to a larger one eating an apple: "Will ye gimme a bite?" "Naw"—discouragingly. "Will ye gimme the core?" "There ain't goin' to be no core"—annihilatingly.—*Hawkeye*.

The *Christian Advocate* is credited with the following emendation: "Longfellow said, 'In the world a man must be either an anvil or a hammer.' He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows."

"Trust men and they will be true to you," says Emerson. We showed this to a respectable grocer. He grew livid with rage, seized a club, and wanted to know where that Emerson fellow lived. There was mischief in that grocer's eye. We did not tell him.—*Clip*.

A Wellesley episodé of last winter has just leaked out. A party of Sophomores had just returned from an afternoon's skating on the lake, and rushed into the study of a favourite instructor with the greatest enthusiasm. "Oh, Miss —, we had a perfectly lovely time. The ice was as glare as glass, and we found some splendid buoys to sit on as we put on our skates. "Girls!" replied the shocked instructor. "Yes," and they were perfectly divine, and we sat on the buoys and—"Why, girls, I am shocked. Do you mean to say that you sat down on a boy to put on your skates?" "Why, yes, those great wooden posts that come up through the ice." "Girls, it is time to get ready for the bread making optional."—*Ex.*

Locals.

Among the probabilities: Music in chapel.

The latest definition of a baby: An involuntary potentiality.

An excellent maxim for the faculty: "A teacher should not see everything."

Olney is resurrected and now confronts the Sophs, in all his various forms.

A junior reflecting on past shortcomings, was heard to soliloquise: *Decensus in averno facile est.*

A snow bank on the floor and the thermometer below zero were among the recent enjoyments of C. Hall.

No monitor could be more successful in preserving order in Chipman Hall than Dr. Olney's algebra and calculus.

It has been suggested that new chairs should be provided for some of our professors. The old ones are nearly worn out.

The only hour in which the atmosphere of the Reading Room is endurable is when there is nobody in it, viz., during morning prayers.

Our fair neighbors are favored by the fates. They have pleasant hills, sunny days and sweet hearts all within the walls of the seminary.

Junior class in Logic. Prof.: Mr. K. what example would you give of an concrete term." Mr. K. "Sweet face, sir." All the juniors look one way.

Professor in Literature. "Mr. C. how did Satan enter Paradise?" Mr. C. "Why, sir, he climbed 'over the garden wall.'" The class smiled audibly.

The faculty have decided that it is not necessary for the junior class to study English Literature. Attendance during class hour is all that is required!

"As cold as Greenland," has no longer any force on the "Hill." It has been superseded by the more significant expression: "As cold as the reading room."

It was recently hinted in this column that Acadia had no nude. Any one sharply inspecting the personnel of the freshman class will discover that this was an error.

At the last reception only one senior and three juniors were present. It is gravely hinted that Leap Year had something to do with these absences. Don't be alarmed boys.

Righteous determination of a senior. I came back to Acadia with only one resolution. I have resolved *with desperate calmness* to sin no more. Listeners look incredulous.

Chipman Hall was recently visited by a sort of mathematical prodigy who could give the cube root of any number up to one million in a quarter of a second. Quiser, wasn't he?

There is a large increase of students in Chipman Hall, this term. This is probably due to the fact that the students prefer association to solitude, and not to the allurements of the dining hall.

Sharpness is, no doubt, a very desirable element in a freshie's make up, but when it takes the form of perpetual monkeyisms in the dining hall it is likely to expose its possessor to unfriendly comment.

Those hard-working(?) freshies who occasionally try to convert the dining hall into a drill-shed would be more generally respected by their fellow-students if they exhibited a little more *head* and a little less *feet* culture.

Professor trying to make satisfactory arrangements as to the hour of recitation. "Mr. K. you have an *engagement* in the Academy at that hour, I understand." Mr. K. (Cautiously) "I teach a class at that hour, sir."

The seniors and juniors have made arrangements to have their table supplied with milk from the village. The college "Jerseys" are beginning to lose their reputation both for the *quality* and quantity of the lacteal fluid.

The recent sale of papers and periodicals in connection with the reading room was the most lively and profitable for years. The bidding for some of the magazines and leading periodicals was very close. This speaks well for the literary taste of our students.

Acadia has got its literary(?) thief. This person shows his sneaking propensities by clipping articles out of papers in the reading room. Has he no respect for the rights of others? or is he ignorant of the fact that each paper in the reading room is the property of some one of the students?

Professor in logic: Mr. K. how many objects do you think you could see at once? Mr. K. (confidently) perhaps five hundred, sir. A facetious class mate whispered that there were times when a single object would fill the horizon of Mr. K.'s mind.

Scene.—Photograph saloon.—Sophomore class sitting for a picture,—youthful soph. conspicuously in front. Operator from behind the instrument: "Will that gentlemen in the foreground please remove his overshoes?" Youthful soph crushed—overshoes disappear.

The students in the old academy boarding house are delighted with their kind and obliging matron. She attends to their wants when they are well and visits them and ministers to their comfort when sick. Few will remember and appreciate these attentions better than a student.

At the January meeting of the Acadia Missionary Society, the following officers were appointed:—President, F. M. Kelly; Vice President, G. R. White; Secretary, E. L. Gates; Treasurer, J. W. Brown; Executive Committee, E. H. Sweet, S. W. Cummings, F. H. Beales, Miss Wallace.

Junior in the throes of composition—a Cad intrudes. Junior (wildly) "Say, get out or I'll cause you to perform rapid gyrations through yonder oblong orifice." The Cad timidly asked for a translation of the awful sentence, but immediately vanished through the door with various articles of furniture taking up the rear.

Two students were groping their way through the Cimmerian gloom of the corridors of Chipman Hall, when suddenly the nose of one was inserted into the left ear of the other. "Where are you going?" yelled the man with the ear. "Into my room," growled the knight of the nose. "Why don't you follow your nose then?" snapped he of the ear. "I prefer a *furnished* apartment," was the crushing reply.

The following lines are dedicated to that festive youth who tries to pass himself off for a whole circus company in the dining hall:

There is a little "freshie"
Who frisks among the boys,
He's neither tall nor fleshy,
But makes an awful noise.

His baby tricks at dinner,
His silly acts at tea,
Should place the little sinner
Across his papa's knee.

Scene, going to church. A senior, a junior and two freshmen in holiday attire. Junior, (briskly), "Good morning, Mr. G., allow me to compliment you on your fine personal appearance." Senior (quickly), "So you may as long as he keeps his back turned." Mr. G. "O I don't mind what *you* say, I let in at one ear and out at the other." Mr. M. (daringly), "That's easily done, as there is little brains to interfere." Senior (loftily), "You don't understand the first principles of anatomy, or the mysteries of your physical organism. The brain is not located between the ears." The freshmen were observed in profound meditation during the next hour in church. The junior stole home after the service to study physiology. The senior is still at large.

A sophomore effusion written under the inspiration of New Testament Greek :

Acadia College once took a part
Of parent's hopes, of parent's cares,
And, for a little cash, agreed
To cultivate the ground on shares.

First Wentworth's lore the ground did plough,
And then the teeth of Olney's harrow
The soil did scar and harrow so,
It left within the bones no marrow.

Then, lest the stones of ignorance
Should mar the surface of the land,
Two classic maids were sent in haste,
To pick them up with culturing hand.

The seeds of Ethics gently sown,
Were covered deep with sods of Trig. :
Though Hallam's sun soon dried the soil,
They scarcely wished to deeper dig.

The gentle rain at last fell down
In drops of mathematics fresh:
G. G. and C. are letters now
That bring relief to student's flesh.

The plants so quickly sprang in sight,
And grow in this soft atmosphere
So fast, that all who saw them said,
"Oh, they need more of Hallam here.

One day the gard'ner walked afield,
And quickly saw, what none else will,—
That weeds of idleness were there,
Which threatened all the plants to kill.

So quick he ran to bring a hoe,
(That hoe he calls N. T. Greek,)
With this he means to hoe the weeds
And cut their heads off once a week.

PERSONALS.

M. R. Tuttle, '78, is principal of the public school at Freeport, Digby Co.

J. Goodwin, '77, is cashier of the People's Bank agency, Lockport, Shelburne Co.

C. L. Davidson, a freshman of '86, is teaching in the historic town of Louisburg, C. B.

J. W. Tingley, '85, has been called home owing to his father's illness. He will probably return in a few weeks.

F. G. Harrington, an under graduate of '83 and a former editor of the ATHENÆUM, is studying at Morgan Park.

J. A. McDonald, an under-graduate of '75, is the most prominent lawyer in Victoria Co., C. B., and is one of its representatives in the Local Legislature.

M. Smith, who matriculated with the class of '80, and has spent the intervening time on the Pacific coast, has recently returned to the "Hill." He takes a general course in mathematics and science.

L. J. Donaldson, '85, having completed the college work as far as the middle of the junior year, has decided not to continue his work here. He purposes attending the Agricultural college at Guelph, Ont.

Rev. S. McC. Black, '74, is pastor of the Baptist church at Westport, Digby Co. Mr. Black was offered an important educational position in the Western States, but was obliged to decline, owing to the advice of his physician who recommended a residence on the sea-board.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

J. R. Kinney, A. K. DeBlois, A. G. Troop, Rev. Edward Hickson, Miss Mary Melville, Mrs. Mark Curry, \$1.50; John Beckwith, F. A. Shand, A. P. Shand, T. S. K. Freeman, Mrs. M. Gourley, Miss C. Holly, Rev. George Saunderson, J. E. Marsters, W. J. Wallace, E. W. Sawyer, Rev. W. H. Warren, W. R. McCully, John Moser, Thos. E. Corning, F. A. Doull, \$2; L. D. Morse, Asa Morse, J. Chipman, \$2; Rev. R. H. Bishop, \$3; W. Miller, Prof. E. M. Kierstead, H. S. Freeman, G. A. Weathers, \$2; B. H. Calkin, \$2; R. W. Ford, X. Z. Chipman, G. P. Payzant, Miss H. Wallace, E. C. Whitman, C. E. Widden, Miss Annie Delap, \$1.25; William Bill, Rev. S. B. Kempton.

Marriages.

LOCKHART-UPSON.—At Suffield, Conn., Dec. 25th, Rev. Benton W. Lockhart, '78, and Miss Fanny Upson.

DIMOCK-GELDART.—At Windsor, N.S., Frederick Dimock to Miss Geldart.

CAMPBELL-HARDING.—On the 6th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Windsor, by Rev. E. M. Keirstead, A. M., assisted by Rev. Herbert Foshay, Alexander S. Campbell, of Montreal, and Florence L., daughter of T. S. Harding, Esq.

Deaths.

DEBLOIS.—At the Baptist Parsonage, Wolfville, on the 4th inst., Rev. Stephen W. DeBlois, D. D., aged 56 years. Deceased was born at Halifax, 1827, graduated at Acadia in 1846, afterwards studied at Newton, was ordained at Chester, became pastor of the first Horton church in 1855, which position he retained until time of death, received the honorary degree of D. D. from his Alma Mater in 1881.